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THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

AUTHOR OF 'THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD.'

PREFATORY.

I SUPPOSE there has scarcely ever been any large household, at any period of the world's history, so fortunate as not to possess one *mauvais sujet*—one Disgrace to the Family: there *have* been households, such as Jacob's of old, wherein there have been ten Disgraces to two Credits, but that was an exceptional case. I speak within bounds, therefore, when I make use of the words of Mr Wadsworth Longfellow—

> There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one *Black Sheep* is there;
> There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
> But hath one vacant chair,

about whose should-be occupant there is a silence in the domestic circle, and only an unpleasant whisper elsewhere. Like many other whispers, however, this circulates much more universally than any outspoken report. The name which we become most familiar with when we have made the acquaintance of his brethren—and often enough before we have made it—is poor Dick's. The Disgrace to the Family is generally a Dick. Godfathers and godmothers in one's baptism should look to this. Tom, too, is rather a dangerous sort of name to give a lad; but Alexander is safe enough; and as for James—I never even so much as heard of a James going wrong, except in the Stuart family. Nobody ever calls Dick, Richard—that is, 'not since it happened, you know'—except his mother. 'My poor dear Richard,' she says, when she speaks of him at rare times to his earthly father, and at all times when she prays for him, as she does continually, to his Father which is in Heaven. Dick has all the world against him except his mother and me. I always did like Dick, and always shall; a weakness, which—being a James myself, and out of the reach of any possible sympathy with the young reprobate—is not a little creditable. 'Well,' say I, to the friends of the family, 'since you are always saying, "He was born bad, you see;" and as I know that he had a bad name given to him at the baptismal font, would it not have been flying in the face of Predestination, if he had not "turned out bad" also? Why, of course it would.'

Although people talk about 'It,' and 'That bad business,' it must be confessed that the youth is not often made a castaway for his first fault. His usual course is to commit a long list of misdemeanours, culminating in some offence, which, although serious, would not of itself have placed him outside the pale of forgiveness. I *have* known a young gentleman's character to be irreproachable up to the age of fourteen years, at which epoch he committed an atrocious and unextenuated child-murder; but he was not a favourite of mine either before or after that event, and his Christian name (or what is accustomed to pass for such in Wales, his native country) was Cadwallader. *He*, however, be pleased to observe, was by no means a Black Sheep—which may, after all, be merely a healthy variety of the species—but one that had an evil disease in him, fatal to all his kind—the Rot; not in the foot, indeed, as in the quadruped's case, but at his heart.

The Black Sheep proper (which, however, is an adjective but rarely applicable to him) is often only black outside; of an external appearance obviously objectionable indeed, but, within, very tolerable mutton.

I have in my time known not a few of these unfortunates, and my kindliness towards them has led several (they being confiding creatures, who always wear their hearts upon their sleeves, of which circumstance the daws take great advantage) to reveal to me the history of their lives. Out of which several narratives, I am about to compile the following biography, for the good of my species (as well as for other reasons which need not be here set down); just as the warning beacon-fire, lit upon some wave-fretted promontory on stormy nights, is not made up of a single tree, marked from the first for such a purpose by the cruel axe, but out of many. If, in one single bark, bearing full sail upon those fatal breakers, the careless steersman shall perceive its flame, and seize the flapping helm while there is time, thereby preserving ship and cargo, it will be well indeed: but if, evoked by this tiny danger-signal, one life-boat, that would else have lain securely in harbour, be induced to put out to the driving vessel, and give her aid, ere she become an utter wreck, it will be better still. A little help is often all she needs, although she looks in such a sad plight to us, on land. And for endeavour of this sort, be sure, whether it succeed or not, the rescuer may count securely on one day getting salvage.

CHAPTER I.

A FAMILY GROUP.

Richard Arbour was the fifth child and the third son of parents who considered their quiver sufficiently stocked with that sort of missile before his advent, which, moreover, occurred somewhat unexpectedly. The wind of a not particularly joyful dawn blew free in the silken sail of his infancy, three weeks or so before that little shallop was expected upon the great ocean of life. The hypocrisy of 'Welcome, Little Stranger,' would not perhaps have been inscribed upon his pincushion, no matter what notice of his arrival might have been vouchsafed beforehand, but, as it was, there were absolutely not enough pins; there was a total insufficiency of flannel; and as for his cradle, it was a something knocked up out of his eldest brother's wheel-barrow (who never forgave that appropriation of his property), and looked, even when it was fitted up, and *en grande tenue*, a great deal more like an Indian 'tikinigan' than a Christian bassinette. His mother, poor thing, was glad perhaps to look upon his little mottled carcass; but nobody who had met his papa at 2 A.M. on that gusty December morning at the doctor's door, with his silk umbrella blown inside out, and one shoe and one slipper on, would have dreamed of congratulating *him*.

How differently does Paterfamilias treat the first and fifth of these post-nuptial incidents! In the former case, 'our medical man,' not yet become 'our family doctor,' is warned to keep himself from distant journeys, in anticipation of the important event; while that awful woman with the bundle—for we never yet saw one of her class with box or bag—is welcomed into the house, like the monster horse into Troy, bringing subjugation and desolation with her for weeks and weeks before it is absolutely necessary. Then the husband—not yet Head of the Family—banished once more into Bachelordom and a turn-up bedstead, starts up o' nights with night-cap behind ear, and thinks he is wanted to fetch Dr Neversleep a score of times before the real occasion, which commonly takes place when he is out of the way; spending an hour, perhaps, with some friend of his youth, and a cigar—an accident which afflicts the new-made father with the acutest pangs of conscience. But when such an affair has happened four times already, Paterfamilias takes it quieter a good deal; doesn't see any particular cause for hurry; declines to devote his mansion to Lucina until the last extremity; and (as we have seen) has eventually not even time to select his shoes of swiftness.

Mr Benjamin Arbour was a tender-hearted husband too, and in his ardent anxiety, scarcely felt the cold at all until he had reached home again, when getting into a damp bed in the attic chamber—for there was no fire for him to sit up by anywhere, except where his presence was forbidden—he became conscious that, as a gentleman subject to spitting of blood from the lungs, he had not been doing an entirely prudent thing. His teeth chattered so when Dr Neversleep came up to tell him the news, that that physician ascribed the phenomenon to marital anxiety, and at once hastened to allay it.

'It's all right, Mr Arbour,' exclaimed he cheerfully; 'it's all right, and it isn't twins.'

'Is it a bub-bub-bub-bub?' inquired the father, as though his teeth were castanets.

'Yes, it's a boy,' replied the doctor, in a tone of commiseration.

'That's just like my luck,' quoth the disgusted parent; 'they cost just twice as much as girls, and *I* have to teach 'em.'

Mr Benjamin Arbour might have spared himself this last reflection, for he was not fated to become tutor to his fifth offspring at all. The damp attic and the slippered foot together were too much for the poor gentleman, and he was carried off by consumption within a few weeks of the birth of his third boy. Our hero may therefore be said to have commenced his career in this world by committing parricide. That was the view his eldest brother and sister—Adolphus and Maria—always took of it. These were not nice young people. Adolphus had an enormous mouth, without any lips, sandy hair, sandy whisk—— but that is anticipating matters—whity-brown complexion, and green eyes; or, at least, one of them was a good deal more green than hazel. Maria had black hair and a yellow skin, but she had one mind in common with her brother, and therefore it may be easily imagined that they were not very well provided in that respect. We are but too often apt to speak of person's minds as being 'bad,' when the more applicable term by far would be 'incomplete.' Our young friends above alluded to possessed several mental gifts: the talents for getting and for keeping; determination, perseverance, and (in particular) humility to their social superiors; while their prudence was so remarkable, that although the bump of that organ must have been tremendous (if the science of phrenology is worth a moment's attention) on both their heads, they concealed all evidence of the matter from the outward world. Some other virtues, however—not without value in many eyes—were, as it is written in the Modern Athens, quite 'amissing;' especially those connected with the affections, which were in their case confined to that powerful passion which some philosophers assert to be the motive cause of all good works—namely, Self-love. It may, we are aware, be urged, that these matters should be artistically made to disclose themselves during the course of this history, but we think that in so doing we should treat our public very scurvily; for would it be right to suffer these two persons, throughout perhaps a couple of volumes and a half, to impose upon *them*, just as they tricked the world, until the very last, in actual life? No. No Reader, however Gentle, would endure, after so many weeks of prostrate adoration of these idols, to be informed that their feet were, after all, but of the commonest clay, and (by a too obvious corollary) that he himself had been but a benighted worshipper.

Johnnie Arbour, the second boy, with his apple-cheeks and beady eyes, was a good-natured lad enough—so long as you did not vex him. He would never covet or desire another boy's toys, nor permit another boy to get beyond coveting his. Having considerable independence of character, and not being desirous of a playmate—brother Dolly, perhaps, having given him an unfavourable opinion of that sort of article—he had not been anxious for the new arrival; but since he *had* made his appearance, he was prepared to put up with him, as with the multiplication table, stale bread on Monday mornings, the transitory nature of lollipops, or any other necessary evil.

But Margaret, 'rare pale Margaret,' our Maggie, everybody's Maggie [Ah, how Dick's manner used to change when he spoke to us of her and of his mother! No angry scorn about him then, and with the voice that had grown hoarse with paying back scorn for scorn to half the world, become as soft and gentle as a woman's!]—Maggie, we say, hailed 'ittle buddy's' advent with rapture, holding it highest treat to stand afar off and see him in his tub—poor papa's foot-bath—or to be suffered to delicately dint his cheek with her tiny finger. Maggie was frail as a lily, and almost as white; but if any mortal creature, from King Herod to a sausage-maker, had threatened to harm that baby, she would have drawn bodkin, and done battle with her life.

As for our hero's mother, we are introduced to the sweet lady at an evil time, when the gentle eyes are red with weeping, and the delicate frame is tried with watching; but she is fair, as Maggie's mother should be, even yet. Her only earthly consolation, now that the dark shadow of death has crossed the threshold, and points towards the lover of her youth—the sharer of life's hopes and fears, so long, that all existence that has been passed by her away from him seems but as a dream—is her new-born infant. As he lies, after the manner of the luxurious ancients, upon his ivory couch, and takes his meals recliningly, he little knows what eyes of holiest love are feeding on him in their turn.

O well-defended babe, that hast by night and day a sentinel not all the treasures of the world could bribe to do thee wrong, and whose Angel stands before the very throne of heaven, sleep on while yet secure, with thy small hand curled like a rose-leaf beneath thy mother's breast!

CHAPTER II.

FATHERLESS.

It has been suggested to us that while mentioning some characteristics of the Arbour family, we have yet been guilty of a very serious omission. For all that has been told at present, they may have belonged to one of the vulgarest classes of society, and consequently have been altogether beneath human—that is to say, properly constituted human—interest. Let us hasten, therefore, to set this matter in its proper light while there is yet time. At the risk, and indeed the certainty, of cutting off electrical relations with a considerable number of readers, whose sensibilities we have no desire to shock, and whose well-cultivated hair we would on no account cause to stand on end by bringing them face to face with persons of 'small means'—at the risk, we repeat, of diminishing our audience by emptying the Dress-circle and the Stalls at the very outset, we confess, once for all, that the Arbours were not and never had been 'carriage-people.' But, on the other hand, ladies and gentlemen of the Pit and Galleries, neither were they merely 'genteel' or 'respectable.' The Arbours were a round or two in the social ladder above *you*, O middle classes! and therefore, as we conclude, not by any means unworthy of *your* interest and sympathy.

Mr Benjamin Arbour, now struggling hopelessly with consumption, was in the receipt of five hundred a year or so; but that income was, alas! so peculiarly his own that it ceased with his life. He filled also a perhaps responsible and certainly mysterious office committed to him by the government of his native country. He was an Authorised Commissioner for witnessing the Deeds of Married Women. Whether the duties of this post are, in reality, so disgracefully inquisitorial as its name would imply, we do not know, but we may be certain that Mr Arbour had his consort's full permission to discharge them. He had had probably about as few secrets intrusted to him throughout his life as anybody—for men composed one-half of quicksilver, and the other half of the milk of human kindness, are known to be but indifferent repositories for such things—and he had certainly never had a single secret from his wife. They had been married nearly fifteen years, and nevertheless could scarcely be termed middle-aged people. It would be no exaggeration to say that until now, when he found himself dying, he had never once seriously regretted the having wedded Letitia Banks. The imprudent Boy and Girl, as they had been called, had been very happy together for those three lustrums, in spite of all good-natured prophecies to the contrary.

Ingram Arbour, the merchant—elder and only brother to Benjamin—had even predicted their final settlement in the workhouse of their native district in Devonshire, and he was a man who had a reputation for judgment too. *He* also had been left a life-interest in a sum of money which secured him five hundred a year, and perhaps possessed it still—unless it had been advantageously disposed of—but that was a mere nothing in comparison with his present possessions. *He* had not found himself hampered with a wife and family in the second holidays after he had left school. *He* had not bought a cottage—the one redeeming circumstance connected with which in *his* eyes, was, that it was on the bank of a river, which might perhaps afford accidental provision for surplus children—nor buried himself in the country, like a talent laid up in a napkin, accumulating nothing but small-change. It was the contemplation of that small-change that chiefly troubled poor Benjamin now, and made him almost wish that he had remained a bachelor. He had faith in a good Providence, and did not doubt that a Raven of some sort would be sent to feed those hungry mouths; but he would certainly have preferred to have felt himself more deeply connected with the Eagle. That was the name of the Assurance Office from which one thousand pounds would be due to the family after his death, besides which there were two thousand pounds of Leety's own, and that was all.

'I wish, dearest,' gasped he, as she was smoothing his pillow upon the very last day that she ever had that loving office to perform for him—'I do so wish that it was more.' He spoke so low that even the ear of love failed to catch his meaning; but Leety heard the word 'wish,' and all her faculties were at once devoted to find out what this desire of the dying man might be.

'Do you wish to see our children, Benjy, dear?'

She had called him by that fond title ever since that walk upon the purple Devon moorland far away and long ago, where they two had plighted their troth. What a miracle of strength and beauty he had then seemed to her, and now this ghastly shadow was all that remained of him, itself about to flit into the darkness of Death! Yet, be sure, he was never so dear to her before. Not if she could have lived her life again, at that moment, would she have spent it otherwise as regarded that departing clay. She would have chosen no other than he though this end had been foreshewn from the beginning. Not one of the wretched minutes which yet remained to her to watch that still loving face would she have bartered for centuries of Paradise.

'Do you wish to see our children, Benjy, dear?'

He neither spoke nor stirred, but his eyes, which were yet clear and even brilliant, and that watched her every motion, replied: 'Yes, dearest.'

Adolphus and Maria, Johnnie and Maggie, were marched in therefore—the two latter hand in hand, for they were smitten with vague terror, understanding only that that Something was impending whose coming had kept the house so still for weeks. But the eyes said: 'There is yet another, Leety;' and No. 5 was transferred from the nursery to his mother's arms, who for this once, however, regarded him not, nor sealed his infant eyelids with her lips. The two eldest children were tall enough to lean over the bedside and salute for the last time their father's forehead; an operation which they performed in a very rapid and energetic manner, much as a superstitious dealer at whist hastens to tap the trump card as soon as it is turned up, for luck. Johnnie, with his ruddy apple-face turned to the colour of a lemon, climbed up the bed, and said, 'Good-bye, father,' in compliance with his mother's whisper, very dutifully. But little Maggie lay by her father's side in an agony of grief, and covered his grisly chin with tears and kisses.

There was no need for any farewell between those two, who had been acting, saying, thinking nothing but farewells since Dr Neversleep had said in his firm, kind voice: 'I can do nothing further, my good friend, now, but pray for you;' but as Leety stooped down over him to put her baby's cheek to his mouth, that he too in after-years might know that his father had kissed him, her husband, reminded by that action perhaps of that which had been oppressing his mind before, murmured once again: 'I wish, Leety, I do so wish that it was more.'

'What *does* he mean? What does your father mean?' cried she appealingly, for nothing was more distant from her own thoughts than that which was agitating his.

On this, Maria whispered something to Adolphus, and straightway that young gentleman observed, in spite of her evident reluctance to have her remark repeated: 'Please, mamma, Maria thinks papa is wishing that he had left us some more money.'

This young lady of ten years old did indeed possess a great sagacity, and even, as we have seen, considerable modesty in the exhibition of it; and yet there was something uncomfortably just in the remark which nurse Rachel subsequently made in the servants' hall, when describing the above scene in her master's death-chamber: ''Twas an odd thing for such a mere child to have been thinking of money, at a time like that, too!'

The above wish was the last idea that Mr Arbour lived to express, and in a few more minutes there was no protector left to poor Leety and her offspring, save Him who makes the Widow and the Fatherless his peculiar care. The bereft devoted woman would not easily have been persuaded, perhaps, to leave that precious clay—would have watched by the casket half the night, though her jewel lay in the place where thieves break not through nor steal—but that a tiny cry arose from No. 5, reminding her that there was a duty and a joy in this world yet.

For a week, there was a silence throughout the cottage by the river, only broken by sad sounds. The clock ticked on the stairs more solemnly, as though it were discoursing upon matters graver than Time; the stairs creaked under muffled footsteps; the servants conversed in muffled tones. Once only a laugh broke forth from the kitchen, arising from some inadvertent domestic, and immediately reproved by a 'For shame, Jane, don't you remember what has happened?' and succeeded by tears; and once a prolonged and hearty howl issued from Master Johnnie, who had been very foolishly forbidden by nurse Rachel to spin his humming-top, in consideration of the domestic calamity which had befallen him.

After that weary week, the early summer sun again shone into that reopened chamber, as full of light and warmth as ever, though it seemed not so to her who lay upon the widowed bed, and the memory of the dead man faded fast away from every heart save one, as the darkness dwindles before the dawn. Another life had begun to fill the place of that which had departed, and to the end that it should do so worthily, they carried it in gorgeous cap and flowing linen, to abjure the pomps and vanities of the world at the baptismal font. In a word, No. 5, who had as yet been only registered, was christened, and was named—as Steele, and Savage, and half the scapegraces of the world had been named before him—Richard, the long for Dick.

CHINESE COMMERCE.

When Napoleon said in his wrath, that the English were a nation of shopkeepers, the epithet which he flung in anger was repelled with scorn. It was reserved for a later generation to recall the words of the Man of Destiny, to discover involuntary praise in the apparent taunt, and proudly to fit upon Britannia's head what the original constructer meant for anything but a Cap of Dignity. And right is the modern reading of the phrase; better is it to produce than to ravage and burn; better to be a nation of shopkeepers than of idle beggars, of moonstruck dreamers, or of brigand soldiery. Britannia has surely chosen wisely and well. But if the original reproach had been thrown in the teeth of John Chinaman instead of John Bull, even by bitterest foeman, and in the heat of the sternest struggle, the expression would have been smirkingly accepted as praise, pure, unalloyed praise. It never enters the head of a Chinese to despise traffic in any form. Whatever turns a penny is worthy of honourable mention, according to the ethics of the Flowery Land. True, the farmer ranks before the shopkeeper, before the manufacturer, before the mighty merchant, piling a city's wealth in his *hong*, before even the bebuttoned mandarin, for did not Confucius declare that agriculture was the basis of society, and do not all Chinese laws class the cultivator highest in the scale of orders? Yet it is better to be a merchant in China than anything else. If the Sacred Books are less eloquent in the trader's praise than in that of the agriculturist, the property of the former is safer from rebel, and locust, and greedy prefect, than the garners of the other or his teeming fields. If the emperor pays Ceres the annual attention of laying his own hand on the stilts of the royal plough, and tracing the first furrow in the fat black plain of Pe-tche-li, the poor farmer is not much the better for this ceremony; the Taipings and the Imperialists make bare the land they march over, and whoever prevails, his crops must nourish the victor.

It is only of late that we Outer Barbarians have begun to get a glimpse of the extraordinary vitality of Chinese commerce, of the wonderful stir, and hum, and bustle of that enormous human hive, on whose extreme confines we have been stationed for centuries as tenants-at-will. Under the old *régime*, when we dwelt in Canton alone, and there on sufferance, our most practical men had but a dim idea how colossal was the trade of the huge empire. In spite of the vast amount of our imports from China—in spite of our fleets of tea-laden merchantmen, of our consignments of raw and manufactured silks—it gradually became manifest that we were mere gleaners of the great golden harvest, mere outsiders and nibblers at the gorgeous prize. China can better spare us than we China. Our tea-pots depend upon the good pleasure of the Flowery Land, while to the Celestials we simply represent so much silver annually. Our cash is all they will take, hitherto, and a one-sided bargain we have been forced to make of it; but it is merely because China regards us as an ungracious and unwelcome customer, insists on ready-money dealings for such articles as we will and must buy, ridicules reciprocity, declines our goods, and turns a cold shoulder to Manchester. Why is this? Have we, then, to do with a people such as may be found in more than one part of the map of Europe, a nation grudging every penny spent beyond its own borders, suspicious, hoarding, and utterly averse to enterprise? This is not a description applicable to the sleek Mongolians of the great double Delta. Although their chief traffic is the home-trade, still they buy and sell with many other foreigners than ourselves, and do business with a hundred rude tribes whose ideas of commerce do not soar beyond the plainest barter, and who have not a single ounce of silver to contribute to the till of John Chinaman. This foreign trade is altogether in Chinese hands; the merchants know the wants of their own countrymen to a nicety, and by long experience are equally well acquainted with the requirements of the semi-savages by whom they are surrounded.

Tartary and Tibet, for instance, require tea as urgently as we *Fanquis* of England and America; they use millions of pounds yearly, all of which must reach the customer by a long and painful land-transport system. Within the Great Wall, *men* are found to be cheaper than any other beasts of burden. The brick-tea of the province of Hoo-pe is intended for the consumption of the Mongol and Kirghiz hordes; even as the chest-tea is designed to refresh British palates; and the sack-tea, sewn up in leathern bags, well coated with varnish, is destined to gladden the thirsty Russian. But more tea, to the best of our information, leaves China in the form of bricks than in any other way. Boxes could never be carried, unbroken, on the backs of men over rugged and almost trackless mountains, through ravines, thorny brakes, treacherous morasses, and sullen wastes; boxes could never scale precipices by paths fit only for the hill-goat, cross ridges perilous with ice and walled by snow, struggle through storms and mire, and finally arrive triumphantly at the frontier town, where a new mode of conveyance is ready. No, until our engineers shall tunnel through the savage defiles of the Fey-yue-ling, and European skill construct railways where now the hardy ponies of the Tartars can scarce keep their footing, brick-tea will be the favourite in the markets of Lassa and Samarcand. The tea which is to be the standard beverage and daily comfort of the wandering millions of Central Asia, is chiefly, though not wholly, grown in the province of Hoo-pe. A coarse black leaf is this, when dried, and one warranted to please the taste of Tamerlane's rough-riding countrymen. After drying, the leaves are to be squeezed into shape; and for this purpose, wooden moulds are required, in which the leaves are placed, and violently stamped down by barefooted coolies, besides being smeared with gum, glue, a sort of gruel made of rice stewed to pulp, and even blood, to make the component parts adhere. Then the brick is dried in a small kiln, and tossed aside, hard and perfect; hereafter to be chopped in pieces by Tartar hatchets, flung into a great seething iron caldron, boiled along with huge lumps of butter, by way of a delicate relish, and swallowed in bowls of greasy scalding liquor around the wild bivouac-fires of the steppe. But the brick-tea has far to go before it reaches its consumers. First, the bricks are placed in bamboo-baskets, then the pair of baskets are slung at either end of a balance-pole, and the pole rests on the brown, bare shoulder of a porter, or coolie. A patient race are those coolies, strong, swift, and far from cowardly. They have but one fear on earth, apart from a certain irrational dread of the spirits of the mountains. They fear the mandarin—the dreadful pedant in the official cap, with the little round button surmounting all, like the great Panjandrum himself—the mandarin who deals out pillory and scourge, and has torturers at his beck, and soldiers within call, and quotes law and philosophy for wrenching Sin-sing's thumbs from their sockets, or caging Lung-lung in the hideous cangue for many a sleepless night and shameful day.

These poor porters are gay and cheerful enough when out of the shadow of law; they face cold and heat, tempest and wolves, with admirable courage, and approve themselves on their long journeys to be own brothers to those sturdy coolies of the Land Transport Service, who, at the capture of the Forts, leaped into the moat, to act as living props for the ladders on which the French stormers crossed. The pay of a porter is not unduly high, considering his load, which is never less than eighty pounds in weight. By government tariff, he gets a sapeck—worth the fifth of a farthing—for every *li* of road traversed. Three li go to a mile English, and from twenty to thirty miles is a day's march, according to route and weather. This is much the same as the caravan-day of Western Asia, but in the Levant the animals of burden have the advantage of four feet.

Brick-tea is not the only article of export to the western borders of the Celestial Empire. China is to the vast countries that form the heart of Asia exactly what England and France are to Russia. She sends them luxuries and fashions, as well as blocks of tea. The silken scarfs of ceremony, without which no polite intercourse can take place in Tibet, and the annual demand for which is reckoned by hundreds of thousands, are all made in China. The white, red, and green paper, so commonly used for writing in all Buddhist countries, come from China too, as does the ink with which every Mongolian writes, and which we call Indian ink. The fans of Tartar ladies; the idols coveted by bonzes far away in the rolling plains of Siberia and Turkistan; the rockets that are to be sent sparkling into the sky at Scythian feasts; the silken robes that Calmuc dandies are to figure in—all these, and many more such things, have to cross the mountains and deserts as best they can. Gunpowder, too, is a necessary which the rugged drinkers of mare's milk love to buy in the Chinese market; like most Asiatics in regions where the salis petrum, the mystic rock of Friar Bacon, abounds, they can make their own powder for common use; but that of China is superior for their long-barrelled matchlocks, which require a strong but slow-burning quality. Cloth and silk and metal, tobacco and opium and pipes, swell the invoice of Cathay's consignments to her hardy neighbours. Porcelain is too fragile a commodity to pass those snow-capped ranges and dreary wilds that form the boundary of the huge Chinese garden. It is as much as the supercargo can do to carry his plump person and flowered robes through such a howling wilderness; but business can convert even a Chinaman into a knight-errant. A merchant among the Celestials, if he be truly a merchant, and not a mere broker and buyer on commission, is the centre of a system. He is much such a Mercator as our dear old Whittington must have been, with his flotilla of junks, his host of clerks, his array of porters and watchmen, and his staff of bustling aides-de-camp. The latter are the commercial travellers of China; they sail in ships, they creep along shallow lagoons in the most primitive of canoes; they bump and swing in palanquins over every road from Mantchooria to Tonquin. Nor does the Great Wall form the horizon of *their* world; they boldly mount the camel, and strike off into the endless plains; they winter in the underground huts of Siberian savages; they ride oxen up and down the frozen mountains of hungry Tibet; they make the wasp-waisted Persians stare as they strut in their outlandish garb through the Mushed Bazaar; and they are to be found in Russia, at the Novgorod Fair, offering their wares for sale, and smirking in the face of Christendom.

These peripatetic gentry are of very various origin. Sons and nephews of their employers are some of them, and these, by a not unusual nepotism, get the best berths in the merchant's gift; they sail in lordly barges up and down the Rivers Blue and Yellow, or they drop pleasantly down over the summer sea to the rich Isles of Spice, or fat Siam, or even the Great Cinnamon Island itself. The superior class of junks have cabins superbly fitted up; and the supercargo has all the pleasures of a yachtsman's life combined with the profits of his own. But for such young aspirants as are born with a wooden spoon rather than a silver one, Destiny has a tougher task. Corea is their destination, or perhaps bleak Mongolia, or gaunt Tibet, or the Land of Grass. They must pass many a weary year among barbarians, ignorant of Confucian precepts and Chinese politeness; they must endure the long and bitter winters of those high table-lands, live a hard life, brave untold dangers, and bear banishment from all their habits and haunts, to be qualified for promotion. They set off, amid the tears and condolences of relatives and friends, in their little bamboo palanquins, or in their boats, until the palanquin-work begins. Theirs is a great responsibility, and a life of care. Those penniless coolies who carry them and their goods through rain and sunshine, over rough and smooth, can sing and laugh as they go, but Chang must be thoughtful, Chang must sleep with one eye open, that his goods may be safe; he must dispute about toll and custom with this or that Jack-in-office; must call on this governor and that prefect, with gifts on a tray, and compliments daintily painted on blush-coloured paper, and *taoli* talk on his dulcet lips, and suspicion ever whispering at his ear. Chang has to pay the porters and bearers, to keep an eye on his body-servants, to fee and bargain with his boatmen, to watch *ipsos custodes*, the very watchmen who mount guard over his treasure in the greedy pilfering towns. Then there are other dangers than wolf and wilderness, than *tourmentes* of snow, and slippery paths, and bottomless quagmires. Chang has to see to all—to learn if there are really banditti on the road, and if the said banditti are mere petty larceny rogues, or brigands of the first water, the desperate *koan-kouen*, or highwaymen, at whose name mandarins tremble. Chang must bespeak a guard of soldiers, if needed; must keep up the courage of those timorous protectors when he has got them; must elicit information from all, separating a crumb of truth from a whole bushel of lies, white, black, and gray. The luckless supercargo has money with him; he must have money, for there are no bankers outside China Proper; and those silver dollars and glistening ingots are a perpetual blister to their keeper, as he struggles on, with his argent fleece, through thorns social and thorns official.

At last he gets to the frontier, and there, on the borders of the Land of Grass, or the Great Desert of Gobi, or the mountain-slopes of Tibet, his future escort meets him. There they are in their sheep-skins, the uncouth shaggy Tartars, with their tall spears, their train of camels, lean horses, and wild accoutrements. There are the fur-clad men of Tibet, in lambs-wool caps and fringed vests, with their active ponies and saddle oxen, those sure-footed yellow-haired yaks that bear man and bale over the gigantic Himalaya glaciers. And among them is a civilised creature, by contrast, at least, a Chinaman born, and a brother-supercargo, who comes forward to offer Chang the salutation of welcome. He is a real Chinaman, is Ching, and in honour of his compatriot has put on a smart blue or green gown, edged with delicate fur, boots of black satin, a decent cap, and a vest of figured satin, with girdle and fan; but yet Chang, fresh from city-life, eyes him as a tame dog would regard a half-reclaimed dingo. He has a rough face and a bronzed skin, has Ching; his beard and eyebrows are shaggy and Tartar-like; his nails are short and unpolished: the whole man has a fierce, roving, ogreish look, caught from nomadic comrades. Chang has but a low opinion of his comrade Ching. But it is his turn now to jump upon a pony and ride off into the boundless pastures, and sleep under the tent, and live with rude truth-telling robbers, strong of hand and bluff of speech. Ching goes *home*, to be smoothed and polished in Nankin or Kioung-tcheou, to recall forgotten accomplishments, and to cultivate literature and his own fortunes. Chang has eight or ten years of voluntary exile to get through, to learn new ways and languages, to sell in the dearest market, and to make all he can out of the credulous Scythians. His salary is handsome. He will probably marry a 'large-footed' woman, and become quite a domestic character in the camps of the nomades, but he will be careful to leave behind him wife and children when his probation is over, to pronounce his own divorce, and go home a bachelor. There are no real ties for a Celestial out of the Central Land.

The Chinese land-traffic is in most peril from the encroachments of Russia. Every year sees the elastic border of the czar's empire stretch to the south-west, every year beholds a new band of Muscovite explorers hovering on the borders of Khiva and Turkistan, a new steamer on the Aral Sea, the Oxus, or the Jaxartes, and the arms and trade of Russia pushing on into the centre of the once mighty Turan of the Tartars. But still Chang is busy; the cloth and cotton of China are more welcome to the Scythians than the cloth of Leeds and the calico of Manchester; Chang knows what his customers like, has fathomed the depth of their purses, anticipates their whims with respect to trinkets and silk, and makes a fortune out of their flocks and herds in his slow quiet way. Cattle and sheep fetch money in North China; camels are almost the currency of Mongolia and Mantchooria; and horses are constantly imported into China from the steppes. There are a great many horses kept by mandarins and other wealthy persons, as a matter of luxury; the Chinese are sorry grooms and not very liberal masters; the animals die fast, and new droves are continually required. Furs, wool, rhubarb, tallow, butter, are the chief importations from the wild west. Besides this collection of raw material, Tartary sends iron ore, fur-boots, fur-pelisses, feathers, eider-down, and charcoal; Tibet offers sword-blades and leather; some shawls and spices from India, some rare wild animals for Celestial menageries, dried venison and jerked beef. Both countries send a little silver, a metal which China absorbs and retains, never parting with an ounce, save in payment of the Malwa opium, or to make up a war indemnity. The southern trade, carried on as it is by junks, is a profitable barter. China must have amber and ambergris, edible nests, sea-slugs, weed, coral, spices and scented woods, copper and tin, gold, silver, and gems; and she pays for these in manufactured goods, sold at great profit, and produced by the untiring industry of myriads of busy hands. The north trade is for ore and caviare, for sturgeons and wild-fowl, fuel and timber; and tea, woollen fabrics and delicacies from the south, pay for these.

This mighty aggregate of human beings may be pardoned for believing that commerce, like charity, begins at home, and that a third part of Adam's progeny can find plenty of buyers and sellers there. It is the home-trade which absorbs the chief industry of the non-agricultural portion of the community. This is no insignificant traffic, no petty transfer from the right hand to the left. Three hundred and more are the millions who have to be fed, clothed, taught, sheltered, amused, and buried within yellow Cathay. The 'articles of primary necessity,' to quote from a French tariff, are grain, fish, oil, and tea. Man in China is a consumer of farinaceous food, not a mutton-devouring carnifex, as in Central Asia. The north eats millet, and beans, and wheat; the south calls rice its staff of life; and both require fish and pork, oil for the stew-pan and oil for the lamp, arrack and tea. China is probably the only country where cold water—Adam's ale—the oldest and cheapest of beverages, finds no drinkers. Cold draughts are poison, according to Chinese domestic medicine. The poorest cannot dispense with his scalding tea, his boiling rice-wine, his corn-brandy simmering in the cup. Perhaps this universal mania for hot liquors helps to corrode Celestial teeth and to undermine Celestial constitutions; they soon get old, ugly, and toothless. At anyrate, the demand for tea is as constant and certain as the demand for grain itself; and tobacco is nearly in equal request, for in China all are smokers, whether men or women; vast quantities of the Nicotian leaf are grown in every province, though the finest qualities come from Yun-nan, in the south.

The great arteries of commerce in China are those gigantic rivers, the Hoang-ho and the Yang-tsze-kiang, which, with their tributary streams, the chains of lagoons to which they afford access, and the grand system of artificial canals, supply an amount of water-carriage unequalled in the world. But all this wonderful organisation has felt the decay inherent in the fatal Mantchoo polity. Under the yoke of the Tartar sovereigns, the noble canals of the Song dynasty, and the Imperial highways of the Ming, have been suffered to fall into ruin and disorder. Even the embankments of the Blue and Yellow rivers are seldom kept in efficient repair, and floods like those of Friesland spread ruin and famine over the rice-fields at every period of very heavy rains. The great Imperial Canal itself, that boast of the empire, is choked and shallow in many places, and its traffic only exists on paper, in those respectful memoirs with which the dutiful prefects annually deluge the emperor's chancery. But still, where man's work has decayed, the huge watery roads, the Blue and Yellow Rivers, pour their waves through fertile lands, and waft a hundred thousand keels from the interior to the ocean. No other country can shew such aqueous Titans as these, to which Rhine and Rhone are but brooks, yellow Ganges a thread, and endless Mississippi a narrow stream with a dangerous channel. But the Blue River, three hundred miles from its mouth, is seven miles across from shore to shore, and deep enough to accommodate an armada. Both rivers have their fleets of junks of every size and class, their squadrons of lorchas, their flotillas of barges, their swarms of canoes and of sampans, and their floating towns as well, where millions dwell amphibiously in arks of strange shape, moving down with the tide, or anchored, like an aquatic village, in some favourite bay. Half the merchandise of the empire finds its way up and down these great rivers, from city to city, from province to province, paying toll and excise as it goes, and affording employment to myriads. Before the sanguinary insurrection of the Taipings scourged the land, the porcelain trade alone required thousands of junks; Nankin had a million of operatives employed in the potteries, and another million of skilful workers toiled at Khioung-tcheou-fou, to fabricate jars and vessels of every pattern, from the famous clays called kaolin and pe-tun-ye, long believed to be peculiar to Saxony, though since discovered in France and Cornwall. But Celestial Virtue and his plundering hordes have held Nankin for more than two years, have ruined its trade, and butchered its people, have wasted Khioung-tcheou, and have made desolate that smaller rival of theirs, Song-tcheou-fou, where the most delicate fabrics of porcelain, silk, paper, and cotton were wrought by the most cunning hands, and the finest taste that China could produce. Every branch of industry, from the coal-pits and petroleum wells of the north, to the vineyards of Yun-nan, has suffered from the civil war; for the Taipings burn and destroy, but produce nothing, and even the industry of careful practical China languishes under the withering blight of this strange army.

Still the buyers and sellers are legion, still the fields beyond the baleful sway of the Taipings are cultivated and productive to an extent which our market-gardens but faintly realise, and with few cattle and awkward tools, the most amazing husbandry contrives to feed a third of humanity. With all the trembling caution, the vigilant suspicion, with which the Mantchoo emperors have ever contemplated clubs and combinations among their subjects, the most entire licence has been extended to merchants in carrying out their operations. They form and break partnerships; they establish companies, small and great; they carry on their trade according to their own good pleasure. A Chinese company needs no charter; it conducts gigantic affairs unmolested; it requires no private acts of parliament, and fears no opposition in committee. Nor is insurance unknown to the Celestials; they have firms that will underwrite anything you please, from a rich cargo, or a steamer, to a field of pumpkins. They have their bankers and discounters, even as we have; and if they have no state bank-paper, their chief merchants issue bills, or, to use an Indian term, hoondees, which are payable on demand, and will be cashed at any city of note throughout the empire. Indeed, such a contrivance is rendered needful by the great weight and bulk of Chinese coin. The strings of cash, which form the real money of the Flowery Kingdom, are enormously weighty; those perforated coins, rudely struck in an alloy of copper and lead, and called cash, sapecks, or tchengs, are small in themselves, but for extensive purchases they are as cumbrous as the iron pennies of Sparta.

A very good criterion of the cheapness of a country is the value of its most fractional coinage, and here China bears the bell. A penny English is worth twenty cash, or sapecks; and for legitimate money, one can hardly go lower than five pieces to the farthing; even the cowrie-shell of India is worth that. A sapeck will buy something: it will buy a porter's labour for the third of a mile; it will purchase a meal of some sort, a fish, or a slice of melon, or a handful or two of rice stewed in oil, or a few succulent stalks of the Chinese sugar-cane, or *Holchus sorghum*. It commands luxuries, a seat in a theatre, let us say, or a brace of whiffs of the opium-pipe, or a pinch of tobacco, or two or three cups of hot tea or corn-brandy. But when you wish to deal with reputable shopkeepers, still more, if you want to chaffer in some of the endless fairs and markets that go on perpetually all over the empire, you require a plurality of sapecks. The merchant must have porters to carry his coin; so must the small-footed lady, as she totters gracefully on her lackered boot-heels into the marts of fashion; so must the yawning dandy, who turns over the poems and treatises in the bookseller's with his eagle claws, curved, and long, and as polished as pumice-stone and unguents can make them. Sapecks are the recognised medium, and though there are higher denominations of the root of evil, such as candareens and pistareens, mace and taels, these only exist in the imagination of mankind. A string of ten cash goes to a candareen, for example, and a thousand to a tael. Now, as our war indemnity amounts to the trifling amount of eight millions of taels, it might be a curious speculation to discover how long it would take to count up the billions of demicentimes required of the Brother of the Sun by the barbarians of Frangistan. And of what conceivable use would all that copper alloy be to us, unless to mould into Minié rifle-balls, or sheet the bottoms of steam-frigates! Happily, however, China makes great payments in metal of a more convenient assay. In considerable transactions, mercantile and national, the Celestials resort to silver in bars and ingots; and in silver of perfect purity—Sycee silver, as it used to be called in Canton—the cost of this war will be paid by the loser. Scales are continually required in a Chinese bargain on a great scale; every merchant, pedler, or supercargo has these with him, and the weight of the pure metal is established by a scrutiny worthy of Shylock. To save the inconvenience of cutting bars, some great merchants are accustomed to stamp their seals on both ends of an ingot, which, thus guaranteed in weight, passes from hand to hand like a bank-token. Gold is weighed out too, and sold at so much per ounce, but only during a dearth of silver, which, with copper, is the staple of national currency, while gold is regarded as jewels are esteemed elsewhere, in the light of an ornamental luxury, to be used up in embroidery, gilding, and decoration.

The bankers are not the least important denizens of the Central Land, but they do not confine themselves to legitimate bank business; they are tea-merchants, distillers, silk-factors, cotton-factors, or the lords of many kilns; they lend money on security, but they do not love to talk of their advances, for the great mandarins may be expected to ask for a loan any day, and mandarins are not fond of taking a denial. A good deal of Chinese trade goes on with borrowed capital, but not in proportion to the credit-system of Europe. The high rate of interest required by a Chinese banker—30 per cent.—is an unfailing index to the risk which attends pecuniary loans in a country of civil wars and capricious governments. In the England of the Stuarts, in spite of rebellions, plots, and disquiet, 10 per cent. was the habitual value of money lent on mortgage. Poor John Chinaman pays thrice as much in the second half of the nineteenth century. But he is a thrifty fellow, and seldom becomes bankrupt except from some extraordinary pressure of adverse circumstances. He never gluts a market, or sends goods to an overstocked province. His correspondence is enormous, and he makes himself acquainted, by letters and by journeys, with the wants and means of every nook of the empire. Then he hastens to load those broad-bottomed junks that you may see crawling up every river and lake, with bamboo-matting sails and gaudy flags, laden gunwale-deep with precious bales, and bound for the dearest market, one may be sure. The Chinaman knows his art and mystery well. He has anticipated the choicest doctrines of political economy. Save him from Taiping and pirate, from mandarin 'squeezes' and servile wars, and he will pay his way, and pursue his course, fat and content as Dr Pangloss himself, with what is to him the very best of all possible worlds.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS *v.* BELVIDERE HOUSE.

Is there any spectacle at once more touching and more ludicrous than to hear a grown man—and it is always a pretty full-grown one—dilate upon the delights of his old School? He deals, indeed, somewhat in generalities; he does not dwell upon the domestic care expended upon him at Belvidere House, upon the salubrity of its situation, upon the luxuriance of the foliage about its playground, nor on the excellence and plenty of its repasts—all which were set forth with such engaging minuteness in its prospectus. He contents himself with asserting broadly—with a shake of the head and a sigh—that Pogers's (L. C. P.) was a happy place indeed, where he first knew and loved poor Harry Binks, now dead and buried (as though the latter circumstance was peculiarly deplorable), and Harris, and Moore, and a score of others, the like of whom he shall never see again. But observe how very little the School has really to do with these regretful reminiscences. He might just as well bewail the youthful time he passed at the Penitentiary, or the revolving hours now gone for ever which he spent with Harry Binks and the rest of them upon the patent Treadmill. If, however, we look closely into the matter, it will be found that the ancient disciples of Belvidere House, and other classical and commercial establishments of that 'limited' nature, are not so addicted to glorifying their seminaries, but leave that sort of sentiment, in its more exaggerated form at least, to the public-school men. For, as it requires a tolerably sized country (such as Scotland or Switzerland) for the inhabitants to get disagreeably patriotic about it, while those of a little strip like the Republic of San Marino do not venture to go about boasting of their ridiculous territory, so it is left to the old Etonian, the Harrovian, the Rugbean, and so on, to bewail themselves about their nursing-places, while the private-school man holds his tongue, or puts it in his cheek.

There is no case in which Distance lends so much enchantment to the view as this of school-enthusiasm. We see our own young ones delighted to come home for the holidays, and averse to go back again; we hear them narrate circumstances connected with 'faggings,' 'switchings,' 'impositions,' and getting-up-upon-cold-mornings, which certainly do not make us envious of becoming subject to them again ourselves; we are positively informed upon all hands—and indeed take a singularly inconsistent pride in owning so much—that the present drawbacks and inconveniences of School are yet as nothing compared with those of our own time; and still we go maundering on with tears in our eyes about that blissful institution. Our school *epoch*—the palmy days of trusting friendship, toffy, paper-chases, and the dawn of love—was blithe indeed, but to identify it with School itself is to confuse time with place. We do not believe that one of us out of one hundred liked even Eton itself. The bullying other boys may have had some delights for us, but so had not the being bullied by them: if the being 'in' at cricket was Paradise, the having constantly to 'fag out' in the sun without an innings, was as certainly the other place; and though picnicking under the umbrageous elms might have been very pleasant, a charm was lacking, inasmuch as we had to kindle the fire and boil the eggs for the benefit of others—the boy-tyrants for whom we 'fagged.' Notwithstanding any convictions upon this point, however, it becomes us public-school men, who would be respected by our old companions, to keep them to ourselves. As they say in the melodramas, 'We must dissemble.' We must not foul our own nests by laying a finger upon a single blemish of that hallowed seminary of which we were once an inmate. But *esprit de corps* of this sort, though admirable in many respects, has also its disadvantages. The blemishes remain; for no old disciple ventures to point out what is amiss; and a stranger who takes upon him the thankless part of reformer, being sure to err in some unimportant matters of detail, is pooh-poohed at once. 'Here's an ignoramus,' exclaim the Champions of Let-alone: 'he affects to understand all about us, and says that our first school-time is at seven o'clock; when ever since the blessed accession of Edward VI. it has been at half-past six!'

All honour, then, be to Sir John Coleridge,* who, public-school man though he be, has ventured to point out—tenderly and apologetically enough—some of the defects of that system. He is himself an Etonian, and feels for Eton almost the affection which a child entertains for his parent; but he is addressing many who have never even seen that beautiful spot.

'The situation, the buildings, the park-like playgrounds favour the system. On the banks of the Thames, where, at least to English eyes, the river is of ample magnitude, yet with waters pure as those of the moorland brook, winding round the Home Park, and beneath the towers of Windsor, the College, and its Hall and Library, its Chapel and School, stand—a group of buildings imposing in size, venerable for antiquity, and singularly appropriate in their character to the purposes for which they have been erected. I cannot hope to convey to those who have never seen them a perfect impression of them in this respect; perhaps I may say that this fitness of character depends on their size, ample, yet not so great as to do away with a certain domestic feeling; on their great simplicity, which yet escapes any approach to meanness; on their obvious antiquity, entirely free from decay: all suggests a notion of something beyond a mere school; of rule and order not pedantically stiff; of liberty, yet within the reach of wholesome restraint. . . . . The playgrounds skirt the river; and, with ample space for cricket and football, they still have room for venerable trees, solemn avenues, and walks full of studious associations. No stranger of ordinary feeling can see the outside of Eton without a feeling of admiration that has a character of tenderness mixed with it; and when he sees the river thickly studded with skiffs and row-boats—the cricket-grounds with their players, fleet and active, quick-eyed and ready-handed, playing the game with the earnestness of youth and the conduct of manhood, hilarious with a winning score, and not dejected with a losing one—while among the intent spectators around he perceives here and there a master, not amongst the least intent, imposing no check on the boys, but animating their exertions—he may well confess that he is beholding boyhood under its happiest aspect. Well, then, may the old Etonian feel *his* bosom glow within him.'

Ah, well indeed! Let Tom Brownism be rampant as it will, it moves not us one whit. *We* need no eulogy from any man's pen to swell our muster-roll. At the present writing there are over *eight*

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* *Public School Education.* A Lecture, by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge. Murray, Albemarle Street.

hundred youths at this boy-university—many of them of the best blood in England; all of them gentlemen; most of them destined to be rulers of the land and people when they be men. Never, surely, under the harsh name of school, existed such a glorious place.

Ah, happy hills—ah, pleasing shade—
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

*Floreat Etona.** But the Latin, alas! reminds us of its Latin verses! In the Paston Letters, we find that so early as 1478, the custom of versifying in that dead language was a part of the Eton system. 'As for my coming from Eton,' writes Master William Paston, 'I lack nothing but versifying, which I trust to have with a little continuance;' and then, says Sir John Coleridge, he adds a miserable couplet, boasting, 'and these two verses aforesaid be of my own making.'

But what miserable couplets *we* made, and what miserable couplets everybody else made, except, perhaps, Coleridge *minor*, as Sir John was then, and some half-dozen others. Unhappily, no argument is possible with these sticklers for *Gradus ad Parnassum*, for they have two ingenious theories, which are both unanswerable. First, they affirm, that by this borrowing of other people's ideas, and the looking out for longs and shorts in that big book, in order to express them in Latin measures, that we have imperceptibly benefited. It is impossible to contradict this. It is pleasant to learn that we have been benefited by anything; and one might have been worse, perhaps, if it had not been for the *Gradus*. Secondly, they assert that in cultivating Latin verses, we have, by some mysterious means, laid the foundations of all learning, and are now fit to educate ourselves. To the professional student this may be a most comforting reflection; but then how very small a proportion of the human race *do* educate themselves, after they have been once emancipated from their tutors!

Then there was the Chapel (the little bell of which used almost continuously to be going), 'enriched with stained glass,' remarks our author, 'and many touching memorials.' To this he attributes an excessive amount of advantage. The good old judge has surely forgotten his wicked school-days. Many an Etonian have we heard ascribe his present disinclination for church to his having had so very much of it while at school. What are saints' days to Eton boys—what they *ought* to be is another question into which there is no need to enter—that they should attend extra and longer services because of them? What a nuisance they seemed to be, when we wanted to be over the pleasant meadows—trespassing—or on the shining river! What an unnatural halo does our author behold shimmering around every youthful head. We were not such very good boys, at least in our time; nor, indeed, very bad boys either, although, as for those chorister-lads, I well remember that it was thought excellent fun to give them nuts, in order that their voices should fail them during the coming performances in the chapel. How a simple fact of this kind—and really not a very distressing one—dissipates those misty illusions which even the wisest men, in their old age, are prone to entertain respecting their own youth! And yet Sir John Coleridge has not a word to say against 'fagging,' an institution which has effected far more harm—although kept within more moderate bounds at Eton than elsewhere—than can ever be set right by choral singing; nor against the system of public flogging, practised at Eton, and at Eton only, in a manner disgusting and indecent in a very high degree.

Against the present absurdity of electing the masters solely from the body of old Etonians—and not long ago they were chosen out of King's College, Cambridge, only—Sir John is energetic enough; and he is bold in attacking one very crying evil, common to every well-filled public school—the inadequate number of tutors. Every master at Eton is also a tutor, and receives as many boarders as he can accommodate into his own house. 'Each master has his separate class in school, and in this there may be few or none of his own pupils—these last may be scattered among every class in the school; but over his own pupils, as their tutor, he is bound to exercise a peculiar care in every branch of their education.' A popular tutor, therefore, like the old woman who lived in her shoe, has often so many pupils that he does not know what to do with them, and of necessity does little or nothing. The present average proportion at Eton of boys to tutors is more than *forty to one!* Now, what should we say of Pogers (L. C. P.), if he received forty young gentlemen at Belvidere House without keeping a single usher to help him? Almost all the bad cases of cruelty occurring in public schools, and that are made public—and they must be very bad to get that length—are owing to this paucity of masters, this inadequacy of personal superintendence. The system of Monitors—which Eton, however, to her credit, has never adopted—that places excessive power in hands necessarily unfitted to wield it, arises entirely from this lack. Since the constituted authorities are insufficient (and since to get more would be unsatisfactory to those existing, for certain pecuniary reasons which it would be vulgar to speak about), amateur masters—Monitors—are appointed in many public schools, selected from the boys themselves. An increase of tutors is sometimes denied, even upon the ground that the Statutes of the School contemplated no such innovation, but the sticklers for vested interests must indeed be sore put to it before they adopt *that* line of defence. Sir John's eye must have slyly twinkled when, with relation to this subject, he quotes one of the Eton statutes by which the Head and Lower Masters are bound to teach all who come from any part of England for *nothing at all:* 'gratis, absque pecuniæ aut alterius rei exactione.' And it would be a very pleasant sight to see them at it.

Eleven-twelfths of the present school—that is to say, the whole of the Oppidans—were never contemplated in the founder's scheme at all. Only seventy Eton boys—familiarly termed, in our time, 'Tugs' or 'Tugmuttons,' from the circumstance of that food being placed, with a too great frequency, upon their common table—are 'upon the foundation,' or entitled in any way to share its privileges; and these, to say truth, are held socially in some contempt by the others, who are, of course, the richer, though not necessarily the better-born. Yet observe how these poor young gentlemen win all the educational prizes! The Newcastle scholarship and Medal has existed thirty-two years, to be contended for by the entire school. 'In the first twelve there were ten Oppidan scholars to two Collegers, and six Medallists to six. In the next ten years there were four Oppidan scholars to six, and seven Medallists to five. In the last ten there were three Oppidan scholars to nine, and three Medallists to nine. Considering the immense superiority of numbers of Oppidans to Collegers, and that the former have the advantage of being, if they please, private pupils, which is denied to the latter, this difference of numbers is remarkable; but the gradual decrease of the successful Oppidans, in later years reaching almost to their extinction, is a still more significant fact.' Sir John Coleridge cannot understand why this should be, and yet it seems to us quite easy of solution. The Collegers work, and the Oppidans don't work; and for the simplest reason. The former know they have need to do so, being poor men's sons; and the latter know they have no need. As to lads, who are as forty to one to their masters, being *made* to work, it is simple impossibility, nor indeed is it ever attempted; and it must be remembered that at almost all other public schools where Collegers exist at all, a similar disproportion exists between them and the Oppidans as at Eton; while the majority of public schools are composed entirely of Oppidans. The instances of 'bodily frames not yet matured,' which have broken down under the labour of school-work at Eton, must have happened—if they ever did happen—among the Collegers. We are sceptical about even that matter; although there may have been unpleasantries about 'Tug' life, even in the way of hard study, as there most certainly were in the experiences of that 'Long Chamber,' where there were about five fags to sixty-five masters, and which was not a place to identify with the Elysian Fields in any respect. We enjoyed ourselves at Eton very much—though by no means so much as at home during the holidays—but we have no recollection of anything approaching hard work, even at that Latin and Greek which was the only literary *pabulum* in those days set before us. Now, it seems, there are no less than three hours of the *week* devoted to mathematics; or a full half hour per diem!

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* Our esteemed contributor here seems to be himself slightly overcome with that weakness of school fanaticism which he so sternly reprobates in others.

In a word, whatever may be said about their superiority in other respects, we cannot believe that public schools are the best places for intellectual education. It is scarcely possible, with their small amount of school-hours, their limited supply of masters, and the extent of their actual vacations, that they should compete in this respect with private establishments, where lads work very much harder, and are far more closely looked after. If a boy is to make his own way in the world, and has little beyond his mental faculties to trust to, it certainly seems more reasonable to send him to Belvidere House, if that establishment have a tolerable character, than to an expensive public school. It is true, that lads in such a plight are sometimes sent to Eton and elsewhere to obtain 'a good connection,' with a view of hitching themselves on, that is, to others in a superior station. But, setting aside the cruelty of thus making boys into toadies and tuft-hunters before their time, and the 'snobbism' of the whole transaction, such unequal friendships do not stand the wear and tear of life; they rarely last beyond adolescence.

It is unfair to Belvidere House to point to the distinguished names at the universities—although it holds its own, and something more, even there—because the great majority of public-school lads go to college as a matter of course, while with those at private schools it is not so; still less justly can we boast of public-school men being stars of parliament, or leading men in power, since, as boys, they were, by birth and position, already half-way to the greatest social prizes; while the lads more humbly educated, in accordance with their humbler station, have to go double the distance—and the most difficult part of the road is that first half—to obtain them. If they started fair, we have no doubt but that the young gentleman with his head full of Latin verses would lag behind the other (of equal powers), who has received a more general, although not necessarily a superficial education. We have known an Etonian to be a by no means despicable classic, and yet to be quite unable to spell, or to inform you in what the Reformation in England differed from the Revolution.

We are far from intending disrespect either to public schools or classical education. They effect, at Eton at all events, the very things which, considering the fine material they have got to deal with, it is desirable that they should do. They turn out better cricketers, foot-ball players, and oarsmen than private schools can do. They produce healthier and higher-spirited young men. Not only in mere behaviour and 'deportment' do they turn boys into gentlemen, but their tone is often so high and manly, that it even supplies the gentlemanly feelings that are sometimes lacking. There is generally neither pertness (except in the case of monitors) nor *mauvaise honte* about public-school men, and they are fitted to mix in any society, with a polite independence, which Belvidere House for the most part fails to impart. These are surely no mean advantages. Let, then, the admirers of public schools be content, even if in addition to ruder health, better manners, and happiness in greater proportion than is found in private seminaries, they fail to impart an education so well fitted for the ordinary walks of life. Each system has its excellences and its faults; each is adapted for its own class of disciples. That would be an evil day for the Upper Ten Thousand of England, on which Eton and her sister-seminaries were abolished; but, on the other hand, science and commerce would languish sadly from the hour when all our middle classes were forced to send their sons to public schools.

LOVE AMONG THE LILIES.

Like a prisoned poet inscribing eloquent odes to Liberty, Maria van Oosterwyck, pent in the centre of grim old frowning Delft, strove passionately to fix upon her canvas the glorious flowers and fruits of a far-off country, from which the town's every canal, lock, street, wall, and rampart combined to sunder her. By aid of memory, scrap-sketches made on hurried visits beyond the gates, and cut flowers sickening and dying as she drew them, the pale earnest-looking lady worked on. With quite a lily's whiteness in her face, and fair waving hair, that seemed sprinkled with the gold-dust from the lily's cup, pushed back carelessly, so as not to hinder her, and in sober dark woollen dress, only relieved by the large plaited-muslin ruff collar, Maria bent her lithe fragile figure before her easel; poring over one of those small cabinet paintings whose transparent colour, refined taste, and delicate mechanism, shall make them, years and years after thou art dust, Maria van Oosterwyck, cherished possessions even in the choicest collections. She loved her flowers; she loved her art; for these she was content to spend her life: it was no toil, at least it was a toil free from irksomeness, and full of joy, to be true to such love as this. Over her canvas, the flowers at her side, studying the wondrous variety of their hues, tracing their every exquisite curve, and change, and diversity, till she could almost deem that in their marvellous separate loveliness dwelt an individual soul, Maria could well forget the gloomy surroundings of her studio. It was not a pleasant abode for an artist, and least of all for a flower-artist. That murky shadow on the wall is the reflection flung there by the sun, sinking in a Dutch fog, of the church tower which shelters the remains of William Prince of Orange, murdered close by, on a summer's day in 1584, by Balthazar Gerard the Burgundian; that mist upon the window rises from the narrow stagnant poisonous canal below; that smoke beating away in circling clouds comes from the pottery manufactories—for are we not just midway in the seventeenth century—and must not the great demand for Delft earthenware be met in thorough commercial spirit? True, there are trees edging the canals; but no wonder they have lost all charm for Maria; no wonder she can look upon them with eyes of pity only; they are trimmed, and cut, and clipped into fanciful shapes, in execrable Dutch taste! Heartless mutilation of natural loveliness; one might as well look for human beauty in a soldier's hospital after a battle.

Through the mist, through the smoke and the shadow, and over the trees, there were eyes searching out the light form of Maria van Oosterwyck in her studio; and these—gay, bright, pleasant-looking eyes enough—were fixed in the head of Wilhelm van Aalst, a painter also, and a denizen of Delft, whose studio is exactly opposite to Maria's, on the other side of the street. He has set up his easel, and has work before him—a clever enough artist, painting still-life subjects dexterously, and in good repute for his dead game, scraps of armour, and gold and silver cups. But not a very sedulous worker; unable to devote himself to his labours, unable to forget—as the genuine student ever does—that there is a world going on outside his studio walls. Half-a-dozen touches, and he looks out of the window, down the street towards the market-place, or over the way at Maria; then another few touches, and a look in the glass at his own handsome face, and a twirling of his moustache, a pulling at his beard, or a tossing about of his long thick chestnut locks. He makes up his mind at last; and perhaps he hasn't much to operate upon, for that matter. He flings away his pallet and brushes, arrays himself in a handsome velvet doublet, blue with narrow silver edging, dons a hat and feather, buckles on his rapier, and struts from his studio. No more work for to-day. He will pay visits; it is really quite a long time since he has seen his friends—twelve hours or so—he will call on Maria van Oosterwyck, and see how her lilies are getting on, and then he will dine—well, perhaps at the Golden Calf round the corner, and finish the evening there.

Absorbed in her lilies, her thin white hand supported by her mahl-stick, with the smallest, finest brush ever seen, defining hair-lines of light upon the outer rims of the flowers, Maria heard not the knock at her door—heard not the step upon the floor—knew not that any one had entered the room—was lost to all but her art, until a hand was laid gently upon her arm, and a voice murmured, accenting tenderly: 'Incomparable Maria!'

She started up with quite a little scream, paler than ever, and her soft blue eyes open wide with alarm, like flowers beaten by a storm. She was a lovely specimen of the thorough blonde, flaxen even to eyebrows and eyelashes—a very human lily herself, so pure, and delicate, and lovable-looking.

'You frightened me, Wilhelm,' she said, her first surprise a little passed off, and with just the slightest tone of reproval traceable in her voice. She was about to give her hand with the brush in it, but a glance at Wilhelm's gay doublet, and the thought of however so little a streak of cream-white would soil it, stopped her.

'Enthusiast!' Wilhelm went on—'devotee! you have no thought but for this!' and he pointed to the panel on the easel.

'Is it a fault?' she asked.

'No; but it is a reproach to the less devout.'

'To yourself, then? Wilhelm, when will you work? When will you cleave to your easel, and be loath and sick at heart to leave it? So you have quitted work for to-day, and there remain five more good hours of daylight!'

Wilhelm blushed. He was a little crest-fallen at his reception. Had the blue velvet and the silver edging so small effect as this?

'I have nearly finished the picture of the dead falcon and the jewelled goblet.'

Maria shook her head sorrowingly.

'You have not finished as you should finish it, Wilhelm. You may leave off work—you may let it go from your easel—you may barter it for a good price—but you will yet know in your heart that it is not a work such as should bear the name of Van Aalst. Why will you paint only for to-day, for the present hour, to supply your mere needs, and heed for nothing else? You must wish to live, Wilhelm, to be something in the future, to have your name honoured, and your works cherished. You owe this to yourself. Paint fewer pictures, and work more.'

'I have not your talent, gentle Maria.'

'You have more than my poor talent, Wilhelm, a thousand times. With all my labour, pouring out my life at the foot of my easel, I know I cannot approach the genius you possess, if you would but render it justice.'

'I have not your devotion, Maria.'

'You loved your art once, Wilhelm; you had high, grand thoughts about it once.'

'Boyish dreams.'

'They might have been the facts of your manhood, had you chosen so, good friend.'

It was hard upon him—who had come to create a sensation, to win the admiration of the fair enthusiast—to meet so chilly a welcome, such a lecture upon his shortcomings. Maria herself began to think so at length, and changed the subject.

'Do you like my lilies?'

'They are exquisite, they are inimitable—full of your own grace, and subtlety, and expression. You have nearly completed them.'

'No, there remains much to do. See, these leaves are hardly touched; this bud is mere raw colour.'

There was a pause. He looked from the panel to her. Standing so humbly and gently before a most marvellous effort of painting, how could he help great admiration and love possessing his heart? How could he hinder them from sparkling in his handsome eyes? His one hand rested on his hip, the other toyed gracefully with the silver tassels of his cloak. He was in his most winning attitude. Maria looked up at him innocently, read something of his thoughts in his face, and then turned away, a little frightened, perhaps.

'You remember,' he said, at length, in his most musical voice—'you remember, Maria, my first coming here?—my assumed bearing, my affecting to be a dealer, come to purchase your works, when my real aim was to see you, to become acquainted with you?'

'It was a trick, Wilhelm, a shameful trick;' and she moved away from him.

'It was fair, for I loved you.'

She put her hand to her heart, as though she had been struck there. She could not speak, but she waved her hand, by her gesture imploring him to desist.

'I loved you then, Maria, and from that day I have loved you more and more. If I have neglected my art, as you say, may not love be my excuse? Let that plead for me. Do not judge me too harshly.'

She heard him like one in pain, trembling, and with closed, quivering eyes. He was about to continue; she placed her hand gently upon his.

'Cease, Wilhelm, I entreat of you.'

'You don't love me, Maria?' The question was so musically, wilingly, fervidly breathed, it was almost irresistible. For some moments, Maria could not speak. Her breath came and went so hurriedly, and she trembled so.

'I dare not'—in a low broken whisper.

'You doubt me?' She bowed her head affirmatively, and to hide her blushes and her tears.

Wilhelm had had little experience in failure. He was puzzled, amazed. Could it be that his love was rejected? He was about to break out into expostulations, into passionate oaths and entreaties; but a look from Maria stopped him.

'You, who are false to art, can I hope that you will be true to me?'

'But I love you.'

'You loved art once, Wilhelm: you neglect it now.'

'But I will never neglect you, dearest. I swear it.'

'False in one, false in all.'

'Maria, this is cruelty.'

'Let it be so, Wilhelm, and let us part. Leave me to my lilies; they can never be to me less good, and pure, and true. I cannot quit them, to give my troth to one who may one day turn from me, his love fallen from him like a withered leaf. If I surrendered them, Wilhelm, for you, and the time should come, as it would, doubt not, when you would cease to love me—when I should be to you a poor frail woman, charmless, lustreless—I could not bear it. Wilhelm, it would be death.'

'But this is a nightmare, darling; it never shall be truth. I love you; I love art; I have never ceased to love art. I will always love you both.'

But Maria only shook her head sadly, murmuring: 'False in one, false in all.'

'But try me. These are not mere words—idle, vain: test them; they will bear it.'

She looked at him earnestly; there seemed honesty in his face and in his speech.

'First, then: You will be true to art.'

'I swear it.'

'You will work honestly; you will be at your easel for six hours a day at least, continuously; painting scrupulously, rendering faithful account of the objects you paint, as they seem to you; not trickily, or to produce rapidly, or to sell quickly. You will shun low company; you will not be seen with Heil, or Brocken, or Vander Noove. You will avoid the Golden Calf; you will cease to make Delft ring with your dissipations. You hear me, Wilhelm?'

'I will do all this, Maria.'

'And for six months—mark that; you will do all this for six months.'

'I may see you the while, may I not?

'No, Wilhelm; it is better not; it is better not, for both our sakes. At the end of six months, come to me. Tell me you have done all this faithfully; tell me you have been true to yourself—to art—to me. Tell me that you love art truly, and as you love art, love me.'

'And if I do this, you'——

She gave him a little white hand. He pressed it passionately to his lips.

'You are mine, Maria!'

'Six months have yet to pass, Wilhelm.'

He hardly heard her; he was dashing down the stairs mad with joy, and hope, and love. In five minutes, his blue doublet was off, and he was hard at work before his easel.

The poor lily-lady, pressing her hands upon her head, was too shaken and bewildered to resume her pencil immediately. Soon, however, she turned towards her flowers, exclaiming with passion: 'True or false, O my lilies, I cannot love you less. I am still yours, and you will still be mine!'

There was a thick crust of snow upon all the gable-roofs of Delft; the canals were frozen; thick ice blocked up the river. The six months had passed. Maria was still at her easel. There were no lilies to be had now, only those upon her panel, perfected; so close were they to nature, it seemed not possible to carry imitation further. She was employed in painting a folded drapery of stamped puce-coloured velvet, the background of her picture. She seemed paler than ever now, and an air of fatigue and suffering haunted her face; yet she worked on in her old placid, simple, hearty way; the tiny pencils moved to and fro as steadily and perseveringly as ever.

'Six months to-day,' she murmured once, halting but for a moment, only to resume again with a redoubled energy. But a step on the stairs soon set her hand trembling and her heart beating. She was compelled to desist. Wilhelm entered splendidly handsome in green velvet, with a thick studding of small gold buttons, a sweeping white feather in his hat, a glittering sword-belt, and heavy fur-trimming on his cloak. There was a triumphant flush upon his face as he walked rapidly towards Maria.

'You have come, then, Wilhelm,' she said.

'To claim fulfilment of your promise, dearest.'

She fixed her glance earnestly upon his face, gazing into his eyes, as though to read the truth in them.

'You have fulfilled *your* promise, Wilhelm; you have been true to art; you have worked sedulously, for six hours a day at least, uninterruptedly without quitting your studio; you have shunned low company and the tavern; you have been true to yourself and to me?'

Wilhelm bowed his glossy head affirmatively before her. He looked very superb indeed. Maria turned away her glance; she was shivering with nervous agitation—not cold, as he thought.

'And I may trust my happiness to your keeping?' she continued, still looking down.

'Dearest Maria, I swear that you shall never repent so doing.'

And he twirled the ends of his ample moustache, and dusted his beard with a broidered kerchief, which, tucked in his doublet, had been adding to the curve of his massive chest.

Maria started back from him, and an angry light gleamed in the blue eyes wontedly so soft and gentle. It was like forked lightning breaking out suddenly on a calm summer sky.

'Wilhelm, you would scorn to play with cogged dice; you would beat to the earth any one who said you tricked at cards; you would condescend to dupe no man. Why, then, do you come here to me with a lie upon your lips?—why seek to cheat me? What have I ever done that you should turn against me thus? Is it because I am weak, and a woman, that I am to be treated with falsehoods—won by fraud?'

Wilhelm, amazed, puzzled, embarrassed, looked at her. He put forth his hand imploringly; he sought to speak; she waved back his approaches by an angry gesture. You would not have thought such fury could have possessed her. The lily was whirling in a tempest.

'You know that you have broken every letter of your promise; you know that your every act of late has been a falsehood to me; you know that I dare not confide my happiness in your hands; that you are utterly unworthy such a trust. This is nothing. You have a right to act as you will. To stain your name, your genius, your art, with mire, if you will; it is not for me to call for an account. But to act thus shamefully, and crown that shame by a lie, to me, to *me*, who, God knows, never would or could have done you wrong—Wilhelm, Wilhelm, it is too much!'

There were tears now upon her cheeks, like rain-drops on a lily.

Wilhelm stood speechless, abashed, and angry. His position was humiliating enough—to cheat, and to be found out too! Yet he tried to pluck up heart; and sturdy lying seemed his safest course—so his weak false mind suggested.

'You wrong me, indeed, indeed.'

'Stop!' she cried, putting her hands to her ears to shut out his words. 'No more; you have lied enough. Look here!' and she pointed to the window-post: there were hundreds of streaks of lily white. 'Each time you have failed in your promise, I have registered the failure here. You have been absent from your studio; you have been idle; you have been gaping at the window, or idling at the door; you have spent days and nights at the Golden Calf. Heil has been with you, and Brocken, and Vander Noove, and—O Wilhelm—others who never should have been!'—and a blush crossed her cheek; it was as a sunset on a lily—'and you have painted worthless pictures. You know it—none better. Oh, in a thousand ways, you have been false; and here, see, here's the record.'

In Wilhelm's culprit face, 'midst all his shame and confusion, yet lingered an interrogative: 'How did you know all this?' She read it in his looks, without needing his words.

'My studio is opposite to yours; I can see you from here as well as you can see me from there.'

'Yet your back was always turned?'

She could not help smiling, it was such a wretched, pitiful, school-boy plea.

'*You forgot the mirror!* With that in front of me, I had no need to turn.'

Wilhelm stamped on the ground with rage and disappointment, cursing a thousand times his own stupidity.

'Adieu! Maria van Oosterwyck.'

'Adieu! Wilhelm van Aalst.'

Utterly crushed and mortified, he moved to the door. There he stood for a moment, rallied a little, and with a feeble broken swagger, with an attempt to conjure back something of his old grand manner, whispered softly: 'And there is no hope, Maria?'

'None!' said the lady stoutly. She was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and he went out banging the door, never to return. The poor girl, her trial over, broke down completely; she fell into a chair, weeping copiously.

'Heaven help me! And I so loved that man!'

With a strange curiosity and weakness, she sent her servant on the following morning to make inquiry concerning him. She learned that he had quitted Delft; it was said for ever. Paris was thought to be his destination. Then Maria was on her knees once more before her panel: 'O my lilies! I am yours for ever—only yours. I will love but you.'

And she kept her word, devoting herself to her art, and glorifying it by her devotion. And Europe struggled for possession of her works; not numerous, but all perfect. And Emperor Leopold, and Louis the Magnificent, and England's great monarch, William of Orange—all bought from her easel.

In 1693, she painted her last lily—never having seen again the faithless Wilhelm—never having loved again—still Maria van Oosterwyck.

A POULTRY SHOW.

Avaunt, all ye featherless bipeds, to whom poultry is suggestive of spread-eagle, pigeon, of pie, and rabbit, of fricassée; we have nothing for you to eat! Our poultry is not plucked, our pigeons are gay with plumage, and our rabbits wear their skins. They have been undergoing a competitive examination at the Crystal Palace, and have given great satisfaction, which is more than can be said for candidates in general, to their several examiners. Nevertheless, they may be said to have been crammed for their examination, and to be arguments in favour of the universally condemned cramming system. It is true that they were subjected to a course of something more substantial than arithmetic, more nourishing than geography, more fattening than mathematics; but still their progress reflects great credit upon those under whose fostering care they pursued their studies; and very distinguished tutors and governesses some of them appear to have had—Right Honourable Earls, and Most Honourable Marchionesses, and Lady Julias; and plain (and very likely pretty) Mistresses, and Misses, and Honourable Misters; and Esquires by right, and Esquires by courtesy; and Majors, and Captains, and simple Misters. What cock wouldn't crow at the bidding of an earl? What hen wouldn't cackle at the sight of a marchioness? What chicken wouldn't fatten under the glance of Lady Julia? What pigeon wouldn't thrive under the tutelage of a major? What rabbit's ears wouldn't lengthen under the drilling of a captain? We were not surprised, therefore, at the triumphant cock-a-doodle-doos, and the impertinent clucks of the fowls, as we inspected their several pens; we understood perfectly the strut of the pigeons, and the imperturbable self-possession of the rabbits. There were no fewer than 704 candidates entered, though they did not all come to the scratch—the pupils of not less than 224 ladies and gentlemen. There were five examiners, of whom two were professors of poultry, two professors of pigeonry, and three professors of rabbitry. The competitors were divided into 104 classes, 43 consisting of poultry, 52 of pigeons, and 9 of rabbits. The candidates in the 43d class of poultry, and in all the classes of pigeons and rabbits, were allowed to be of any age—though we thought it a pity to allow any of them to grow to toughness—but in the other 42 classes, they were obliged to be chickens of 1860. Seeing, therefore, the short time which had elapsed since their egg-hood, we could not but be astonished and edified at the immense progress which they had made. We are not aware of the precise age at which chickens are considered *passés*, but there was a very edible appearance about all but the cocks and the ganders.

The first three classes of poultry were what are called Spanish chickens; the next four, Dorking; the four after these, Cochin-China. Then came two classes of Brahmapootras; after them, five of Game Fowls; three of Gold or Silver Pencilled Hamburgs; three of Gold or Silver Spangled Hamburgs. Classes 25, 26, 27, and 28 were filled by Polish Fowl, whereof the cocks wore mops instead of combs by way of head-dress; 29 consisted of Malays; 30 of other district breeds, as Crèvecœur, Black Hamburg, Andalucian, and Cuckoo Cochin-China; 31, 32, 33, 34, and 35 of spiteful-looking Bantams; 36 and 37 of our relatives the Geese, both White, Gray, and Mottled; 38, 39, and 40 of Ducks and Drakes; 41 of Turkeys or Gobblecocks; and 42 should have consisted of Guinea-fowl, but we didn't observe any, and therefore put them down as 'absent.'

The Fowls underwent at the hands of the professors a severe examination in 'high condition,' 'quality,' 'beauty of plumage,' 'uniformity in the markings,' 'combs,' and 'weight.' The Spanish were declared to be not up to the average of former years: this we attribute to an overweening confidence in their own powers, upon the part especially of the cocks; we particularly noticed one which evidently held the same views with respect to the rising of the sun as Mrs Poyser's famous bird. They must recollect that, without due attention to the regulations which their tutors and governesses have laid down for their guidance, and without a little of the diffidence so suitable to their tender age, they can hardly expect to attain excellence. We recommend to their notice and imitation the dignified demeanour, and proper regard for his feathers, displayed by the White Dorking cock, which, in company with its two kin pullets, won the second prize in Class 6. It is true that this cock had been under the care of a reverend gentleman, and had therefore the advantage of a religious education; but this is by no means indispensable for the proper development of chickenhood. The Cochin-Chinas were highly complimented by the examiners, as were also the Brahmapootras, and we have no reason to doubt that the honour was deserved. Still we must plead guilty to a strong prejudice against Cochin-Chinas; their personal appearance is by no means prepossessing, more especially when they are of a cinnamon or buff hue: both in colour and in attitude they then remind us (when they throw up their heads) of a feathered giraffe with his front legs cut off. There always appears to be something the matter with their tails; they are decidedly knock-kneed; the feathers on their drumsticks have no business there, and look as though they were stuck on with mucilage; their cock-a-doodle-doo is hoarse and discordant; the flavour of the hen's eggs is certainly roughish, and the chicken's leg we had for dinner one day was toughish. The commendations bestowed upon the Game Fowls we hereby beg to endorse, and at the same time to express our opinion that, in the event of disturbances arising between Cochin-China chickens and the Game Fowls of this country, the superior qualities evinced by the latter will achieve for them the mastery. Gold-laced and silver-laced bantams were a novelty to us in point of nomenclature: we had heard of gold-laced and silver-laced coats and waistcoats and hats, but gold-laced and silver-laced birds we had not in our vocabulary: however, we were very glad to see them; they acquitted themselves admirably, and went through their evolutions with remarkable elegance. The same may be said of their white and black, and mixed cousins; and we were not at all surprised to find that the family group in No. 264 was 'highly commended' by the examiners. They also, like the well-behaved Dorking cock to which allusion has already been made, were brought up in a clergyman's household, and consequently observed the strictest propriety. The Polish fowls elicited the loud approbation both of the examiners and the visitors; there was a soberness about their black and silver plumage peculiarly appropriate to exiles; their 'mops' were dishevelled and gray before their time; a touching melancholy was in their glance, and they shook their heads in a mournful way, as though they knew what happened 'when Kosciusko fell.' The geese were welcomed fraternally, and lauded abundantly. Two Sebastopol geese, who were present, not for competition, but out of curiosity, were very much admired; and it was maintained that, had they chosen to become candidates, they would, on measurement, have turned out greater geese than any of the English present. The size of the Aylesbury ducks was a proof of the attention paid by their trainer to the physical wants of his pupils; and a lady in our neighbourhood, forgetful of stereotyped femininities, declared them to be not 'little ducks,' but 'great ducks.' The solemnity, too, with which they reiterated their 'quack, quack,' was highly edifying, and evinced a philosophical spirit. The Turkeys, moreover, behaved extremely well, and betrayed no signs of temper when subjected to the ordeal of a red handkerchief.

The first two classes of the Pigeons were formed from the families of Pouters and Croppers; the third and fourth, from the indefatigable race of Carriers; the fifth, from the representatives of the Almond Tumblers; the sixth and seventh, from the noted Dragons; the eighth, ninth, and tenth, from the Short-faced Mottles; the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, from the Short-faced Baldheads (the fifteenth was 'absent'); the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth, from the Short-faced Beards; the twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth (with the exception of the twenty-fourth, which had no members present), from the Short-faced Tumblers; the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth, from the Jacobines; the twenty-ninth, thirtieth, thirty-first, and thirty-second, from the Owls; the thirty-third, thirty-fourth, and thirty-fifth, from the pensive Nuns; the thirty-sixth, thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth, and thirty-ninth, from the Turbits; the fortieth, forty-first, and forty-second, from the expansive Fantails; the forty-third, forty-fourth, forty-fifth, and forty-sixth, from the Barbs; the forty-seventh, forty-eighth, and forty-ninth, from the Magpies; the fiftieth, from the Trumpeters; and the fifty-first and fifty-second, from Spanish and Leghorn Runts. We have the authority of the examiners for declaring, that the fifty-first was 'an extraordinary good class,' and the fifty-second 'a very interesting class;' whilst classes three and four were pronounced 'very excellent classes;' and we hope that the commendations of the examiners will encourage the Most Hon. Marchioness and others commended to persevere in promoting the great cause of education amongst the fowls of the air; for, doubtless, a well-educated pigeon is plumper than one whose education has been neglected. We are sorry that, in the discharge of a public duty, we are reluctantly compelled to announce that it seemed good to the examiners to withhold the third prize from the first class, the single prize from the tenth, from the thirteenth, and from the sixteenth. We hope this public exposure will be a warning to Pouters and Croppers, to the yellow Short-faced Mottles, and to the red Short-faced Baldheads, and will also excite the ladies and gentlemen whose province it is in this life to exercise their talents in the bringing up of young pigeons, to renewed exertions, remembering the awful responsibility which they incur if, by their fault, a single pigeon be a fraction below prize-weight. Everything which is worth doing, is worth doing well; if, then, the fattening of animals be worth doing (which we by no means assert), by all means fatten them well. Attendance upon the pigeon-examination did not impress us with any very high notions of the intellectual powers of that bird: it is apparently a very amiable and affectionate creature, but, except when undergoing the process of examination in the hands (literally) of the professors, it spent its time in strutting up and down, cooing very softly, and inserting its beak into the beaks of its brethren. It seemed vain of its gorgeous plumage, and we were rather shocked to see Nuns flaunting in red, yellow, and blue. The Carriers had, as they should have, the most work-day appearance, but were as usual disfigured by huge warts upon their noses. The Jacobines looked nice little things (to eat), but a guinea a head is rather expensive, and we didn't observe any under. One young gentleman, a trainer of pigeons, had the conscience to ask L.50 for each of his—this is almost as good as L.1000 for a cock and two pullets—but the price, be it known, is fancy; for the competitors are liable to be sold into slavery or cookery, should any visitor take a liking to them, and the high prices are put on lest a hungry spectator should long for savoury meat.

To proceed to the Rabbits. The first class was a collection of candidates for prizes on the ground of long ears; the second was composed of black and white specimens; the third, of yellow and white; the fourth, of tortoise-shell; the fifth, of blue and white; the sixth, of gray and white; the seventh, of self-colour; the eighth were examined in weight; and the ninth consisted of foreign rabbits—Himalayas, Chinchillas, Angoras, and Chinas. What decided the prize in the last class, we are not able to state; whether climate or distance, or peculiarity of name, or singularity of shape, we did not find out, but we rather suppose that a combination of weight, colour, and length of ear was looked for; at anyrate, a Chinchilla won the first prize, and a Himalaya buck and doe were jointly found worthy of the second. As we have said, the first class boasted of the length of their ears; and so long were the ears of those who gained the prizes, that it was a wonder the owners didn't get tripped up by them in their perambulations. The prizes for weight were conferred upon two does, each twelve months old—one being gray in colour, the other white and yellow. Their appetites were considered very praiseworthy, and the good use they had made of their gastric-juices met with much approval. The other classes were placed, not according to meritorious feeding, but according to their natural gifts of colour. A tabby stood no chance here; in black and white, the bucks were triumphant; in yellow and white, a buck was first, and a doe second; in tortoise-shell, the does had it all their own way; in blue and white, a doe and a buck were respectively first and second; in gray and white, a buck stood first, and a doe second; and in self-colour, again, a buck and a doe were respectively first and second. To attempt a description of the happy pride with which the gifted guardians of the successful candidates regarded the objects of their care, is a task beyond our power: we might hope to give some faint idea of the feelings of a parent whose darling son had won an Indian appointment; of the laborious tutor whose favourite pupil had passed first in the examination for the Staff College; of the mathematical 'coach' whose exertions had been rewarded by seeing a 'pup' Senior Wrangler—but we must leave to the imagination to portray the joy of him who has fattened a rabbit to the fullest extent compatible with a whole skin. For poultry, pigeons, and rabbits, the prizes ranged from L.5 to L.1, and 'silver cups, or other articles of plate of the value of L.6 and L.3, and silver medals of the value of L.2,' might be obtained 'in lieu of money-prizes, when desired.' What a noble reward for taking care of a rabbit! It is very little less than a man gets for preserving life from fire.

Now, it strikes us that we have made use of some terms, especially in the case of the pigeons, which may puzzle a few of our readers as much as they did ourselves, until we took the trouble to ascertain their meaning, and the reason of their application to the various specimens. Pouters, then, are so called from having a sort of pouch below the beak, which they can distend, by filling it with air, at pleasure. Croppers—which have also a pouch like Pouters—owe their name to the size of their crops, which, especially in the Dutch croppers, are unusually large. We regret to state, on high authority, that both Croppers and Pouters are bad parents, and neglect their offspring terribly. The Carriers explain themselves; but we may perhaps be allowed to record, that a good bird of the carrier kind has been known to travel at the rate of more than twenty miles an hour; and to warn all who mean to train carrier-pigeons, to begin with them as soon as they are full-fledged, exercise them gradually, and always feed and water them before starting, lest they wander in search of refreshment, or drop before finishing their journey. The Tumbler's peculiarity it is easy to guess: he turns somersaults in the air, both when ascending from and descending to the ground. The word Almond-tumbler (in German, *Hermelintaube*) appears to be a corruption of ermine-tumbler; the plumage of this pigeon is marked like ermine. Dragons, or, as they are sometimes called, Dragoons, are a cross between a horseman-pigeon and a tumbler-pigeon, and are possibly so called because dragoons were originally half-infantry half-cavalry. Short-faced Mottles, Short-faced Bald-heads, Short-faced Beards, and Short-faced Tumblers, of course, need no explanation. Jacobines have a range of feathers upon the back-part of the head, forming a sort of hood like the cowl of a Jacobine monk, or monk of the order of St Dominic. Owls, it is supposed, owe their nomenclature to a fancied resemblance discovered in them to the tu-whit—tu-whoo-er. Nuns have a tuft of white feathers rising from the back of the head, and arching over like a hood, whence their name. Whether Turbits derive their title from the shape of their heads, which are top-like, or from their flight, or from some other peculiarity, we regret to confess that we are quite unable to state. Fantails is a word of which every one can see the meaning; but Shakers is also another name given to this style of pigeon, and they are divided into broad-tailed shakers and narrow-tailed shakers. Barbs are (originally) importations from Barbary. The Magpie-pigeon is indebted for its name to the colour and appearance of the wings, which resemble those of a magpie. Trumpeters have been so dubbed from the noise which they utter under certain exhilarating circumstances, particularly in the spring, when the pigeon's 'fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' The trumpeter, let us observe in passing, wears feathers upon his legs, which give him a gaiterish, churchwardenly appearance. Runts, we imagine, have, or ought to have, their name from the shortness of their legs; runt meaning stunted; and a little old woman being called in Scotland, we believe, a runt. With respect to rabbits, it will be sufficient to explain that *self-colour* means *the same colour all over*.

And now, we think enough has been said to give a tolerable idea of the candidates for prizes in this competitive examination. So much pleased were we with their conduct, that we begged for them a holiday, in order that they might see the big fountains play, and share our edification at the unwonted sight of a whole regiment of Tipperary Militia Artillery *perfectly sober after dinner*. We are sorry to say that our request was not complied with, and we are the more grieved, as the opportunity is not likely to be repeated. We don't mean that the Tipperary boys will never be sober again, but that the candidates will never have another chance of seeing them.

ERRATA.

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance, rushing for the first time into print, was greatly dismayed when he had his proof-slips sent him, to observe a marginal note in pencil, which he naturally took to be a critical remark upon the sentence opposite to which it had been written. The note was in one word only, and that only in one syllable, but then that syllable was —'Bald.' Our friend was unaware of the ways of printers. He did not know that—the work of 'setting up' a manuscript being divided—each compositor's name is written on the margin of the proof, just where his portion begins. In this case, it happened that the name of one particular compositor was the syllable in question, so that its appearance on our friend's article was perfectly innocent. But he understood the word by way of scornful comment or rebuke, and instantly began to supply an imagined deficiency of epigram. We are aware that the same story is told of Theodore Hook, with the mere difference, that 'Twaddle,' and not 'Bald,' appeared against a passage on the neat turn of which he had especially plumed himself. 'Hang it!' said Hook, 'I don't deny the fellow's right to criticise, but he might have had the decency to wait till I had published.' Our own story, however, has truth to recommend it, although no novelty.

There are equally good stories to be told in connection with proof-slips, on which are detected by far the greatest number of printers' errors. Mistakes of the press, in these days, are wonderfully few—that is to say, such as escape observation in the printing-office, and are sent forth to puzzle or amuse the general reader. Not only does an author, in most cases, revise carefully his own work, but it is afterwards read for press by a competent person, assisted by a sharp reading-boy, who goes through the 'copy' in a rapid but distinct manner, hammering off syllable after syllable with just as much emphasis on one as on another. Still, it is impossible to prevent blunders occurring now and then. A book was published, not long ago, in which some modern example of public spirit and good citizenship was brought into comparison with the conduct of 'Cato and Brutus.' The words quoted were the last of one of the chapters, and were no doubt intended to produce an excellent finishing effect. But unfortunately this ridiculous blunder passed scrutiny; the two Roman names were printed 'Cats and Brutes.'

The daily newspapers, considering the short time necessarily given to the working of several departments, are marvels of correct typography. It is in the parliamentary debates that errors of the press might be most looked for, and certainly would be most pardonable. But we do not think the proportion is much greater in this than in other parts of the paper. Half, and more than half, the mistakes in the parliamentary columns consist of simple transpositions. This is easily understood. The distribution of labour increases towards the late hours, with the reporting staff as well as among the compositors, and much piecemeal-work has to be joined together. One of the ordinary precautions taken to prevent mistakes did actually lead once to one which must have been perfectly bewildering to many readers. Each reporter writes at the end of his work the name of the gentleman who is to come after him, thus: 'Brown fols.' And Brown, in turn, writes, at the beginning, his own name and that of his predecessor, coupled thus: 'Brown fols Robinson.' The compositors 'follow copy' with respect to these names, which further serve as a guide in putting the portions of type together in the 'galley.' They should be removed, of course, before the columns are made up for press; but on the occasion of which we are speaking, this removal of the private guide-marks was not effected; and it consequently happened that a not very eloquent harangue was further marred by the intrusion of these two brief and enigmatical lines:

Doolahan fols.
Doolahan fols Trotter.

Many an eye was doubtless attracted to this queer couplet as to a classical quotation; and many must have been the failures to perceive any good reason for embellishing prosiness with sheer absurdity, instead of using the more familiar, but not much more appropriate illustration, of 'Hinc illæ lachrymæ,' or 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.'

A remarkable displacement once happened in a weekly miscellany. A long paragraph became divided down the middle, and one half was pushed up for the space of a line. The half line that was thereby in excess at the top was lifted down to fill up the space left at the bottom. Considerable intellectual exercise was thus imposed on persevering readers, as may be easily seen, if anybody curious to witness it, try an experiment with a paragraph on this page.

Sometimes the mistakes of printers have a grotesque fitness, and the fun is, of course, superior to that which belongs to mere incongruity. The reflection upon a public officer, that he had been 'tired in the balance and found panting,' was very likely as true as if it had been correctly printed, 'tried in the balance and found wanting.' A similar coherence characterises that little change of orthography in the title of Lord Mornington's glee, *Here in Cool Grot*, which, as the composition is a great favourite in convivial assemblies, was appropriately rendered, *Here in Cool Grog;* while the 'internal arrangements' at Chelsea College, at the time of a certain military investigation, might have been with truth—as they were literally—styled, 'infernal arrangements,' although the first reading must be admitted to be the right one.

A case of this sort—unique so far as our experience goes, and, in all probability, no blunder at all, but merely a well-meant attempt on the part of a prosaic compositor to bring a poet's hyperbole within the range of ordinary understanding—occurred in the printing of one of Mr Alexander Smith's poems. A line describing a lover's triumphant state of happiness, runs magnificently thus:

I seemed to walk on thrones.

Substitute 'thorns' for 'thrones,' and enunciate it with the majestic and sonorous dignity which the rhythm and the whole spirit of the verse require, and we think the change will be admitted to be a grand achievement of weakness.

The errata of the law-stationers, and even of shorthand writers in transcribing their own notes, or the notes of others, would, if a tithe were recorded, suffice to keep the compositors in countenance. We will try to remember a few of many which have passed under our own eyes. The scientific evidence given before select committees of the House of Commons is very productive of such errata. The statement that 'decompositions take place in great rivers, which resolve the elements, and completely change them,' might have been more precise, but it certainly gained nothing by being altered to the surprising assertion that these fluvial phenomena, instead of 'resolving' the 'elements,' and completely 'changing' them, 'result in eels, and completely eat them.' In another parliamentary inquiry, the nature of which was agricultural, a witness was made to bestow a high encomium upon *Knight's Oil* as a manure. Mr Labouchere was once irreverently and preposterously mentioned as 'Our Butcher;' and, in the same committee, a mistake occurred of which we are able only to recollect the nonsense. The answer of a witness to some common-place question was thus reported: 'Policemen buttoned up; they were terrific.' What the exact question was, or what the reply ought to have been, we cannot now even guess; all we know with absolute certainty is, that neither question nor reply had the remotest bearing upon the terrific aspect of the constabulary.

'Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?' was the very harmless question put to a highly respectable witness, on another occasion. The gentleman must have been greatly amused and delighted at reading the question thus, in the report of his evidence: 'Is your father a pauper in the Low Moor Workhouse?'

The Sebastopol Committee, as was but right and proper, produced a very splendid crop of blunders. We offer a particularly fine specimen. It was stated by an officer, in giving an account of the advance of the allies, that 'the troops marched across the Belbec, and drew up in front of the North Forts.' This intelligible statement was turned into the following mass of absurdity: 'The troops marched across the Baltic, and drew up in front of the North Foreland.'

In the committee on Rajah Brooke's Borneo matters, some years ago, 'war-canoes' came frequently into question; and, catching fatuously at the sound, the law-writer, to whom the government reporter was dictating, wrote 'walk and ooze,' over and over and over again!

A RAILWAY LYRIC.

Four hundred miles, Love, lie between,
Four hundred miles 'twixt thee and me,
Of purple moor and mountain green,
Of teeming town and lonely lea;

But since I know these iron lines,
Unbroken, stretch to thy dear home,
My aching spirit less repines;
For, kin to Comfort, there doth come

A pleasant Pain at sight of them,
When, ere, at morn my toils begin,
Or late, at the Day's garment-hem,
I seek the Station and its din.

With patience then I mark the throng,
Who, whither thou dost dwell, do go,
Though ruthless Fate, inflicting wrong
Unconsciously, doth chain *me* so.

'They fly, they will be there anon,
At this or that o' the clock,' I say;
'So soon; and these long lines run on
From me to thee, Love, all the way.'

EMERITUS.

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THE GUANO ISLANDS.

Fifteen miles from the land, with the islands enveloped in a haze, and the shipping still invisible, and yet a strong 'Paracca' breeze blowing off the coast, carried out to sea such clouds of fine impalpable dust, and brought with it such a strong ammoniacal odour, as left no doubt in our minds that the Guano Islands were close at hand. The sea, too, even at this distance from the shore, was covered with innumerable pelicans, engaged in their piscatory avocations, who seemed to have become so accustomed to the shipping, that they scarcely shifted their course to avoid it. As we drew further in, the outline of the islands, and some two hundred ships, became well defined; and nearer still, we could see most distinctly with a glass a multitude of human beings like so many ants going to and fro, as they moved their load from one spot to another, where it was more accessible for shipment. The Chincha or Guano Islands are three in number; the largest, opposite which we lay, was covered with the greatest amount of this deposit, and had been most worked; the second was somewhat less, but scarcely any guano had ever been removed from it; and the third was by much the smallest, and contained very little of this substance.

Besides these, we noticed at a short distance the San Gallan group, having similar deposits, and the little island of Blanco, deriving its name from the glistening white appearance which its surface presents in the sun. As these islands are distant from twelve to fifteen miles from the shore, and rise so abruptly from the deep, that large vessels, over 1000 tons register, can be brought close alongside them, there is, with the exception of one spot, no shelving beach, and, consequently, the mode of access to the island is very peculiar. Over the face of the rock, some thirty or forty feet high, is suspended a chain-ladder, exchanged above, where there is no friction, for a stout hempen one. To the foot of this the boat is brought, and each party in his turn grasps hold of the chain, and mounts to the landing-place above. This is easy enough when the sea is perfectly smooth, but on this coast there is not unfrequently a tremendous surf, which, rising and falling several feet in a minute against the steep face of the rock, demands great agility in leaping from the boat on to the ladder. At the landing-place, two of the soldiers of republican Peru kept guard, in order to prevent any of the convicts, who are sent here for penal servitude by their government, or the Chinese, who are nominally free labourers, but actually in most abject slavery, from escaping; and a little to the side stood the guard-house, or relieving quarters of these troops.

From this landing-place, we ascended a wooden ladder to that part of the island where operations are at present carried on, and at the head stood a wooden erection, the house of the *commandante* of the island and his sub-officials, who receive all dues levied on vessels anchoring here, and regulate the order in which each shall ship its cargo; and this order, which should be regulated by the date of arrival, the quiet suggestion of a sovereign or two has a wonderful effect in altering. Leaving these head-quarters of the government, we strolled over the island; not a blade of grass, not a vestige of anything green, was visible; nothing but a dry parched surface formed the soil, and a dusty ammoniacal air the atmosphere, of this ancient dunghill. A little to the right, we came upon a collection of low miserable bamboo huts, the odour from which perfectly overpowered the much more pleasant effluvia of ammonia.

Peering into one or two of these wretched dwellings, we readily recognised, in all their squalid filth, the deluded subjects of the Celestial Empire, who, seduced from their own country under the belief that they were engaged to work among sugar-canes or on gold-fields, for a fixed term of five years or so only, after which they would be free, are here prisoners for life. Now, though we ourselves were eye-witnesses of this oppressive servitude, we would wish our readers to accept with caution such facts as did not come under our immediate observation, since they present features as apalling as any mentioned by Mrs Stowe in her vivid delineation of negro slavery. None can object to the Peruvian government turning its convict population to account, by making them quarry the deposits on these islands; but when a Chinaman sets foot here, we are assured he never returns to his own country, and that no less than 4000 have been transported hither at one time or another. They receive as pay a *real*, or sixpence a day, of which, however, one half is paid to the commandante of the island, and they are supposed to live and clothe themselves on the remainder. The labour exacted for this remuneration is a ton-weight of guano, excavated with the usual pick and shovel, since this deposit becomes from long exposure, the imbibition of night-dews, &c., tolerably consolidated. Removing it in barrows, these are again emptied into trucks, which are run on an extemporary rail to the edge of the cliff, where they are capsized, and their contents shot down a long wide tube into the hold of the ship, or her long-boat. Whenever the prescribed amount has been removed, the subject of the Celestial Empire is at liberty for the day; and many a time have we watched these unfortunate beings, when the allotted task was done, come down to the edge of the water, and, stripping off their cotton tunics, immerse themselves in the sea, and strive to wash themselves free of the powdery filth of the day's work.

It was currently reported that, a few days prior to our arrival, the commandante of the island had three of these refractory diggers flogged so severely that they died in a few hours after; and it is well known that, to escape so galling a bondage, some have poisoned themselves with opium, some have allowed themselves to be buried alive in the very material they were working in, and others, choosing a more easy form of death, have jumped off the rocks into the sea, and drowned themselves. Whether owing to a knowledge of these sad facts, or from an experience of the frightful massacres so often occurring on board ships freighted with Chinese emigrants, we know that at one time her Majesty's government declared that they should not be carried in British bottoms, consequently, most of the Celestials whom we have seen arrive in Australian ports, *en route* for the gold-fields, have been brought thither in American ships; and during the passage it has frequently happened that the crew were obliged to retreat to the after-end of the ship, and could only trim the sails, or work the vessel, by going forward in a body, provided with cutlasses and pistols, while the front of the poop was armed with double-shotted carronades.

At a little distance from these wretched dwellings was situated another wooden erection, the hospital, supported by the Peruvian government, probably more from the politic principle of losing as few workers as possible, than from any charitable feeling for their sufferings. Introducing ourselves to the medical superintendent, a German, he shewed us round his ward, which constituted the whole hospital, comprising about ten beds, occupied mainly by patients suffering from indolent sores, produced by poor diet, a fever case or two, and one accident, where a truck had run over a man's leg. The building was of the most primitive kind possible, and the whole internal arrangements were of the most niggardly description. As we extended our walk, we came round to the back of the island, where the deposit is much less in thickness—that on the side next the shipping being roughly estimated at fifty feet deep, comprising upwards of seventeen millions of tons—and fell in with a gaily decorated wooden shed, hung with silks, and displaying brilliant flags. We did not go in, but saw that the entrance, which was adorned with curtains, was occupied by a counter, behind which were standing two Chinese gorgeously dressed, evidently masters of the ceremonies; the rest of the building was in like manner filled with counters and forms. At first, we supposed that this was a joss-house, or place intended for the celebration of the religious services of the Chinese; but a gentleman who was with us, and had often been on the island before, informed us that it was a gambling-house, and that the proprietor had amassed no less a sum than two thousand dollars out of the miserable pittance paid to his brother-workers.

At one end of the island is set apart an acre or so of guano, under the designation of a cemetery, intended for the use of sailors who may die here, but without the slightest enclosure, either wooden fence or stone wall. It was certainly the most wretched necropolis we ever saw: not a tree, not a vestige of adornment of any kind distinguished this hallowed patch; nor is it certain that the Peruvian government will respect the spot when the supply of guano becomes scarce. Would it not have been better to have adopted the plan followed when at sea, and committed the dead to the deep, instead of burying them in a heap of manure? Or, better still, to have interred them in the hold of the ship, as was done with the body of the captain of the *A*—— during the time we lay there, since the antiseptic qualities of the guano will keep the remains entire for months, until they can obtain more decent burial. As we stepped over one or two mounds which alone indicated the presence of the dead, we noticed at the head of others small wooden tablets, carved with the name, age, and occupation of the deceased, which was always that either of a petty-officer or common seaman.

It is a well-known fact, that guano may be met with in nearly all parts of the world, but that whenever the rain falls, it is washed away. Much of Peru, however, is situated in what geographers call the rainless region of the earth; consequently, this deposit has been accumulating for ages, probably several thousand years, and rain never falling, or else so sparingly as to be hailed by the inhabitants as *agua benedita* (holy-water), has never been swept off. On inspecting the surface, this substance appears to be of a light brownish hue; lower down, the colour deepens to a dark brown, and the layers next the rock are generally of a dusky red. The bones of seals, the wings, and even entire birds, are often met with while excavating—occurrences which have given rise to the idea among those who frequent the islands, that guano is not so much formed of the excrement as of the decomposed bodies of these animals.

As a manure, guano has been but comparatively recently employed in England, but it would seem to have been used as such by the Peruvians from the age of the Incas downwards. In 1839, the government of Peru sold to Messrs Quiros, Allier, & Co., of Lima, for the trifling sum of about ten thousand pounds, the sole right to ship guano during a period of nine years. As they, however, soon after saw that they had committed a grievous error towards the state in thus willing away a privilege of the value of which they were totally ignorant, they cancelled this contract in 1841, and for several years the trade was free, till they again gave a monopoly to the Messrs Gibbs & Sons of London. Much attention having, however, of late been bestowed on the manufacture of artificial manures, the demand for this substance has not been so great. In order that the continuance of deposit may not be interfered with, the Peruvian government strictly forbid the use of firearms in the vicinity of the islands; but the number of men now employed upon them have completely driven the birds away, who now resort to the islands of San Gallan and Blanco, and the mainland. This cessation of feud between man and the lower animals of creation is still more extended in its effects, for the seals, which here abound in thousands, and receive the benefit of this act of grace, as supposed co-labourers with the birds in the formation of this valuable material, come bobbing up around the boat in dozens at a time, while immense whales gambol about among the shipping, spouting their water on board without being the least afraid of their sworn foe.

As the Chinchas rise most abruptly from the sea, a peculiar method of shipment has to be adopted. From the top of the cliff, a long and wide canvas shoot or tube, called a *manguerra*, one hundred and fifty feet long, by six to eight in diameter, is securely fastened, and the lower end placed in the hold of the long-boat. When the word is given that all is in readiness, two or three truck-loads are shot down, until that boat has received its quantum; when, as it shoves off, another party lay hold of the end of the canvas shoot, and when they have received their load, another, and another, till all are filled. If, however, the higher officials of the Peruvian government on the island do not scruple to regulate the order of supply to each vessel by the amount of the bribe given, neither does the man who has charge of the manguerra forget to suggest that he, too, has his price; for when the long-boat of the ship we were in went for their cargo, though first at the shoot, they were put off to the last, and made aware of the reason by a voice shouting down the tube: 'What for master not send me old coat, boots, and hat?' Sometimes, however, a much more expeditious method of shipment is adopted. The vessel is brought quite close alongside, some thirty or forty yards from the rocks, immediately under the manguerra—a matter of no difficulty as regards the depth, here generally from fifteen to thirty fathoms—and being securely swung broadside on to the island (though in such a precarious position, that with each roll of the surf she sways to and fro so much that the tops of her masts nearly touch the rocks), the lower end of the shoot is received into the hold of the ship, and being fed all day long with trucks of guano from above, will take in (we are told) four hundred tons in a day. Thus, in three or four days, a fourteen-hundred ton ship is filled and despatched.

The delay, however, occasioned by inefficient means of supply is very great, so much so, that three or four months is no unusual period of detention. During this time, masters and officers of ships amuse themselves by catching fish, which used to be so plentiful as to be obtainable in boat-loads, and which of course constitute the food of the innumerable millions of birds which swarm along this coast, and literally darken the sky.

We ourselves having been detained there a fortnight, waiting the arrival of the Pacific Mail Company's steamer, took the opportunity of visiting the mainland at Pisco, a miserable collection of bamboo stuccoed huts, situated nearly opposite the islands. Not trusting to the accommodation to be found in so recherché a Peruvian city, noted, however, for its wine, we took a tent with us, and camping under some palm-trees at a well, situated like an oasis in the middle of a sandy desert, made sundry excursions along the coast, destroying large numbers of birds, principally of a duck species, which proved excellent eating. On one occasion, extending our journey into the interior a little, we came upon a mound of dead bodies, evidently those of coloured people, as betokened by the skin of the hands and feet, which, though parched and dry, were still entire. The skulls, made perfectly brittle by long exposure to a burning sun and dry atmosphere, lay on the surface in dozens; and the cotton tunics of the former wearers were fluttering about in the air, where the wind had drifted them bare of sand; but whether this was only the hurried entombment of those who had fallen victims to the plague, or been killed in some of their intestine struggles, we could not learn.

A favourite excursion was to the islands of San Gallan and Blanco, whither the birds and seals, formerly inhabiting the Chinchas, have now repaired. The latter are nearly as numerous as the former, and may be seen basking on the rocks in thousands, affording subject of sport for an expert shot, as they come sliding, slipping, and splashing into the water in dozens on the report of a rifle. We reserved the skin and fat, the latter being turned into oil, and left the carcass to be consumed by the turkey vultures and others of that species, who form the scavengers of Peru, as the adjutants do of India.

Unimportant as Pisco is, the fleet around, and the labourers of the Guano Islands, could not exist without it, since every morsel of food, and every drop of water required by them, has to be brought from there—a distance of twelve miles—by large boats, which start in the morning, and return again in the afternoon. It is almost impossible, without visiting these islands, to form an idea of their unique appearance. This barren rock, whose soil—the solidified excrement of myriads of sea-fowls for many ages—produces not a blade of grass, nor gives origin to a rill of water, is certainly a fitting spot in which the convict may eke out his lifetime of servitude; but also one where the tyranny of man may condemn to perpetual slavery his fellow-man, without fearing the inquiries of the philanthropist.

SIR FRANCIS ON THE HORSE.

It has of late become the fashion with not a few of those authors who have earned a great and deserved reputation among us by their wit and humour, their eloquence, or their powers of story-telling, to take to didactic writing, or, in other words, to lecturing the British public pretty severely. The offices of the parson and the political economist are usurped by these lay-preachers. The cap and bells are laid aside, the white bans decorously adopted, and Mr Liston plays, at length, with greater or less success, his long-desired part of the Prince of Denmark. Sir Francis Head of the *Brunnen* and the *Emigrant*, of the *French Sticks* and of *Stokers and Pokers*, is the latest addition to this band of volunteer Teachers. Other authors have confined themselves to teaching, after various fashions, the young idea to shoot; but the baronet has gone a step further in his present volume,* by teaching both old and young among us how to ride. There is a portrait, we suppose of Sir Francis himself, but which exceedingly resembles Mr Bright, M.P., prefixed to these pages, and representing a gentleman crossing the Andes mounted upon a Red Indian, with the not unnatural query written under it, 'Which is the *savage?*' but in the letterpress, our author confines himself exclusively to the Horse. This animal has been an inhabitant of almost every region of the earth, and in all ages. His teeth lie in the polar ice, not for anæsthetic purposes, but because, when he was alive, he dwelt there in company with the Siberian mammoth; in the Himalaya with lost and only lately obtained genera; and in the caverns of Ireland. His bones rest, unless when the geologist sacrilegiously disturbs them, with those of the Mastodon and the colossal Urus. Unlike these, however, he remains on the earth's surface as well as under it. He is found in all history, sacred, profane, and modern; sharing in the conquests and defeats, the occupations and amusements of man. When the famine was sore in the land of Egypt, the Egyptians gave him unto Joseph in exchange for bread. He was overthrown with his rider in the Red Sea. He was rampant at Nineveh and in the Acropolis of Athens, as we see in the friezes; and we have got him in half the squares of London with a king on his back. He is the current gift of friendship which is offered to one another by kings up to this day, and he is worthy to be so. And yet how vilely the majority of men, from kings to tailors, treat him in return! It is true such persons are not aware of the cruelty they are committing, and it is to remind the thoughtless, and to instruct the ignorant, that Sir Francis Head has written this book.

There is no subject, says he, connected with this matter so worthy of consideration, most especially to any man wearing the name of a gentleman, as the use and abuse of Spurs. Whatever is to be said—and that is very little—in favour of spurs in the case of animals that have been roaming in a state of nature, that have never tasted corn, or been excited to race against one another, and, consequently, that cannot be induced to exhaust in man's service the *whole* of their strength, except by punishment, with English horses the conditions are quite different. 'Tied to mangers, in which they feast on dry oats, beans, and hay, no sooner do they leave their stables than the very sight of creation animates them; every carriage that trots by, and every rider that passes, excites them. When brought into condition, and then encouraged to compete against each other, their physical strength, though artificially raised to the maximum, remains far behind their instinctive courage and disposition to go till they die in almost any service in which they may be employed.

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* *The Horse and his Rider.* By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Murray, London.

'Under these circumstances, the *use* of the spur is to enable man to maintain his supremacy, and, whenever necessary, promptly and efficiently to suppress mutiny in whatever form it may break out. If a restiff horse objects to pass a particular post, he must be forced to do so. If he refuses to jump water, he must, as we have described, be conquered; but in every case of this nature, a combination of cool determination, plenty of time, and a little punishment, invariably form a more permanent cure than a prescription composed only of the last ingredient; for as anger, in a horse as in a man, is a short madness, an animal under its influence is not in so good a state to learn and remember the lesson of obedience which man is entitled to impart, as when he has time given to him to observe that the just sentence to which he is sternly required to submit, is tempered with mercy.

'But if the *uses* of the spur are few, its *abuses* are many. On the race-course, the eagerness and impetuosity of thoroughbred horses to contend against each other are so great, that for a considerable time it is difficult to prevent them, especially young ones, from starting before the signal is given. As soon as they are "off," it becomes all that the best riders in the world can do merely to guide them: to stop them would be impossible. Occasionally, their very limbs "break down" in their endeavours to win; and yet, while they are exerting their utmost powers and strength—to the shame of their owners, and to the disgrace of the nation—the riders are allowed, as a sort of show-off, to end the contest by whipping and spurring, which, nine times out of ten, has the effect of making the noblest quadruped in creation do what is technically called *shut up*, which means that the ungenerous and ungrateful punishment and degradation that have been unjustly inflicted upon him have cowed his gallant spirit, and have broken an honest heart!'

The hunter—nay, the horse of whatever kind who is taken to the hunting-field—will follow the hounds till he drops, and to his own great physical detriment; so that after having, with apparent cheerfulness, brought his rider home with a good appetite, secured by some ten or twelve hours' exercise, his own exhausted stomach remains for hours, and sometimes days, without the smallest desire for corn or beans. 'If this plain statement be correct, leaving humanity entirely out of the question, how ignorant and contemptible is that man who is seen, during a run, not only to be spurring his horse with both heels, whenever he comes to deep-ploughed ground or to the bottom of a steep hill, but who, just as if he were singing to himself a little song, or, "for want of thought," whistling to himself a favourite tune, throughout the run, continues, as a sort of idle accompaniment to his music, to dangle more or less severely the rowel of one spur into the side of a singed hunter, who all the time is a great deal more anxious to live with the hounds than he is!'

Again, how many men, calling themselves sportsmen, do we see in the hunting-field, after long severe runs, lighting their cigars, and taking their ease upon the backs of the very creatures whose exertions have enabled them to be in 'at the finish,' and whose qualifications may even form the theme of their talk. 'In the army, when a soldier who has committed an offence is sentenced to crawl, for several hours, up and down a parade "in heavy marching order," it is justly called "*punishment drill.*" In like manner, if an unruly horse were to be sentenced merely to stand in his stable for ten hours with a sack of heavy oats, weighing (at forty-two pounds the bushel) exactly twelve stone, the punishment or pain his muscles would undergo in bearing such a weight for so long a time would be so severe that by almost everybody it would be termed "cruel." But if, instead of being quiescent, the sack of oats could, by mechanical contrivances, be continually lifted up, and then by a series of heavy blows dropped down upon vertebræ which have nothing but muscles to support them, the punishment would be condemned as excruciating; and yet this excruciating punishment is quite unnecessarily inflicted upon hunters by a lot of good-humoured heavy men, simply from neglecting to reflect that if they would, only even for a minute or two, occasionally unload their saddles, to walk a little, stand still a little, or while the hounds are drawing, sit placidly upon the stile or gate that is often close beside them, they would not only perform an act of mercy, but they would impart, or rather restore strength, tone, and activity to muscles which, if vigorous, can carry them safely, but which, if exhausted, must inevitably fail when tested by a severe run.'

Sir Francis Head's advice, as a practical horseman, is not at all less valuable than the part of the volume which may be called its 'humanity lectures.' A horse accustomed to road-travelling, whose head —through the use of the curb-bit—is raised above the natural level, and who has good action, commonly earns the character of being a capital hack. 'Now, to metamorphose "a hack" into "a hunter" is principally effected by the bridle, and yet the great difficulty of the art is to learn not how much, but how little to use it; in short, a considerable portion of what the bridle has done has to be undone. Accordingly, instead of being encouraged to travel on his haunches with his fore-legs lightly touching the ground, the latter must be required to bear the greater portion of the burden, which it is the duty of the hind-legs to propel. The head has to be brought down to its proper level; and to induce or rather to oblige the horse to make his eyes the lantern of his feet, to study geology instead of astronomy, he should be slowly ridden, with a loose rein, over every little hole, grip, or heap that would be likely to throw a hack down. Whenever he can be made to stumble—if the rider feels that he will not actually fall—the reins should instantly be dropped. In like manner, he should be walked for several days over the roughest ground that can be found, particularly land that has been excavated to obtain the substratum, and left in holes. With a perfectly loose rein he should be gently trotted, gently cantered, and gently galloped over a surface of this description, the rider always dropping the rein when he blunders.'

The cause and cure of Shying was certainly never treated of with greater judgment and humour than in the following sentences. 'It often happens that a horse, brimful of qualifications of the very best description, is most reluctantly sold by his master "because he shies so dreadfully;" a frolic which, to a good rider, is perfectly harmless, and which, if he deems it worth the trouble, he is almost certain to cure. A timid horseman, however, not only believes that his horse is frightened at the little heap of stones at which he shies, but for this very reason he becomes frightened at it himself; whereas the truth is, that the animal's sensations in passing it are usually compounded as follows:

Of fear of the little heap, ... $\frac{1}{10}$
„ „ whip and spur, ... $\frac{9}{10}$

'Now, if this be the case, which no one of experience will deny, it is evident that the simple remedy to be adopted is, first, at once to remove the great cause of the evil complained of, by ceasing to apply either whip or spur; and, secondly, gradually to remove the lesser cause by a little patient management, which shall briefly be explained.

'When a horse has been overloaded with a heavy charge of oats and beans, which may be termed jumping powder, and primed by a very short allowance of work, his spirits, like the hair-trigger of a rifle, are prepared on the smallest touch to cause a very violent explosion. In fact, without metaphor, on the slightest occurrence, he is not only ready, but exceedingly desirous to jump for joy. The *casus belli* which the animal would perhaps most enjoy, would be to meet a temperance runaway awning-covered wagon full of stout, healthy young women in hysterics, all screaming; or to have a house fall down just as he was passing it. However, as a great conqueror, if he cannot discover a large excuse for invading the territory of his neighbour, is sure to pick out a very little one, so does the high-mettled horse, who has nothing to start at, proceed under his rider with his eyes searching in all directions for something which he may pretend to be afraid of. Influenced by these explosive propensities, he cocks his ears at a large leaf which the air had gently roused from its sleep, as if it were a crouching tiger; and shortly afterwards, a fore-leg drops under him as suddenly as if it had been carried away by a cannon-shot, because, in the hedge beside him, a wren has just hopped from one twig to another nearly an inch.

'Now, of course, the effective cure for all these symptoms of exuberant, pent-up spirits is a long, steady hand-gallop up and down hill across rather deep ground. Before, however, this opportunity offers, man can offer to the brute beneath him a more reasonable remedy. The instant that a horse at a walk sees at a short distance before him, say a heap of stones, at which he pretends to be, or really is afraid, instead of forcing him on, he should be allowed, or, if it be necessary, forced to stop, not only till he has ceased to fear it, but until, dead tired of looking at it, he averts his eyes elsewhere. While advancing towards it, so often as his fear, or pretended fear, breaks out, by instantly bringing him to a stand-still, it should in like manner be over-appeased.'

The serious advice in this volume is pleasantly interspersed with anecdotes of *le premier chasseur d'Angleterre*, as Napoleon called him, or *le grand chasseur Smit*, as he was termed by the Parisians, that prince of foxhunters, Thomas Assheton Smith. Many a time has the writer of this notice seen that fine old English gentleman among his favourites at Tedworth, where every hunter—and he had often as many as fifty in first-rate condition—had a loose box to himself. At sixty-four, he brought his hounds for one day, by invitation, to Leicestershire, which he had in old times hunted himself, and no less than *two thousand* horsemen, one-third of whom were in pink, attended to do him honour. Until eighty years of age, this veteran continued to hunt, although his meets were curtailed to four a week, to vault on horseback as usual, blow his horn while his horse was carrying him over a five-barred gate, and with a loose rein, gallop down the sheep-fed hill-sides with all the alacrity of a boy. Since Mrs Smith's health was delicate, 'he had "brought Madeira to England," by constructing for her at Tedworth a magnificent conservatory or crystal palace, 315 feet in length, and 40 in width, in which, enjoying the temperature of a warm climate, she might take walking-exercise during the winter months. A Wiltshire farmer, on first seeing this building, observed, he supposed it was for the 'squire to hunt there whenever a frost stopped him in the field. "It was a melancholy spectacle," writes Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, "to see Tom Smith the winter before his death, when he could no longer join his hounds, mount one of his favourite hunters—Euxine, Paul Potter, or Blemish—with the assistance of a chair, and take his exercise for an hour at a foot's pace up and down this conservatory, often with some friend at his side to cheer him up and while away the time until he re-entered the house, for he was not allowed at that period to go out of doors. Even in this feeble condition, *quantùm mutatus ab illo Hectore*, once on horseback, he appeared to revive; and the dexterity and ease with which he managed, like a plaything, the spirited animal under him, which had scarcely left its stable for months, was most surprising."'

All that a man could do, with intention, upon a horse's back, Assheton Smith could do; but the present Major-general Yorke Moore did, unintentionally, even a greater thing than he. He rode a horse, at Dominica, in the West Indies, down a sheer precipice 237 feet high, and is now alive and well to tell the story, which we regret there is no room for in our columns. The man recovered from the shock, the *horse* it was that died.

It is not generally known that the practice of lasso-draught has been in vogue in the British army, as the following extract from the *Queen's Regulations* informs us. 'In order that the cavalry may, upon emergencies, be available for the purposes of draught, such as assisting artillery, &c., through deep roads, and in surmounting other impediments and obstacles which the carriages of the army have frequently to encounter in the course of active service, ten men per troop are to be equipped with the tackle of the lasso.' The Royal Engineer Train—who have also adopted the South American system of 'hobbling' their horses, at the instigation of our author—have demonstrated by public experiments in this country, that with this simple equipment of the lasso, 'which would injure neither the efficiency nor the appearance of the cavalry, any number of horses, whether accustomed to draught or not, are capable of being at once harnessed to any description of carriage, not only in front to draw it forward, but in rear to hold it back, or even sideways to prevent its oversetting—in short, that it is a power which can be made to radiate in any direction.' There need be, therefore, no more heavy guns sticking in quagmires, with friendly cavalry looking on, with plenty of power to help them, but no means, as was so often the case in the Peninsular War.

Finally, Sir Francis appeals with just indignation against the inhumanity of burning a horse's sinews, and cutting out his nerves, without the merciful aid of chloroform.

'You are a man of *pleasure*,' says he—'save your horse from unnecessary *pain*. You are a man of business—inscribe in that ledger in which every one of the acts of your life is recorded, on one side how much *he* will gain, and on the other, *per contrà*, how very little *you* will lose, by the evaporation of a fluid that will not cost you the price of the shoes of the poor animal whose marketable value you have determined, by excruciating agony to *him*, to increase.' The excellent sense and judgment, indeed, which distinguish Sir Francis Head's advice throughout this volume, are not more worthy of consideration than his enlightened humanity, which deserves a special medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Brute Creation.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER III.—UNCLE INGRAM.

Mr Ingram Arbour's estimation of his sentimental brother's prudence and sagacity had not been, as we have seen, a high one; and he had expressed an unpleasant foreboding concerning that family, between whom and the workhouse of their native parish only some three thousand pounds did now in reality intervene: but the astute merchant had miscalculated matters in one very important particular. He had taken it for granted that Benjamin, who was his junior by many years, would outlive him. He had prophesied future misfortunes with all the unction of a Metternich, under the comfortable impression that the Deluge would take place after his own time. But

Benjamin being dead, Uncle Ingram was become the natural guardian of his widow and children; a position which his sturdy sense of right caused him to accept at once and unsolicited. This respectable Christian merchant, therefore, found himself in a worse predicament than any of those ancient Jews whose piety compelled them to marry their childless sisters-in-law. He had to maintain Mrs Benjamin Arbour without marrying her, as well as her children, from No. 1 to No. 5 inclusive. Except, therefore, for his great reputation for caution, he might just as well have married when his brother did, and have possessed half-a-dozen children of his own.

This reflection was scarcely a soothing one, even if Mr Ingram Arbour had been capable of being soothed by a reflection—which he was not. He was a man who did his duty, but without, by any means, denying himself the pleasure of grumbling at it. He would give, and largely, to whomsoever he judged to have a just claim upon him, but he could not be said to be a cheerful giver. Benevolence was with him a mere business transaction, effected out of office-hours, and any act of it had no more accompaniment of delicacy or kindness from him, than if it had been the discounting of a bill. He took things, in general, and prided himself in doing so, for 'what they were worth'—by which he meant rather what they would 'fetch,' if exposed for sale. He was not, in short, quite the man to be selected to say grace before an indifferent dinner, and far less after one; and that he openly thanked God for having blessed him in the basket and in the store, was the more praiseworthy, since he had a secret conviction that his success had been entirely owing to his own sagacity.

Such was the man who was seated in the little drawing-room of Rose Cottage on a certain July evening after Dick's christening; and we are introduced to him at a most favourable time, for he had just dined, and dined well, and had within him a bottle of poor Benjy's best port, which the widow had carefully selected for him. She had done so with no intention beyond that of hospitality, but Uncle Ingram was far too clever to believe it. 'Mrs B. is not such a fool as she looks,' was the doubtful compliment he had conferred in his own mind upon that lady; although he did not spurn the supposed medium of conciliation by any means. On the contrary, he had set the last glass of it between the light and his own eyes in an admiring manner, with various guttural noises expressive of approval, and only qualified a satisfactory smack of the lips when it was done, by muttering an anxious hope that his deceased brother had paid for it. After which, he had risen from the table, pulled up his shirt-collar, cleared his throat, in preparation for the business statement he was come down from town to enter upon, corrugated his eyebrows, in order to forbid contradiction, and joined his expectant sister-in-law in the drawing-room.

This was a bow-windowed apartment, with the three sashes at present thrown open—for it was a somewhat oppressive, though lovely evening—and the pleasant breeze from the river brought through them the beat of oars, from the frequent pleasure-boats coming from or returning to the neighbouring town, and even the splash of the fish, as they leaped out of the smooth but rapid current. A little island, fringed with willows, immediately fronted the cottage, hiding from it the main channel, the noise of whose passing barges and bargees came mellowed and expurgated by distance; while in the near stream, a punt lay moored, filled with quiet anglers; and three milk-white swans now pruned their feathers, and now exhibited themselves with their heads under water, and their opposite extremities, like gigantic lily-buds, perpendicularly in air. In the foreground, six clean stone steps led from the mid-window to a sloping lawn, terminating in a wooden terrace, on which were some half-dozen flower-baskets full of red geraniums, and a sun-dial, curiously carved. It was a charming scene, but one which did not jar the less on that account on him who now beheld it. He did not see it for the first time, it is true, since he had more than once visited the cottage—under protest, and always with sundry expressions of contempt for that fairy bower—but its quiet beauty had never struck him so deeply before.

'What right,' thought he, 'had that brother of mine, with his large family and small income, to have such a place as this? How much better it is than that great dingy house of my own in Golden Square. Those flower-baskets must have cost a pretty penny when they were new, I reckon. If *I* had the right of fishing in this water, I'd startle those poaching vagabonds out in that punt there, pretty quick. That island must be worth something when it isn't under water, which it is six months of the year or so, I believe; but it 's no good asking Mrs B. whether osiers are up or not just now, I daresay. If that swan has cygnets on it, I should like to know who claims, the proprietor of the land, or the London Company? I daresay, Benjamin never tried that question.'

'Brother Ingram,' observed a musical but melancholy voice, breaking in upon these romantic meditations, 'will you take a cup of tea now, or will you smoke a cigar? You must not mind me, you know: my dear Benjy often used to smoke here in evenings such as this.'

'So much the worse for him, madam,' returned Ingram Arbour; 'I daresay he hastened his end by that deleterious practice. I am sure he helped to ruin himself by it—to ruin himself, madam.'

By the repetition of the word 'ruin,' and by conjuring up before his mind's eye a vision of poverty and destitution, Mr Arbour contrived to convince himself that he was behaving with a sternness only proportionate to the circumstances of the case; just as one might call up the atrocities of Delhi or Cawnpore, to justify one's self for committing an unprovoked assault upon a Hindu crossing-sweeper.

The idea of impecuniosity always stirred Mr Ingram Arbour's bile, just as that of cruelty or oppression arouses the indignation of less commercial persons.

'Why, good Heavens, madam,' continued he, worked up into a sort of temporary jaundice by these judicious reflections, 'that man ought to have died worth five-and-twenty thousand pounds, if he had not been an idiot. That is to say, I mean,' added he, observing a faint flush to rise in his sister-in-law's cheeks, 'if he had not been so unbusiness-like and careless. It was not *my* affair of course, and I always make it a point not to meddle with other people's af—— Hi, you fellows in that punt,' roared Mr Ingram Arbour, interrupting himself with a jerk, and approaching the window, 'how do you dare to use a net in this water, you poaching scoundrels? Upon my sacred word of honour, Mrs Arbour, they are using a net!'

'Hush, Brother Ingram,' entreated his sister-in-law; 'pray, be quiet; it 's only a landing-net; it is only to pull the fish up after they have been hooked.'

'I don't care what sort of a net it is,' stormed the stickler for the rights of property; 'the law says "a net," and they have no right to use a butterfly-net there, without your permission. What is the scoundrel saying, madam—the poacher in the white straw-hat? What is he saying in reply to my question?'

'I can't hear quite distinctly,' replied the widow, biting her lips; 'but it is something about the Emperor of Morocco, I am afraid, and their most respectful compliments.'

'Then they are absolutely laughing at me,' quoth Ingram Arbour, 'are they? They have chosen *me*, of all men, to be the subject of their senseless ribaldry. Will you kindly favour me with the name of one of those individuals, madam? Any one will do.'

'I don't know the person in the straw-hat, Brother

Ingram,' replied his sister-in-law with hesitation; 'they are doubtless towns-people, who have taken the boat for the evening.'

'You know the fisherman—the man who owns the boat,' returned the other stubbornly. 'I must have that fisherman's name, if you please, and at once.'

'It was not his fault, brother,' urged the widow pleadingly; 'he could not prevent the persons who had employed him from being impertinent; he is a very well-conducted'——

'One moment, if you please,' replied her brother-in-law, interrupting her curtly. 'Come here, Adolphus; I want to speak to you.'

The boy was ducking his brother and sisters with the garden-engine, but desisted from that occupation, and came obedient to his uncle's call, with downcast eyes.

'Please, sir, it wasn't me began it,' whined he, in a deprecating voice; 'it was Johnnie and Maria, especially Johnnie.'

'That's a lie,' returned Uncle Ingram with composure, 'for I've been watching you: and, mind you, never tell *me* a lie again. Who is that fisherman yonder, and where does he live?'

'His name is John Wilson, and he lives in our cottage down the stream yonder.'

'A very hard-working honest fellow, with a large family,' added Mrs Arbour.

'But he ain't paid his rent, you know, mother,' observed Adolphus cunningly; 'because I heard you tell him yesterday that next month would do.'

'That's a sharp lad,' remarked Uncle Ingram approvingly; 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating, ain't it, boy? You may go away now, for your mother and I are going to have some talk—that is to say, if it be agreeable to you, Letitia?'

'My ears are at your service, brother, to receive whatever you may please to say; but I have little to tell *you*, I fancy, which you do not already know.'

'I know a few things relating to practical matters,' returned the other, with a little mollification of manner; 'and I generally manage to obtain what information I am in want of;' and he entered the name of John Wilson into his pocket-book, and shut the clasp with a snap. 'Now, then, to business, madam. One thousand insurance, and two thousand in the three per cents. is, I believe, the total figure which represents your property—all in the world which you and your children have to look to—with the exception of this cottage and garden, yonder island, and right of fishing (I'll *net* them, the scoundrels, as sure as my name is Ingram Arbour), and the cottage of that man Wilson (I'll *cottage* him, I reckon, in a manner that shall astonish him), with three or four hundred feet of osier-bank thereto appertaining.'

'That, I believe, is all, brother.'

'Excuse me; you don't believe it; you're *sure* of it. There's nothing like positive certainty in matters of this kind. You are *sure* that this is all that lies between you and the—— Well, you may thank your stars that there was but one fool in my family! If I died to-morrow, there would be something like ten times this beggarly pittance left for *my* widow; that is to say, if I had been weak enough to possess one. Now, I dare say, you think me an unsympathising bear, madam—a rude, mercantile old hunks, without the least generous or charitable feelings about him. Now, don't say you don't, Letitia, because I know you *do*. I say you would much rather see me dead and well "cut up," with my money neatly divided among my nephews and nieces, than sitting here, with my feet upon your sofa, giving you unpalatable advice; and you needn't say you don't, because such a remark would not impress me with an idea of your good sense or veracity. Well, notwithstanding all this, you will find me behave as handsomely, perhaps, in the main, and practically, madam—*practically*—as any sentimental benevolence-monger of your or any other woman's acquaintance. I am come down here expressly to accept the guardianship of yourself and your family.'

'God bless you, Brother Ingram,' murmured the widow tremulously. 'My dearest Benjy always told me'——

'Then, if he did, madam,' interrupted the other, 'although I do not know what he told you in this particular instance, take my advice, and forget it from this moment. Benjamin was not the sort of man to make observations to be remembered. The chances are fifty to one that the remark which you were about to repeat is destitute of practical truth.'

'He always told me, I was going to say, brother, that you had a good heart at bottom, although you took a strange pleasure in concealing the fact from your fellow-creatures.'

'Then all I can say, madam, is,' replied the unabashed merchant, 'that such a statement of your late husband regarding me was a most unwarrantable impertinence. However, what I have got to say is this: These children of yours must not be brought up in idleness. You must be content to live in a style quite different from that to which you have been hitherto accustomed. I daresay, you will think it very hard if I say, you must leave this cottage, this scene, these comforts, and exchange them for indifferent quarters—in the neighbourhood of Golden Square, for instance.'

'I am prepared for any sacrifice, Brother Ingram.'

'Sacrifice! madam—why, the woman's mad!—I speak of a *necessity*. When starvation looks in at the window, and the sheriff's officer comes to the back-door, the debtor is not said to make a sacrifice, I reckon, although his goods are generally sold at one.'

Mrs Benjamin Arbour was not in sufficiently good spirits to appreciate this *jeu d'esprit* as it deserved, but her brother-in-law enjoyed it hugely. When dull men do make a joke, however feeble, they are not apt to let it escape in a hurry, but mouth it about as a child does a lollipop, until the observers are sometimes a little sick of the exhibition; but, on the other hand, its effect is mollifying to the dull man. Mr Ingram Arbour was positively charmed with this *bon-mot* of his, which was not the first by one which he had indulged in for the last five-and-forty years.

'You know goods are said to be sold at a tremendous *sacrifice*,' observed he in explanation.

Whereat Mrs Benjamin, good lying woman, affected to see the matter in its proper humorous light, and laughed after a fashion that nature doubtless resented bitterly.

'What I was going to say,' continued she, 'was, that I would leave the cottage to-morrow, if you thought it right or expedient that I should do so, Brother Ingram; although, of course, the memories and associations that hang around this place'——

'Well, madam, for my part,' interrupted the merchant, 'I only believe in those sort of fixtures of which the house-agent can make some valuation. It may or may not be as you say; but these sofas are better than horse-hair ones, and it is pleasanter to be your own mistress than at the mercy of some drunken lodging-housekeeper, anyway. Therefore, I say, stop at Rose Cottage if you will, madam, and keep your girls and younger boys about you. Nay, Letitia, I want no thanks; and, indeed, you might have stopped here without my permission, as far as that goes, until your three thousand pounds had dwindled away to nothing. However, I'll see that that doesn't happen, if you'll only leave matters entirely in my hands. Adolphus shall return to town with me, and begin work in my office at once; and the other boys may follow him in time—if you are not too proud, that is, to permit the young gentlemen to engage in mercantile pursuits. You have a hundred a year of your own to spend, mind, and if your outgoings should come to double that sum, or even a little over, I will pay the surplus, Letitia—as your nearest relative and natural protector—out of my own pocket. Nay, madam, I am not a guardian angel, nor, as I should imagine, anything like it, and I tell you honestly that I had much rather that every person should support his own wife and children, by personal exertions when alive, and by bequest after his death; but, however others have neglected *their* duty, madam, you will not find me shirk mine.'

It may be easily imagined that the widow gratefully accepted this proposition, and gladly intrusted to Mr Ingram Arbour the treasurership of her little fortune and the control of her affairs. This matter finished, her brother-in-law was proceeding to give her his views concerning the management of her household, which, as emanating from a bachelor who had been under the conduct of housekeepers for a quarter of a century, would doubtless have proved original and interesting in a high degree, when he became suddenly conscious that the attention of Mrs Benjamin Arbour—in spite of the engrossing nature of the topic—had wandered somewhere else.

'Doubtless, madam,' he interposed, with an offended air, 'you know your own affairs best, and perhaps after all, I have been only officious in meddling with them; but I do think some little outward respect, some semblance of attention, is due'——

'Dear good Brother Ingram,' cried poor Mrs Arbour, clasping her hands in terror, but still with an air of distracted preoccupation, 'I meant no disrespect to you, our benefactor, Heaven knows; but I thought I heard my poor dear Dicky calling for his food.'

'And is it possible,' broke forth Mr Ingram Arbour, in a passion, 'that what I have to say, madam, upon *any* subject, can be of less consequence than your confounded canary and his chickweed!'

'Canary, brother! chickweed! why it's my poor little Dick wanting his mamma. Don't you hear him setting up his tiny cry?'

'Since you call my attention to it, madam,' growled the affectionate uncle, 'I am sorry to say I do. But what on earth did you give it such a name as Dick for? Luckily, we have got through all our more important business, or I do not doubt you would have left me for that little brat at any time; as he grows older he must, however, be taught to wait for his betters.—By the by, Letitia,' added Mr Ingram, as his sister-in-law was leaving the room, 'since you have given me the control of your affairs, remember that that man Wilson leaves his cottage if his rent is delayed one hour beyond the 31st of next month. I'll Emperor of Morocco him, trust me!'

CHAPTER IV.

A COMMERCIAL ACADEMY.

From babyhood to childhood, Dicky Arbour grew up the pet of the Rose Cottage household, and that notwithstanding what Nurse Rachel was wont to designate his 'little tantrums.' He was accustomed when provoked—from the age of two till four or thereabouts—to stiffen himself out like a ramrod, cast himself backwards upon the floor, without the least regard for the shock that was thereby inflicted upon his youthful head, and, in that recumbent position, to scream like a locomotive. The best cure for this malady was found to be the giving him a very soft and comfortable pillow to lie upon, and treating him, in all respects, like an elderly invalid of irritable temperament. He would then presently get up, toddle to his mother, and, hiding his curly head in her lap, observe in smothered tones: 'Me so torry, mammy; me dood now: me won't do it never no more; me won't indeed.'

Everybody said—save Sister Maria, who merely observed that he wanted whipping, and Brother Johnnie, who never expressed an opinion upon any subject unconnected with himself—that Dicky was a charming child, and only required a little management. Doctor Neversleep in particular—who had been pressed into being his godpapa, since the vein of natural and kindred sponsors had long been exhausted in the Arbour family—took vast delight in him, and taught him many things which his mother would scarcely have thought of. From his dictation, the infant pupil learned to express astonishment and admiration in such terms as, 'O my doodney!' (for, O my goodness!), 'Idn't it dolly?' (for, Isn't it jolly?) and 'Here's a bessie dark, upon my orror!' (for, Here's a blessed lark, upon my honour!) At which lisping wickednesses, mamma would hold up her finger reprovingly, and look supernaturally solemn, till the offending party destroyed her gravity by recommending Doctor Neversleep for corporal punishment instead of himself. 'Ip my naughty godpa, mammy; don't ip me.'

In due course arrived that dark hour, inevitable, as it seems, to civilised childhood, when the government of love is superseded by that of fear, and home and friends are left for school and strangers. Dick—whose knowledge of foreign languages had been confined to a little French, laid on upon him so lovingly and lightly by Sister Maggie, that it was more like French polish—was not sent to the same seminary where Adolphus had had *his* mind ennobled and refined by the rudiments of classical literature, but to the commercial academy of Messrs Dot and Carriwun, of which Johnnie had been already an alumnus for several years. In establishments of the former class, the *As in præsenti* is perhaps the most hateful task that is imposed upon a reasonable boy, while in those of the latter the abominable rule called *Practice* distracts the youthful mind most painfully. Well sings the Poet of Educational Life:

Multiplication is vexation;
Addition is as bad—

for although the second statement is an exaggerated one, it is obviously only introduced with an eye to the final line, wherein lies the whole gist of the stanza:

The Rule of Three does puzzle me;
But Practice *drives me mad!*

It almost drove poor Dick mad, and certainly set him violently against the profession to which such a stumbling-block was declared to be a necessary step. He would sit and suck the sponge which was attached like a horrid parasite to every slate, for hours, dreaming of his mother or foot-ball, until the cane of the wrathful pedagogue would awaken him to the real miseries of his situation—to life and aliquot parts. This 'Practice'—which never made Dick perfect—is certainly worse than the *As in præsenti*, which there is no absolute necessity to understand at all. The scratch and spurt of pens, too, that pervade the school-room devoted to the more liberal studies, are far less offensive than that perpetual grind of the slate-pencils, which, greasy with tears and perspiration, have to be sharpened with the knife continually, an operation which they resent with hideous screeches. There was another method of doing this which Dick much preferred, since it was an excuse for leaving his work—retiring from Practice—and approaching the fire in cold weather: he would spit upon the end of his pencil, and grind it upon the hearthstone with much persistency, until it acquired the finest possible point; when it would break off suddenly, and then he would begin again.

What noises, what smells, what an atmosphere filled that entrance-chamber of Commercial Learning, and what a splendid vision to many young minds must have been the Junior Clerk's office that would one day receive them into its bosom, where the pedagogue ceases from troubling, and the lazy read their newspapers, for ever, over pots of half and half!

Viewed from the mercantile point of view, Richard Arbour was rather a lazy boy, it must be confessed; but beheld from the loftier elevation of Muscular Christianity, he was diligent and assiduous to a very high degree. If the playtime of boys—as is the modern faith—is of equal consequence with their schooltime, there was certainly nobody who made a more profitable use of *his* than Dick. He was the most distinguished foot-ball player, for his height and weight, in the establishment, and the most dreaded by the foe; for, as in medieval warfare, the very noblest knights in armour of purest gold were liable to be miserably discomfited by half-naked wretches who would creep under their horses' bellies and stab them, so the tallest of his opponents were not seldom hurled to earth by this pigmy inserting himself between their legs. Moreover, as the aforesaid *canaille* perilled life and limb (although, because they were not high-born, the snobbish chroniclers of the time make light of that circumstance) at least as much as the mailed knights, so Dicky Arbour would recklessly cast himself down, like some Juggernaut devotee, between the ball and any titanic foe who was about to take a good high kick at it, and receive the iron compliment in his own ribs. This is a species of devotion rarely appreciated except by one's own side. 'The ranks of Tuscany'—for school-boys are not a generous-hearted race by any means—not only 'forbear to cheer' such acts, but sometimes cherish an ignoble spite against the heroic little Roman.

Thus, Mr William Dempsey, a young man of seventeen, and the captain, upon a certain occasion, of the opposite party, took it very ill that he was not only balked of his kick, but toppled headlong all his five feet eleven of length by the intrepid and horizontal Dick. When the battle was over, and nothing beyond a little brown paper and vinegar ought to have been required by a magnanimous foe, the heart of Dempsey desired vengeance, and his hand (in a quiet way, and with no reference to foot-ball, of course) was not slow to take it upon the very first opportunity. This tyrannical conduct was resented by poor Dick, by deeds, which, measured by the indignant feelings of the doer, were tremendous, but which, physically considered, did not much hurt Dempsey, and only provoked further cruelties; and by words of the most outrageous character, which were overheard (easily enough—for Dick had the best of lungs) by the schoolmaster, and procured him a sound caning. This second wrong (as Dick considered it) smote the victim in a more sensitive part than that on which the mere blows had descended. The unfortunate lad had not a logical mind—as we have seen in his difficulty of dealing with aliquot parts—and was, moreover, too amply provided with the savage instinct called Sense of Justice, which, in the case of No. 5 of a poor family, is not a gift which a good-natured fairy would bring to a baptism. It seemed to him because Mr Carriwun had caned him for swearing without inquiry into the previous circumstances, which were such as to have made a saint swear, as poor Dick thought—who knew less about saints than if he had been brought up at Eton, where they are greatly revered, and produce half-holidays—that authority was arrayed upon the side of tyranny, and perhaps even that it was only another name for it. Mr Carriwun imagined that he was caning bad words out of the lad, when he was in reality caning bad thoughts into him. We do not say that he should *not* have caned him—it was bitterly cold weather, and even a schoolmaster must needs warm himself when the opportunity offers—but that he should have done something else as well. The matter being unexplained, Dick Arbour became a bad boy in the eyes of the master, while his resentful conduct against the Titan Dempsey earned him a reputation, scarce less unenviable, for 'bumptiousness' among the boys. His impatience of a tyranny under which they had all of them suffered, more or less, without complaint, was naturally distasteful; village Hampdens are rarely popular; and to be so, it is above all things necessary that they should be successful and uncaned.

Matters being in this unfavourable position, a match at snow-balling between one-half of the school against the other half, with Dempsey commanding the opposite faction, was the very thing for Dick to enter into with ardour. For us, who are getting on in years, and who wear spectacles, there is, however, scarcely a more repulsive amusement: next to being inadvertently launched upon a slide on the foot-pavement, and beholding, as our legs are leaving us in different directions, a crowd of miscreants bearing down upon us with a hideous velocity, there is nothing more objectionable than to find ourselves in a snow-ball scrimmage. The extreme hardness of the missiles themselves is one consideration; but that is trifling (in the eyes of a philosopher), compared to the exhibition of vindictive passion which accompanies their flight: the visage of each combatant betrays a wish that he were throwing Greek fire or Armstrong shells instead of snow, and seems to grudge every moment that is spent in the manufacture of his diabolical weapon. We have seen one of such savages so maddened by the artificial avalanche, as to rush upon a small boy who had had nothing whatever to do with it, and rub a handful of snow into the back of his neck with an energy which, if it had been frost-bitten, would have been benevolence itself. Not a few dogs—whose characteristic, as the poet tells us, is delight in strife—are similarly stirred to the depths of their brutal nature by snow, and will roll and growl in it, with evident regret that the formation of their fore-paws forbids their using it as an engine of destruction. It is probable, if certain theories be true, that these animals may have once been school-boys, who have perished in their early youth in a snow-scrimmage.

'They've been and broken my nose,' cried Johnnie Arbour on a sudden, exhibiting that feature to his brother in a flattened condition, and with a perceptible dint where the snow-shell had exploded and burst in all directions over his face, like the radiations of a broken window: 'they've broken my nose, Dick, and I am sure they're putting stones in their snow-balls.'

'The deuce they are!' cried Dick, whose caning had not cured him of strong language—'then two can play at that game, Johnnie; so here goes.'

The brothers threw together.

A great cry immediately arose from the opposite ranks. A scanty mizzle succeeded to the storm of snow-balls, and then altogether ceased. General William Dempsey had fallen backwards, as falls on Mount Avernus the thunder-smitten oak, and a crowd gathered around him, exclaiming: 'Dempsey's eye's out!' 'Dempsey's blinded with a stone!' 'Dempsey's dead!'

Johnnie Arbour turned as white as his shirt-collar—and indeed whiter, for the occurrence happened upon a Saturday—'I threw no stone, Dick,' said he.

Dick lost his colour too, as he replied: 'I'm very sorry, I'm sure, but I didn't aim at him in particular.'

'Who put a stone into his snow-ball?' cried the captain of Richard's side.

'I did,' responded the lad sturdily; 'the fellows upon Dempsey's side began it though.'

An indignant hiss broke forth from those about the injured youth, and especially from such as had been guilty of the practice complained of. The rest were naturally angry that poor Dempsey should have been even alluded to by young Bumptious, at such a time. He had been often heard to vow that he would be even with Dempsey, and he had now, it was evident, taken advantage of a public scrimmage to avenge a private wrong. Even those of his own side who were yet about him, fell away from him; and presently, Brother Johnnie, after a few moments of vacillation, hung his head down, and slinked away, leaving poor Dick standing alone.

There was much hardship, and wrong, and sorrow lying between Richard Arbour and that rest which at last befalleth the most weary of us; but perhaps he was not doomed to experience a moment so intensely wretched as that present one, when friend and brother had forsaken him, and he stood alone in the playground of Messrs Dot and Carriwun—the Black Sheep of that youthful fold.

SYRIAN SILK AND SILK-REELING.

Did you ever, in the streets of London, observe some of the retinue of the Turkish ambassadors with gaudy silk *bosheas* or handkerchiefs girt round their heads, or rich shawls encircling their waists? Both these are mostly the produce of Syrian labour; for, of a truth, silk is the staff of life to all classes and creeds inhabiting that land, from the ancient shores of Tyre, over Lebanon, right away to the fertile and lovely plains of Antioch. A universal patron-saint amongst all these people would be that stout-hearted old monk—if they had ever heard about him, which they have not—who, with hollow staff in hand, well piled up with silk-worm eggs, at risk of life, wended his weary way from distant China over the bleak steppes of Tartary, and so conveyed to Europe the much-treasured secret of the avaricious Celestials. Then only monarchs revelled in the luxury of silk garments; now the poorest and most ill-used peasant in Lebanon, and in the plains of North Syria, would deem himself a disgrace to the village if his wife could not sport a new silk dress at least once a year—on Easter Day—and he himself a girdle of the same material; very gay, indeed, as regards variety of colours.

No sooner has the short-lived winter blown its last gale from the westward, which occurs early in February, than the whole of animated nature seems to wake up by common consent into life and activity. Peasants who, like their cocoons, have been almost hermetically sealed up in their huts for the last three months, enter vigorously upon the labours and the duties necessary for the forthcoming spring and summer. The birds, who have never quitted the place, although so long silent, now burst forth into songs of praise, and trees and shrubs are covered with buds. Amongst the earliest of the latter is the mulberry, which is no sooner clad with delicate leaves, so appropriate for their food, than the mites of silk-worms issue by countless thousands from the eggs, and are immediately placed in small round flat baskets covered with clay, where they are forthwith supplied with the tender leaves of the mulberry. The peasant and his family have now commenced the duties of the year. As day by day the leaf increases in size, so the silk-worms rapidly grow in proportion, till from having been almost invisible mites, and then the size of ants, in the course of a week they attain to nearly half an inch in length, and have to be transferred to baskets of double the size of the first ones. Meanwhile the peasant and his wife have had no sinecures. Whilst the former has been busy in remedying what damages the *khooks* may have received during the winter gales, the latter, aided by her children, has gathered at intervals the necessary supply of food for the worms; being careful first that the leaves should be perfectly dry, because one drop of dew amongst the leaves would be fatal to a whole basketful of worms. The khooks above referred to are long, narrow, slight structures of twigs and leaves intertwined, and supported at intervals by stout stems of old and useless mulberry-trees; while the roofing is composed of thick layers of rushes, so plentiful in the marshy lands, which are perfectly impervious to rain; for, on the one hand, whilst the worms must be effectually protected from rain or dews, on the other hand, they require a free circulation of air, a point which is attained by the net-work structure of the sides of the khook. The interior consists of a number of shelves on either side, which are made of a species of slit-reed matwork, and rise one above another in tiers of from three to four, according to the size of the khook, the lowest being at least two feet from the floor, and the uppermost about a foot from the roof. These shelves are called *batoors*, and according to their number is reckoned the wealth of the proprietor, and the quantity of silk they will produce; thus, in speaking of any particular mulberry-plantation, the natives, in bargaining, regulate its worth by saying: 'Oh, it has only so many batoors, and can therefore only produce such a number of *rotolos* of silk;' the rotolo being equivalent to five and a half pounds English.

To these khooks, after the expiration of two weeks or so, the worms are removed, and spread upon the batoors above alluded to, which have first been carefully and thickly lined with mulberry-leaves, to prevent the worms from falling through. There is no fear of their straying over the sides, or climbing from one shelf to another; silk-worms are instinctively home-loving creatures, and will never of their own accord budge an inch from where they are first placed, until the time arrives when they are about to become cocoons. Soon after this final transfer of the worm, commences that strange phenomenon of apparent utter lifelessness, which lasts for forty-eight hours, during which interval the creature is changing its first skin, having outgrown its India-rubber capacities. The natives call this the first *soame*, or fast; and the Christian part of them, especially the Greeks, look upon this as a certain indication that the worms are of the same creed as themselves. During these soames, which are three in number, at intervals of about a fortnight each, the worms require no food, and the peasant occupies himself in the tillage of the ground, whilst his family devote themselves to domestic pursuits. As they approach maturity, the appetite of the worms becomes prodigious, and early and late has the peasant to labour, lopping down huge branches of the mulberries, till what was a verdant and beautiful plantation some six weeks before, is now a wilderness of leafless stems and branches. But so congenial is the climate, and so fertile the soil, that in less than a month afterwards, fresh sprouts are covered with tender leaves, so that in autumn so thick is the foliage, so stout the branches, that the stranger would never guess how recently they had been lopped. When the first leaves in winter begin to fall, then are the trees again denuded of their foliage. This time, however, the branches are spared, and the leaves gathered by hand, and stored up against winter, when, with the manure of the worms, they serve as fodder for the oxen, which would otherwise starve. The branches lopped off at first form a vast and plentiful supply of firewood for the peasant's family.

The third and last soame, or fast of the worms, is the signal for the peasant to bestir himself, and procure as much brushwood as he can, which, when dried in the sun, he throws lightly upon the batoors. During this interval, the worms have become of a transparent golden colour, and the moment they wake up again, for the first time in their lives assume a migratory disposition. Up they crawl actively over this bramble, down the next, until each one has selected a fitting spot amongst the twigs for forming its cocoon; and very wonderful is it to watch the nicety and care with which they weave round themselves that impenetrable texture which constitutes the cocoon. I say very wonderful is it to watch them, but the peasant won't allow us so to do: the *Evil Eye* is his dreadful ogre; so, to guard against this, he locks the door, and flings against it from outside a huge mass of clay. From this act he also divines whether the harvest will be propitious or otherwise. If the clay adheres *en masse*, it is a good omen; if it drops off partly, a bad one; if the whole falls to the ground, it is destruction.

And now, whilst the little industrious worms are hard at work weaving their own winding-sheets, the peasantry are not one whit less busy preparing for them a cruel death. Huge, antique-looking, dusty old wheels, which have been hidden for the last twelve months, are brought to light again, and brushed up; the temporary furnace of last year is repaired, the reservoir of water fresh lined with clay, the whole uncouth apparatus set up, and the peasant's rickety old stool placed ready against the first day of reeling. All the family find occupation one way or another, and piles of fuel are heaped up hard by, ready to feed the furnace. At last the auspicious morning arrives, and with many prayers and ceremonies, the door of the khook is opened, when men, women, and children set to work, denuding the briers of the cocoons, which are piled in scores upon scores of baskets. Then the *mousoom*, or silk-harvest, commences in right-down earnest.

It is a glorious and a happy sight, in that pleasant country, at this peculiar season of the year, to witness the smile that all nature seems to wear. The whole air is redolent with the odours of countless sweet-scented flowers, the whole earth carpeted with emerald, brilliantly bespangled with tiny flowers of various hues; gaudy butterflies are flitting to and fro from woodbine to woodbine; fruit-trees are in blossom, and myriads of song-birds are waking the echoes in valley and dale; and here, seated under the clear blue canopy of heaven, are picturesque groups rivalling the birds in their ceaseless song, and accompanying themselves with the whiz of the huge wheels upon which they are winding off the silk-worms. One turns the wheel with uncouth handle; another feeds it with the worms; another stirs up the worms, being reeled with something like a schoolmaster's birch-rod; a fourth feeds the fire; a fifth supplies the basin with water as it becomes exhausted; a sixth renovates the basket with fresh cocoons; whilst near by, seated on a mat, are two or three occupied in picking the stuff from off the outside of the cocoons; and this material is known as cotton-silk. They labour hard and long, but with good-will, during the first week after the cocoons are formed, since they obtain 30 per cent. more silk now than they will after that date, because then the cocoons have to be stifled, to prevent the moths—into which they are rapidly being converted—boring through the cocoons, and so rendering them utterly valueless and unavailable. The process of stifling is with the cocoon as simple as is the system of reeling. Spread out upon mats, the cocoons are exposed to the fierce heat of the mid-day sun for a day or two, being carefully turned at intervals during the process, and this answers quite as well as the ovens so indispensable in less congenial climes where the silk-worm is reared. After this process, the silk-reelers take it more easily, and relapse into their oriental apathy. They know now that were they to work ever so hard, they cannot abstract one thread more of silk from the suffocated cocoons, and there is no fear of the moths boring their way through. Day by day, however, the scene becomes more picturesque, as golden festoons of newly reeled silk are suspended from branch to branch to dry, and set off the beautiful foliage of the orange and the lemon trees. The stench, however, becomes intolerable from the heaps of dead and reeled-off cocoons, and swallows up all the sweet odours that nature has planted around. By this method of reeling, they are supposed to obtain about one pound of silk from every five and a half of live cocoons, and just half that amount from those that have been stifled. The silk is all reeled off by the middle of June, when it is immediately sold on the spot to brokers, who have been hovering about like vultures for the last few weeks, and these again dispose of it to merchants, who ship it for Lyon and other European ports, where, under skilful hands, it is soon converted into that costly material which ladies love to wear. In the interim, the cocoons left for seed have been perforated by the beautiful short-lived, white, velvety-looking moths into which the silk-worm has been converted. By instinct, the males and females come together; the former die off within an hour or so; the latter may linger on for a day, in which interval, on linen spread for their especial behoof, they deposit an incredible amount of eggs, which constitute the peasant's supply of seed for the next season. When these are perfectly dry, they are carefully scraped off into a linen bag, and suspended from the ceiling of the peasant's hut, where they will remain undisturbed for a twelvemonth to come.

Of late years, wonderful improvements have been made in the quantity and quality of Syrian silk by the erection of European factories and the introduction of European machinery. At one of these—the factory of a Frenchman (M. de Portales)—thousands of unhappy and fugitive Maronites found refuge during the recent terrible massacres in the Lebanon.

THE CURIOSITIES OF CIVILISATION.

THAT wonderful economy of manufacture which is rapidly depriving the word 'rubbish' of its meaning, and which puts the most apparently hopeless material through so many processes, until not even the paper-manufacturer can make anything out of what is left, has of late extended itself to periodical literature. Formerly, when a professional man contributed to a review or a magazine, he either concealed the fact altogether, as likely to prejudice his clients against him, or was content with that limited cyclone of reputation—the likeliest, however, of all, to sink an ill-ballasted craft—which blows only from one's own relatives and acquaintance. But now that society has grown wiser, and a lawyer is not thought much the worse of for giving us a Biography, or a physician for recording his Notes of Travel, all men are hastening to acknowledge their intimacy with literature, and to publicly recognise their neglected offspring, which aforetime were suffered to stray among the periodicals, nameless, and even fathered upon the wrong persons. Perhaps that last reason has been the most efficient in compelling the soft self-impeachment from so many professional bosoms. They could have stood by calmly enough and seen their little ones treated with contempt and contumely, for they invited such possible treatment by their public appearance, but, valueless or not, they were still *theirs*—a poor thing, but mine own—and to behold a stranger patting them on their heads with paternal complacency, was more than they could bear. Our system of anonymous publication is exceedingly prolific of this sort of literary pretender. Within our own private range of acquaintance, we know more than one intellectual-looking individual, who, thanks to a high forehead, and an artistic manner of knitting it, has a reputation for writing articles in the *Times*, the *Edinburgh*, and (especially) in the *Westminster Review*, which the editors themselves by no means identify as his. It is not necessary for a person thus gifted by nature to assert himself categorically as the author of this or that article—although even such statements are not unexampled, and when a man once begins to make them, he rarely stops, until he meets with the real Simon Pure, when there is a 'difficulty'—for a shake of the head, with a smile to follow, will answer the same purpose; or, still better, a semi-deprecatory verbal denial. We should say, judging from our own experience, that in the case of all anonymous literary successes, there are, to every work, at least a score of supposititious authors. Until the Reprint comes out, with the writer's name, anybody is of course at liberty to assume its paternity, and if none does come out, to keep it. But in the meantime, all kinds of unpleasant things take place.

The practices of these impostors create suspicions of the claim of the real proprietor. We remember to have heard of some clever amateur-draughtsman who had among his friends the reputation of being considerably superior to the Great Delineator of Social Life in *Punch*, and to have exhibited his superiority in that very journal. One particular picture, acknowledged by the gentleman himself to be his work, was excessively extolled, so that in it his provincial fame may be said to have culminated. Consider, therefore, his indignant dismay, and the ill-concealed delight of his good-natured friends, when the Great Delineator published his collected sketches with this very drawing included among them! 'This humbug, then, has never drawn a picture in *Punch* in his life,' was the universal verdict upon the unhappy amateur. Whereas the fact was, he had really been a contributor—although not to the extent which was believed at home—and the work of art in question had been included by mistake among the Great Contributor's own. Such a case as this, however, is exceedingly rare, and the reputations which are blasted by the reprints of what were previously anonymous articles, for the most part, only get their just deserts. The appearance of the *Curiosities of Civilisation* * will put an end to a good many famous folks of this sort. The hand that has lightened the *Quarterly* for the last five years, and kept it afloat upon the ocean of popularity in spite of the general density of its contents, is at last known. Those articles of present attraction upon *Advertisements*, the *Zoological Gardens*, the *London Commissariat*, the *Electric Telegraph*, and the *Police and the Thieves*, which have brought it abreast of the age, may now all be safely attributed to Dr Andrew Wynter. For our own parts, we generally prefer a professional to an amateur writer, and rather mistrust such essays as are composed 'in the intervals of business;' but certainly these could hardly have been better done. Dr Wynter has accomplished the difficult task of writing freshly and vividly upon subjects familiar to all, and on which everybody has had their thought, and very many of us their 'say.' He has spared, too, neither time nor pains in acquiring the most minute information. What reams of ancient newspapers must he have dived into—among notices of runaway Negro boys, such as Hogarth painted; of mounted guides to point the way to Bristol, such as Pepys writes of; of apprentices missing, and 'supposed to be slain in some of those fights in Surrey' during the Commonwealth; and of that new liquor 'called by the Chineases Tcha, and by other nations Tay, also Tee'—before he came upon this dog-advertisement of the time of Charles II., in the *Mercurius Politicus*, and written, there seems little doubt, with his own royal hand. It is the second notice of the loss of the animal, and is printed very prominently in large Italic type.

'*We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Grey-hound and a Spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest, and Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born nor bred in* England, *and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? must he not keep a dog? This Dogs place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.*'

Dr Wynter's intention in his first essay is to draw out, as a thread from some woollen fabric, a continuous line of advertisements from the earliest age of the newspaper press till the present; and by so doing, to shew how distinctly, from its dye, the pattern of the age through which it runs is represented; and in this he more or less succeeds. We should be astonished now-a-days to see in the *Times* a notice from the *Gazette*, headed Buckingham Palace, such as this in the *Public Intelligencer* of 1664:

'WHITEHALL, May 14, 1664. His Sacred Majesty, having declared it to be his Royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the Month of May, and then to give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to Town in the Interim and lose their labour.'

In the next year, the papers advertise quackeries less magnificent, for the cure of the Plague, which is then devastating the capital. There are no more inquiries after lockets and perfumed bags, and 'ladyes' pictures set in gold;' no more publication of amorous songs; no more offerings of ten shillings the ounce to tempt any who are happy enough to possess long flaxen hair to part with it, in order that 'perrywigges' should be made for persons of condition. In the time of the first George, we were a nation none too nice and delicate in our tastes, if we may judge from our public exhibitions. 'Tryals of Skill' at his majesty's bear-garden were common between such champions as these. 'Edmund Button, master of the noble science of defence, *who hath lately cut down* Mr Hasgit and the Champion of the West, *and* 4 *besides*, and James Harris, an Herefordshire man, master of the noble science of defence, who has fought 98 prizes and never was worsted, to exercise the usual weapons, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon precisely.—*Postman*, July 4, 1701.' Worse than this, we encouraged pugilism among the fair sex. In a public journal of 1722, we find the following gage of battle thrown down and accepted:

'CHALLENGE.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

'ANSWER.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour: she may expect a good thumping!'

The half-crowns in the hands were to prevent the ladies from scratching one another, should natural disposition get the better of scientific training.

Let us hurry out of such times as these into a softer atmosphere, and listen to the seductive voice of Mr George Robins, which charmed the early part of this present century. On one occasion, in puffing an estate, he is said to have described a certain ancient gallows which chanced to be upon it as 'a hanging wood;' on another, he had made the beauties of the Earthly Paradise which he was commissioned to dispose of to the highest bidder rather too enchanting, and found it necessary to blur it by a fault or two, lest it should prove 'too bright and good for human nature's daily food.' 'But there are two drawbacks to the property,' sighed out this Hafiz of the Mart—'the litter of the rose-leaves, and the noise of the nightingales.'

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* *Curiosities of Civilisation*. Reprinted from the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*. By Andrew Wynter, M.D. Hardwicke, London.

After laying before us a selection of the strangest advertisements he can pick out of the *Times* newspaper, and maliciously disclosing the ciphers under which young people are sometimes accustomed to make love in that romantic organ, Dr Wynter startles us with the sums *per annum* spent by certain adventurous dealers, in advertising. 'Professor' Holloway (whose modest self-commendations we remember to have lately met with even in an obscure Spanish paper) spends no less than L.30,000; Moses and Son, L.10,000; Rowland and Son (Macassar oil, &c.), L.10,000; Dr De Jongh (cod-liver oil), L.10,000; Heal and Sons (bedstead and bedding), L.6000; and Nicholls (tailor), L.4500.

Next to the essay to which we have been referring, that upon the supply of food for London is perhaps the most interesting. The article of greatest importance (next to strawberries) which is produced by the market-gardeners is pease. The dealers, in order to consult the convenience of hotel-keepers, and such as require a large supply for the table, keep them ready for the sauce-pan. There is no wonder that at mid-day, in Covent Garden, we see that army of amazons engaged in shelling pease, when we read that *one* salesman often employs four hundred at this occupation. 'The major part of these auxiliaries belong to the poor-houses around; they obtain permission to go out for this purpose; and the shilling or eighteen pence a day earned by some of the more expert, is gladly exchanged for the monotonous rations of the parish. In the autumn, again, there will be a row of poor creatures, extending along the whole north side of the square, shelling walnuts, each person having two baskets, one for the nuts, another for the shells, which are bought by the catsup-makers. The poor flock from all parts of the town directly a job of the kind is to be had. If a fog happens in November, thousands of link-boys and men spring up with ready-made torches; if a frost occurs, hundreds of men are to be found on the Serpentine and other park waters, to sweep the ice or to put on your skates: there are, in the busy part of the town, half-a-dozen fellows ready of a wet day to rush simultaneously to call a cab "for your honour;" and every crossing when it grows muddy almost instantly has its man and broom. A sad comment this upon the large floating population of starving labour always to be found in the streets of London.' Of foreign pine-apples, nearly 300,000 are consigned to one London house, and a fleet of clippers is appropriated solely to the carriage of this single fruit. Water-cresses do not grow necessarily in 'purling brooks,' it seems. The extensive Camden Town beds are planted in an old brick-field, watered by the Fleet Ditch, and owe their unusually luxuriant appearance to a certain admixture of the sewerage. Rhubarb, it appears, was introduced into London only some forty years since by Mr Miatt, who sent his sons to the Borough Market with five bunches of it, whereof they only sold three. He continued their cultivation, however, despite the universal sneers at his 'physic pies,' and hundreds of tons of it are now sold in Covent Garden yearly. Sometimes, although very rarely, London cannot eat quite all that comes to its table. 'As we gazed, on one occasion, upon the solid walls of baskets extending down the market, crowned with parapets of peach and nectarine boxes, we wondered in our own minds whether it would ever be all sold, and the wonder increased as wagon after wagon arrived, piled up as high as the second-floor windows of the piazza. Venturing to express this doubt to a lazy-looking man who was plaiting the strands of a whip, "Blessee, sir," he replied, without looking up from his work, "the main part on 'em will be at Brummagem by dinner-time." True enough, while we had been guessing and wondering, a nimble fellow had run to the telegraph and inquired of Birmingham and a few distant towns whether they were in want of certain fruits that morning. The answer being in the affirmative, the vans turned round, rattled off to the North-western station; and in another hour the superfluity of Covent Garden was rushing on its way to fill up the deficiency of the midland counties. Thus the wire and steam, both at home and abroad, cause the supply to respond instantly to the demand, however wide apart the two principles may be working.'

If some sensitive persons may have received a shock in learning the manner in which their water-cresses are grown, they will, on the other hand, be comforted to learn that the popular notion which ascribes the flavour of London porter to Thames water, is a vulgar error. 'Not even the Messrs Barclay, who are upon the stream, draw any of their supply from that source, but it is got entirely from wells, and those sunk so deep, that they and the Messrs Calvert, whose brewery is half a mile distant upon the opposite side of the river, find they are rivals for the same spring. When one brewery pumps, it drains the wells of the other, and the firms are obliged to obtain their water on alternate days.' Certainly, if any man ever deserved the thanks of his fellows for purveying knowledge pleasantly, and not in that indigestible mass of facts and figures with which we are so often treated, it is Dr Andrew Wynter. He understands exactly how to pick for us the plums out of the mince-pie, and may with justice be entitled the 'Little Jack Horner' of Information.

'VERY CHEAP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!'

'VERY cheap, sir, remarkably; best French silk hat, glossy as the raven's wing! The genuine article!'

I ventured to observe that it was, if anything, a little *too* glossy.

'All the beauty of it, sir; exquisite finish, delicate polish! We are making an enormous sacrifice, of course, in offering them at the price; but the fact is we are so determined to clear off the whole stock —enlargement of premises—extension of business. Where shall I send it, sir?'

'Why, I am not quite determined'——

'Oh, of course, certainly. *We* have no necessity to entreat custom; but it is scarcely usual, when a gentleman has looked over our whole stock, to'——

In short, I took out my purse, paid for the glossy best silk hat, and putting my travelling-cap into the crown, walked away under it. Certainly, it was very cheap.

'And if, sir,' said the bowing shopman, 'any little accident should happen, a damp cloth and a cool iron —new again, quite! *Much* obliged.'

I do not think any 'little accident' happened to my purchase; I was not aware of anything of the kind, but certainly the bloom of the peach was transitory and perishing. I examined it. I caused the experiment of the damp cloth and cool iron to be tried. Worse and worse. I shook my head at it, and under it; I consulted an obscure member of the hatting profession, who lived in a dull court through sundry back-streets, and he shook *his* head at it even more grimly. There was nothing to be done.

My hat had but one fault: it was bought in a moment of weakness at a ticketer's shop—a bargain! Of course, my case must be the exception, not the rule; if every one's first bargain turned out to be suffering so unmistakably from chronic weakness, and a general flabbiness of constitution, as mine did, I opine it would be, as mine assuredly will, the last as well as the first. But—'a bargain!' There is something so delightfully suggestive about the word, so beautifully undefined, and provocative of curiosity. 'Oh, let me see it. Where did you get it? What did you give? I do so dote on bargains!'

And if I presume to tell the 'doter' the story of a hat, I get snubbed, and told that 'it served me right for being so gullible.' There may be something in that, to judge from the marvellous fascination which seems to hang about the word; there *must* be something in it.

Look at the lady descending from her carriage with her friend, at the door of Swan and Edgar's; from her dress and the air there is about her, you would never suspect it, but she is an inveterate bargain-hunter. She goes with her friend to Swan and Edgar, and her brougham stands not unfrequently before Lewis and Allenby's, but she does her own private shopping in other quarters. She has a tact, too, in her management of these affairs, which you would not suspect from her *insouciant* remarks upon the costly silks amongst which her friend is lingering undecided. She likes to stumble upon an establishment recently opened; she will examine the articles produced by the anxious young proprietor with supreme indifference, and raise her eyebrows superciliously at the price indicated. Then she lifts her gold-rimmed eye-glass, and looks through it all round, as though she were in a state of bewilderment at finding herself in such a place. She 'doesn't remember a mercer's house in this locality.' And then the proprietor says nervously, that it is only very lately established; to which she replies, 'Indeed!' with a significant, 'And the price of this embroidered robe is actually'——

O infatuated young tradesman! O blindworm! He fancies this noble lady may perhaps give him her custom, so he sells the embroidered robe, and after that another valuable article, and another—for she is not satisfied with a moderate spoil—at or even under cost price, for the sake of securing her patronage; and a little later in the day she is to be seen exhibiting her bargains, and triumphing over them.

'I shall be ruined pretty shortly, at that rate,' says the young fellow, with a bluish look about the lips. But my lady did not hear that, nor perhaps would it have much distressed her if she had.

There is another side of the bargain-question to be looked at.

I should like you to come with me, my lady, and just glance into a place which I shall point out to you. Ay, gather up the nineteen flounces, and take out the essence-bottle; you will need it, I promise you. Take care also of these monstrous circular deformities which rub so unyieldingly upon the legs of unfortunate foot-passengers. Put down your veil—not that it is of much use, a poor flimsy thing—keep the *vinaigrette* to your nostrils, and do not put up the eye-glass, for you will see only too well without it.

I imagine you behind me in this horrible neighbourhood—you, fresh from scented Belgravia—in this horrible atmosphere of all uncleanness, where the stolid children crouch on dirt-heaps, poking after some impurity which was edible once, and cramming it in their mouths, dismally. *These*, children? You think of the rosy little lips and the prattle, the fresh bright eyes and downy cheeks; of the dainty little robes, the pretty kid-shoes you love to hear pattering about you—*these*, children!—keep up the vinaigrette. Blood trickles from under the doors of slaughter-houses, scenting the air; the reeking odours of the gin-palace mingle with it, and meet your shuddering sense; and the very black-browed houses are rotting down in filth to their decay. Look at the drabbled women who enter those doors, and come out minus a garment, but with fiery breath and soddened face, out of which the lacklustre eyes stare at you with a dull wonder: look at the very babies all muddled with gin, which the mothers pour down their throats to 'comfort them,' from their squalling weazened birth (I was going to say 'cradle!'): think of the miasmata flying off from the combined heaps of stale vegetables, putrefying fish, flesh both stale and freshly killed! What marvel that disease should brood darkly over the festering alley?

But what has all this to do with bargains, you ask? Patience, madam. I have lingered unwarrantably amongst the horrors of the *locale* we are in. This is the place I meant you to peep into—the house opposite the gin-palace. It is not a pleasant house by any means; there is nothing inviting about its aspect; and you perceive, on entering, that the staircase forms a common sewer for the different sets of lodgers. Look into this room—large enough, certainly, but low, ill-ventilated, desolate, and miserable beyond description. Four families in this one room—thirty human beings sweltering here together. You hear the incessant click of the needle, varied by an occasional cough, and a dull moaning cry from some one stretched on the floor; you sicken in the foul air of the place. Some of these creatures have clothes, some rags; some have had food to-day, some have not; but they are all hungry.

Look at them—feel their arms, and wonder. Are they flesh and blood, or old bones covered with a dry, unhealthy skin?

'O Lord,' cries out one of these girls, 'he says people won't give the price! He lets them have 'em bargains, and he must lower my pay. Lower it!'

Oh, think what a girlhood this is!

Ay, you may well gasp at the pestiferous atmosphere; but think what it is to live in it, to slave in it, to hunger, and stitch, and die in it!

Mind, I am not saying that all this is your fault, my lady, or even that it is remediable, but I do say that every time you squabble and chaffer for bargains, you lay a finger heavily on the weight, which is great enough already for the backs that bear it; and I think if you—representing that one half of the world which is at its ease and luxurious, whose great complaint is that it has nothing to do—could know how the other half lives, you would find the excitement of bargain-hunting dearly purchased by its possible results.

To leave the sentimental—though, Heaven help them, it is no sentiment to the sufferers—here is another species of the same tribe, a lady rather lower in the social scale than you, madam, of the uncountable flounces. You may recognise her by the way in which she looks in at the shop-windows; she examines the tickets inquisitively; she is always on the *qui vive* for an opportunity. If it strikes her that something is cheap, she will buy it, even if it is perfectly useless to her. 'Such a bargain! Couldn't let that slip, you know.' So she wastes a lot of money by way of being economical.

She is not aristocratic in her tastes, nor particular about the style or locality of the shops she goes to; she will even snap greedily at a window all white-washed, and with a huge 'selling off' daubed on it; and she is in the constant habit of bantering the shopkeepers, only it is done in a less polite and elegant manner than yours, my lady.

'Of course we must bargain,' you say. 'Other people do it, and we must.'

Dear ladies, if that is to be a rule, you may as well get intoxicated. Other people do it.

But besides the evil consequences of hurried and ill-paid work-people, do you believe in bargains?

I don't a bit. There are exceptions, of course; but in a general way you will be better treated, and quite as economically, if you are satisfied to pay a fair price for your articles, and get them because they are necessary, not because they are bargains.

I have no intention of advocating cheating and trickery, but I confess that when I see casually a little fluttering exhibition of drapery, and hear a 'Got it so cheap,' and then a whisper; knowing what the whisper is, I wish devoutly—I can't help it—that the bargain, whatever it is, may turn out like my 'glossy, highly polished, genuine best silk hat.'

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

The events which form the subject of the following sketch occurred during a sojourn of three months with a surveying-party in one of the wildest districts of Canada. We were occupied in tracing the course of a hitherto unexplored river, which unfolded to us a succession of scenic effects, such as would have delighted an artist and poet, and which they only could describe.

It would be difficult to convey to the reader who has not bivouacked out in the woods, the luxury of those evenings around the camp-fire.

After a deal of story-telling, we all turned in for the night—that is, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and fell asleep with our feet towards the fire.

The stories told upon the evening I have in my mind, had all been about wolves, some of which rapacious creatures were said to be then in our neighbourhood. Owing, perhaps, to my imagination having been excited by these tales, I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that wolves were pursuing me; I knew they were gaining on me: I could hear their howls growing more and more distinct. There is a point of agony at which all dreams must have an end—I awoke with a terrible start, and found myself bathed in a cold sweat, and a prey to a sense of terror for which I could not account. Instead of the cheerful blaze which I had seen ere I fell asleep, all was now cold and dark. The fire had sunk to a heap of red embers. I could not distinguish one of my sleeping companions. Good Heavens! can I be still slumbering? There, again, is the long low wailing howl which I heard so distinctly in my dream.

I sit up erect, and listen. What is that sound? a rustling among the brushwood—some of the party stirring? No. All are silent as the grave. I am the only one awake in the camp. Once again! Surely I am mistaken. I thought the fire was nearer to me, just in front; and so it is. What, then, can be those two glimmering lights a few yards off? Now they are moving! I awake the nearest sleeper—an American named Silas Wood. The man starts to his feet, rubs his eyes. 'What is it?' 'Look there, Silas.' He looks, and as quick as lightning, seizes a burning fagot, and hurls it with all his force and an unerring aim. The gleaming lights disappear with a rustle of the brushwood—a sharp short bark close at hand, and then in a minute or two, the long low wail in the distance is heard.

Silas then stirred and raked the burning embers, and throwing on an immense heap of dry brush, in a second the Egyptian darkness is dispelled by a bright flame which leaps up six feet into the air, and brings the sleeping figures and the nearest trees into full relief.

'Silas, what does it all mean?' I asked.

'It means, squire,' replied the American, speaking with his usual deliberate drawl—'*wolves!*'

'Wolves!' I re-echoed. 'Then these two gleaming lights that I took for glowworms, were' ——

'A wolf's eyes, squire; and I guess his friends warn't fur off, awaitin' kinder anxious to hear tell of their scout. Hark! if the darned things ain't a groanin' and lamentin' over their disappintment, as sure as my name's Silas Wood.'

Once more the long low howl, inexpressibly sad and fearful, was heard at a greater distance. Now that I knew what it implied, it made the blood curdle in my veins.

'I shall never forget a wolf's howl,' I exclaimed; 'I heard that accursed sound in my dream as plainly as I hear it now. But are we not in danger?' and I began mechanically to pile up more wood on the blazing fire.

'No fears now, squire,' replied the Yankee coolly; 'the cowardly critters daren't come anigh a fire like that. Besides, I reckon the feller I scared so with that 'ere burning chip, has told 'em it's no go by this time. They're as cunning as humans, is them critters. Ay, be off, and a good riddance to ye, ye howling varmints!' he added, as the low wail was once more heard dying away in the distance.

Notwithstanding the assurance that the wolves were retreating, I took great pleasure in seeing the fire blazing up brightly, for I knew that in that consisted our protection. 'I suppose we have had a narrow escape?' I said to my companion, who, besides myself, was the only one awake in the camp.

'I reckon I've seen a narrower, then,' replied he. 'Why that 'ere skulkin' scout daren't have give warning to the rest of the pack as long as a single red ember remained. The critters is dreedful afeared of fire.'

'Well,' I rejoined, 'I am not at all sorry I awoke when I did. But as we're the only two awake, suppose you tell me this narrow escape you allude to—that is, if you don't feel sleepy.'

'Me, squire? I ain't sleepy, not a mossel. I couldn't sleep a wink, if I tried. I feel too kinder happy like to have cotched that darned sneakin' scout sich a lick;' and the Yankee laughed, quite tickled at the recollection. 'I guess he had it right slick atween the eyes. I knowed he felt it by the bark he gave. Well, squire, it'll give me considerable satisfaction to narrate to you my adventure with the tarnal critters. I guess, squire, it be a matter of ten year agone that Deacon Nathan had a raisin' away down to Stockville, in Varmount, where I was reared.'

'What is a raising?' I asked.

'Well, I guess it's a buildin' bee,' rejoined the Yankee.

'And, pray, what is a building bee?' I inquired, 'for I am as wise as I was before.'

'You see, squire, when you wants to get anything done up right away in a hurry all to oncet like, whether it's flax-beatin', or apple-parin', or corn-huskin', and the neighbours all round come and help work, that's a bee; and a buildin' bee, or a raisin', is when they want to sot up the frame of a house or a barn.'

'Oh, that's a building bee: now I understand.'

'Well, I guess it were pretty big barn that Deacon Nathan was agoin' to raise, and so we had a considerable sight of boys, and a regular spree; and when it came to draw towards night, the deacon he says to me: "Silas," says he, "I don't kinder feel easy leavin' this here barn unprotected during the dark watches of the night. The heart of man is desperately wicked, and there's some loafers in the village, and there's no end to boards and shingles lying about; and so, Silas, what'll you take to stop here all night?"

"Deacon," says I, "what'll you give?"

'Well, you see the deacon was everlastin' close where money was concerned; so he puts on a long face, and screwed his lips together, and he says very slow: "Would a dollar, Silas, be about" ——

"Deacon," says I, "'tain't worth my while to stop for that; but if you like to make it four, I don't mind if I do."

"Silas Wood," says the deacon, "ain't you unreasonable? How can I rob my family to that extent?"

'You see the deacon was a remarkable pious man, and whenever he sold the men sperrits, or shoes, or flannel, or other notions out of his store, for about three times their vally, and stopped it out of their wages, he always talked about his duty to his family. Well, we chaffered and chaffered for a considerable spell, and at last we concluded to strike a bargain for two dollars and a pint of rum. The boys was a pretty well a'most cleared out, when Dave Shunyser comes to me and says: "Silas," says he, "be it true you're agoin' to stop here all night?"

"I reckon I ain't agoin' to do nothin' else," I says.

"Take a fool's advice," says Dave, "and do nothin' of the sort."

"What for?" says I.

"'Cause," says he, "there 's several refused; and the deacon knowed you to be a kinder desperate chap, or he wouldn't have axed you."

"Why, man alive," says I, "whar's the danger to come from?"

"Why," says Dave, "ain't you aheerd there 's been wolves seen in the neighbourhood? Didn't the deacon tell you as how he lost two sheep only the night afore last? You darsn't make a fire, cause of the shavings; and the barn ain't boarded up."

"Dave," says I, "don't you think to pull the wool over my eyes that fashun, and then have it to say you circumvented Silas Wood. I reckon I can read you as easy as a book. You'd like to arn them two dollars yourself. Well, now, I'll tell you what I 'll do with you. Two's company: if you like to stop with me, and help me to drink the deacon's rum, you 're welcome; and I don't care if I share the brass into the bargain."

'Says Dave: "I wouldn't stop a night in this here barn as it is, not for a five hundred dollar bill. Remember, Silas, I've warned you as a friend;" and away he went.

'Well, squire, I wan't goin' to let Dave scare me, 'cause I knowed he was sweet on a gal called Rini Parkins, that I were keepin' company with, and would have been considerable rejoiced to have it to tell how I had funked; and as I hadn't heerd tell of no wolves in them parts, I jest thought he said that by way of banter.

'Well, I made myself comfortable in the barn. It was all boarded up on three sides, and partly on the fourth; only there was a gap left for the door, big enough to let in a wagon-load of hay. It wasn't cold, bein' a fine night in the Indian summer. So I kept a strollin' up and down, takin' a look out now and agin, to see if there was anybody lurkin' about with an eye to the boards and the shingles, but there warn't a soul stirrin' but myself. Every now and agin, I'd mix myself a little grog, till the rum was all gone, and then I began to feel most everlastin' sleepy; so I thought I'd jest lie down awhile on a big pile of shavings there was in one corner of the barn. Well, squire, I dropped off, as you may suppose; and I guess it were along of what Dave Shunyser said, I got to dreamin' about wolves, till at last, blame me if I didn't dream there was one in the barn huntin' about, jest like a dog, sniffin' here and there, till at last he came to the pile of shavings where I was.

'Well, squire, I can't call to mind how I woke exactly, but the fust thing I remember I was sittin' right up on the pile of shavings, tryin' to make out as well as I could in the dark if there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I could see clearly; but at last I heard a slight rustle, and thought I saw somethin' move. Thinks I, that's Dave Shunyser, or some of the boys, come back to frighten me. They shan't have it to crow over me. So I sings out: "Is that you, Dave?" There was no answer, but I heard a rustlin' and a patter jest like a dog's paws, and I could see the critter, whatever it was, crawlin' towards the gap in the boards. Then it stopped, and kinder turned its head, and I cotched sight of two twinklin' lights, and, thinks I, it's a stray dog; when the critter give a spring out of the barn, and sot up a howl. Squire, I shouldn't have ben scared with one wolf, *but that howl was answered from the woods, maybe a quarter of a mile off, by another, which I knowed could only have come from a pack of not less than fifty hungry devils.* Well, squire, I was awful scared, and that's a fact; but I guess if I'd a lost my presence of mind, it would ha' been all up with me in about five minutes. I knowed I hadn't a moment to lose, 'cause I heerd the howl comin' nearer and nearer; and the yelp yelp of the sentinel-wolf outside calling them to their prey! My first idea was to set fire to the shavings. I out with my flint and steel; but the spunk wouldn't light, and not one of the shavings would cotch. The howls kept comin' nigher and nigher. Then I began to think I was gone. There was an axe in the barn, but what could I do agin fifty wolves? and in the dark, where they couldn't see my eyes to daunt them.

'I clenched it, however, and determined to sell my life dearly, when all to oncet, jest when I'd given up all hope, I feel something touch agin my head—it was a rope as had ben made fast to one of the rafters. I guess, squire, if that 'ere rope had ben a foot shorter, I'd not a ben here now tellin' this story! The way I went up that rope, hand over hand, was a caution. And I'd barely swung myself on to the rafter, and begun lashin' myself to the beam with the rope, when—squire, it makes my blood run cold only to tell of it—the barn was alive with wolves, yelpin', leapin', and fallin' over each other. I could hear them routin' among the shavings; and in a minute they had all spread over the barn-floor. Then they began to nuzzle in the earth and scratch up the mould with their paws.

'At last one of 'em scented me, and told the others with a yelp. Then of all the yells I ever heard! —squire, I most swooned away; and if I hadn't lashed myself to the rafter, I'd ha' fell right down among 'em. Oh, such a yell I never heerd afore, and hope I'll never hear agin! Though I knowed they couldn't get at me, it was dreedful to be there alone in the dead of the night, with a pack of hungry wolves lickin' their slaverin' jaws, and thirstin' for my blood. They ran round and round the barn, and leaped on to each other's backs, and sprang in to the air; but it was no use; and at last I began to get kinder easy, and I looked down on the howlin' varmints, and bantered them. Squire, you'd ha' thought they understood a feller. Every time I hollered and shook my fist at them, they yelled and jumped, louder than ever. For all this, I warn't sorry when it begun to grow a little lighter; and about an hour before dawn they begin to see it was no use; so they give me one long, loud farewell howl afore they went. But, squire, the most cur'ous part of the story has got to come. Some time afore they went, it had growed so light, I could see 'em quite plain; and an ugly set of devils they was, and no mistake. Well, I noticed one wolf separate himself from the pack, and trying to slink away. He had his tail atween his legs, jest like a dog when he's beaten, and had a cowed look, as if he were ashamed and afeared like. All at oncet, he made a spring out of the barn, but the rest of the pack was after him like lightnin'.

'Squire,' concluded the Yankee, laying his hand impressively on my sleeve, 'you may believe it or not, jest as you please; but beyond some hide and bones, they didn't leave a piece of that 'ere wolf as big as my hand. He was the scout as give the signal to the others, and they devoured him out of hunger and revenge, 'cause they couldn't get me!'

INSCRIPTION FOR A SPRING.

WHOE'ER thou art that stay'st to quaff
  The streams that here from caverns dim
Arise to fill thy cup, and laugh
  In sparkling beads about the brim,
In all thy thoughts and words as pure
  As these sweet waters mayst thou be,
To all thy friends as firm and sure,
  As prompt in all thy charity.

C.

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BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

THE grim old wheel of torture runs no longer; that ill-omened engine is out of gear now and for ever; and the crowding spectators gaze no more with pitiless, curious eyes, as the huge wheel turns, and the iron crow-bars rise and fall, smashing bone and flesh, and muscle and sinew, and all of humanity that cruelty had power over, into a mass of crimson pulp. Heaven be praised, that gory blot is wiped away from the codes of civilised Europe, for good and all! Even the crowned tormentor who last wore the sullied diadem of Naples, seems to have left the wheel out of his frightful list of secret barbarities. In Britain, the *roue*, that ugly invention of the middle ages, so fertile in new punishments, never seems to have disgraced the soil; but there are old folks still amongst us who were living when the hideous instrument was last used in Paris, and who were verging on middle age before Germany gave up the grisly plaything. Once, it was a panacea for the cure of all audacious crime. Murder, sacrilege, highway robbery, espial of state secrets, the theft of a few pennyworths of the property of mother-church—these, and many another offence, black, or white, or party-coloured, according to the mood of the judges, brought the wheel into action. It did not always spare men of high birth, allied to sovereign families, as witness the Count de Horn. Wisdom and talent, and great services could not avert it, as in the case of Perez, prime-minister of Spain. It was not prone to spare youth, or innocence, or untaught ignorance that was below the instinct brutes possess. And it was a joyous holiday for the demoralised people, when Monsieur of Paris, or Monsieur of Ratisbon, or Monsieur of Cologne or Madrid, had arranged the scaffold of dull red planks, and bound the victim, neck and heels, to the fell engine, and stood by in his scarlet cap and serge dress, crow-bar in hand, and his muscular arms bared, ready to strike the first crushing stroke, as the heavy wheel ran round.

All that is over now. Crime is lessened; the ghastly scarecrows, the dreadful sights of suffering, by which our ancestors tried to tame the stubborn nature of mankind, are given up as worse than useless; and Society is none the less secure because the hearts of judge and jailer, and honest folks, and offenders, too, maybe, are softer than they were in the dark days that are gone. Why, then, have I resuscitated that dead and buried Palladium of ante-revolutionary Europe? Why dragged that ugly phantom out of the darkness of oblivion? It is because certain potentates, whose dominions lie in the fair and frequented Rhineland, adhere to ancient practice, and have revived the old institution, the old wheel, in a new form, and one more adapted to the refined age we live in. It is true that the multitudes who gather to witness the executions are not brutalised or shocked by horrid spectacles, by fearful sights and lacerations, by groans and dying agonies. No; the tyrants are wiser; their hecatombs of captives are crowned with flowers, seated at gay banquets, and immolated to soft music.

The victims, too, are not the grossly ignorant, the starving, the wretch nursed in vicious ways, and who never learned to look on Law except as a scourge prepared for him, and a trap to catch him; they are self-sentenced, self-selected; they come smiling to where Juggernaut sits leering in his flower-adorned car, and throw themselves under the gigantic gilt wheels, from which all previous stains have been carefully removed by the officiating Brahmins. Cranch! go their silly bones, and the car rolls on, and the priests whisk away the betraying spots with their cambric kerchiefs, and apply a layer of fresh gold-leaf, and Juggernaut still leers with the old wooden smile, and see! how the victims troop merrily to the sacrifice. These Rhineland princes that I speak of, these revivers of the wheel in a new and improved form, warranted to break hearts, bruise spirits, and utterly destroy prospects, character, and fair fame, without damage to externals or violation of the proprieties of life, are just as cruel as their predecessors the French provincial parliaments, the judges of Paris, Hamburg, Geneva, the grafs and bishops of Westphalia. Nay, they are more cruel, for what the old society of Europe inflicted out of rank cowardice, out of bull-headed blundering, out of that want of sympathy that makes children torture an insect or maltreat an animal, these modern rulers perpetrate for profit's sake. It is all done for so much per cent.—a very handsome percentage, I grant! One of these potentates is called Prince Benazet, and he reigns over the beautiful vale of Baden-Baden; another, still more renowned, is Prince Blanc, Lord of Homburg on the Mounts, and to *his* wheel resort more culprits than to any other. There are minor wheels at Ems, at Kissingen, at Wiesbaden, at Spa, and elsewhere. At Aix-les-Bains in Savoy, at Aix-la-Chapelle in Prussia, at Lucca, and at Paris, similar princes, now dethroned, held a lucrative, if ignoble sway. Lastly, the pettiest of all petty sovereigns, he of Monaco, has consented to share the rocky garden he calls his dominions, down by the violet Mediterranean, with a princeling of the same description. But the genuine successors of the old robbers of the Rhine are their Highnesses Benazet and Blanc, knights of the Order of the Fleece, and commanders of the fraternity of Mammon.

These magnates, ruthless rulers both, and equally renowned for breaking men, body and soul, on their wheels of torture, are yet rivals of each other. If one of them accomplishes some ghastly execution, the other will strive to eclipse it. These two run a race of mischief over a course paved with gold and strewed with the bones of victims.

Prince Benazet has the fairest domains; his sceptre extends over the sweetest valley that Rhineland boasts, for Baden is the Paradise of Germany, and the capital of this modern despot is pitched in the midst of an amphitheatre of encircling hills, clothed from base to summit with rustling oaks, black pines, green birches, and great elms and sycamores, whose boughs murmur afar off in summer with a pleasant rippling sound, as of running water. Heavy and rich woodlands lie below, almost cumbering the vale with the teeming abundance of gnarled stems and massive foliage; the stream that wanders past, tinkling over the pebbly bed, is spanned by pretty bridges, urged over pretty cascades, trained to wander through still prettier gardens, treasured up and made the most of, for purposes of pure ornament. No sordid usefulness, no politico-economic drudgery, is demanded of that stream that flows from Lichtenthal to Baden and the Oos. The gentle slave has no mills to turn, no toil to undertake, and needs but to serpentine gracefully among deep woods, and blooming flowers, and white paths made for the tread of laughing children and fair women, and to bear milk-white swans upon its limpid surface. It is a show-stream. The forest is a show-forest. The mountains, even, have been pressed into service, and are show-mountains. There is something theatrical in their sharp volcanic cones, and bold peaks, and exuberantly timbered sides. Then see! how tastefully the hill-tops are crowned, here by a temple of Apollo, there by a gray Gothic *Schloss*, an old, old wreck of the feudal times, when castles were, and clubs were not. The emerald meadows, so bestarred with the silver and gold of daisies and butter-cups, are show-meadows—the browsing kine are the handsomest of their sort; the rustic villages have quite a stage-effect in their wondrous trimness of porch, and gable, and garden; their matrons and white-bearded patriarchs seem furnished from the property-room; their maidens to be stage *Rosières* in impossible bodices and tight shoes; and their pet goats to be the highly trained pupils of some Howes and Cushing. The same remark applies to the roads and paths laid out through the umbrageous forests, shaded from the sun by the interlacing boughs. They are too smooth, and broad, and white, too carefully shaded and screened, for common use; every pebble seems selected, the sand smooth enough for the feet of Amphitrite, the trees thinned away judiciously at intervals to give a framework to some point of view; here a Swiss cottage, there a rural shrine of the Madonna, before which, when the Angelus or Vesper sounds, peasants clad in operatic attire kneel and pray, with bowed heads and shaded eyes. The little town itself might almost be the product of a stage-carpenter's industry, with its pavilions, more or less sumptuous, where strangers are lodged; its gay booths, rather stalls than shops, glittering with trinkets, gaudy wares, and general finery; its fountains and groves; its gardens and tinselly palaces, where the marble and stone look like cunning imitations in paint and canvas; nay, the hoary castle on the hill that rises above the roofs, looks beautifully unreal—a clever exemplification of Mr Brush's talent for scene-painting.

But this toy-town is filled, for some three months of summer, with real *bonâ-fide* men and women from the great flesh-and-blood world, the working, full-sized, downright world, that lies beyond the fairy realms of this Prince Benazet, where everything seems to be for ornament, and industry has no place. And here we are at Benazet's palace—a long low building, of little architectural beauty, and we feel a little disappointed at first. Benazet has not shewn as much gorgeous taste in his dwelling as some of his brother-princelings. Blanc, who rules at Homburg on the Mounts, has built him a palatial residence, splendid to look upon, quite a Golden House of Nero in its way; and has forced the rugged hill it stands on to bloom into acres upon acres of parterre, and terraced shrubbery, and velvet lawn. The potentate who governs Wiesbaden, turn and turn about with His Transparency of Nassau, has a sumptuous abode also, with gardens worthy a king's dwelling-place, and a pretty lake which stretches past the palace, with its snowy swans, and fat golden carp, ever on the watch for eleemosynary biscuit, and colonnades beneath whose majestic shadow the jewellers and dealers in gimcracks exhibit their temptations, and wonderful beds of many-coloured flowers, from amid which, out of masses of blossoms, and green moss, and rock-work, and marble statuary, spout fantastic fountains, that fling their liberal spray over moss and marble, and shine like liquid rainbows in the westering sun. Yet Prince Benazet of Baden has a pretty palace too, and fair gardens, and the forest sets off the one and the other by the dark green of its massy framework. Then, too, what charming avenues of perfumed lime-trees stretch in front of the prince's residence; and under these trees saunter, or lounge, or stand, great crowds of the gayest, and the richest, and the idlest, and most noble, as well as of the worst, and wickedest, most desperate and needy, of the dwellers in European cities. There they are, peer and prince, and adventurer, and high-born dame, and actress of the *Variétés*, and warrior, and *chevalier d'industrie*, all gathered by the same mighty magnet, all candidates for a place at the Baden torture-wheel. A superb band is playing the sweetest music of Italy with all the correctness of taste and tune that Germany can boast. No niggard is Benazet to his motley guests. He culls talent far and near, he spares no cost to make up his admirable orchestra, and his victims are at anyrate soothed by the most dulcet strains of Mendelssohn and Rossini. One day, the Austrian military band from the fort of Rastadt supplies the liberal modicum of harmony; the next, the ears of the company are tickled by the musicians of the Guards from Carlsruhe; and then comes the turn of the prince's own band, veterans of the orchestra, combined with panting, wild-eyed, long-haired young enthusiasts, who blow their very hearts and souls through the resounding brass. Certainly, if Benazet, like the giant Blunderbore, grinds the bones of Englishmen, and others, to make his bread, his bone-mill grinds to very soft, sweet, spirit-stirring music! We may cast a lingering glance, if we please, at the broad promenade, dazzling white, and heavily shaded by the linden, where the gallant company sweep up and down, displaying their bravery, like a peacock its plumaged train. There is much there worthy of note, certainly; for are not the *lions* of Paris there, with lackered boots and cambric shirts, and a general gloss and sparkle about them that makes the despair of Young Germany yonder, with his yellow beard, and flowing locks, and dreamy blue eyes, and absurdly puckered coat? And are not the *lionnes* of Paris there as well—those astonishing ladies who can smoke cigars, ride or drive high-mettled horses, talk slang, and write novels too, as well as any given Frenchman; and yet who are able to dress with a richness of good taste, innate in them, which rivals the Russian archduchess yonder, and puts all those New York belles to their mettle? There are, too, not a few high-born English, calm and disdainful of the foreigner, as usual; and nobles from Spain and Vienna, who in their hearts consider the above-mentioned English as mushrooms, and the French as insolent upstarts, and the Russians as washed Tartars, and the Yankees as *peaux rouges*, and no rank or condition as genuine except their own.

Let us enter the palace. From its cool marbled hall, we can enter many apartments. Here is the little ballroom, called the Ballroom of Flowers, from its brightly painted roof; here the grand ballroom, looking shadowy and vast in the dim light, now the shutters are closed. Here is the *restaurant*, inferior to that which Prince Blanc provides at Homburg, but not despicable. In this room, as you see, at half-a-dozen tables, are chess-players busy with their ivory warriors. They are always to be found in such palaces; theirs is a cheap diversion, but it engrosses their thoughts until they forget *where* they are playing. It is curious to see them, absorbed, thoughtful, over their combinations and mimic warfare, unconscious of the real hurly-burly, the real battle-royal, in the gambling-rooms so near them. Prince Benazet encourages them—these harmless chess-players, these philosophers who ponder, like Archimedes, in the roar of sack and siege. He gives them tables, ivory-men, wax-lights. They act as an involuntary advertisement, and inspire a sort of confidence. True, they bring no grist to the mill, but there is a respectability in their very calmness.

Now we approach the Chamber of Horrors—not waxen, Baker-Street horrors—but flesh-and-blood horrors; now we go where real hearts throb, genuine nerves quiver, bosoms ossify, honour turns to shame, and hope to despair—the torture-chamber. Do you hear no groans? no sounds of wailing and pain? Ah! that is because fashion forbids complaint. The sufferers wince inwardly, but are cool and smiling as Indians at the stake. We enter. A fine room—large, lofty, decorated, full of well-dressed folks. That is the dread instrument there, in the middle, affixed to the long table covered with green cloth. There is the wheel of torture, spinning, almost noiseless, on its delicate pivot, crushing its prey daintily. We push on till we get a place among the bystanders who surround the dread instrument, and behold the executioners and the culprits, seated in double row.

In another room, Prince Benazet is wringing the heart-drops of another set of captives, by a different punishment, called *rouge et noir*, artfully inflicted by pieces of painted pasteboard. But this is a graver game, slow, decorous, and without the exciting variety of the roulette wheel we have come to see. Behold! the green board is parcelled out into numbered squares, and has compartments decorated with a lozenge of black, and a lozenge of red, and others inscribed with gilt letters, 'odd' and 'even,' 'high' and 'low,' and so on. In the middle is the wheel, of polished rose-wood, with its eight-and-thirty numbered niches, black or red, and the gallery where the ivory ball runs round, while the wheel spins below, till at last, snap! down goes the ball, and settles in a niche, and decides the question of gain or loss for that turn. Then the executioners, called politely Croupiers, stretch out their adroit wooden rakes, claw up the bank's winnings, toss over, piece by piece, the coin due to those who have been successful; and with a dexterous hand the operator sets the ball flying one way, the wheel twirling the other, and the game goes on. There is little speech. The executioners, always, dingy dark-browed men, in black, like ravens, sitting two and two on either side the wheel, with gold, silver, notes, and rakes, in a heap before them, have a formula that they croak out in their monotonous voices: 'Faites votre jeu, Messieurs!' The ball twirls, the wheel spins. Gold, and silver, and notes are sown all over the board by the eager hands of those who hope for a precious harvest. The ball totters in its gallery. 'Nothing more!' cries the croupier, breathless. Down comes the ball. 'Red wins, colour loses, even, and high, 30,' croaks the bird of ill omen. Claw, claw go the rakes, sweeping up all lost stakes. Pat, pat goes the money tossed to the winners.

Then on goes the game, like the scythe of Time itself. There are players of all degrees—men of high rank, branded rogues, merchants and bankers whose very word is worth much gold; knaves who, if they lose the *coup*, must rob or starve; virtuous British matrons; titled dames from Paris, St Petersburg, Madrid; actresses, whose salaries had need to be handsome, considering the costliness of their lace and jewels; gallant soldiers, whose breasts are galaxies of decoration, and sham ditto still more gorgeous; self-dubbed counts, mock marchionesses, real and fictitious nobility, wealth, beauty, virtue, all equal for the moment. There are plenty of stalwart young Britons, with the neatest hair and whiskers, the best fitting garments, and the most dazzling watch-chains of any there. Clean of person and linen, honest of mien, manly of make, they are quite refreshing oases in the midst of yonder mob of greasy Poles, dusk Spaniards, and flashily attired Jews, who are elbowing them.

At the end of the table sits a jovial portly gentleman, with a flowing auburn beard and a leonine face, who plays high, and whom the croupiers treat with marked respect—His Royal Highness the Prince of Ischia, a Neapolitan Bourbon. His Royal Highness is as well known as most scions of kingly houses, and has been out at elbows these many years. London, Paris, and the gambling-houses of each especially, know him well. He lives on such part of his confiscated patrimony as his royal brother allows him (or did allow him) when in good-humour; he spends half his time and most of his coin at such palaces as Benazet's; he lives royally, and is sold up about twice a year; and I dare wager there is a bailiff or two among the liveried *valetaille*, who will wait on His Royal Highness at dinner this day. Yet he is popular, and none the less because he incurred disgrace at home for marrying an English lady—Miss Hecuba Brown—the Princess of Ischia, for whom His Royal Highness went to the trouble of compiling and publishing a family-tree, tracing the Browns from Leo the Isaurian, Julian the Apostate, Charles the Fat of France, and other dignitaries. Next to the prince are an old Englishwoman and her young daughter, just eighteen. The mother is a character; she has a passion for play, and a small income; throughout the season, you see her, in the same chair, for ten hours a day, I believe, her patient offspring beside her, playing with single florins, value two shillings. She plays a peculiar game. Her raptures are purchased cheaply. Prudent and slow, she is too tough a customer for the dread wheel. She loses a little on Monday, wins a little on Tuesday. I have heard her say, that at the end of the season she is but a pound or two the richer or poorer. So she goes through the mill, and comes out whole, and the wonder is where her pleasure resides; but she is lame and corpulent, and likes play better than books. As for the daughter, *she* merits pity, as she sits idle, with a blank, pale, stupid face, waiting till her mother has finished. Next to this pair sit three men of the true gambling type, Greeks, Russians, Spaniards, it matters not which. Each has his card and pin, to note the runs of luck; each has his heaps of gold, his piles of silver, his book of bank-paper, and his infallible system of winning. These systems are called, technically, Martingales. They are based on calculations, sometimes very simple, sometimes awfully abstruse. Every true gambler makes his own, but they are to be bought, ready printed, at the libraries. They all end in ruin and beggary—mathematics and practice unite to prove that—but it is amazing with what faith each player hugs *his* martingale to his heart, and with what scorn he sneers at the dupes around, who fancy they, too, have the grand secret—they, the idiots! These martingales have one common feature—doubling when you lose, and then again, and so on.

It is in this way that Princes Benazet and Blanc suck the marrow of their victims. They chuckle over these puny spells to bind Fortune. It is out of martingales, infallible martingales, that the shareholders of the bank draw their 400 per cent. I once saw a young Cantab lose L.200 in five minutes by doubling, in the vain hope of getting back a lost five-franc piece. The losses begin to grow like the nails in the horse's shoes, in the Eastern tale; and the wheel makes from 90 to 120 turns per hour, crushing, grinding body and bones. I remember well, at Spa, a French prefect came to try his might against the wheel. He brought a confederate, also a well-stocked purse and a system. He won, day after day; he broke the bank, as the phrase goes, more than once. His luck seemed wondrous, or his system sound, for thousands after thousands of golden coins flocked into his pockets. I asked the prince who presided over the torture at Spa, whether he felt fearful of ultimate defeat. The old white-whiskered rogue smiled like an ogre. 'It will all come back,' he said. So it did, with interest. The Pactolus ebbed so fast, that the prefect had to sell carriage and horses to pay his inn bill, and sneaked back to his prefecture, a shorn sheep that came to fleece. So it is with almost all men. Of course, a few win, not decoys, but real punters. Prince Napoleon, for instance, Mr Baring at Paris, Lord Hertford, rich men, always, who can outbid the bank. The strangest thing is, that when a croupier has saved a little money, he often gets a holiday, goes off to another play-table, and loses every sixpence: and yet if any men should know the worst of play, it must be these, the executioners, who ply the greedy rake all day. See, while we talked, three infallible systems have broken down, three bubbles have burst. Those smooth-looking, hard-eyed men, have hardly a coin left. They vacate their chairs; others eagerly take them. Yet you hear no groans, no gnashing of teeth; you see no glaring eyeballs, none of the signs of despair novelists love to describe, are here in the Hall of Ruin. If a beggared gambler were to lament, and curse, and stamp, as they do in three-volume romances, those numerous footmen in blue and crimson would hustle him out in a moment. Fair and smoothly, is the rule. I recollect when a man shot himself at Wiesbaden, so close to the table that his blood and brains were spattered over board, and players, and over the accursed gold that had lured him. Ah! how quickly was the bleeding witness huddled away, the dark pool of gore wiped from the floor, the chairs pushed back, the play resumed! 'Faites votre jeu, Messieurs!' croaked the croupier, ere the body was well across the threshold. I could tell many a tale of those who have laid down life where they had lost means, and fame, and honour. But there is a grim sameness in the incidents. They shock few, except the English. The French can jest on them. One tale is worth a record. A Paris banker had sent his only son on a tour; the young man lost all he had at Baden, and was in debt besides. The prodigal wrote a full confession, promised to be steady in future, asked for means to leave the place. The father, merely to frighten him, sent a harsh refusal, writing by the same post to a Baden banker to pay his son's debts, supply him with funds, and send him on to Paris. But when the correspondent called at the hotel, it was just sixty minutes too late: the poor foolish lad had cut his throat an hour ago. Let the wheel spin! The music is giving an expiring flourish, and the promenaders are going home to dinner. At night, there will be a grand ball. The great saloons blaze with light, the waxed floor, slippery as glass, tempts the dancers; and jewels and laces, and silks, feathers, gay dresses, no lack of beauty, and rank, and wit, and mirth, and music, are there. There, too, are the white-coated Austrians from Rastadt, the best of waltzers, scanning the fair-haired daughters of Albion, as they select partners for the dance just beginning. It is the high noon of play, too, and people of all degrees, nations, and creeds, are gathered round the wheel, and round the rouge-et-noir tables. Floods of wealth run here and there, but the tide sets steadily for the coffers of the bank. The bank's victories are many. Yonder young Guardsman has lost a thousand Napoleons, Count Seckendorf twice as many, Mrs Higgs of Buckersbury has been mulcted of 8s. 4d. in English currency; and the last-named player seems to feel her losses the most bitterly. But why chronicle all the mishaps of yonder gay crowd, of fashion and pseudo-fashion, and folly and craft combined? The scene looks gay enough, in the heyday of the season, with fresh enjoyments, new pleasures, revels for every day. But think it over in the late autumn, when the crowd has flitted away, and the trees are bare, and the flowers withered, and the palace silent and dark, and the cold wind drives along the dead brown leaves, blighted like the hopes that were broken on Prince Benazet's torture-wheel.

AN ARCTIC WINTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

One of the most marvellous of all chapters in the history of maritime discovery, is that search for the North-west Passage which has been undertaken by numbers of intrepid navigators, generation after generation, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Victoria. We have a number of quaint narratives of early arctic voyages, but the most remarkable, spirited, and generally interesting, is the one which minutely yet graphically describes the daring voyage performed in a little vessel of seventy tons, by Captain Thomas James, in the years 1631, 1632. It is fine reading o' winter nights, when the north wind howls, and the deep sea roars, and the chimney rocks and rumbles; when the fire sparkles bright, and the kettle hisses cheerily on the hob, and the cat purs dreamily by the fresh-swept hearth! One's own sense of security and comfort then gives a special zest, perhaps, to the curious and exciting details of the dangers and sufferings of others.

'The Worshipful Company of Merchant Adventurers of the City of Bristol' being desirous of solving the problem of a north-west passage into the South Sea, especially because they understood that Charles I. had 'an earnest desire to be certified whether there were any passage or not,' undertook the expedition in question. They 'did fit and set forth a choice, well-conditioned, strong ship, called the *Henrietta Maria*, of the burden of seventy tons, victualled for eighteen months,' and Captain Thomas James was appointed commander. The choice both of ship and captain proved a good one, so far as the prodigious strength of the former, and the maritime skill, perseverance, and undaunted courage and endurance of the latter were concerned. We incidentally learn that Captain James had previously been in the arctic regions, and, as we shall find at the conclusion of his narrative, his heart was thoroughly in the enterprise, to aid in the success of which he brought practical experience and all the knowledge of the localities which he had gathered by painstaking research for years. We shall not offer any opinion concerning his judgment in prosecuting the search in the direction he did, as his own narrative amply shews that he was utterly wrong; but we must bear in mind how comparatively limited and imperfect geographical knowledge was in his time, and that only actual experience could set him right. In other respects—that is, as regards indomitable pluck and patient endurance—he has never been excelled by any succeeding explorer; and when we reflect how inadequately—according to our modern notions—he was supplied with the means of wintering, and how he and his handful of men returned home in their battered bark, we rise from a perusal of his voyage with profound respect and admiration.

There are some shrewd remarks in the old mariner's introductory passages. He says he was always of opinion—and the experience of our own times proves he was right—that the voyage he proposed could be best effected by a single ship, and that of small size. He resolved to take only twenty-two hands, all told—nineteen being 'choice able men, two younkers,' and himself. He would not have any married men. Another fact bears witness to his judgment. 'I was,' he observes, 'sought to by divers that had formerly been in places of the chiefest commands in this action [that is, in arctic explorations], and others also that had used the northern icy seas; but I utterly refused them all, and would by no means have any with me that had been in the like voyage or adventures'—his object, doubtless, being to avoid the evils of a divided command or authority on board.

On the 2d of May 1631, Captain James embarked, accompanied by the 'merchants adventurers,' who had fitted out the ship, and by the Rev. Mr Palmer, who preached an appropriate sermon to the crew. These visitors having taken their leave, the vessel sailed next day on her long and daring voyage, and on the 4th of June made the coast of Greenland, in very thick foul weather. By the 10th, they were abreast of Cape Desolation, and the compass had then 16 degrees of westerly variation. The ice was as high as the maintopmast-head, and 'the weather was for the most part a stinking fog, and the sea very black.' A week subsequently, the fog was 'of such a piercing nature, that it spoiled all our compasses, and made them so heavy that they would not traverse.' They drifted and struggled along for some time, and were nearly driven ashore more than once, and it 'snowed hard all day and night, and blew a storm at west, which drove in all the ice out of the sea upon us.' On the 21st, great floes of ice forced the vessel on a rock, and notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the crew, she heeled over till they could not stand on deck, so 'we all went to prayers upon a piece of ice, beseeching God to be merciful unto us.' Every instant they expected she would capsize, but the water unexpectedly flowed, and she righted, 'whereupon we all on our knees praised God for his mercy.' No sooner was one danger overcome than another presented itself in the shape of accumulated masses of ice, through which they broke their way by the 22d. 'This day,' says the gallant and pious narrator, 'I went ashore, and set up a great beacon with stones upon the highest part of the island, and putting a cross upon it, named it the Harbour of God's Providence.' The next day he found where the 'savages,' as he calls the Esquimaux, had encamped, who had 'made hearths, and left some firebrands about them, with some heads and bones of foxes, and some whale-bones.' From this time to 29th July, they experienced much the same fortune, battling almost daily with the ice, and already perceiving that it would not be possible to prosecute their intended discovery that year. As early as 5th July they were 'put on half allowance of bread on flesh-days.' The latter part of the month, the fog was again so thick that they could not see a pistol-shot ahead. On the 29th they were once more so imbedded in packs of ice, that although it blew a very hard gale, the vessel moved 'no more than if she had been in a dry dock.' The ice was all flat, and Captain James said he measured some pieces 1000 paces across. The entry in the worthy captain's journal that day is naïve and significant. 'This was the first day our men began to murmur, thinking it impossible to get either forwards or backwards. I comforted and encouraged them the best I could; and to put away these cogitations, we drank a health to his majesty on the ice, not one man in the ship, and she still under all sails. I must ingenuously confess that their murmuring was not without cause. And doubting that we should be frozen up in the sea, I ordered fire to be made but once a day, the better to prolong our fuel whatsoever should happen.' The foggy weather lasted till the 11th of August, when they saw open water to the north-west.

On the 12th, they were in latitude 58° 46′, and the next day, they struck on some rocks, a fresh gale blowing; but some heavy seas fairly lifted the vessel over; and although she had thrice struck very heavily, she made no water. Thereupon they anchored, and sent out their boat to reconnoitre, and find a better anchorage among the rocks and beaches. Sailing onward, or, in modern seamen's parlance, 'feeling their way,' on the 20th they saw a very low flat land, which the captain named The New Principality of South Wales, 'and,' says he, 'drank a health in the best liquor we had to Prince Charles, whom God preserve.' In the evening, they anchored in a short chopping sea, which caused the ship to labour exceedingly, so that at times her forecastle was buried. The first real calamity of the voyage now occurred, which the captain thus graphically relates:

'At nine at night, it was very dark, and blew hard. We perceived by the lead that the ship did drive, wherefore bringing the cable to capstan to heave in our cable—for we thought we had lost our anchor—the anchor hitched again, and upon the chopping of the sea, threw the men from the capstan. A small rope in the dark had gotten foul about the cable, and about the master's leg too, but with help of God he cleared himself, though not without sore bruising. The two mates were hurt, one in the head, the other in the arm. One of our lustiest men had such a blow on the breast with a [capstan] bar, that he lay sprawling for life; another had his head betwixt the cable, and hardly escaped; the rest were flung, and sore bruised. But our gunner, an honest, diligent man, had his leg caught between the cable and capstan, which wrung off his foot, and tore all the flesh from his leg, crushed the bone to pieces, and sorely bruised his whole body—in which miserable condition he remained crying, till we had recovered our memories and strengths to clear him. Whilst we were putting him and the rest down to the chirurgeon, the ship drove into shoal water, which put us all in fear; but it pleased God the anchor held again, and we rode it out all night. By midnight, the chirurgeon had taken off the gunner's leg at the gartering-place, and dressed the others that were hurt and bruised, *after which we comforted each other as well as we could.*'

August 'ended with snow and hail, and the weather as cold as at any time I have felt in England.' Onwards worked the stout-hearted mariners, sorely baffled by terrible winds and raging seas, which made clear breaches over the labouring bark, and wetted the bread in the store-room. No one 'slept a wink in thirty hours,' and the boatswain was very sick, and fainted two or three times, so that they 'verily thought he would presently have died.' On 11th September, the sick men were put ashore on an island to search for sorrel-grass, or any other herb; but in the evening, 'they returned comfortless.' The next day, the vessel struck on a rock 'out of mere carelessness' of the watch on deck, who did not keep a proper look-out nor heave the lead, and who might have seen the land 'if they had not been blinded with self-conceit, and been enviously opposite in opinions.' To get the craft off, they furled sails, and laid out an anchor to heave her astern, passing the cable through the stern cabin on to the capstan. To lighten the vessel, the captain caused all the water-casks in the hold to be staved, and the water pumped overboard, 'and,' says the poor captain, 'I did intend to do the like with our beer.' The coals were all thrown overboard, and the cables coiled in the long-boat, the ship beating so fearfully all the time that some of the sheathing floated past. On heaving at the capstan, the anchor broke, and another was carried out. Thinking the vessel had got her 'death's-wound,' they put arms and provisions in the boat, to be prepared for the expected emergency. For five hours, the vessel beat heavily, and at last got off in a very leaky state. Being among rocks and shoals, a course was shaped northward, and Captain James now resolved to pass through the straits into Hudson's Bay, 'and see,' said he, 'if I could discover a way into the rivers of Canada, and if I failed of that, then to winter on the mainland.' On the 14th, they lost their shallop, or long-boat, and had only one poor boat left, in a shattered condition. For days, it snowed and blew heavily, and on the 19th, they anchored under lee of an island, which they named the Earl of Bristol's Island. By this time, it was so cold that the rigging was frozen every night, and the snow half a foot thick on deck in a morning. On the 21st, they stood to the southward, and coasted along till 2d October, when they anchored near an island, which they named the Earl of Danby's Island, situated at the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay. They found that people had been on the island, and that it was well wooded. On the 6th, they moored the vessel nearer the shore, and prepared to winter. The real interest of the narration may be said to commence here. Our adventurers had not pitched on a place to winter one day too soon.

'The 7th, it snowed all day, and blew a storm withal; it froze so, that all the bows of the ship, with the beak-head, were all ice, and the cable was as big as a man's middle. The bows of the boat were frozen half a foot thick, so that we were fain to hew and beat it off. The sun shining very clear, we tore the topsails out of the tops, which were hard frozen in them, and let them hang a sunning all day, in a very lump, the sun not having power to thaw them. Seeing now the winter to come so extremely upon us, and fearing that we should not be able to go to and again with the boat, we rowed ashore with much difficulty, and filled the boat with wood, and sent the carpenter and others to cut wood, we having but little aboard. It was miserably cold already aboard the ship, everything freezing in the hold and by the fireside; and since we could now no longer make use of our sails, we began to fear that here we must stay and winter. . . . . . The sick men desired that some little house or hovel might be built ashore, whereby they might be sheltered, and recover their healths. I took the carpenter and another, and choosing out a place, they went immediately to work. In the meantime, I with some others wandered up and down in the wood to see if we could discover any signs of savages, so that we might the better provide for our safeties against them: we found no appearance that there were any on this island or near it. The snow by this time was half-leg high, and stalking through it, we returned comfortless to our companions, who had wrought hard upon our house. . . . . The 12th, we took our mainsail from the yard, and carried it ashore to cover our house, having first thawed it by a great fire. By night they had covered it, and had almost hedged it about, and the six builders desired to lie in it that night, which I granted, having first furnished them with muskets and other arms, and charging them to keep a good watch all night. They had also two greyhounds, which I had brought from England, to kill us some deer if we should see any.'

Three days later, a small deer was captured, and others were seen, and this encouraged another party to hunt for game on the 17th; but one of the number, the gunner's mate, crossed some weak ice, which gave way, and he disappeared for ever. This first fatal accident was gloomily felt by his surviving shipmates. The greater part of this month the wind blew hard, and snow fell with little cessation. Captain James, on the 1st of November, had a reckoning with his steward about the provisions, for they had now been out six months—one-third of the period for which they were victualled. They sent some beer ashore to the house, where it froze, and had to be thawed in a kettle. Near the house, they sunk a well, and got very good water, 'flattering themselves that it tasted like milk.' By the middle of the month, they were obliged to keep up a great fire night and day, and it snowed and froze excessively. The ship became so incrusted with ice as to resemble a small berg, and the captain spent long nights aboard, pondering and tormenting himself with thinking how the vessel could be saved. We now find a sad and striking entry. 'The 19th, our gunner, who, as you may remember, had his leg cut off, grew very weak, *desiring that for the little time he had to live, he might drink sack altogether*, which I ordered he should do. The 22d, in the morning, he died; an honest and a strong-hearted man. He had a close-boarded cabin in the gunroom, and as many clothes on him as was convenient, with a pan of coals continually in his cabin; notwithstanding this, his plaster would freeze at his wound, and his bottle of sack at his head. We put him in the sea at a good distance from the ship.' A second man gone for ever from the little crew! One score is now the limit of their muster when all hands are called. Need have they of their stout hearts and iron frames!

Large sheets of ice now drifted around the ship, and she was in great danger of being swept from her anchorage, which made the captain resolve the next day to ground the vessel in shoal water; but this proved a difficult task, on account of vast sheets of fresh ice driving against the bows, and dragging the anchors. They had to set their sails, and break a way through the ice to near the shore. 'Here,' remarks Captain James, 'Sir Hugh Willoughby came into my mind, who without doubt was driven out of his harbour in this manner, and starved at sea; but God was more merciful to us.' When the vessel grounded at last, she rolled and beat so that they expected her to go to pieces. The next morning, finding her aground, they consulted together, and resolved to land their provisions, and then heave back the vessel in deeper water, and sink her for the winter. Immediate preparations were made, and on the 29th, they sank the *Henrietta Maria*—a tedious task, for her sides were so full of nails, owing, we suppose, to the quantity of sheathing, that it was difficult to bore or cut holes. In settling down, she beat off her rudder, and the crew were obliged to sink the greater part of their bedding and clothes, and even the surgeon's chest. When they landed from the boat, they were 'so frozen all over, faces, hair, and apparel, that we could not know each other by our habits or voices.' This affair of sinking the vessel seems at first sight a suicidal act, but admits of easy explanation. They had reason to fear that the violent storms which prevailed would dash the bark to pieces before she became frozen immovably, and that even in the latter case, she would suffer much more from the weather than if she were below the surface. Nevertheless, much contrariety of opinion existed among the crew on the subject, the carpenter expressing his belief that the vessel would never be seaworthy again; others, that the ice would rend her to pieces as she lay; and a third set of croakers intimated their conviction, that they never could get her off again, even if the ice spared her. Captain James cheered and encouraged them by many arguments, reminding them that if their worst forebodings were realised, they might build a pinnace from the wreck large enough to sail homeward in; and to inspirit that important personage the carpenter, promised him a present gift of plate to the value of L.10 sterling, and if they eventually went home in a pinnace, L.50 further reward, besides the pinnace itself.

The bark appears to have been sunk on a sand-bed, so shallow that the high-water barely reached the upper-deck, and all hands set to work to recover from her their clothes and provisions at low-water. The early days of December were chiefly spent in this service, the men suffering extremely from the ice and snow, and from having to wade ashore through the half-frozen water, as they could not force the laden boat nearer than an arrow's shot of the beach. 'As they waded through,' dolefully observes Captain James, 'they seemed like walking pieces of ice, most lamentable to behold.' By the 4th, the boat could no longer be worked from the ship to the shore, so was secured alongside the former. On the 5th and 6th, the poor fellows converted their 'store-shirts' into bags, and filled them with 'loose bread,' which they carried on their backs over the ice. 'We also digged our clothes and new sails with handspikes of iron out of the ice, and carrying them ashore, dried them by a great fire.' By the 19th, the cold had increased to such a degree that they could dig nothing more out of the hold, and had to leave all their beer, and five barrels of beef and pork, and other things, which were firmly frozen in the vessel—all the water in her hold being now converted into ice. On the 23d, they tried to get the boat ashore by sliding her over oars, but such a fog came on that they had to desist, and got back to their house miserably frozen. We will here give a striking extract:

'The cold had raised blisters upon some as big as walnuts: our well was now frozen, so that dig as deep as we could, we can come by no water. Melted snow-water is unwholesome, either to drink or to dress our victuals; it made us so short-breathed, that we were scarce able to speak. All our sack, vinegar, oil, and everything else that was liquid, was now frozen hard as a piece of wood, and we must cut it with a hatchet. Our house was all frozen on the inside, and it froze hard within a yard of the fireside. When I landed first upon this island, I found a spring under a hill's side, and caused some trees to be cut for marks to know the place again: it was about three-quarters of a mile from our house, and I sent three of our men, who had formerly been with me, who, wading through the snow, at last found the place, and shovelling away the snow, made way to the very head of it. They found it spring very strongly, and brought me a can of it, for which I was very joyful. This spring continued all the year, and did not freeze so much, but that we could break the ice and come to it.'

They laid in a good stock of wood, and settled their mode of life, and kept Christmas Day holy, and solemnised it in as joyful a manner as they could; 'so likewise,' adds the narrator, 'did we St John's Day, upon which we named the wood we wintered in, *Winter's Forest*, in memory of that honourable knight, Sir John Winter.' The site they had selected for this house was the most sheltered spot they could find in the vicinity of the ship, an arrow's flight from the beach, amid a thick clump of trees. They would have had an underground habitation, for the sake of warmth, but water sprang up when they dug to a moderate depth. The foundation was a fine white sand. Here is a description of the house, which, like several other passages in the narrative, may almost be imagined to have suggested to Defoe certain portions of his immortal *Robinson Crusoe*: 'The house was about twenty feet square, as much as our main-course would well cover. First we drove strong stakes into the earth, which we wattled with boughs as thick as might be, beating them down very close. This, our first work, was six feet [high] on both sides, but at the ends almost up to the very top [of the roof], where we left two holes for the light to come in, and let out the smoke. At both ends we stuck up three rows of thick bush-trees, as close as possibly might be. Then at a distance from the house we cut down trees, proportioning them into lengths of six feet, with which we made a pile on both sides six feet thick, and as many high. We left a little low door to creep into, and a portal before it, made with piles of wood, that the wind might not blow into it. We then fastened a rough-tree over all, upon which we laid our rafters, and our main-course over them, reaching down to the ground on either side, and so much for the outside. On the inside, we fastened our bonnet-sails round about; then we drove in stakes, and made bedstead frames, which bedsteads were double, one under another, the lowermost being a foot from the ground. These we first filled with boughs, then laid on some spare sails, and then our bedding and clothes. We made a hearth or causeway in the middle of the house, laying some boards round about it to stand upon, that the cold damp should not strike up into us; with our waste clothes we made us canopies and curtains. Our second house was not past twenty feet distant, and made much after the same manner, but less, and covered with our fore-course. It had no piles on the south side, but instead of them we piled up all our chests on the inside, and, indeed, the reflex of the heat of the fire against them, did make it warmer than the mansion-house. In this house we dressed our victuals, and the inferior crew did refresh themselves all day in it. A third house, which was our store-house, we built twenty paces from this, for fear of firing. This house was only a rough-tree fastened aloft, with rafters laid from it to the ground, and covered over with our new suit of sails. On the inside, we had laid small trees, and covered them over with boughs, whereon we laid our bread and fish, about two feet from the ground, the better to preserve them. . . . . Long before Christmas, our mansion-house was covered with snow, almost to the very roof, but our store-house all over, by reason we made no fire in it. We made paths of snow about the length of ten steps, and one of them was our best gallery for the sick men, and for my own ordinary walking.'

During January 1632, they worked at the frame of their pinnace, and laid in a store of wood. By the commencement of that month, the sea was all firmly frozen over, and no open water in sight. We must pass over a long and curious dissertation which here occurs in the captain's journal, concerning his opinions of the origin of the ice in vast masses, only quoting his remark, that they 'found it much colder to wade through the water in the beginning of June, when the sea was full of ice, than in December, when it [the ice] was increasing. Our well, also, which yielded water in December, had none in July.' In February, the ground was frozen ten feet in depth, and so extreme was the cold that many of the men complained, 'some of sore mouths, all their teeth loose,' and divers others serious ailments. Two-thirds of the crew were under the surgeon's hands, and yet they had to work daily to the utmost of their power, in getting wood and timber. Their feet were shoeless, for the fire had scorched their wet shoes so that they could not get them on, and their spare shoes were sunk in the ship. When they occasionally visited the latter, the cold would freeze their eyelashes together, so that they could not see; and even in their house the clock and watch, although kept well wrapped up in clothes in a chest by the fireside, 'would not go.' Icicles hung inside the house; hoar-frost covered the bed-clothes, even in the immediate vicinity of the fire. The surgeon's liquids were all frozen, as well as the small casks of vinegar, oil, and sack, kept in the house. The cook's tubs, for steeping the salt-meat, stood within a yard of the fire, and in the course of a night-watch would freeze to the very bottom. The cook then steeped his meat in a brass kettle close to the fire, yet one side would be warm, and the other side frozen an inch thick.

THE CALCUTTA ADJUTANT.

A STRANGE interest, and very often considerable edification, results from a careful study of the habits and eccentricities of animals.

The Adjutant, so generally associated with Calcutta, is one of the quaintest birds in its habits I have ever met with. I recollect having quite a strong desire to see this bird the first day I put my foot on Indian soil; and in the evening, while crossing the Maidaun of Calcutta, towards the large Dhurrumtollah Bazaar, my friend B——, knowing of that desire, pointed out a row of these remarkable creatures to me. There they stood, like birds hewn out of stone—silent, fixed, and motionless. Nothing remains a novelty long. I have seen the Pyramids, and don't care to see them again; I have seen Mount Sinai, and notwithstanding its venerable associations, I would scarce leave my cabin to gaze upon it a second time. What are flying-fish? Did one not fly into my cabin one night, in the Red Sea, when we were sailing over Pharaoh's host, and did I not throw its corpse away when it died, sick and tired of flying-fish and the eternal talk about them on board? Water-spouts, snakes, lava—what, short of a mermaid or unicorn, would I care to see twice? O Boots at the Holly Tree Inn! tell me whither went the unicorn which you know you saw at the fair? Novelty is the shortest-lived thing on earth. There are dozens of Pompeys' Pillars to be seen in the factory chimneys in a railway ride from Hamilton to Glasgow; the Irish Sea is as green, and deep, and wet as the beloved Mediterranean; Gibraltar Rock reminded me of the Bass; Portobello bears a strong resemblance to Melita, where St Paul was shipwrecked; and the ugly Sphinx would disappoint the poet who writes so reverently of its 'calm eternal eyes!'

The reader must imagine a large square of ground —say a quarter of an acre—covered with one-storied buildings, and intersected geometrically by several narrow pathways, and he has the principal European bazaar in Calcutta before him. On the roofs of these stalls, in the 'rainy season' of India, are generally from twenty-five to forty adjutants, who seem to regard that bazaar as freehold property, to be held by them for perpetuity. There are hundreds of other adjutants within a circle of two miles diameter; but the arrangement appears to be, that Calcutta shall be parcelled out like the London postal districts, and a certain number of adjutants posted in each division, for, after careful observation, I have never detected an intruder.

These birds vary in size—I fancy, merely on account of age, for all the old members seem to be precisely the same in length of body, wing, and limb. They stand about five feet or five-feet-six high, have a long straight broad bill, much depressed, the upper mandibles flattened, and terminated by a very strong hook, the lower formed by two bony branches, which are flexible, and united at the tip; from these branches is suspended a naked skin, in form of a pouch; face and throat naked; nostrils basal, in the form of narrow longitudinal slits; legs long and thin; all the four toes connected by a web; and wings of great dimensions. These wings, when closed, vary sometimes in colour, and some are nearly black, others of quite a fashionable mauve colour, fringed by under-feathers of a much lighter hue. There is a look of frailness about their legs; and the owners of them move about with such a slow, stately, dignified gait, that they make one believe that their knee-joints are no better than they ought to be. The flaccid membranous pouch or bag under their throat is very different to the one possessed by the species of pelican shewn in English zoological gardens. This appendage of the adjutants has a very good model at home in those burnt-sienna coloured colossal sausages —if they are sausages—exposed in the cheesemongers' windows. They are about eighteen inches long, and capable of great distension, as I can bring an illustration to prove. I was standing the other day in a verandah, which flanked one side of an unusually extensive and picturesque garden, when I heard a marvellous declamation pour forth from the harsh throats of nearly two hundred crows. They were perched on cornices, balustrades, copings, trees, in short, everywhere. The subject of this mighty tumult was a raw-headed old adjutant, who, by causes and for reasons unknown to me, had provoked the indignation of his feathered neighbours. Leaving their perches, they descended upon him, until, as he who penned *Hiawatha* describes it, 'the air grew dark with pinions.' The adjutant is in nowise organised for defence; he shuns man and beast (never jostling in the street-crowd, as insinuated in many comic engravings), and the impertinent crows had by far the best of this recluse. They attacked him principally about the head, which has at all times a bare and sore appearance. At last, driven to desperation, the adjutant, by a manœuvre, possibly more by accident than good management, succeeded in seizing one of his bold foes with his large and powerful bill. The black victim fluttered and struggled strenuously for a minute or two, during which time its captor was engaged in making his hold of his enemy more complete. The hour of that bird's dissolution had arrived, and he was not to die as other crows have died from time immemorial! There were two or three violent efforts made on the part of the adjutant, and in a moment more, the crow, body and limb, claws, feathers, and bill, was in the sienna-toned pouch of the great avenger! He who writes it saw it done.

A friend of mine, whose cat had presented whoever chose to have them with a family of five kittens, resorted to the customary mode of annihilation, and submitted them to a watery grave. At the end of this sad affair, the corpses were thrown upon a heap of offal. An adjutant descended, and with the gusto of Vitellius over a Brundusium or Lucrine oyster, deposited the whole in his convenient receptacle.

This respected scavenger-bird is often made subservient to that basest of all uses—a practical joke. The editor of Major Anderson's *Siege of Lucknow* informed me, that he had repeatedly seen 'griffs' (raw cadets) fill an empty marrow-bone with gunpowder, then attach a slow fuse to it, and place it on the ground in sight of an adjutant. Quick would be the descent, and the disappearance of the fatal bone. Another moment, and as the bird flapped loudly through the air, came the catastrophe—a loud report, a general explosion, and the mangled adjutant was a scavenger no more. There was another equivocal shape which the griff's drollery assumed. Two such bones, without the deadly powder, would be attached to each other by means of a long rope, and two adjutants—each swallowing one bone— would often find an attachment formed between them likely to last through life.

Yet harmless to an extreme are these strange eccentric birds, never-wearied scavengers in a city where disease is rife, and where he who dined with us yesterday may never sit at another table again. Bread, potatoes, or other vegetables, afford no charm whatever; but after you have cast away the most contemptible fragment of flesh, fly-eaten and heat-tainted, ten seconds do not elapse before an adjutant has disposed of it. Now and then arises a faint struggle among them for the same morsel, but they are not obdurate; their maxim is, 'Each one for himself,' but also, 'Live and let live.'

So useful and necessary are these birds to Calcutta, that a heavy penalty is levied upon any person who is the direct or indirect means of causing the death of one of them; and I have found considerable difficulty in obtaining a deceased one for my small museum. They are pre-eminently the head of the 'scavenger family,' which here includes vultures, and white-tippeted hawks, myriads of white-breasted crows, and troops of howling jackals—the last of which, however, only make their appearance in the night-time. The adjutant's cry very much resembles water flowing from a narrow-necked bottle; and it invariably utters it when about to swallow a piece of offal. When they fly, their immense wings naturally cause a loud rushing sound; and I grieve to say that in these flights over your head, it too often happens that vermin of an exceedingly repulsive genus drop upon you, for the adjutant, like the vulture, has its body covered with such parasites. I have seen a crow dance slyly up to a vulture, and under the very nose of that august presence, peck at the tenants of his bosom.

A remarkable instance of death, caused by an adjutant, occurred at Berhampore a few years ago. A young officer was on parade-ground, and when in the act of turning a somewhat abrupt corner, an adjutant, flying rapidly with great impetus from an opposite direction, passed his huge bill through the unfortunate officer's head. With such means of travelling, it is no wonder that in the hot season there is scarcely one adjutant to be seen in Calcutta; and when these birds return, they are sure heralds of the coming rains, the worst season in India. The scene of their rustication is the remote and secluded swamps and marshes of the North-west Provinces, where, in the grassy nest amid the sedges, they first emerged from their shell. The eggs, generally two, are white, and of equal roundness at each end, and the mother has the power of lifting them in her bill, when alarmed or intruded upon, and flying with them to another retreat; occasionally, too, she hides them beneath the water. If, as is sometimes the case, she deposits her young in a dry or desert region, she brings them water in her gular pouch, which contains about twenty pints of liquid. In the same degree as the crow is impertinent and presumptuous, so is the adjutant stolid and shy, seeming to regard mankind as a mischievous invention. As he stands on one leg, his other foot resting on his knee, he reminds me of the stork in Raphael's cartoon, to which memorable bird Topham Beauclerc likened his lanky friend, Bennet Langton.

It was with the ancient people of India that metempsychosis, or transmigration of the soul, first gained credence; and with this doctrine is connected the regard which the Indians have for animals.

Abandoning one's self to this belief for awhile, it is no difficult task to guess who the 'Calcutta adjutant' really is. As I was being borne across the Maidaun to-day in a palanquin, I as distinctly met Aristotle advancing towards me—in the outward form of an adjutant—as I have strength now to record the incident. He was in such a brown study, that my bearers nearly upset him in their rapid course. He was not standing still, but keeping up the old peripatetic system, and was evidently wrapt deep in his abstrusest logic—whether applied to appetite or volition, I cannot tell. He only honoured me with a slight look, not a furtive or cowardly glance—far from it—but as if he saw from my appearance that I could not help him in his difficulty. Had my head been covered, I might have uncovered it, in sudden respect and admiration for him. I should like to have asked him how he got on under the metempsychosis system; if he thought as highly of it practically as he did theoretically; or whether he had heard how the school he founded became so famous; how Theophrastus had written some charming works on natural history; how the dogmatic tone and subtle distinctions of his own philosophy pleased more than Plato's doubts and allegorical language; but there was present that divinity about the bird which is said to hedge kings, and which completely sealed my lips.

He walked away with the most absorbing stateliness, his venerable head—scudding as he was under a bare poll—shining in the hot sun. I would have given a lac of rupees, if I had had it, to have known his thoughts; but as that was impossible, I merely murmured, 'Juldee jao' (Go quickly) to my bearers, and consoled myself with the unalterable conviction, that my exile to India had given me a distinction high above my fellows—that of meeting face to face, with time to notice him carefully, the immortal Aristotle.

Returning by the same route two hours afterwards, and in good spirits at the thought of seeing the philosopher again, I naturally looked out for him with eagerness. To my disappointment, however, I espied him on the uppermost cornice of one of the Chowringhee palaces, calmly occupied in taking a bird's-eye view of the world below. There arose a loud cry from a fashionable residence in the vicinity, that a splendid stratum of offal had been discovered there in a heap of kitchen refuse, and the adjutant, master now over the tenant of his bosom, raised his wide-reaching wings, and flapped with noisy heaviness through the air, until he swooped upon the newly found repast, to secure his portion.

SOLDIERS' WIVES.

As public attention has of late years been drawn to the condition of soldiers, a few particulars respecting their families, and what is done for them by government, may not be uninteresting.

First, then, no married man, unless in some special case, as that of an armourer, &c., is enlisted for the army; but as many married men desire to enter the service, they frequently declare themselves single, are attested as such, in which cases their wives are shut out for periods of indefinite duration from the privileges accorded to those who are on the establishment of a regiment. Again, when a soldier wishes to marry, he should make application to his commanding officer for leave to do so; in many cases, the officer, from considerations of the man's youth, inability to maintain a family, or from the number of soldiers' wives permitted to be on the strength of the corps being already complete, declines to sanction the step; but the authorities having no power to *prevent* a soldier's marriage, it often occurs that a man marries without permission, and his wife remains for many years unrecognised in the regiment as a married woman, and unless able to obtain employment, suffers great privations.

For obvious reasons, a commanding officer is invested with the power of selecting soldiers' wives for the privilege of being placed on the strength of his corps when vacancies exist.

The terms 'on the strength,' or 'on the establishment,' mean participation in the following benefits—namely, when at home, quarters in barracks with their husbands, or in lieu thereof, an allowance of 4d. a day for lodging; carriage free on the removal of the regiment from one station to another; education for their children; and partial employment in regimental washing. The proportion of women admitted to these privileges has lately been increased. In addition, a married man is sometimes permitted to be 'out of mess'—that is, to receiving his pay without stoppage for ration, to supply himself with provision, or what is more usual and economical, to receive the ration for consumption with his family.

The soldier and his wife participate, with other classes, in the social and economic advantages of the times; thus, the stoppage for a soldier's daily ration was formerly 6d., but since the adoption of free-trade principles, by which the cost of the ration to the public is lessened, the stoppage has been reduced to 4½d. Quarters for married soldiers have been provided at several of the principal military stations, in place of their families being compelled to live in ordinary barrack-rooms.

When a regiment is sent abroad, not on active service, the families obtain passages; quarters, or allowances for lodging; half-rations for each woman; and quarter-rations for each child. The proportion of soldiers' wives permitted to accompany troops to India, China, and Australia is 12 per cent., and to other stations abroad, about 9 per cent., being 6 per cent. for the drummers and rank and file, with some advantages to the sergeants. But when, as in the case of the late Indian Mutiny, troops embark for active service, and the families cannot be permitted to accompany them, allowances of 6d. a day have been granted to each woman, with 2d. a day for each child, until circumstances admitted of their being sent out; and in consequence of the numerous reinforcements sent to India in 1857 and 1858, a great number of soldiers' families who had been left behind, were paid such allowances.

In 1859, the state of affairs in that country admitting of their being sent out, upwards of 2000 women and nearly 3000 children were embarked in thirteen vessels, under arrangements made by the authorities at the Horse Guards and the Emigration Commissioners; and in the last autumn, nearly 600 women and 700 children were forwarded in five ships to India. These families were brought from their homes to a port of embarkation—Plymouth, Southampton, Birkenhead, or Gravesend—by passage and railway warrants, documents issued by the quarter-master-general, which enabled them to travel at the public expense; and were placed in the emigrant dépôts at the three first-mentioned places, and in lodgings at Gravesend, on arrival, by staff-officers of pensioners, who also embarked every person after medical examination, and paid a sum of twenty shillings to each woman, with ten shillings for each child, granted by the Indian government towards providing necessaries and outfit for the voyage. In addition to this, the Society for Improving the Condition of Soldiers' and Sailors' Wives kindly placed a large sum of money at the disposal of the military authorities, to provide clothing for the most destitute of the families. One woman, probably from fear and excitement, jumped overboard before the vessel left her moorings, but was immediately picked up; another was detected in selling her embarkation-order to a woman who was not entitled to a passage, but who was to personate the other until arrival in India; while, as an instance of the extreme destitution of some of these poor women when separated from their husbands, it may be mentioned that one of them arrived at Liverpool from Ireland for embarkation with no other article of clothing than a man's greatcoat, for a soldier cannot be compelled to allot any portion of his pay for the purpose of his wife's support.

It could hardly be expected that so large a number of persons would reach their destination without casualties. In some of the vessels, a great mortality occurred, principally among the children; and one vessel (the *Conway*) was so shattered by gales as to compel its abandonment, the passengers, without any loss of life, but minus baggage, having been taken off by another vessel, and landed at Madeira, this fortunate result being in a great measure due to the efforts of an officer, Quarter-master Neville, 70th Regiment, and a few soldiers, each vessel having been furnished with a party of married soldiers—accompanied by their families—to assist in preserving order on the voyage.

One of the women who were landed at Madeira, was recalled to England, by an official letter, as after her departure, information had been received of her husband's death in India; and of those who arrived in other ships at their destination, some found that their husbands had proceeded with their corps to China; a small portion of these last were returned to England, others remained in India, awaiting the termination of hostilities in China; but in either case, the allowances were resumed.

Such are some of the vicissitudes attending the families of an army whose duties call it to all quarters of the globe.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER V.—A COOL RECEPTION.

It had long been customary with Mr Ingram Arbour, since his brother's death, to leave Golden Square upon Friday afternoons for the cottage by the river, where he would remain till Monday morning, when the earliest train from the neighbouring town would convey him back refreshed to the haunts of commerce. On these occasions, his nephew, Adolphus, would accompany him, except when business of any pressing nature detained him in the city; and upon the Saturday evening we have in our mind, these two gentlemen were sitting in the widow's drawing-room with the rest of the family circle, exclusive of Johnnie and Dick, who were at school. Thirteen years or so had passed over them since we first made their acquaintance, bringing change to each, although in different measure. The lines upon the merchant's brow were now as numerous again, as though they were ruled for double entry, and although his eyes lacked nothing yet of their stern determination, the 'hateful crow' had set its footmarks round them. Mrs Benjamin Arbour had suffered a severer change than he. Time, which had spared to mark her still smooth brow, had frosted her brown hair, and driven the lifeblood from her cheeks, and weighed her eyelids down; they seemed to droop as those of some traveller in the snow, to whom Death whispers, mocking the sweet tones of Sleep. Her gentle voice was weary; her smiles were rare and faint, and died away as swift as dip of oar from face of river. Except for the girl beside her, almost a woman now—golden-haired, angel-featured Maggie—standing beside her mother's chair, and as though that was not near enough, nor gave sufficient assurance of her protecting love, with one arm round her neck, and one lily hand clasped in hers so tenderly—except for her little Maggie, the mother must have died. 'My sister-in-law,' Mr Ingram Arbour would sometimes remark to common friends, 'is just like one of those creepers which require a stick to hold on to life by, and can't stand up of themselves.' To which Mrs Arbour might have retorted—if the poor lady had had such a thing as a retort left in her by this time, which was not the case—that her brother-in-law was one of those peculiar sticks which no creeper can ever be trained to cling to, although some few may submit to be bound to them by the bass of self-interest.

Adolphus, too, whose mouth had increased with his years till it almost sought for refuge in the sandy tracts of his whiskers, entertained but a poor opinion of his mother, and was continually wondering to himself from whom his own exceeding sagacity could have been inherited; while Maria, who had taken the whole household management out of the widow's hands, was for ever contrasting the improved state of domestic affairs with that of the old régime under her predecessor. The relation of that person to herself could have been scarcely unknown to her, but so completely were her private feelings under control, and so paramount was her sense of truth and duty, that, hearing her inveigh against the extravagance, weakness, and even the irreligion of a certain late head of a family, you would never have guessed that she was speaking all the time of her own mother. She it was to whom the discovery was due that the maids were sluggards in winter, and who caused her bedroom fire to be lit by half-past six A.M., in order that one of them, at least, should not lie too long. Yellow-skinned Maria was of a snaky temperament, and wanted a good deal of warming, but she was likely to be cold enough—as Dr Neversleep once observed of her, with no less force than freedom—if her caloric depended upon her being taken to anybody's bosom. Indeed, how Adolphus and she ever managed to keep up an alliance, as they did (offensive in every sense), is a great mystery, since there was scarce half a trowelful of social cement of any sort between them. He certainly did not sympathise with her doubling the customary length of the evening devotions, which, in the exercise of her domestic supremacy, she had seen it right to do. That young man always knelt down with his face well over the newspaper, while his sister, the priestess, delivered her denunciations as if she enjoyed them, and even rasped out the benedictions themselves as though they were steel-filings. Uncle Ingram's devotional attitude was the leaning back on his arm-chair as far as he could go, with his hands clasped upon his lap, and his legs crossed one over the other; while, doubtless to conceal the force of his penitential emotions, his pocket-handkerchief was modestly cast over his head and face.

Maggie and her mother knelt together with their heads over one cushion; and the two maids were stationed as far from the rest of the household as the limits of the little drawing-room would permit, between the windows, and in a thorough draught. Nevertheless, woe to Jane or Rachel if a cough from either of them should interrupt their spiritual pastoress; while it would have been positively 'as much as her place was worth,' had either of them blown her nose.

Imagine, therefore, the scene that ensued upon the evening of which we write, when, immediately upon the commencement of prayers, the back-door bell was heard to tinkle with a sort of guilty indecision. Miss Maria read on as though there were nothing audible beyond the breathing of Uncle Ingram, which always began to be stertorous coincidently with the commencement of family devotions; but she had more than a suspicion that it was the baker's young man coming surreptitiously after Jane, and she took one eye off the sacred page, and set it to watch the behaviour of that unfortunate domestic. Again the bell sounded through the house—this time with a more decided intention of making itself heard, and Jane turned round imploringly to entreat permission to answer it, with a face like a tomato from confusion; but upon meeting the sentinel eye with a decidedly forbidding expression in it, returned, more like a Jerusalem artichoke in hue, to her cane-bottomed chair. A third time the back-door bell sounded, and pulled upon this occasion by so impatient a hand, that you could hear the wire rattle, and the bell-metal beat against the skirting-board.

'Why the devil don't somebody answer that bell?' broke forth Uncle Ingram, awakened by the tumult, and not being able to call to mind, upon the instant, the nature of the occupation in which he was supposed to have been engaged. Jane rushed out of the room at a permissive signal from Miss Maria, while the rest of the household awaited, in positions half expectant, half devout, whatever catastrophe chanced to be impending. They heard the lock turned, and the chain unfastened, and a 'Lor' bless me!' from the absent cook; then the door was banged to by another hand, a hasty step came along the passage, and there presented himself—Master Dick!

'You young scoundrel,' roared Uncle Ingram, 'what do you mean by breaking in here like a burglar at such a time as this?'

'He has run away from school,' suggested Mr Adolphus Arbour, maliciously.

'We are at *prayers*, sir,' emphasised Miss Maria, looking like Torquemada in petticoats.

'What is the matter, love?' cried Maggie tenderly, running up to the haggard-looking lad.

'I am expelled, dear mother,' exclaimed he, in a miserable voice. 'I've cut Bill Dempsey's eye out with a snow-ball, though I'm sure I didn't mean it. They expelled me, and so I thought I'd come away at once.'

'You young ruffian!' exclaimed Uncle Ingram.

'He'll come to be hung!' observed Adolphus, reflectively.

'And then the devil will get him,' added Maria, with the air of one who foresees the future without dissatisfaction.

'Mother, won't you speak to me?' asked the wretched boy. 'I don't care for what *these* say; but do, pray, speak to me.'

'You don't care for your eldest brother, then?' demanded Maria, severely.

'No; nor for you either,' responded Dick, bestowing one fiery glance upon his interlocutor, and then fixing, as before, his appealing eyes upon his mother only.

'You don't care for your Uncle Ingram, then?' remarked the crafty Adolphus.

'Come to mamma,' interposed Maggie, judiciously; 'I am sure she will never condemn you without a hearing.'

Mrs Arbour was sitting in her chair with her hands before her weeping eyes, and was glad enough to bury her face in the boy's curls as he knelt down before her.

'Hush, Dicky dear, don't sob, don't sob,' she whispered; 'I don't believe you are so bad as they make out.'

'I did not mean to cut Bill Dempsey's eye out,' murmured Dick, hysterically; 'but they all believe I did.'

'It doesn't signify what you meant, you little blackguard, if you *did* it,' observed Uncle Ingram, taking his usual practical view of things. 'It's my belief your mother will be your ruin. Letitia, what does the Bible recommend us to do with boys like these?'

'Whip 'em,' observed Maria, with conciseness, and in order that the advice might not be lost in Eastern metaphor.

'I *have* been whipped,' cried the lad, lifting up his head. 'Mr Carriwun beat me till his cane frayed out at the edges.'

'Not enough, sir,' returned the implacable Maria. 'If I were your mother'——

'Yes, but you ain't,' interrupted the victim sharply; 'you're nobody's mother, miss, and Dr Neversleep says that you're never likely to be anybody's either. Don't you go bullying me, now, or I'll begin saying things, mind you.'

The lad's whole body trembled with passion in every fibre; his eyes darted fire as he spoke, and there seemed to be every probability of his 'saying things,' and of a very disagreeable character too; when, at a sign from Uncle Ingram, Adolphus picked Dick up, and tearing him with not a little violence out of his mother's arms, carried him out of the room.

Then there was a total silence, presently broken by 'thuds'—blows struck with a stick against an unreverberating body—from a neighbouring apartment, but not one cry.

'I cause it to be done for his own good, Letitia, and for your good,' observed Uncle Ingram, in explanation, and with composure, but keeping his eyes averted from the object of his benevolence nevertheless.

'Mamma has fainted!' cried Maggie with a piercing shriek. 'Tell Adolphus to stop—somebody. You'll kill her amongst you, at last, I do believe.'

'Good Heavens!' cried Uncle Ingram, frightened out of his wits by an occurrence so entirely out of his own experience, 'why doesn't the fool stop? Run, Maria.'

Maria did not stir; but Rachel ran into the dining-room straightway, and almost upset Mr Adolphus, who was coming out with a face whiter than usual.

'I want a poultice,' observed he to the astonished domestic; and indeed he did, for Master Dick—whose hands he had taken the precaution of securing—had made his teeth meet in the fleshy part of his corrector's thumb.

CHAPTER VI.

FALSELY ACCUSED.

The next day, being Sunday, was passed, by Maria's directions, in total silence as regarded the events of the preceding evening. It was to be 'a day of rest for *all*,' observed that young lady with an air of charity; and it was occupied by herself and faction in contriving severities applicable to Master Richard's case upon the morrow. To Dick it was rather a day of suspense than rest, which are not identical things by any means; and to his mother, it was twenty-four long hours of agony. This lady had obtained Uncle Ingram's protection for her offspring at a considerable sacrifice. She had never had much of that female peculiarity popularly, or unpopularly, known as 'a will of her own,' for the deceased Benjamin had given way to all her gentle wishes in small concerns, while in important matters the two always lovingly agreed; and now, finding herself crossed and denied upon all occasions under the new dynasty, she had for many years ceased to express her feelings in public, and only now and then lightened her breaking heart to Maggie, who slept in the same chamber. She had taken Richard's hand in hers under her shawl at church that day, feeling safe from reproof within that sacred building, and mother and child had thus interchanged all sorts of affectionate thoughts together, merely by the pressure of their fingers.

Maria had regarded them with lofty scorn, and on one occasion even contemplated the rapping of Dick's disengaged hand, which lacked a prayer-book, but she thought it upon the whole more prudent to resist that temptation; so she contented herself with pitching her hymns at him (not of course her hymn-*book*), and of repeating with peculiar stress such parts of the service as might be strained to apply to an unregenerate youth of his description. Adolphus secretly trod upon his toes during the anthem, and upon his brother's resenting that indignity without the like precautions, gave an appealing look to Uncle Ingram, who instantly made a note of the offence in the memorandum tablets which he always carried about with him, and used without the slightest reference to time or place.

'I'm afraid, Maggie,' whispered the widow, sobbing, when she and her younger daughter had retired to their chamber on Sunday night—'I am afraid that they will send our poor dear Richard to sea.'

'Surely not, dear mother, answered Maggie quickly; 'he is but a child, you know; and besides, they will not dare to do it unless you give consent.'

Mrs Benjamin Arbour sighed; if she had not had a little speck of pride still left within her, she would probably have spoken; but Maggie understood her all the same.

'Why, what has our Dick done, mother, beyond his being a little mischievous and unruly? He does not treat Maria and Adolphus respectfully, it is true, but they on their parts are very far from kind to him. This snow-ball business is a very sad one, of course, but it is not clear that he is to blame, or even certain that he did the mischief.'

'Bless you, my dear Maggie,' returned her mother, 'for saying what all day long my heart has yearned to say, and dared not; but you see, my child, your Uncle Ingram is so hard and stern, and your brother and sister'——

'Nay, mamma,' interrupted the young girl gently; 'you surely know far better than *they* what is good for Richard; and as for Uncle Ingram, he means us all well enough, I'm sure. If you will let me speak to him—in your name, as it were, for, in your present state of health, such an excitement would be'——

'No, Maggie, no,' cried the poor lady, 'I must shrink from nothing for Dick's sake, and for the sake of him who left him in my charge. Uncle Ingram may take all away except my boy, but he must leave me him—he must leave me Richard. O child, you know not how his baby-face once comforted me, when Death was in this room, and misery everywhere. He shall never, never, never go to sea.'

We are aware that an apology is due, on the part of this poor lady, for the display of this unreasonable abhorrence of the maritime profession. It is probable that her thoughts were not directed towards Her Majesty's navy, or even to those celebrated A1 vessels in the proprietorship of Messrs Green and others; she merely looked upon the sea as a huge separator between herself and him committed to it, and her view was, so far, a correct one.

'Mother, mother dearest,' replied Maggie, 'if you will allow me to go down alone to-morrow morning, I promise you that what you fear shall not take place; and if there is any chance of its taking place, that you shall be sent for. Will you not trust me, mother? Promise me that you will not rise to-morrow, or, at least, not come down stairs.'

Good Maggie, cunning Maggie, serpent and dove in one, that was well said. Mrs Arbour wisely assented to be more unwell than usual upon the morrow. When tyrants rule, there is no resource for us but dissimulation.

Accordingly, upon the next morning, the arm-chair —symbol of empty state—that stood beside the tea-maker, was vacant, and the company was quietly informed by Maggie that mamma was not coming down. The whole armoury of offensive weapons, therefore, which had been stacked in more than one bosom, in readiness for the expected discussion, became at once next to valueless—old stores to be parted with at enormous sacrifice, even if they found any market at all.

Yellow Maria slipped from the apartment, and came back purple.

'What is the meaning of this, Margaret? I can't get into mamma's room.'

'No, dear,' replied that young lady with great sweetness; 'she is not well this morning, and must not be disturbed. I locked her door myself, and have got the key. Dr Neversleep says it is not good for her to be made to faint.'

'I don't understand your language, Margaret,' quoth Maria with asperity. 'Who makes her faint, I should like to know?'

'Adolphus did it on Saturday,' returned Maggie, with the quiet air of a narrator of facts; 'but nobody will do it to-day, at all events.'

'Look where he bit my thumb!' observed Adolphus, apologetically, and exhibiting the injured digit.

'You had better keep it covered up,' remarked Maggie drily; 'the air will only make it worse; and besides, it isn't pretty to look at.' This young lady was a lamb in all matters that concerned herself, but now that she had mother and brother to defend, she was a lioness with cubs.

Adolphus and Maria quailed before her, and the more so because they knew that Uncle Ingram loved her. Under her protecting wing, Master Dick dipped largely into the muffin dépôt intended for his seniors. Mr Ingram Arbour's countenance exhibited an indecision not becoming to it. 'I don't understand this, Margaret,' quoth he at last; 'to hear you talk, one would imagine that this boy had deserved no punishment at all. He has actually cut another boy's eye out—a most respectable lad.'

'Son of the banker,' interpolated Adolphus, in a tone adapted to the description of a sacrilege.

'I didn't mean to do it,' retorted Dick with indignation, and his mouth indecorously full.

'Hold *your* tongue, sir,' observed Miss Maria solemnly.

'I shan't,' responded Dick with improved distinctness.

'Silence, Dick: please to be quiet,' said Maggie. And Dick became as mute as a fish.

'It may have been quite an accident, uncle, as he asserts,' continued the peace-maker; 'nor is it even fully proved that he did it at all.'

'All the boys say he had a grudge against Dempsey, and threw at him on purpose,' observed Adolphus.

'It is not unusual for some persons to believe the worst of their fellow-creatures.'

'But Johnnie says so himself, and he's his brother,' retorted Adolphus.

'His *brother!*' repeated Maggie scornfully, without further rejoinder; but a less sagacious man than Uncle Ingram could have read in her flashing eyes the rest of her reply.

'Yes,' answered he, 'there is certainly a bad feeling, Adolphus, between you and Richard. There is something in what Margaret says, after all. I do not think I should be quite justified in sending him' . . . .

Maria held her finger up forbiddingly; it was for a single instant only, but Maggie caught its reflection in the mirror opposite, and turned upon her instantly, as the faithful sheep-dog on the wolf. 'No, Maria, he is not to be sent to sea. His mother told me to say that much. Not to sea.'

'She must have been listening,' said Maria to herself, 'when I and Uncle Ingram talked it over in the dining-room last night. How careless it was of me not to have thought of looking into the china-closet first, as I generally do!'

'I have made up my mind to give him another chance,' said Mr Ingram Arbour; 'although I much doubt whether he deserves it. I shall put him at once into my own office, in some capacity where he will be pretty sharply looked after. You know your arithmetic pretty well, I suppose, Mister?'

The thought of Practice flitted momentarily over poor Dick's mind, casting a bat-like shadow; but he answered, 'Yes, uncle,' with tolerable cheerfulness.

'Then that's arranged,' quoth his new proprietor decisively; 'and you will pack up at once, and accompany your brother and me by the mid-day train to town.'

'Not to-day, uncle,' replied Dick with firmness, although he looked terribly frightened. 'I will go to-morrow, but not to-day.'

'You—will—not—go!' exclaimed the merchant with awful distinctness and solemnity. 'Did I understand you to say, sir, that you—will—not—go?'

This recalcitrancy, so far exceeding the hopeful expectations of his eldest brother and sister, struck those worthies dumb; even Maggie could but whisper: 'Richard, Richard, you will ruin yourself, in spite of all that can be done for you!'

'I must see William Dempsey before I go,' explained the lad, hanging down his head, and blushing.

'Little hypocrite!' ejaculated Maria.

'It's my belief, he wants to put his other eye out,' observed Adolphus.

'*May* I go, please, uncle?' reiterated the boy appealingly, and without taking any notice of these aspersions.

'Please to let him go,' pleaded Maggie, taking the merchant's not unwilling hand in hers.

'I *must* be at my office this afternoon,' ejaculated that gentleman with decision.

'He shall go by himself, to-morrow, by the very first train,' urged Margaret.

'I can't trust him,' thundered Uncle Ingram; 'it's the mail-train, and he will rob the post-bags. At all events, he would not come to work, I'm sure.'

'Adolphus can stay behind, and go with him, uncle.'

'Very well, then, so let it be. But mind, young sir, you do not get another holiday for six months to come.'

Mrs Arbour was glad enough that matters had turned out no worse for Master Richard, but yet could hardly spare him out of her sight even to pay this praiseworthy visit to his injured school-fellow. He found Mr William Dempsey at his father's house, and in a darkened chamber, in a frame of mind very different from that for which he had been hitherto distinguished. The lad had come prepared for reproach and upbraiding, not for the quiet hush of a sick-room, and the forgiveness of one who felt himself stricken for his evil deserts. A terrible misfortune was overhanging and likely to fall upon the poor young man; the sight of his other eye was threatened, nor did the doctors give much hope that total blindness could be averted.

Richard received this news with a burst of tears.

'I shall never bully anybody any more,' said Dempsey, smiling faintly, and feeling about for his enemy's hand.

'Don't take it, Dempsey,' cried the other in an agony; 'I wish from my heart that it had been cut off long ago! But you don't, you can't believe I did it on purpose. Pray, pray say that.'

'You never meant to do me any such harm as this,' answered the poor fellow—'of that I am quite certain, Dick.'

'No, nor any harm, upon my soul. I did not throw at *you*, Dempsey. I told my mother so at church, yesterday, and I wouldn't tell her a lie there, I wouldn't, indeed. I put the stone in because your side were doing it.'

'It wasn't a stone,' replied the sufferer peevishly; 'although it doesn't matter now what it was. All the school knows it was a piece of bottle-glass; the snow-ball in which it was, was picked up close beside me with my blood upon it. I saw them—— Ah me,' broke forth the unhappy youth, 'I shall see nothing more; I shall have to feel my way about for ever. I have laughed at blind men often and often, and it's come to my turn now. Don't cry for me, Arbour; I deserve it. That's Dr Neversleep's voice in the front hall; I wonder whether he will do me any good. Why don't you speak, Arbour? You should always speak to a fellow that can't see.'

'O Dempsey, Dempsey,' cried the boy, in a voice so altered, that the other called from the bed to know whether it was he indeed; 'listen to me just one moment; I have something to say you, Dempsey, worse than all that has happened yet! Promise me that you will never tell, for it can do nobody good now, but only harm; and yet I must set myself right with you and Maggie.' He came close beside the pillow, and whispered: 'It was not me at all, Willy. I threw a stone, I know; but Johnnie—my brother, you know, my own brother—*he* threw the broken glass: I saw him making up the snow-ball with that inside!'

'The sneaking villain!' ejaculated the sick lad angrily.

'Hush, hush, Willy; say nothing about it; but only now you know it wasn't me. I couldn't help telling you that, you looked so ill and changed.'

Dick stood upon tiptoe tenderly, and kissed the poor lad's forehead above the bandage that was round his eyes. 'I am going away to London, and shall not be able to come and see you again for months.'

'Johnnie has never been to ask after me, Dick,' groaned the other bitterly; 'all the school have been except that'——

'Hush!' cried Richard; 'here is Dr Neversleep; hush, for Heaven's sake!'

The doctor looked at his quondam favourite with a very severe face: 'I am glad to see you here, Richard; although it is the least that you can do after what has happened'——

'Don't say that, doctor,' interrupted the patient, with a touch of his old arbitrary manner; 'I won't have Dick abused. God bless you, Dick, and forgive me all I've done to you.'

Richard Arbour ran home through the snow with very different feelings from those with which he had arrived some fifteen minutes before. 'I used to think Dempsey was all bad, poor fellow,' thought he; 'and though our Rachel always said that Johnnie was all for himself, and a regular Number Wunner, I never dreamed of his being such a'—— and Dick shook his curly head again and again, for want of a term of sufficient reprobation.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

It has long been known that a memoir concerning the Scottish literati of last century existed in manuscript in the possession of Principal Lee of the Edinburgh University, being the composition of the Rev. Dr Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, who is alluded to in *Humphry Clinker* as the companion of that brilliant set of men, and as 'wanting nothing but inclination to figure with the rest on paper.' The very reverend principal, as last surviving trustee of Carlyle, entertained scruples about giving his manuscript to the world, as containing many remarks calculated to give offence to individuals; but since his death in May 1859, his representatives, considering that the work generally refers to men of a century ago, have very reasonably judged themselves at liberty to lay it before the public. It now appears in a handsome octavo,* under the editorship of Mr John H. Burton.

The book is a highly entertaining one; not merely because it in great part relates to interesting and remarkable men, but because of the freedom and breadth, so to speak, of the style in which the author paints his associates. Possessed of a tall and handsome person, with an aspect often likened to the Jupiter Tonans, the minister of Inveresk was a man of vigorous general talents, a shrewd observer and student of human nature, and a conversationalist and *diner-out* of the first grade. The parish to which he acceded in 1748, and which he held for fifty-seven years, being within six miles of Edinburgh, he was enabled to mingle freely in the society of the city. To the same cause it might in part be attributed that he was able to exercise a large share of influence in the Scottish church. The establishment had at that time culminated in what was called moderatism, and Carlyle was the most moderate of the moderate. To one, who marks the opposite strain of the present time, it sounds strange that he frequently speaks of having dinner-company on Sunday, and of arranging the most important church affairs in taverns. His latitudinarianism was strongly marked in 1757, when he braved the censure of his presbytery by taking a leading part in the preparation of the tragedy of *Douglas* for the Edinburgh stage, and attending in a box on the third night. Nor did he fail, in the very next year, to take a run of the best theatrical performances in London. There was, of course, a party of stricter views; but he takes care to make us aware that these were not wholly of an ascetic character. Dr Alexander Webster, who headed his opponents, and tried to get him condemned for attending a play, was a *five-bottle man*, accustomed to spend half the night in convivial company. Of him is the anecdote told that, as he was reeling homeward in the dawn of a summer morning, a friend asked what his congregation would think if they saw him thus; to which he replied: 'They would not believe their own eyes.'

By accident, we suppose, Carlyle was brought in contact in early life with several men who united great licence in some departments of self-indulgence with the most serious professions. A remarkable example was the judge, James Erskine, Lord Grange, whose house was in the parish of Prestonpans, of which Carlyle's father was minister. We learn that Grange and the minister used to have meetings at which profound theological questions and much claret were discussed. His lordship had a detached library in his garden, where pleasures more material than those of literature were enjoyed. Sometimes he was lost to the world for months at a time, and it was the belief of the minister that he was then going through a course of reckless debauchery in Edinburgh. The common report was, says Carlyle, 'that he and his associates passed their time in alternate scenes of the exercises of religion and debauchery, spending the day in meetings for prayer and pious conversation, and their nights in lewdness and revelling.' Then our autobiographer adds a profound remark: 'Some men are of opinion that they could not be equally sincere in both. I am apt to think that they were, for human nature is capable of wonderful freaks. There is no doubt of their profligacy; and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears, during the whole of a sacramental Sunday, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part. The Marquis of Lothian of that day, whom I have seen attending the sacrament at Prestonpans with Lord Grange, and whom no man suspected of plots or hypocrisy, was much addicted to debauchery. The natural casuistry of the passions grants dispensations with more facility than the church of Rome.'

The famous Lord Lovat, who was really a hypocrite, but not one of a religious complexion, came to Prestonpans in 1741 to place a son under the preceptorship of the parish schoolmaster, named Halket; and Carlyle, then nineteen, was invited to join his lordship's party at a dinner in Lucky Vint's, a celebrated tavern in the west end of the town. He gives us a Dutch sketch of the entertainment. The company consisted, besides Lovat himself, of Mr Erskine of Grange, with three or four gentlemen of the name of Fraser, one of whom was his man of business, together with Halket, his son Alexander, and young Carlyle. The two old gentlemen 'disputed for some time which of them should say grace. At last Lovat yielded, and gave us two or three pious sentences in French, which Mr Erskine and I understood, and we only. As soon as we were set, Lovat asked me to send him a whiting from the dish of fish that was next me. As they were all haddocks, I answered that they were not whitings, but, according to the proverb, he that got a haddock for a whiting was not ill off. This saying takes its rise from the superiority of haddocks to whitings in the Firth of Forth. Upon this, his lordship stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons: he was sure they must be whitings, as he had bespoke them. Halket tipped me the wink, and I retracted, saying that I had but little skill, and as his lordship had bespoke them, I must certainly be mistaken. Upon this he calmed, and I sent him one, which he was quite pleased with, swearing again that he never could eat a haddock all his life. The landlady told me afterwards, that as he had been very peremptory against haddocks, and she had no other, she had made her cook carefully scrape out St Peter's mark on the shoulders, which she had often done before with success. We had a very good plain dinner. As the claret was excellent, and circulated fast, the two old gentlemen grew very merry, and their conversation became youthful and gay. What I observed was, that Grange, without appearing to flatter, was very observant of Lovat, and did everything to please him. He had provided Geordy Sym, who was Lord Drummore's piper, to entertain Lovat after dinner; but though he was reckoned the best piper in the country, Lovat despised him, and said he was only fit to play reels to Grange's oyster-women. He grew frisky at last, however, and upon Kate Vint, the landlady's daughter, coming into the room, he insisted on her staying to dance with him. She was a handsome girl, with fine black eyes and an agreeable person. . . . . Lovat was at this time seventy-five, and Grange not much younger; yet the wine and the young woman emboldened them to dance a reel, till Kate, observing Lovat's legs as thick as posts, fell a-laughing, and ran off. She missed her second course of kisses, as was then the fashion of the country, though she had endured the first. This was a scene not easily forgotten.' It was, however, not quite done yet. Lovat 'conveyed his son to the house where he was to be boarded, for Halket had not taken up house; and there, while we drank tea, he won the heart of the landlady, a decent widow of a shipmaster, and of her niece, by fair speeches, intermixed with kisses to the niece, who was about thirty, and such advices as a man in a state of ebriety could give. The coach was in waiting, but Grange would not yet part with him, and insisted on his accepting of a banquet from him at his house in Preston. Lovat was in a yielding humour, and it was agreed to. The Frasers, who were on horseback, were sent to Edinburgh; the boy was left with his dame; and Lovat and Grange, and Halket and I, went up to Preston, only a quarter of a mile distant, and were received in Grange's library, a cube of twenty feet, in a pavilion of the house which extended into a small wilderness of not more than half an acre, which was sacred to Grange's private walks, and to which there was no entry but through the pavilion. . . . . In this room there was a fine collection of fruit and biscuits, and a new deluge of excellent claret. At ten o'clock, the two old gentlemen mounted their coach to Edinburgh, and thus closed a very memorable day.'

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* Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Carlyle witnessed much of the series of transactions known as the Porteous Riot, and took part as a loyal volunteer in the affair of the *Forty-five*. He gives us animated detailed accounts of these transactions; but we have no room to go into them. There is more interest for the general reader in what he tells us of the history of his friend John Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. The author of this famous play was a minister in a neighbouring presbytery, and an intimate friend of Carlyle, who assisted in revising the manuscript. When all was ready, Home resolved to proceed to London, and lay the tragedy before Mr Garrick. Six or seven friendly Merse ministers, besides Carlyle, resolved to give the poet a convoy part of his way. It was on a snowy morning, in February 1755, that the party set out from Polwarth manse, where half of them had spent the night.

'Before we had gone far, we discovered that our bard had no mode of carrying his precious treasure, which we thought enough of, but hardly foresaw that it was to be pronounced a perfect tragedy by the best judges; for when David Hume gave it that praise, he spoke only the sentiment of the whole republic of belles-lettres. The tragedy in one pocket of his greatcoat, and his clean shirt and night-cap in the other, though they balanced each other, was thought an unsafe mode of conveyance; and our friend—who, like most of his brother-poets, was unapt to foresee difficulties and provide against them—had neglected to buy a pair of leather bags as he passed through Haddington. We bethought us that possibly James Landreth, minister of Simprin, and clerk of the synod, would be provided with such a convenience for the carriage of his synod records; and having no wife, no *atra cura*, to resist our request, we unanimously turned aside half a mile to call at James's; and, concealing our intention at first, we easily persuaded the honest man to join us in this convoy to his friend Mr Home, and then observing the danger the manuscript might run in a greatcoat-pocket on a journey of 400 miles, we inquired if he could lend Mr Home his valise only as far as Wooler, where he would purchase a new pair for himself. This he very cheerfully granted. But while his pony was preparing, he had another trial to go through; for Cupples, who never had any money, though he was a bachelor too, and had twice the stipend of Landreth, took the latter into another room, where the conference lasted longer than we wished for, so that we had to bawl out for them to come away. We afterwards understood that Cupples, having only four shillings, was pressing Landreth to lend him half-a-guinea, that he might be able to defray the expense of the journey. Honest James, who knew that John Home, if he did not return his own valise, which was very improbable, would provide him in a better pair, had frankly agreed to the first request; but as he knew Cupples never paid anything, he was very reluctant to part with his half-guinea. However, having at last agreed, we set out, and I think gallant troops, but so-and-so accoutred, to make an inroad on the English border. By good-luck, the river Tweed was not come down [in flood], and we crossed it safely at the ford near Norham Castle; and, as the day mended, we got to Woolerhaughhead by four o'clock, where we got but an indifferent dinner, for it was but a miserable house in those days; but a happier or more jocose and merry company could hardly be assembled.

'John Home and I, who slept in one room, or perhaps in one bed, as was usual in those days, were disturbed by a noise in the night, which being in the next room, where Laurie and Monteith were, we found they had quarrelled and fought, and the former had pushed the latter out of bed. After having acted as mediators in this quarrel, we had sound sleep till morning. Having breakfasted as well as the house could afford, Cupples and I, who had agreed to go two days' journey further with Mr Home, set off southwards with him, and the rest returned by the way they had come to Berwickshire again.

'Cupples and I attended Home as far as Ferryhill, about six miles, where, after remaining all night with him, we parted next morning, he for London, and we on our return home. Poor Home had no better success on this occasion than before, with still greater mortification; for Garrick, after reading the play, returned it with an opinion that it was totally unfit for the stage. On this occasion, Home wrote a pathetic copy of verses, addressed to Shakspeare's image in Westminster Abbey.

'Cupples and I had a diverting journey back; for as his money had failed, and I had not an overflow, we were obliged to feed our horses in Newcastle without dining; . . . . but in those days nothing came wrong to us—youth and good spirits made us convert all maladventures into fun. The Virgin's Inn, as it was called, being at that time the best, and on the south side of the bridge, made us forget all our disasters.'

Home, as is well known, gave up his charge as a minister, in order to escape ecclesiastical censure for writing a play; and the Earl of Bute then took him up, as his confidant and friend. We learn with some surprise that the poet, thus secularised, was engaged as second in several affairs of honour, which did not quite ripen into hostile meetings. Very shocking, no doubt; but who could be severe with a man essentially so innocent and amiable as John Home, and one of whom

Carlyle delights to tell that, by his influence with his patron, he advanced the interests of scores of friends, but *never asked anything for himself.* Our author, visiting London in 1758 for the marriage of a sister, found his friend Home in terms of intimacy with Garrick, notwithstanding the rejection of *Douglas.* This led to an invitation from the great manager to Carlyle, and others of Home's Scotch friends, to an entertainment at his villa near Hampton. Somehow, Garrick had become aware of Carlyle's proficiency in the Scotch game of golf (which doubtless he had acquired on Musselburgh Links), so 'he told us to bring golf clubs and balls, that we might play at that game on Molesly Hurst. We accordingly set out in good time, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses, and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink the "Land o' Cakes." Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company. There were John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderburn, who was killed when commander of the army in Bombay, in the year [1773].

'Immediately after we arrived, we crossed the river to the golfing-ground, which was very good. None of the company could play but John Home and myself, and Parson Black from Aberdeen, who, being chaplain to a regiment during some of the Duke of Cumberland's campaigns, had been pointed out to his royal highness as a proper person to teach him the game of chess: the duke was such an apt scholar that he never lost a game after the first day; and he recompensed Black for having beat him so cruelly, by procuring for him the living of Hampton, which is a good one. We returned and dined sumptuously; Mrs Garrick, the only lady, now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all respects most agreeable company. . . . .

'Garrick had built a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakspeare in it, in his lower garden, on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high-road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garrick, in compliment to Home, had ordered the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it under the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play. The poet and the actor were equally gay, and well pleased with each other, on this occasion, with much respect on the one hand, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections. Having observed a green mount in the garden, opposite the archway, I said to our landlord, that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple, I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly, at the second stroke, made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway, and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon; and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady, or the guests.'

The book contains snatches of poignant remark and shrewd observations of character, sufficient to justify the esteem in which the author's society was held—as where he speaks of George Bell, provost and political leader of Dumfries, 'who was governed by his wife, who was swayed by her niece and Frank Paton, surveyor of customs, who was a very able man, and who, with my sister, were the secret springs of all the provost's conduct;' or describes his assistant, Anderson, 'reckoned an excellent preacher by the common people, because he got his sermon faithfully by heart (his father's, I suppose), and delivered it with a loudness and impetuosity surpassing any school-boy, without making a halt or stop from beginning to end;' or, better still, sets forth Sir George Suttie, as 'thought to be a great patriot, because he wore a coarse coat and unpowdered hair, while he was looking for a post with the utmost anxiety,' and as 'reckoned a man of sense because he said so himself, and had such an embarrassed stuttering elocution that one was not sure but it was true.' We in like manner obtain from the book some insight into the pleasantries which irradiated the intellectual society of Edinburgh in those days—as where the author introduces us to Mr Robert Cullen, advocate, celebrated for his powers of personation.

'One day,' says he, 'in the General Assembly of 1765, a student of physic was seized with a convulsion fit, which occasioned much commotion in the house, and drew a score of other English students around him. When the Assembly adjourned, about a dozen of us went to dine in the Poker club-room, at Nicholson's, when Dr Robertson came and told us he must dine with the Commissioner, but would join us soon. Immediately after we dined, somebody wished to hear from Cullen what Robertson would say about the incident that had taken place, which he did immediately, lest the Principal should come in. He had hardly finished when he arrived. After the company had drank his health, Jardine said slyly, "Principal, was it not a strange accident that happened to-day in the Assembly?" Robertson's answer was exactly in the strain, and almost in the very words, of Cullen. This raised a very loud laugh in the company, when the doctor, more ruffled than I ever almost saw him, said, with a severe look at Cullen, "I perceive somebody has been ploughing with my heifer before I came in."'

Considering that it records the life of a Scotch clergyman, there is in this book a surprising amount of space occupied with convivial dinners, and pleasant jaunts, and droll anecdotes—giving altogether the idea that life in that rank in the last century was far from being dull, or even tame. Dr Carlyle entertained and acted upon a theory that an open, moderate enjoyment of the ordinary pleasures of society was a safeguard against hypocrisy and fanaticism, and their many attendant evils. And this view he was enabled to carry out, because the church then depended little on the common people, and enjoyed much of the countenance of the gentlefolks. We have changed all that now.

WINTER-TIME.

Though Winter reigns, Beauty still holds her throne;
She moulds the snow-flake to its lovely form,
And the few crinkled leaves that mock the storm,
And laugh and chatter while the sad winds moan,
Beauty hath stained with mingled gold and brown.
The patches of bright sky between the showers,
The Robin's breast, and moss-floors of lone bowers,
For naked trees and funeral-clouds atone.
Beauty dies not, she walks through Forest dim
With feathery feet, when the strange cuckoo-note
Like a friend's voice on the calm air doth float,
And lisping zephyrs chant Spring's advent-hymn;
With the swarth Summer and brown Autumn dwells;
And marries Winter in the ice-flower dells. J. K.

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A CITY ELEVATED.

The vast space of the United States of America, and the prodigious human force provoked everywhere into exercise by the almost indefinite capabilities of the country, have caused many things which are here seen on a small scale, to assume, in that part of the world, gigantic proportions. Another consequence is, an audacity in grappling with physical difficulties such as the generality of British engineers would shrink from, even if supplied with ample funds, to be used at discretion. An American is so much accustomed to see wonderful things accomplished, that he becomes prepared instantaneously to enter upon and encourage projects which we should feel to be a hundred years ahead of our present powers.

There is a city in the west which even Americans will sometimes advert to as something of a wonder; and that is Chicago, on Lake Michigan. You enter, by a capital railway, an agglomeration of streets and squares, which appears not much less in extent than the city of Dublin, and you are told that it has all come into existence since the British Reform Act was passed. It is no rude collection of wigwams or log-houses, but a city of lofty and elegant structures, with churches, state-house, and all other suitable public buildings. Long terraces of handsome mansions, looking out upon the lake, attest the presence of a wealthy and luxurious class of inhabitants. Well, there was nothing of the kind there in 1830. When the history of the spot is traced fifteen or eighteen years further back, you find that it then boasted of nothing but a trading-station with a small fort. The writer was introduced to a middle-aged citizen, and learned that his wife has written an interesting book* on the romantic perils which she underwent in her girlhood, as daughter of the sole merchant here trafficking with the Indians. More marvellous still, there is now a university far to the *west* of Chicago—one graced by many accomplished professors—among the rest, by Dr D. B. Reid, long known in this country as a teacher of chemistry, and as the superintendent of the operations for regulating the temperature of the Houses of Parliament.

This city had grown up to be the dwelling-place of a hundred thousand inhabitants, before the people had well become aware of a radical fault in its construction—namely, that it had been built upon the surface of a plain so little elevated above the lake, that there was no proper outfall for drainage. Inconveniences were experienced, and groaned over mildly, as usually happens when inconveniences appear irremediable; but they were inconveniences, nay, dangers to health and life, for all that; and when at last some one said they might be remedied, the sense of their importance was freely expressed. To cut short a long tale—the municipality gave ear to a scheme for elevating the city through vertical space to the extent of from four to ten feet, according to the needs of various districts, by which it was shewn that good drainage might be secured. Here he would be a bold engineer indeed who should bethink him of such a process as possible; but it does not appear that the man who proposed to hoist up Chicago was looked upon there as anything extraordinary. The writer, when at Chicago in October 1860, could gather little more than that he was a person of the name of Brown. The business was quickly set about, for the Americans do not, like us, consider and talk of in one century what their descendants are to accomplish in the next. Once satisfied that it was the right thing to do, they—to use one of their favourite phrases—went ahead, and did it.

I should rather say, they began to do it: they began, and are now going on with it; for as Rome was not built, so neither could Chicago be hoisted up, all in one day. The stranger visiting Chicago at present, finds himself moving along streets of different levels; sometimes has to ascend, sometimes descend, a trap-ladder of a few steps which strangely interrupts the pavement. Nor may it be for a year or two to come that all will be adjusted according to the plan.

But the process!—how is a heavy building (a good-sized house will be as much as four thousand tons in weight) to be lifted? how, if there be means of merely lifting, is the rise to be kept so equable, that the walls will not rend and crack—in short, go more or less to ruin? Strange to say, the lifting is not only done with ease, but it is done so equably that no such thing as a crack results, nor even so much as a flake of plaster falls from the walls. And it is not merely a single house which is so dealt with, but whole blocks of houses, masses like a side of Belgrave Square, or a section of Regent Street, the fact being that individual houses are in general so connected with others, that it is seldom or never they can be elevated singly.

To give some idea of the 'house-raising business,' as a local journal styles it, let us note a few particulars of what was done with a block of buildings so lately as April 1860. Be it premised, this block extended to 320 feet in length, with a breadth of from 140 to 90, and an average height of 70 feet. It included a large bank, and eight other massive structures, the basement story of which was divided into thirteen shops. The entire weight was estimated at 35,000 tons. Three firms contracted for the work at 18,000 dollars, or about L.3500, engaging that for any damage that might arise, they alone would be responsible. It was also arranged—and this is perhaps the most surprising feature of the undertaking—that there should be no interruption to the business of the various concerns accommodated in the building.

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* *Wau-Bun, the Early Day in the North-west.* By Mrs John H. Kinzie of Chicago. 8vo, 1857.

The first step is to scarify away all the ground, or fabric of any kind around the base of the building, supplying, however, provisional galleries and gangways for the use of the public during the process of elevation. Then the earth is dug out from under a portion of the foundations, and strong beams inserted, supported by rows of jack-screws set together as closely as possible. When this is properly arranged, another piece of the foundations is removed in like manner, and so on till beams with jack-screws are under every wall of the mass of building. In the case of the block in question, there were in all 6000 screws employed.

The next step is to arrange for putting the screws into action. To every ten a man is assigned, furnished with a crow-bar. At the signal of a whistle, he turns a screw one-fourth round, goes on to another, which he turns in like manner, and so on till all are turned. The screw having a thread of three-eighths of an inch, the building has thus been raised a fourth part of that space throughout, or exactly 3-32d of an inch. The whistle again sounds: each crow-bar is again applied to its series of ten screws, and a similar amount of vertical movement for the whole building is accomplished. And this operation is repeated till the whole required elevation is accomplished. I have a large lithographed print before me, in which we see the block in question, with its base laid bare, so as to shew the range of workmen operating upon the screws, while the shops above are all in full business, and the carriage-way displays its ordinary crowd of coaches, wagons, and foot-passengers, as if there were nothing particular going on. When the desired elevation is attained, the beams are one by one replaced with a substructure of masonry, and the pavement is restored on the new level. In this case, the elevation of four feet eight inches was accomplished in five days, and it is stated that the cost of new foundations and pavement was from forty to fifty thousand dollars. The block, which was full of inhabitants, contained much plate-glass, elegantly painted walls, and many delicate things; but not a pane was broken, a particle of plaster or paint displaced, nor a piece of furniture injured. The writer deems it not superfluous to say, that he saw and partly inspected this mass of building, and certainly found nothing that could have led him to surmise that it had originally rested on a plane nearly five feet below its present level.

Let us English people ponder on these heroic undertakings of our American cousins. They are well worthy of imitation. It is the misfortune of many of our cities that large portions of them are built on ground so little above the level of an adjacent river as to be but imperfectly drainable. Southwark is a notable example, and Belgravia, with finer buildings, is no better off in this important respect. Sanitary considerations point out how desirable in these cases it is that the buildings should be raised a few feet. Chicago, a town of yesterday, scarcely yet to be heard of in geographical gazetteers, has shewn that it can be done, and, comparatively speaking, at no great expense.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER VII.—DARKENDIM STREET.

Early next morning, Richard Arbour had taken leave of his dear mother and of Sister Maggie—to whom alone he confided the secret of his innocence in the snow-ball matter—and was upon his road with his big brother to the railway station, to which the cart containing his small supply of luggage had already been despatched. He looked back more than once, upon his way, on the little home wherein he had passed his happy child-life with regretful eyes, and the blind of that chamber-window over the dining-room was always held aside by an unseen hand, and two unseen faces were, he well knew, being pressed there against the frosty pane. He would be a good boy, and obey his uncle, for their sake, thought he; and waved his cap as he entered the clump of trees that shut the cottage finally from view.

'Now, then, what are you stopping for?' growled Adolphus. 'None of your cunning tricks with me, my man; you may keep them for the women-folks, I do assure you. You don't suppose *I*'m going to mind about such a chap as you. Besides, *I* ain't going to part with you just yet, young shaver, so my feelings are not so overcome. You'll be in my department in the office, mind you, and you'd better be precious careful what you're about. Come, sir, you've got "Runaway" written on your face, I see, so we'll just walk hand in hand, if you please.'

Mr Adolphus Arbour's views upon what fraternal behaviour should be, were, as we have seen, somewhat peculiar, and his idea of what walking hand in hand implies was not less original. It consisted in clutching hold of the cuff of Dick's greatcoat, and dragging him thereby along with him, as a folio-policeman drags a duodecimo-pickpocket. In another moment, the greatcoat was trailing in the snow, and its proprietor, having withdrawn from it as in a pantomime trick—having sloughed it as a serpent in a hurry might slough his skin—was already some twenty yards on his road home again. Equipped only in the short school-boy jacket, so excellently adapted for pedestrian exercise, as the boy was, Adolphus could never have caught him, and he knew it.

'Hi!' roared he, 'you stop! Do you hear me, you young scoundrel? You stop!'

Dick did hear him, and stopped accordingly, upon a heap of flints, intended for the repairing of the road, from which having selected those best adapted for his purpose, he commenced a Parthian war, now retreating from, now advancing upon, the enemy, and now, Deucalion-like, casting his weapons behind him, at a venture, as he flew. Adolphus, in deadly fear of these missiles—the fate of Mr William Dempsey occurring to him with peculiar force under the circumstances—was constrained to hold the greatcoat shield-like before his face, which of course prevented him from making anything save a blind charge upon his assailant, and compelled him to remain, upon the whole, in a condition of inglorious inaction.

'I will not take hold of you any more, Dick,' parleyed the besieged party from behind his curtain or rampart.

'I know that; thank you for nothing,' returned the enemy, dexterously smiting the kneecap of the foe with a flint.

'I won't hurt you, I won't bully you, I'll be good to you,' roared the limping Adolphus.

'I *must* throw these three more stones,' replied Dick, 'and then we'll have *pax*.'

The which, accordingly, this master of the situation actually did, and one of them with effect; and then the two forces concluded an armistice, and reached the railway station only just in time. Adolphus took advantage of the hurry to furnish Dick with a half-price ticket instead of a whole one, pocketing the surplus fare with which his uncle had intrusted him, and laying the burden of the imposture upon Richard himself, who was more than thirteen years of age, and looked fifteen. The latter never dreamed but that this was done by his uncle's orders, and received the reproofs and expostulations of the ticket-viewers all the way to London with a magnanimity which is only borne of a sense of duty. His thoughts were mainly fixed upon that metropolis, so wondrous and vaguely promising to the soul of youth, from the days of another Dick—who was the scapegrace of *his* family also—even until now, and on the new manner of life upon which he was about to enter. His ideas of the mercantile profession—despite his residence at Messrs Dot and Carriwun's—were principally derived from the information afforded by the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, which led him to believe that sales were effected by means of purses of gold coin, and that the chief article of commerce consisted of precious stones—some of which perhaps, being rubbed smartly, might produce attendant genii. He made a pretty good guess, however, in concluding that his future Old Man of the Sea would be no other than the individual now opposite to him, over whose countenance, whenever he had occasion to rub his kneecap—which was rather frequently—there passed a decidedly malevolent expression. As to Uncle Ingram, there had certainly been nothing about him identical with those splendid personages who were wont to purchase a thousand bales of silk at Balsora, or to furnish Haroun Al Raschid with those young ladies of surpassing beauty, so full of reminiscences of the king their father, and their august mode of life at home. But then Dick felt that Uncle Ingram in the country might be a very different man from Uncle Ingram among his wares—for business matters were never referred to at the cottage except in such tones as befitted their sacred and mysterious character—and he did not altogether despair of finding that relative sitting cross-legged under a dome of great magnificence, and selling diamonds in sacks by dry measure.

As a matter of fact, however, Mr Ingram Arbour was a china and earthenware dealer, and sold dinner-services, jugs, basins, and so on, by the ton, in Darkendim Street, City. He was a sort of commercial Pandarus, a go-between 'twixt the manufacturers and retail dealers; and, if he had not been a Londoner, would perhaps have been called a Manchester warehouseman. The Darkendim Street establishment, although of vast extent, was very ill lighted, and had rather the air of being underground than otherwise. The two brothers went direct to this emporium, and threaded their way among mighty crates, with musty hay peering through their ribs as if from a manger, to the sanctum of Mr Ingram Arbour, which was like one of those boxes, and not much larger, in which private watchmen keep guard at night over banks and other buildings, wherein it is essential to persuade the public that there is money lodged. Uncle Ingram held out a finger to his little nephew, by way of welcome to commercial life; and Dick, having taken hold of it respectfully, bent it slightly—having found it impossible to shake it—and returned it to its proprietor.

'You had better take him to Mr Mickleham, Adolphus, for the present, and he will set him to work at once. And mind you're a good boy, sir, from henceforth—d'ye hear?—and whatever you do, don't throw my china about into people's eyes.'

With which not very encouraging remark, Uncle Ingram turned to the newspaper that was lying above his ledger, as it sometimes does, I have observed, with the best of business men, and Dick and his conductor, like Dante and his guide in another place, resumed their way through the gloom. This time, however, they ascended a flight of stairs, and returned across another floor to a room which overlooked the narrow street. A benevolent-looking old gentleman, with gold spectacles and slightly bald, sat at a huge desk with an enormous book before him, lisping with his mouth almost shut, not in numbers, but in figures, to himself. It struck Dick that he must have been always doing this, and wondered within himself whether it could have been this very individual who had invented 'Practice' for the confusion of youth. So soon as he spoke, however, it was evident that he was far too good-natured a person to have done anything of the sort.

'Good-day, Mr Adolphus,' said he in a cheery voice; 'and is this your brother Dick come to be lord mayor of London, and I don't know what beside? Let us shake hands, my good young sir.'

Mr Mickleham descended cautiously from his perch, by help of a cross-bar let into the legs of his lofty stool for that very purpose, and gave Dick a hearty welcome. 'I think,' continued he, as the little fellow squeezed the friendly hand as tightly as he could, 'we shall get on very well together, we two.'

'If you do,' observed Adolphus grimly, 'you 'll be about the first that has done it with that young gentleman.'

'Pooh, pooh, pooh—hush, hush!' cried the old man; 'I know nothing of all that, and I won't hear anything about it. When such little lads as these get into trouble, there are always faults on both sides.'

'Well, well,' returned Adolphus, 'time will shew; only, if I am not very much out in my calculations'——

'That 's just what you 're making me be,' interposed the old gentleman. 'If the lad is to be under my care for awhile, I cannot be distracted by anything else, if you please. I shall have to begin again with Cockspur and Triangle's account, as it is.'

The heir-presumptive of the house walked off with a grating laugh, and left the old man and the boy together. Mr Mickleham looked at Dick without speaking, until the echoes of the departing footsteps had died away; then he drew him nearer to the light, and patted his curly locks approvingly. 'Richard—your name is Richard, isn't it?—Richard, my boy,' said he in a tender tone, 'do you understand book-keeping?'

Dick modestly replied that he was afraid he was not very good at it.

'Have you ever heard of Böttcher, Richard—of the great Böttcher?'

Dick rather thought that he had heard the name (or something very like it) before.

'Of course you have,' replied the old gentleman with enthusiasm; 'who has not heard of the famous Böttcher? Who does not feel regret that such a genius was not our own fellow-countryman?'

'Ah, who indeed!' murmured poor Dick, who felt that he was getting credit somehow for knowing something or other of which he was profoundly ignorant.

'Here,' continued the old man, delighted at finding a willing listener, if not a sympathiser with his particular hobby—'here is a piece of Meissen porcelain that has once been in the great Böttcher's own fingers. You remember, doubtless, how the idea of making the white porcelain was suggested to him by the hair-powder which his valet put on his wig; how precious became the earth from which it was made, and how it was forbidden to be exported, and was brought into the manufactory in sealed barrels by persons sworn to secrecy. The whole history of pottery can be read in those shelves yonder, Richard.' He pointed to innumerable specimens of porcelain and earthenware arranged like pictures upon the wall, and carefully classified. 'This is the pattern-room, and in these drawers are hundreds of specimens of the modern ware; but those are the ancient gems, the priceless treasures.' With as great a reverence as Ultramontanist ever paid to relic, he took down a misshapen and black brown something out of a sort of iron net on the extreme left of the line of shelves, and exclaimed with an air of triumph: 'Now what do you think of this, Richard?'

'It's very ugly, isn't it, please, sir?' said Dick, determined to speak plainly this time, and not to be misunderstood again.

'Ugly!' cried Mr Mickleham in a tone of the most undisguised horror. 'Why, I begin to think that what has been said of you must be true. Ugly! Why, you young reprobate, this was found in a tomb at Thebes, and must have been manufactured nearly fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. It was made, perhaps, by the very father of the art. Ugly! Why, what on earth were those bright eyes given you for?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' replied Dick with sincere contrition; 'I really am no judge at all. I'm only thirteen years old, although I look so tall. I daresay it is a very pretty jug indeed.'

'Jug!' echoed Mr Mickleham with a shriek; 'it's a bottle, sir; a bottle of Chinese stoneware. Here is a sun-dried brick from Babylon, with a cuneiform inscription on it, telling us that it was made at the establishment of the Messrs Cockspur and Triangle of that epoch. That straw and clay, sir, were put together three thousand years ago. Here, again, is a clay-book from the private library of Sennacherib, and contains the inventory of the furniture of his palace. Descending to modern times, here is a beautiful rustic figure from the hands of Bernard Palissy himself, he who, being unable to pay his assistant his wages, gave him the coat off his own back, and after sixteen years of poverty-stricken existence, triumphed. This rose-coloured Sèvres Cupid was made for the famous Madame Dubarry, whose exquisite taste in porcelain must not, however, be permitted to blind us to the impropriety of her behaviour; she was as frail as her pink china. This splendid vase was one of a set purchased by Augustus III. at the price of a whole regiment of dragoons, and to my mind was worth a squadron; while this tea-cup, made by Charles III. of Nor—— Goodness Heavens! look, boy! you have younger sight than I: can this, by any possibility, be a crack in the handle? Come here; I would not venture to take it off its nail for half the treasures of Dresden.'

'It's only a cobweb, sir,' observed Dick, examining it; 'just let me blow it away.'

'Not for your life, boy, not for your life!' exclaimed Mr Mickleham in unaffected terror. 'Oh, the rashness and foolhardiness of youth! Just run your eye over this account for me, and tell me what you make it. What a turn you have given me, lad; I shan't be fit for work for the next half hour. There's the bell going for the workmen's dinner, luckily, so I can conscientiously devote the interval to luncheon.' The old gentleman opened a cupboard, and produced some sherry and biscuits. 'You must be hungry, lad, after being in the country-air this morning. I remember it gave me a tremendous appetite the last time I was in it—between thirteen and fourteen years ago.'

'Do you stop in this place all the year round, sir?' inquired the lad with astonishment.

'Pretty much,' returned the old gentleman, laughing. 'I very rarely go far away, at all events; and don't you think it's a very nice place too?'

'I like this room, sir, and I like you,' answered Dick; 'but I don't like Darkendim Street, nor that smell of old straw down stairs.'

'Smell of old straw!' replied the other. 'Why, what a strange boy you are. I never smell any old straw. What fancies lads do take into their giddy heads! You must dismiss all that, Richard, you know; for after a day or two, when I have seen what sort of an accountant you make, you will be put in the packing department under your brother Adolphus. Lor' bless you, lad, you will get to like the old house in time so much that there will be no getting you away from it.'

Dick thought within himself, that although he should get to be as old as the Babylon brick, this would never happen, but he kept the reflection within his own bosom.

'And now, my boy, we must not waste our time any longer; please to add up all these several sums in that sheet yonder, and see if you can verify the amounts which I have in my desk.'

So Dick was set to work, and laboured on assiduously till four o'clock, at which hour Mr Ingram Arbour came in with his hat on, and after having received a favourable account of his nephew's exertions, bade him get ready, and come along with him to Golden Square. His uncle and Adolphus walked on rapidly together, and the boy trotted behind them, confused by the unaccustomed throng and din, and keeping to the heels of his unanxious relatives only with the greatest difficulty. After a most exciting run of forty minutes, diversified by perils of crossings, stupendous in Dick's Arcadian eyes, he arrived at his new home.

Golden Square, as most people know, is not a very cheerful spot, from whatever point of view it is regarded; but when approached from the Regent Street side, as it chanced to be in the present instance, it appears, by contrast to that thoroughfare, more especially sombre. The scanty snow too, which still lay here and there on the spouts of the houses and on the brinks of the gutters, intensified the general gloom; and the whole impression given to poor Dick, fresh from Rose Cottage, was, that Golden Square was little better than Darkendim Street. A pretty waiting-maid opened the door, and a nice-looking, and rather stately old lady received them in the hall with a curtsy, and kissed Richard's cheek. 'Excuse the liberty, young sir,' said she; 'but I have been a great many years in your good uncle's house, and my heart is drawn towards those that are of his kith and kin.'

Dick returned the salute with cordiality, as became his genial nature, and was about to extend the sphere of his benevolence to the younger female, when Adolphus, touching his uncle's sleeve, drew his attention to that circumstance, and Mr Ingram Arbour roared out: 'What *are* you about, sir?' and 'How old, in the name of all the vices, *is* that boy? Take him into the housekeeper's room, Mrs Trimming, and let him have his tea and cold meat with you—that is to say, if you are not afraid of the young dog. It will never do for a child like that to be dining late every day.'

With this somewhat inconsistent speech, the master of the house and his myrmidon ascended to the upper floors, and the old lady having conducted the lad into a comfortable little sitting-room below the level of the street-pavement, set before him a handsome piece of cold beef and a jug of ale; after which she surveyed him admiringly, through her silver spectacles, for the space of a minute, and then deliberately kissed him again.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOLDEN SQUARE.

For the first week, Richard Arbour bore his transportation to town with equanimity; he liked Mr Mickleham and Mrs Trimming, and saw little of his uncle and brother. When they went down, at the end of the week, to Rose Cottage, leaving him in Golden Square, he thought it rather hard; but the old housekeeper was so kind, and Betsy so tender, that he was not so very miserable after all. But after this exile had lasted for some ten weeks or so, and shifted from the pattern-room to the packing department, he had been exposed day after day to the insolence and cruelty of Adolphus, he began to find life in Darkendim Street irksome indeed. Appeals to the head of the firm—who was of opinion that all complaints from inferiors against their superiors were alike frivolous and vexatious—he soon found were utterly fruitless; and as for praise from that quarter for the things that he did well and dutifully—he might as well have looked for apricots upon a clothes-prop. Mr Ingram Arbour, who was by no means loth to receive the harvest of a well-spent life himself from the general public, in such titles as Prudent, Well-to-do, Independent, Respectable, and the like, had never been known to bestow a grain of it in the way of encouragement of other people. He prided himself too much upon his practical character to have any respect for the value of fair words. He had become possessed of a foolish saying against them in the connection with the buttering of parsnips, and thought himself rather a philosopher in its application. Most men who are much addicted to proverbs are mentally short-sighted, and our seller of chinaware was in that way a perfect Solomon at second-hand. 'A straw will shew us which way the wind blows,' says the commonplace sage, and never takes into account the place where he finds the straw, and the thousand eddies wherein it is like to be whirled by currents of which he never dreams.

Uncle Ingram and Nephew Richard drifted further and further away from one another daily on the freezing sea of mutual discontent, and we may be sure that a breath from a certain quarter was not wanting to make matters worse between them.

Dick, who was a sharp lad—for all that Messrs Dot and Carriwun thought—could unlock a ward or two of his brother's character already, and with the imprudence of his years had made Adolphus aware of this proficiency. He had been so indiscreet —in a certain altercation at the office concerning the breakage of some little Etruscan pitchers—as to remind that young man of Betsy's having boxed his ears one day, within Dick's hearing, and doubtless for provocation received; and that in a tone of voice which might have been heard in the sentry-box, had Uncle Ingram chanced to be on guard there. Adolphus smiled contemptuously upon the absurd libel at the time, but two chinamen who had been heard to giggle behind a crate, lost their situations, for misconduct, within the week, nor in the end was the disclosure a laughing matter to anybody. Mr Joseph Surface never likes that decent screen to be thrown down which so often stands in the corner of his apartment, whether Lady Teazle be really concealed behind it or not.

On the second Saturday that Richard was left alone in Golden Square, Mrs Trimming entertained company. The respect which Mr Ingram Arbour evidently had for that lady was so high, that Richard never doubted but that the dining-room was used by her that night instead of her own apartment with his full permission; and, indeed, she looked so 'superior' and 'genteel' on the evening in question, that nobody would have ventured to dispute her privilege to sit wherever she pleased. She had a black silk gown on, which stood out in its own right without the aid of crinoline, like cardboard; and the lace that she wore voluminously about her was of that faded, not to say dingy complexion, which is known (very familiarly) as Old Point. The expression upon Mrs Trimming's features, too, was gala-like to an extraordinary degree upon this night of her reception. Dick hardly recognised the staid and stately housekeeper in the animated and joyous old lady who superintended Betsy as she set out supper upon the mighty dining-table—for three. One person only, then, was to come to supper. The boy had expected a dozen guests at least, so tremendous had been the preparations. Who could this distinguished visitor be? thought he, for the sake of whom he had been adjured to put on his Sunday clothes, and in whose honour Betsy wore as many ribbons as would have served a recruiting party—which, indeed, perhaps she was.

When all the arrangements were completed to her satisfaction, and the clock struck 9 P. M., Mrs Trimming seated herself before the fire with her feet on the fender, and her silk gown furled like a banner on her lap, in the attitude of expectation.

'Betsy,' said she, with great distinctness, 'when Mr Jones—Mr Jones, you know—knocks at the door, tell him who is here; tell him, before he enters, that Master Richard does him the honour of supping with him to-night.'

Dick looked at the raised pie and the lobster upon the well-furnished table, and protested with sincerity that for his part he esteemed it a real pleasure to sup with Mr Jones. His politeness had hitherto prevented him from speaking of the expected visitor, but mention having thus been made of him, he ventured to ask whether Mr Jones was a nice man.

'A nice man!' ejaculated the old lady, with a sudden flush upon her wrinkled countenance. 'Oh, I forgot; you do not know him; how should you, my poor boy? Well, he is generally considered rather nice, I believe; is he not, Betsy?'

'O yes, ma'am,' replied that domestic; 'he is so beautiful, and so genteel-like, and so kind; and then there's nothing like pride about Mr Jones neither, who has been everywhere, and done such a many things. In fact, for my part—though I'm only a servant, ma'am, and no judge—I never set eyes on any person to at all come up to Mr Jones in any way.'

Mrs Trimming rubbed her white hands softly together, and nodded her head, as if keeping time with these commendations; and when they were concluded, looked at Dick with sparkling eyes, as though she would ask him what he thought of Mr Jones *now*.

It is a little difficult to be enthusiastic about people that we have never seen—although, judging from the expectations of many persons in all classes of society, it would seem to be one of the easiest performances of the human mind—and Dick could only reiterate his satisfaction at the opportunity which was about to be afforded to him of making the acquaintance of this paragon.

'That's his step, Betsy,' cried the old lady suddenly: 'run to the door, Betsy; quick.'

'Please, ma'am, I think it's only the pleaceman as'——

The old lady shook her head with a smile as a double rap at the door, which seemed to shake the house, and give the Square assurance of a gentleman, cut short this incredulous speech.

'I think I ought to know his step by this time,' quoth Mrs Trimming tenderly.

There was a little whispering in the hall, interrupted by a 'Never mind, Betsy; who the dickens cares?' in ringing cheery tones; and in strode the guest of the evening. He was a handsome well-built young man enough, of some nine-and-twenty years of age—unless his genial manner lightened him of a year or two—but not of such a surpassing loveliness, as Dick thought, as to excuse Mrs Trimming, at her time of life, for throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him on both his cheeks.

'Mr Jones is a very old friend of mine,' observed she in extenuation, and when she had got back her breath again. 'I daresay you thought it very odd that I should do such a thing as that, Master Richard, and odder still that such a handsome young fellow should salute me again.'

Dick gallantly hastened to say, that he saw nothing out of the course of nature in the proceeding, at all, for that he himself cherished the remembrance of that embrace which had been bestowed upon him by Mrs Trimming on the day of his arrival most warmly: whereat Mr Jones observed, approvingly, that he was a jolly little chap, and the three sat down to supper, excellent friends.

There was, however, one disturbing thought in the mind of Dick that came between his appetite and the raised pie, and interfered with his acquaintanceship with the lobster again and again! Where had he seen this Mr Jones before, and under what previous circumstances? He could not have been the medical gentleman who had ushered him into the world thirteen years ago and more, for that would have presumed him to have obtained the right of exercising that delicate function at the early age of fifteen or sixteen; and besides, Dick had always heard that Dr Neversleep had been the master of that situation: and yet it was somehow with a baby that Mr Jones was associated in Dick's mind. With a baby and with a baptism—yes, so far so good; but not with *his* baptism, for the parson of the parish—as he had a silver mug with that reverend gentleman's name upon it to prove—had 'stood' for him, as second sponsor, and not Mr Jones. Dick was endeavouring to remember whether he had ever been at the christening of anybody else except himself, when the mysterious stranger cut short his meditations with, 'Come, young gentleman, let us have a glass of wine together.'

The voice was entirely strange to him, and seemed to break the spell—to loosen and throw into confusion the links out of which his memory was striving to construct a connected chain. It was good, however, to listen to Mr Jones for other reasons. For so apparently young a man, his experience was amazingly large, and whatever he had to tell of, he narrated well, and even brilliantly. He had been a sailor; and he made Dick long for the blue expanse of ocean lying dreamy under the tropic sky, and anon, wild with fury, climbing, white-lipped, up the reeling vessel's side; he spoke of the islands of the West, where fruit, and flower, and bird were, as Dick's literature led him to believe, as they ought to be, till the lad longed for those Eden bowers, and loathed the tethered and inadventurous life that he himself was doomed to lead. Betsy, who had tacitly obtained permission to remain in the room, drank in these wonders with open mouth and eyes; and Mrs Trimming listened to them with the delighted look of one whose admiration is too great to give place to interest, and who draws her proudest pleasure from the rapt faces of her fellow-listeners. Thus the time swiftly passed, and it was nigh midnight when Mr Jones suddenly rose up, exclaiming: 'You have made me chatter so that I have clean forgotten my pipe. I suppose I may go down stairs as usual?'

Master Richard Arbour took up his chamber candlestick with a sigh.

'Would you like to keep me company, young gentleman?' observed the visitor, perceiving his disinclination to depart. 'When I was your age, I smoked a pipe myself. Let him sit up for me, instead of Betsy, madam, and lock the front door after me? We shan't be twenty minutes altogether.'

'Oh, please do let me, Mrs Trimming,' entreated the lad.

To which the old lady replied, first, that nothing could induce her to suffer anything of the sort to be done, and that if it was done, she would be unworthy to fill the responsible situation which she occupied in that house for ever afterwards; and secondly, that she could never refuse Mr Jones anything, and that his young friend might do as he liked.

So the two retired to Mrs Trimming's ordinary sitting-room; and Mr Jones not only filled his own pipe with a pleasant but powerful mixture of tobacco, but endowed Master Richard with another, furnished with Turkish Latakia, or, as he himself expressed it, 'mother's milk.' Under the influence of this novel narcotic and Mr Jones's stirring narrations, the lad passed much such an evening as an imaginative young Persian may be supposed to do on his first introduction to hashis. Only whenever Mr Jones made pause, if it were but to take a momentary sip at his gin and water, and the voice of the charmer ceased, again Dick's brain would revert to the inquiry of, Where *have* I seen this man before, and how is it that I know that face so well? He had certainly seen him christened, or *at* a christening—that was a settled matter, and might be put aside; but had he not also seen him being married, or giving in marriage somebody else? Nay, at a funeral, too—it couldn't have been at papa's funeral, for Dick had been but a baby when that happened—but at some funeral, somewhere, he had most certainly beheld Mr Jones, with his hat off, standing by the grave-side in the open air—— The front door was open, and the cold night-wind blowing freely upon his brow when Dick got thus far.

'You feel better now, lad?' Mr Jones was saying, in the voice that was so strange to the lad's ear—'you feel better now, don't you? You should never swallow your smoke, my young friend, nor drink your gin and water out of the spoon. Good-night, Dick; I shall see you again soon. Now, mind, when I shut the door, you must put up the chain directly. There!'

A tremendous bang echoed through the house—the protest of a respectable door, bearing such a name as Ingram Arbour upon it, at being unlawfully slammed at three o'clock upon a Sabbath morning—and Master Richard reached his sleeping-apartment by a series of tackings and lurches, and got into bed with his boots on.

OSCULATION.

WHEN a fair correspondent inquired of the 'British Apollo,' why kissing was so much in fashion, what benefit was derived from it, and who was its inventor, the oracle answered: 'Ah, madam, had you a lover, you would not come to Apollo for a solution; since there is no dispute but the kisses of mutual lovers give infinite satisfaction. As to its invention, it is certain Nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship.' Apollo was right. We indignantly scout the assertions of those unromantic individuals who maintain, that in the desire of the suspicious ancients to test their wives' and daughters' sobriety, originated a practice reprobated by Socrates the philosopher, Cato the censor, Ambrose the saint, and Bunyan the tinker, and lauded by lyrists and lovers from the beginning of time.

Our tattooed progenitors must have been barbarians indeed, if we are to believe the Scandinavian tradition, that kissing was an exotic pleasure introduced into this island by Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist the Saxon. At a banquet given by the British monarch in honour of his allies, the princess, after pressing the brimming beaker to her lips, saluted the astonished and delighted Vortigern with a little kiss, after the manner of her own people. So well did this novel importation thrive under the cloudy skies of England, that from being an occasional luxury, it soon became an everyday enjoyment, and the English were celebrated far and near as a kissing people; and not without reason, for our ancestors did nothing by halves. In Edward IV.'s reign, a guest was expected on his arrival, and also on his departure, to salute not only his hostess, but all the ladies of the family. This pretty piece of civility not a little astonished a Greek visitor to the court of bluff King Hal. So widely spread was the osculatory reputation of Englishmen, that when Wolsey's biographer visited a French nobleman at his château, the mistress of the mansion entering the room with her bevy of attendant maidens, thus accosted her husband's guest: 'Forasmuch as ye be an Englishman, whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' A promise no sooner made than redeemed, to the inexpressible satisfaction of Cavendish.

How prettily does Shakspeare's Helena beg a kiss of her uncouth, churlish husband!

> 'I am not worthy of the wealth I own;
> Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is;
> But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
> What law does vouch mine own.'
> 'What would you have?'
> 'Something; and scarce so much;—nothing, indeed—
> I would not tell you what I would, my lord—faith, yes—
> Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.'

From the conclusion of the poor damsel's appeal, we might infer that some degree of intimacy preceded admission to the sweet privilege, had we not contemporary evidence to the contrary. In a story founded on the same plot as *Cymbeline*, we are told how the Iachimo of the tale lay at Waltam a whole day before he caught sight of the lady; when, seeing her in a field, he went up to her, and kissed her—'a thing no modest woman can deny.' The practice was in full vigour when Erasmus sojourned in the land, and wrote enthusiastically in its commendation: 'If you go to any place, you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a kiss; you return—kisses are exchanged; they come to visit you—a kiss the first thing; they leave you—you kiss them all round. Do they meet you anywhere?—kisses in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses—and if you had but once tasted them! how soft they are! how fragrant! on my honour, you would wish not to reside here for ten years only, but for life!' Ladies then used kissing-comfits of amber-grease to sweeten their breath! When the Constable of Castile visited the English court after the accession of James I., proud and pompous as the Spaniard was, he was right well pleased to bestow a kiss on Anne of Denmark's pretty maids of honour, 'according to the custom of the country, any neglect of which is taken as an affront.' Clever Christina of Sweden, taking her ladies to dine with Cromwell's ambassador, commanded him to teach her suite the English mode of salutation—an order readily obeyed by Whitelock, who, after a few coy and 'pretty defences,' found his pupils apt scholars, their lips readily obeying his instructions. Tom Carew, one of the mob of gentlemen who wrote at ease, and very free and easily into the bargain, declares kissing an infallible cure for the toothache. It was then a common salutation between men, although we do not suppose Tom's prescription referred to male kisses. It was also a common civility in Paris, according to St Evremond, because kisses were commodities costing nothing, never wearing out, and always to be had in abundance. In England, it gradually declined, not in consequence of the efforts of the inspired tinker, who abhorred the uncomely practice, and who was wont to put down those who urged in defence that it was merely a civility, by asking them, 'Why they made baulks? Why they saluted the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured ones go?' but because it grew unfashionable in France. It was still in some vogue under William and Mary, but we find Rustic Sprightly complaining to the *Spectator*, that since the unhappy arrival in his neighbourhood of a courtier who was contented with a profound bow, no young gentlewoman had been kissed, though previously he had been accustomed, upon entering a room, to salute the ladies all round.

In olden time, a kiss was the fee exacted by every gentleman from his partner in the dance:

> What fool would dance
> If that, when dance is done,
> He may not have at lady's lip
> That which in dance he won?

Ariel sings: 'Curtsied when you have and kissed;' and Henry says to Anne Boleyn:

> Sweetheart,
> I were unmannerly to take you out,
> And not to kiss you!

Then there were 'kissing dances,' in some of which, when the fiddler thought the dancers had had enough music, he sounded two notes, which all understood to mean 'kiss her!' In others, the kissing took place while the dancers were in full career, when the gentlemen were compelled to dwell on the lips of their partners almost a minute, or they would be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of tune. Custom still warrants stealing a kiss from a sleeping beauty at any season, and from waking ones under the Christmas misletoe. In Russia, kisses are Easter offerings. There every member of a family salutes every other member; acquaintances greet each other with a kiss; public employés salute their principals and one another; the general embraces the officers of his corps; the colonel those of his regiment and a deputation from the ranks; while the captain kisses all the soldiers of his company. The czar salutes his family, retinue, court, and attendants; pays a similar compliment to his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates, and a select party of private soldiers. In some parts, anybody may be compelled to kiss anybody else; the poorest serf meeting a high-born dame in the street has but to say: 'Christ is risen,' and he will receive a kiss, and 'He is truly risen,' in reply. In Finland, if Bayard Taylor is to be credited, the women have a curious aversion to what the sex usually receive with complacency, if not pleasure. A Finnish matron, on hearing that it was a common thing in England for man and wife to kiss, expressed great disgust thereat, declaring emphatically that if her husband dared to take such a liberty, she would give him a box on the ears he would feel for a month!

In the eyes of our law, kissing a lady against her will, or without her permission (terms not exactly synonymous), is a common assault punishable by fine or imprisonment; penalties not always sufficient to deter susceptible men from yielding to rosy temptation.

In France, by the code of regulations by which the theatres are governed, any actor kissing an actress without her consent is liable to a fine of so many francs. The husband of a popular French actress brought the stage-lover before the tribunal for having committed the offence to a most alarming and unwarrantable extent. The defendant at first pleaded consent of the lady; this being disproved, he audaciously offered to settle the matter by returning the kisses:

> 'Dearest beauty, you complain
> That I killed you with a kiss;
> O then, take it back again,
> Lest I justly curse my bliss'—

a mode of payment of course indignantly rejected by the plaintiff. We do not know what the London green-room law is on this pleasant question—the practice on the stage varies considerably. In general, stage salutes are most palpable make-believes; one popular comedian never trusts his face within kissing-range, but then his wife generally plays in the same piece, so he may have good reason for his caution; others we could name, who, providing the kisser be fair, take the benefit of the act; and we remember seeing an actor, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, salute a pretty actress, although there was no stage direction to justify him—a piece of 'gag' which the lady very properly accepted as the cue for as unequivocal a box on the ear as ever fair hands administered.

Every one knows how Margaret of Scotland kissed the ugly and sleeping Chartier, and how she justified her taste by declaring, that a mouth from which such a profusion of wit had proceeded needed no other grace to make it beautiful. Voltaire, too, had the honour of being publicly kissed in the stage-box by the young and lovely Duchess de Villars; but in his case the lady gave the salute not of her own free-will, but in obedience to the commands of the pit, mad with enthusiasm for the poet's *Merope*.

Kissing the pope's toe was a fashion introduced by one of the Leos, who had mutilated his right hand. Kissing hands was a regal ceremony practised at least as early as the days of Caligula. When the gallant cardinal, John of Lorraine, was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss, greatly to the indignation of the irate churchman. 'How, madam!' exclaimed he; 'am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the queen my mistress, who is the greatest queen in the world, and shall I not kiss you, a dirty little duchess? I would have you know I have kissed as handsome ladies, and of as great or greater family than you!' Without more ado, he made for the lips of the proud Portuguese princess, and despite her resistance, kissed her thrice on her mouth before he released her with an exultant laugh. Cardinal John was apparently of one mind with Selden, who thought 'to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring.' When Charles II. was making his triumphal progress through the land, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity held up their own heads to be kissed by the king—a blunder no one would more readily excuse than the Merry Monarch.

Kisses, says Sam Slick, are like creation, because they are made out of nothing, and are very good. A countryman of the Clockmaker conjugates the verb thus: Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; sillybus, the hand instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss everybody in the room; erebus, to kiss in the dark. Kissing one's own sister has been aptly likened to eating a veal sandwich; carrying out the comparison, kissing one's cousin—unless she be a particular cousin, one coming under the denomination 'dangerous'—may be considered equivalent to discussing a beef sandwich; and the chaste salute snatched from the lips of the lass we love, to the piquante, appetite-provoking combination of ham, mustard, and bread.

It is upon record that the woods of Madeira, or at anyrate the people in them, once trembled at a kiss; and that the Scotch parson kissed the fiddler's wife, and could not preach for thinking of it, a notable instance of sweetness long drawn out. An old treatise on the Pleasures of Matrimony and its preliminary Courtship, assures us that when a lady condescends to treat her lover by letting him taste the charming cherries of her lips, and suck from thence the fragrant breath that far exceeds Arabia's rich perfume, the privilege wraps the happy man in such pleasure that he imagines he is in Elysium! But this is flat, stale, and unprofitable, compared with the effect of a kiss upon the hero of a modern German novel—'Sophia returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars. I knew the happiness of the seraphim!' Poor fellow! it must have been a sad thing for him when he landed on the *terra firma* of matrimony.

Kissing, like the rest of the good things of life, should be indulged in in moderation. The ruddiest lip cloys with too much kissing. Young ladies may justly hold in contempt the man who can number his kisses, and take the poet's word for it, that he will be content with few; but we agree with the lassie in the play, that 'waste not, want not, applies to kisses as well as to siller;' and such a prodigal as the jovial vicar, who, not satisfied with obtaining a kiss, asks the lady to add to that a score—

> Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
> A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on
> To make that thousand up a million;
> Treble that million, and when that is done,
> Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun!

deserved never again to taste the cherry ripe he so prettily sang.

Since kissing for good-manners' sake became a fashion of the past, kissing has gone by favour; so if any of our fair readers will blow a kiss to us, we will blow a kiss to them, and they may do so with perfect safety, for we never kiss and tell.

AN ARCTIC WINTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Our brave old adventurers seem to have been very loyal, and great observers of saints' days. The 1st of March, being St David's Day, was kept as a holiday, and they 'prayed for his Highness Charles Prince of Wales.' In the course of the month, several attempts were made to capture deer, but on each occasion the hunters returned without success, and almost dead of cold. The carpenter was by this time very sickly, yet persevered in setting up the framework of the pinnace, and Captain James gives a vivid idea of the extreme difficulties under which wood was procured for the purpose of making floor and futtock timbers. The men who 'were appointed to look for crooked timber did stalk and wade, sometimes on all-four, through the snow, and when they saw a tree likely to fit the mould, they must heave away the snow, to see if it would fit the mould; if not, they must seek further. If it did fit the mould, they made a fire to it to thaw it, otherwise it could not be cut. Then they cut it down, and fitted it to the length of the mould, and dragged it a mile through the snow.' Although they lived in a wood, they seem to have had hard work to keep up a good supply of fuel, owing principally to the lack of suitable tools for cutting down trees. The 1st of April was kept holy, being Easter Day, and the weak and diminished crew 'reasoned together' about their condition. There were five men, including the carpenter, quite helpless; the boatswain and others very infirm; and of all the rest, only five could eat of their ordinary food. The season had advanced, but it was cold as ever. The pinnace was not in a forward state, and the carpenter was shelved. 'After much arguing,' they resolved to dig the ice out of the sunk vessel the first warm weather that came. On the 6th, was the deepest snow they had hitherto had; and until the 16th the weather continued extremely severe, and the spring was frozen harder at its source than ever before. Then came a comfortable sunshiny day, which enabled them to clear the upper decks of the *Henrietta Maria* of snow, and to make a fire in the great cabin, and to dig the anchor up out of the ice. They also dug to find the missing rudder, but without avail. On the 19th, the master and two others asked leave to sleep on board, by which they 'avoided the hearing the miserable groans and lamentations of the sick men, who endured (poor souls) intolerable torments.' By the 19th, they had dug so far down in the hold, that they saw a cask, and some water; and five days later succeeded in getting out the cask, and found it full of very good beer, 'which did much rejoice us all, especially the sick men, notwithstanding it did taste a little of bilge-water.' This gave them heart to work away at clearing out the ice, and stopping the holes which they had cut to sink the vessel. By continually pouring hot water down the pumps, they melted the ice in them, and got them to work. As a drawback to this cheering labour, the poor carpenter was now beyond hope of recovery, and several of the men in a most miserable state.

It rained all day long on the 29th, which they hailed as a sure sign that winter was about to break up. The next day, however, was very cold with snow and hail, and it pinched the sick men more than at any previous time. It is pleasant to learn that they remembered it was May-day Eve, so 'made a good fire, and chose ladies, and did ceremoniously wear their names in our caps, endeavouring to revive ourselves by any means.' Poor fellows! much had they yet to endure ere they saw Old England again, and that was the last May-day Eve some of them were ever to spend.

The *Henrietta Maria* was amply provisioned on sailing with beef, pork, fish, &c., and Captain James gives an interesting account how they had dieted themselves all along. But after Christmas, many of the crew were unable to eat any solid food, and subsisted on meal fried in oil, and pease boiled to a soft paste. Water was almost the sole drink throughout the winter. It is noteworthy what a few animals and birds were trapped and shot; in all the winter, only a few partridges were shot, and about a dozen foxes were trapped. One of the latter was taken alive, and being killed and boiled, 'made broth for the weakest of the sick men, who ate the flesh also.' Several of the crew were helpless as babes, and all suffered more or less from scurvy, which they had no remedy against but such herbs and grasses as they could pick up. 'I ever feared,' says the narrator, 'that we should be weakest in the spring, and therefore had reserved a tun of Alicant wine unto this time. Of this, by putting seven parts of water to one of wine, we made some weak beverage which was little better than water, the wine, being frozen, having lost its virtue. The weaker sort had a pint of Alicant a day by itself, and a little dram of such poor aqua vitæ as we had, every morning, next their hearts.' The first few days of the 'merry month o' May' it snowed and blew, and was unexpectedly cold, so that the sick men got worse and worse, and fainted when taken out of bed, and it was 'much ado to fetch life in them.' On the 4th, the captain and surgeon went forth to try and shoot some wild-fowl for the sick men, but they found the birds so extremely shy, that 'they would not endure to see anything move'—a peculiarity we should not have expected in such a locality.

On the 6th, John Warden, chief-mate, died, and was buried in the evening 'in the most Christian manner we could, upon the top of a bare hill of sand.' On the 9th, they got up five barrels of beef and pork from the vessel's hold, and found their four butts of beer, and one of cider. These liquids had lain under water all winter, but proved nothing the worse on that account, and, devoutly remarks Captain James, 'God make us ever thankful for the comfort it gave us.' By the 12th, they had cleared all the ice out of the hold, and found the spare shoes, the temporary loss of which had caused them much suffering. They lowered into the hold the cables, and a butt of wine which had been on the upper deck all winter, and still remained firmly frozen. They began to refit the ship, hoping she would yet prove stanch and seaworthy—an opinion which the carpenter strongly controverted, arguing that in the spot where she reposed, the ice had filled up her leaks, and thus kept out water for the present, but that when she was in motion again, they would doubtless open: in fact, they could even now see through her seams between wind and water.

The 13th being the Sabbath, the diminished crew solemnly gave thanks to God for 'those hopes and comforts we daily had,' and on this day they saw some bare patches of land where the snow had disappeared—an exhilarating sight to men in their position. They were now chiefly concerned for the missing rudder, and the reflection that, as their bark lay in the very strength of the tideway, the floating ice, whenever it broke up, might complete the destruction of the already shattered vessel. They next looked up the rigging, which was much injured by the ice, and the cooper prepared casks to help to buoy up the ship, if necessary. Some of the men were sent forth to try and shoot fowl for the sick men, who were worse and worse.

There is a brief yet interesting entry in the captain's journal on the 15th. 'I manured a little patch of ground that was bare of snow, and sowed it with pease, hoping to have some of the herbs [leaves] of them shortly to eat, for as yet we can find no green thing to comfort us.' The next entry is a melancholy one. 'The 18th, our carpenter, William Cole, died, a man generally bemoaned by us all, as much for his innate goodness as for the present necessity we had for a man of his profession. He had endured a long sickness with much patience, and made a very godly end. In the evening, we buried him by Mr Warden, accompanied with as many as could go, for three more of our principal men *lay then expecting a good hour*.' The poor carpenter, we learn, before he became too weak for any exertion, had made the frame of the pinnace ready to be bolted and treenailed, so that the survivors might plank her after his death. This pinnace was twenty-seven feet long, ten feet breadth of beam, and five feet of hold; burden, twelve or fourteen tons.

A very singular discovery was made on the evening of the carpenter's burial. It will be recollected that, many months previously, the gunner had been committed to the sea, in deep water, and a good distance from the ship; but the master, returning on board the evening of this 18th of May, discovered what he believed to be some portion of the gunner's body alongside, just under the gun-room ports. The next day, they dug the corpse out of the ice, the head being downwards, and the heel upwards, 'for he had but one leg, and the plaster was yet at his wound.' The body was perfectly fresh, and time had 'wrought this only alteration on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand. In the evening, we buried him by the others.' The fact that the dead body of the gunner had drifted a great distance, and finally settled and froze fast close under the gun-room ports (his special station aboard in life), seems a most remarkable incident, although Captain James makes no comment whatever upon it.

'The snow,' says Captain James, 'was by this time pretty well wasted in the woods; and we having a high tree on the highest place of the island, which we called our Watch-tree, from the top of it could see into the sea, but saw no appearance of breaking-up yet. The 20th, being Whitsunday, we sadly solemnised. The next day was the warmest sunshiny day that came this year. I sent two a-fowling; and myself, the master, surgeon, and one more, with our pieces and dogs, went into the woods, and wandering eight miles from the house, returned comfortless, not finding an herb or a leaf that was eatable. Our fowlers had as bad success. The snow in the woods was partly wasted away, and the ponds were almost unthawed, but the sea appeared all firm frozen. The snow doth not melt here with the sun or rain, and so make land-floods, as in England, but is exhaled up by the sun, and sucked full of holes, like honeycombs, so that the land whereon it lies will not be at all wetted. We observed, also, that let it rain never so much, we had no land-floods after it. The 22d we went aboard the ship, and found that she had made so much water that it was now risen above the ballast, which made us doubt again of her soundness. We fell to pumping, and pumped her quite dry. We had now sometimes such hot glooms that we could not endure the sun, and yet in the night it would freeze very hard. This unnaturalness of the season tormented our men, that they grew worse and worse daily. The 23d, our boatswain, a painful man, having been long sick, which he had heartily resisted, was taken with such a pain in one of his thighs, that we verily thought he would presently have died. He kept his bed all day in great extremity; and it was a maxim among us, that if any one kept his bed two days, he could rise no more. *This made every man strive to keep up for life.*'

May 24th proved a very warm sunny day, which melted the ice along-shore, and caused the frozen surface of the bay to crack all over with a fearful sound. In the afternoon, the captain perceived that the ice ebbed by the ship, and to save her from injury, he instantly ordered the master to sink her again (in a way previously arranged), and to look out for the still missing rudder. The latter was found by a man pecking up the ice, and hoisted on board. The drift-ice meantime rose into high heaps, and they were forced to cut away twenty fathoms of cable, which was fast frozen in the ice. After awhile, the ice settled again. 'This,' ejaculates the worthy captain, 'was a joyful day to us all; and we gave God thanks for the hopes we had of it.' On the 26th, the captain and the surgeon went to the bay where the seaman, John Barton, had been drowned the previous year, by incautiously walking over weak ice, hoping to find his body; but in this they were disappointed. The 29th was Prince Charles's birthday, which they loyally kept as a holiday, hoisting their colours both on board the vessel and ashore, and named their houses ashore Charles Town, 'by contraction Charlton, and the island Charlton Island.' The next day, the ice had so far melted that the boat could freely pass from the shore to the grounded ship.

We will once more let our fine, quaint, old mariner speak for himself: 'The last of this month [May] we found on the beach some vetches appearing out of the ground, which I caused to be picked up and boiled for our sick men. This day we had filled all our rigging and sails, and it being a very hot day, we dried and new made all our fish in the sun, and aired all our other provisions. There was not a man of us at present able to eat of our salt provisions, but myself and the master of my ship. It may be here remembered that all this winter we had not been troubled with any rheums or phlegmatic diseases. June, the four first days it did snow, hail, and blow very hard, and was so cold that the ponds of water did freeze over, and the water in our cans did freeze in the very house. Our clothes, also, that had been washed and hung out to dry, did not thaw all day. The 5th, it continued blowing very hard on the broadside of the ship, which did make her to swag and wallow in her dock, and much shake her although she was sunk; the ice withal did drive against her, and give her many fearful blows. I resolved to endeavour to hang the rudder, and when God sent us water (notwithstanding the abundance of ice that was yet about us), to have her further off. In the afternoon, we under-ran our small cable to our anchor, which lay astern in deep water, and with some difficulty got it up. . . . . The 6th, we went about to hang our rudder, and our young lustiest men took turns to go into the water, and rake away the sand; but they were not able to endure the cold of it half a quarter of an hour, it was so mortifying, and would make them swoon away. We brought it to the stern post, but were then fain to give it over, being able to work at it no longer. Then we plugged up the upper holes within board, and pumped out the water again.'

By the 8th, they had got the vessel to float at high-water, though she was still 'docked' in the sand to the depth of four feet. This necessitated heaving overboard the ballast to lighten her, which they did, and also sent all weighty articles ashore. The beneficial effects of the green vetches was now very apparent, the feeblest of the sick men being able to walk about. Twice daily they gathered the leaves of these herbs, and ate them boiled, with the condiments of oil and vinegar, or raw with bread, according to their individual tastes. The 16th June was 'wondrous hot,' so that the men bathed in pools on shore, 'yet was the water very cold still.' By this time, bears, foxes, and wild-fowl had all disappeared, and immense swarms of ants came forth. The air was full of flies of various kinds, and there was an 'infinite abundance of bloodthirsty mosquitoes,' which grievously tormented the men. Frogs also appeared in the ponds, but 'we durst not eat them, they looked so speckled like toads.' A French crew would have ventured! Taking advantage of a high tide on the 17th, they succeeded in getting their vessel fairly afloat; and after they had moored her, 'went all to prayers, and gave God thanks for giving us our ship again.' They got her off in a happy hour, for it was the highest tide they ever experienced.

Climbing the Watch-tree on the 19th, the captain was delighted to see open water for the first time, which made him reckon the icy surface would soon break up for good and all. They were still unable to heave the vessel into deep water on account of the ice. In the midst of entries about the ice and shipping stores, we light on a very curious passage. 'Whereas,' saith the matter-of-fact writer, 'I had formerly cut down a very high tree, and made a cross of it, I now fastened to the upper part the pictures of the king and queen, drawn to the life, and so closely wrapped in double lead, that no weather could hurt them. Betwixt them I affixed his majesty's royal title. . . . . On the outside of the lead I fastened a shilling and a sixpence of his majesty's coin; under that we fastened the king's arms, fairly cut in lead, and under that the arms of the city of Bristol; and this being Midsummer Day, we raised it on the top of a bare hill, where we had buried our men.' The vessel now was for awhile in great danger of being lost by the masses of ice that a hard wind brought against her. By the 25th, all the provisions were on board, and they began to rig the ship for her homeward voyage.

An extraordinary and unlooked-for accident happened at this period, which jeopardised the captain's life. It is worth giving in his own words:

'At ten at night, when it was somewhat dark, I took a lance in my hand, and one with me a musket and some fire, and went to our Watch-tree, to make a fire on the most eminent place of the island, to see if it would be answered. Such fires I had formerly made, to try if there were any savages on the main[land], or the islands about us. Had there been any, my purpose was to have gone to them, to get intelligence of some Christians, or some ocean-sea thereabouts. When I came to the tree, I laid down my lance, and so did my consort his musket, and while I climbed up to the top of the tree, I ordered him to put fire to some low tree thereabouts. He unadvisedly put fire to some trees that were to windward, so that they and all the rest being very dry, took fire like flax, and the wind blowing it towards me, I hastened down the tree; but before I was half-way down, the fire took in the bottom of it, and blazed so fiercely upwards, that I was forced to leap off the tree, and with much ado escaped burning. The moss on the ground was as dry as flax, and would run like a train along the earth. The musket and lance were both burned. My consort at last came to me, and was joyful to see me, for he thought verily I had been burned; and thus we returned together, leaving the fire increasing, and still burning most furiously. At break of day I went again to the hills, from whence I saw it still burning most vehemently both to the westward and northward, but could see no answer of it. Leaving one upon the hills to watch it, I came home immediately, and made them take down our new suit of sails, and carry them to the sea-side, ready to be cast in if occasion were. About noon the wind shifted northerly, and our sentinel came running home, bringing us word that the fire did follow hard at his heels like a train of powder. It was no need to bid us take down and carry all away to the sea-side. The fire came towards us with a most terrible rattling noise, bearing a full mile in breadth, and by that time we had uncovered our houses, and laid hand on our last things, the fire had seized our town, and in a trice burned it down to the ground. We lost nothing of any value, having brought all away into a place of security. Our dogs, in this combustion, would sit down on their tails and howl, and then run into the sea on the shoals, and there stay. This night we lay altogether aboard ship, and gave God thanks that had shipped us in her again.'

From this time to the end of June, the now inspirited crew worked with a will, preparing their recovered bark for sea, and their present confidence in her sea-worthiness is curiously shewn by the incidental remark, that they cut to pieces the framework of their unfinished pinnace for firewood! And another significant sign of the increased heartiness of the crew is the captain's bitter complaints of the mosquitoes,* which, he avows, tormented them worse than ever the extreme cold weather had done. To protect themselves from the mosquitoes, they tore up an old ensign, and made bags of it to put their heads in; 'yet, notwithstanding, they would find ways and means to sting us.' The ice had now cleared out of the bay, and Captain James gives an intelligible and interesting explanation of the manner in which ice accumulates to a vast thickness. 'First,' says he, 'you must know that it does not freeze naturally above six feet, as we found by experience in digging to our anchors: the rest is by accident, such as that ice here which is six fathom thick. When the heat increases in May, it thaws first on the shoals by the shore-side, and then the courses of the tides do so shake the main ice that it cracks and breaks; and having thus got room for motion, one piece of it runs upon another, until it come to a vast thickness. The season in this sandy country is most unnatural, for in the daytime it will be so hot as not to be endured in the sun, and in the night again it will freeze an inch thick in the ponds and tubs in and about our house, and all this towards the end of June.' The first day of July was quite an era to the isolated mariners. We shall quote Captain James's own simple, touching statement, only remarking how he and others before him had anticipated the modern system of arctic explorers in leaving records of their progress for the information of any who may come after them.

'July the 1st, being Sunday, we adorned our ship the best we could, our ensign on the poop, and the king's colours on the main-top. I had provided a short narrative of all the passages of our voyage to this day, in what state we were at present, and how I intended to prosecute the discovery both to the westward and the southward, concluding with a request to any noble-minded traveller that should take it down, that if we should perish in the action, then to make our endeavours known to our sovereign lord the king; and thus with our arms, drum, and colours, *cook and kettle*, we went ashore, and first marched up to our eminent cross, adjoining to which we had buried our dead fellows, where we read morning-prayer, and then walked up and down till dinner-time. After dinner we walked to the highest hills to see which way the fire had wasted; we descried that it had consumed to the westward 16 miles at least, and the whole breadth of the island; it could not come near our cross and dead, being upon a bare sandy hill. After evening-prayer, as I walked along the beach, I found an herb resembling scurvy-grass, which we boiled with our meat at supper: it was excellently good, and far better than our vetches. After supper we all went to seek and gather more of it, and got about two bushels, which much refreshed us; and now the sun was set, and the boat come ashore for us, whereupon we assembled and went up to take the last view of our dead.'

On Monday, the 2d day of July 1632, all preparations being completed for the final departure, the last anchor was tripped, and the crew went to prayers, 'beseeching God to continue his mercy to us, and rendering him thanks for having thus restored us.' The *Henrietta Maria* appeared tight, and was yet abundantly supplied with the provisions she had brought out from England. She was steered westward until they saw the mainland, all ice-bound, and then stood off to the northward. On the 4th, the fog was so dense that they could not see a pistol-shot distance, and from that time to the 22d, they beat about, not knowing where they were, nor where to steer, so beset and baffled were they by fogs and ice. The poor old bark struck the ice daily, and cracked as though going to pieces. Sometimes, when they had moored her for the night to a great sheet of ice, storms broke it up, and they were driven to and fro, and beat fearfully about; at other times, the ice accumulated high as the poop—and a couple of centuries ago, vessels were built with marvellous lofty poops—and huge masses would strike the bilge of the vessel with such force as to make her leak. The worst was, the crew began to grow dispirited, and murmured, saying, writes the intrepid old captain, 'that those were happy that I had buried, and that if they had a thousand pounds, they would give it, so they lay fairly by them; for we (said they) are destined to starve upon a piece of ice. I was forced to endure all with patience, and to comfort them again when I had them in a better humour.'

On the 22d they sighted a cape they had previously named after their vessel, and landed on it, with their arms and dogs. They set up a cross on an eminence, with the royal arms, and those of Bristol, and then hunted about a dozen deer, 'very goodly beasts;' but the latter ran away from the dogs 'at pleasure.' The dogs were tired out, and the men also, for the fleet deer never permitted them to approach within gunshot. All they got were a few young geese, caught by wading to them in pools, and their anger was excited against the dogs, which they had kept all the year at a great inconvenience, 'and had pardoned them many misdemeanours (for they would steal our meat out of the steeping-tubs), in hopes that they might hereafter do us some service, and seeing they now did not, and that there was no hope they could hereafter, I left them ashore.' They made sail to the north-west, and suffered much from drift-ice, which made the vessel very leaky. The danger from ice increased daily, until August 9, so that the captain prepared the vessel for sinking again, if he should deem that extreme measure necessary to insure her safety. In drifting about, they broke their sheet-anchor shank on the rocky bottom, being compelled to creep along shore, because the ice was so thick in the offing, that they could not force a way through it. They continued battling with the ice for the space of six weeks, for it melted so slowly that they could hardly notice its diminution. In the month of August the captain made an experiment on the ice, by cutting out pieces two feet square, and placing them in the boat, where the sun shone strongly on them, and yet they did not melt in less than eight or ten days.

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* It is a popular error to imagine these most bloodthirsty insects to be only in vigour in tropical latitudes. The far North swarms with them in summer, and even in the vicinity of the North Cape of Lapland they are ferocious, as we can personally attest.

By the 26th of the month, ice appeared in every direction, which induced Captain James to hold a consultation with the surviving officers as to whether they should continue to prosecute the object of their voyage—the discovery of a North-west Passage—or at once to make the best of their way homeward. These officers gave their joint opinions in a wordy written document, which runs up to 'seventhly and lastly,' containing many weighty reasons for abandoning the search. Captain James admits that he could not controvert their arguments, 'wherefore,' says he, 'with a sorrowful heart, God knows, I consented that the helm should be borne up, and a course shaped for England, well hoping that his majesty would graciously censure [judge] my endeavours, and pardon my return, although we have not discovered populous kingdoms, and taken special notice of their magnificence, power, and policies, brought samples of their riches and commodities, pryed into the mysteries of their traffic, nor made any great fight against the enemies of God and our nation.' On that night it snowed heavily, and was bitterly cold, so that the rigging and sails were frozen. They did not get clear of the strait until the 8th of September, when they experienced such a heavy sea that they expected the masts would be rolled overboard, and the ship leaked very much, requiring pumping every half-hour, and her top seams were so open that the berths were drenched. But this day brought its peculiar comforts, for they saw ice for the last time, and had a favourable wind. 'For England ho!' was now their cry.

The patient, much-enduring captain gives at length his reasons for finally coming to the conclusion that no North-west Passage exists. Captain M'Clure, and Franklin himself, solved the problem in the affirmative, yet the following remark of our ancient mariner is as noteworthy and applicable now, as on the day when it was written. Supposing, he argues, that, after all, there *is* a passage, ships cannot 'endure the ice without extraordinary danger. Moreover, 1000 leagues is sooner, and with more safety, sailed to the southward, and about the Cape of Good Hope, where the winds are constant, than 100 in these seas, where you must daily run the hazard of losing ship and lives; neither is comfort for the sick, nor refreshment for your men, to be had in these parts.'

The *Henrietta Maria* arrived, after a stormy passage, at Bristol, October 22, 1632, having been absent nearly eighteen months. When she was brought into harbour, and careened, it was found that fourteen feet of her keel, and much of her sheathing, was carried away, and that many of her timbers were fractured, and her bows broken; and that the rocks had cut her bottom all over; 'so that it was miraculous' for her to have brought them safe home again. It is pleasing to learn that in the spirit of manly piety which had distinguished the crew throughout the voyage, they all, on landing at Bristol, went to church, and devoutly returned thanks to the Almighty for preserving them through so many dangers. There is a touch of real pathos in the concluding words of the captain. 'I very well know,' saith he, 'that what I have written will never discourage any noble spirit that is minded to bring this so long tried action [the search] to perfection, to whose designs I wish a happy success. Now, although I have spent some years of my ripest age in procuring vain intelligence from foreign nations, and have travelled to divers honourable and learned persons of this kingdom for their instructions; have bought up whatever I could find in print or manuscript, and what plan or paper soever conducing to this business, that possibly I could procure, and have spent above L.200 of my own money; yet I repent not, but take a great deal of comfort and joy that I am able to give a reasonable account of those parts of the world, which heretofore I was not so well satisfied in.' Valiant heart, farewell!

A MIDDY'S DIARY.

We wonder whether, among all the Philosophers, Divines, and even those Political Economists who can calculate happiness to the hairsbreadth, whether there is any who enjoys life so completely as a midshipman in her Majesty's navy. His existence seems to be liable to none of those ills that other flesh is heir to; while his peculiar griefs, such as the being cut down in his hammock, or the impossibility of getting his things washed very regularly, appear to his indomitable, if somewhat inverted mind, as capital jokes. He fears nobody, not even his captain, who is always spoken of in that trap for cockroaches, the midshipmen's berth, by some designation less respectful than familiar; he hates nobody, except, perhaps, the lieutenant of his watch, whom, however, he forgives at once upon his own promotion; and he loves every human being that wears a petticoat, including a good many met with in his outlandish voyages who wear no such thing. His very language is a tongue of itself, compounded of sea-terms and school-talk, made agreeable, if not intelligible, by the healthiest laughter and the most facetious emphasis. In his becoming cap and well-looking uniform, like Cupid in the guise of Mars, no female heart can resist him; and he is permitted a greater freedom with the fair sex, on account, as they say, of his charming simplicity, than any other male creature extant. For our own parts—though this may arise from jealousy—we are not so perfectly satisfied about his simplicity, but of his candour and openness there can be no doubt whatever. He hesitates not to describe all mankind who do not suit his marine fancy, from bishops downward, as 'lubbers' or 'swabs,' while those he approves of receive his equally peculiar eulogiums.

*A Cruise in the Pacific** is a curious and noteworthy example of midshipmen's literature. Edited by a captain, it yet bears the most evident traces of having been written by one of his 'young gentlemen,' and is as different from any of the ordinary Voyages and Travels which invade us at this season, as donkey-racing from land-surveying. Instead of the grave accounts of exports and imports, of population, crime, and public edifices, which the man who travels with an eye to Paternoster Row presents us with, our midshipman regards the whole of the uncivilised globe, including the island of Juan Fernandez, from what may be called the *picnic* point of view—with respect, that is, to its capabilities for rollicking enjoyment. Lovely women, to whom crinoline and bashfulness are alike unknown, and whose decorations are confined to a human thigh-bone worn in their back-hair; gentlemen whose native hideousness is not much redeemed by the most profuse tattooing; tigers and armadillos; the Southern Cross, mosquitoes, niggers, and tropical vegetation—are the ordinary materials out of which our author makes two by no means ordinary volumes. If his animal spirits occasionally 'carry him away,' they at least carry the reader along with them; while they lend a vigour to his descriptions which many a better writer fails to impart to far more moving incidents. What a picture is here presented to us of the method of locomotion used in the streets of Rio! The traveller gets into a nondescript sort of omnibus, which in that part of the world is entitled a gondola, with no greater reason, for all that appears, than we should have for calling an Irish car a pinnace.

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* *A Cruise in the Pacific. From the Log of a Naval Officer.* Edited by Captain Fenton Aylmer. Hurst and Blackett.

'A gondola! Shades of Venice, how ye would have stared! Imagine an overgrown lumbering omnibus dragged along at a floundering gallop by four demons of mules, who every now and then take it all their own way, and dash down a narrow street at full speed, then stand stock-still at the foot of a hill, only replying to the whips, oaths, and persuasion of the driver and bystanders by angry squeals, bites at each other, and wicked kicks—pleasant, is it not?—particularly if you are, as I was, crammed half-way up the side with a fat priest (very hot and odoriferous) on one side; and an old woman in a terrible fright, and giving vent to her feelings by pinching me and saying her prayers, on the other; while the rest of the passengers, my friend among the number, sat perfectly indifferent as to whether we proceeded or were turned over, no one appearing to dream of such a thing as lightening the 'bus. There we remained till the driver bribed some slaves into giving us a long and strong push, when, with a proportionate number of shouts and lashes, off we went, and finally were deposited at our destination.'

Omnibuses are not the only things which are known by different names in Rio from those they go under elsewhere. Arterial and venous drainage are still in their infancy in that fairy city, and its spicy gales are sometimes laden with other than Arabian odours. 'Before us glows the Southern Cross; while Orion, familiar with old home-scenes, just peeps over the horizon to remind us of other lands. Thousands of new and bright constellations gem the marvellous blue sky, which here, even in the deepest night, is blue; while on sails Diana in her halo of light, paving silvery roads over the heaving bay, the long booming dash and ripple of whose waves steal over the listener's senses like the voice of song; while now and then the sound of the harp or piano is mingled with the air, or the distant peal of evening-service in some of the numerous churches. A fresh earthy perfume pervades the air, with now and then the sweet breath of jasmine or roses. You stand enchanted. Suddenly a cry of "Tigers!" is uttered. New-comers are thunderstruck. Tigers in Rio! Impossible—no one will believe it. "Then stay and look out!" shouts an old hand as he closes the windows, and leaves you eagerly watching, half fancying they are hoaxing you. A moment more, and you, too, rush franticly at the window, hammering with one hand for admittance, while the other is busily grasping your nasal organ, lucky if you can escape without parting with your dinner. Then amidst roars of laughter, as you inhale Eau-de-Cologne, cigars, anything one is used to, you are informed you have smelt the Rio "tigers," finding, on examination, that this is the local name for the slaves employed in conveying the contents of what would in other places be confined in a sewer, to the beach, where the sea carries all away.'

Our author does not linger long in any place, but literally wanders 'on from island unto island at the gateways of the day,' going ashore on leave of greater or less length wherever he can. Eight-and-forty hours were thus permitted to him to explore the solitary home of Robinson Crusoe, where the goats—notwithstanding what Defoe tells us—were absolutely uneatable, even when you called it lamb, and ate it with mint-sauce. 'The quantity of mint growing wild is marvellous; whole acres are covered with it, and as the breeze passes over, the perfume is wafted miles out to sea. Most of the ships carry off large quantities to dry, and make into tea, as an anti-scorbutic; our men tried it, but owing to the comparative shortness of the voyage to Pitcairn's, they did not make much use of it, except to drown the smell of fish, with which the whole ship was pervaded, while enormous cray-fish walked about in all directions, and lasted us until within a couple of days of our arrival at our next place of refreshment.'

At Otaheite, our middy finds much favour with Queen Pomare, a motherly yet majestic female, with her hair wreathed with blossoms from the arrowroot-tree, whose husband is a mere nonentity, who *will* wear a cocked-hat upon all occasions, and whose eldest son is a confirmed drunkard. She came on board our author's ship, and insisted upon her young favourite forming one of the rubber at whist which was got up for her majesty on the quarter-deck. She also expressed her royal opinion, that he would be very handsome when his whiskers grew.

The midshipman's famous verdict upon a savage people of 'manners none, customs disgusting,' does not hold good in respect to the Feejee islanders. Although clothing is almost unknown among them, etiquette is in the fullest vigour. One of the strongest examples of this is the 'bale mari,' by which it is enacted that if the master makes a false step and tumbles down, the servants must do likewise. 'The great men were particularly fond of coming on board and dining with us; and as many of them could get on pretty well with a sort of broken English, and, moreover, were very jolly fellows, always giving us something to laugh at in their queer ways and blunders, we were seldom a day without one or two. One old gentleman came pretty often; he was, I suppose, a great swell among the Feejeeans, as he brought a couple of servants with him on every occasion. It so happened one day when he was dining with us we had champagne; our friend took to it kindly, imbibing glass after glass with a gusto it did one's heart good to see. The result may be imagined; he got very much excited, volunteered a dance, &c., and finally, when a party of us who were going ashore landed him, he would hear of nothing but our accompanying him home. Nothing loth to see the end, three of us went, and I certainly never regretted it, or laughed so much in my life. We had not gone two hundred yards, when his highness capsized and came down with a run head foremost. What was our astonishment when down went the two followers also in precisely the same manner! Then up staggered the chief—ditto his servants. A few steps further on, up went the old fellow's toes, and this time he lit upon his beam-end. It was ditto with the followers too; and we, after assisting the dignitary to rise, kept half an eye behind, watching the movements going on, expecting the Jacks had been plying the servants with rum; but no—they rose with the greatest gravity, and marched on as steady as grenadiers, only going down as often as their master came to grief. Now I began to see the real state of the case, and every muscle in my face ached, the day after, with the constant roar of laughter we had kept up during our wonderful progress. After sundry falls and risings again, the chief subsided into a slight hollow, out of which he made one or two efforts to rise; then quietly crossing his legs, and smiling benignly, he began reciting a long story, containing, I have no doubt, the narrative of the mighty deeds he had done. We watched him a short time, and then, tired of laughing, wished him good-night. The last thing we saw, on looking back, was the recumbent forms of master and men.'

We not only envy our young author his varied experiences and the wonderful good spirits that enabled him to enjoy them so thoroughly, but the honest hearty pathos that now and then exhibits itself in his little volumes, and of which he does not seem at all ashamed: in later life, it is too probable he will hesitate to pen such a passage as the following upon those sacred pleasures to the traveller—letters from home: 'It is a great thing getting a bundle of home-letters, some from anxious, patient papas, with directions how much money you can draw, a terrible account of an outfitting-bill he knew nothing of, winding up with a capital run with Lord ——'s hounds, or a glorious day's fishing. The dear old lady's, too, with tender advice to keep your feet warm, take care of the dews, be sure to have the cholera mixture always at hand, and a postscript with some more advice, which sets your eyes watering, and makes you say, "Dear mother!" to yourself. Then come more letters from college and school, such fun to read and recount to your messmates. Of course, your budget lasts a week; every one has something to tell; and every one listens, laughs, and rejoices as warmly as if he knew each member of your family. There is another sort of letter I have not yet mentioned, partly because it is private property, and partly because it is kept quietly buttoned up in your pocket-book, and read whenever you can steal a quiet moment. Sometimes the letter is from a sister, detailing as tenderly and lovingly as only a sister can, the thoughts, actions, and general conduct of some one with whom you spent most of your last leave, and who, after joking and laughing the months away, suddenly got very grave when you said, "Good-bye," and left a photograph of trembling lips and dewy eyes deeply engraven on your heart. Of course you cannot write to her; her mamma or aunt make disagreeable innuendos about sailors, and call midshipmen boys; so your dear sister, who knows all about it, comforts your heart and somebody else's. Heigh-ho! is not this often the way, messmates? Few of us are sure of getting the honest letter from the darling franked by the jovial old squire, or a tender message added by the favouring mother; such is a rare blessing; and perhaps it is better, after all, that a sailor should sail fancy-free, leave his tenderest affections with those nearest by right, and never change nor mistake, and wait for the bliss of a wife and wife's love until he need not be torn away for long years of restlessness and suspense.'

There must be some sterling stuff in a lad who can write as naturally as this. If the occasion presents itself, we have little doubt that his name will be soon found in dispatches. In the meantime, let us hope that his chrysalis state of mate may be as brief as possible; and that within a very little, a full-blown lieutenant, with those whiskers whose growth was the subject of congratulation from her majesty of Otaheite, he may be entitled to speak with the usual complacency of his present companions of the midshipmen's berth as 'the youngsters.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The year opens with renewed conviction to many minds, that the accomplishment of many good works, though long desired, still remains to be striven after by philosophers and savants. The lamentable loss of life by the fearful colliery explosion at Risca, and at Hetton, indicates very emphatically what one of the first of these much-desired good works should be—the discovery or application of a method by which mining operations may be carried on free from the terrible risk to which miners are now subject. We cannot believe that Science has come to the end of her skill in this matter: Mr Gassiot's experiments, shewn before the Royal Society, demonstrate that a brilliant electric light is producible within a glass globe or cylinder from which the surrounding atmosphere is perfectly excluded. May not this fact be accepted as proof that some safe application of the electric light is possible, even in the most dangerous workings? Moreover, something was said a few years ago about a means for burning the choke-damp as fast as it accumulated, whereby explosions would become impossible. Has this notion ever been put into practice? Let us hope that 1861 will not pass away without the removal of what may be regarded as a reproach on our national character: the oft recurring sacrifice of human life in the pursuits of industry.

We want pure gas to burn in our houses; we want the purest of drinking-water; we want a way to save the thousands of tons of good fuel which are now smoked off to waste in the air; we want a simple and effectual method of ventilation applicable to all sorts of buildings; we want a sure way of passing signals to the guard of a railway-train while in motion, whereby passengers may give timely warning of fire, breakage of wheels, and the like; we want improved means of vehicular locomotion in streets which shall entirely prevent the numerous fatal accidents which now occur every year in London and other large towns of busy traffic. Is it not an opprobrium to our civilisation to be able to cross a street only with risk of life? We want wider applications of the electric telegraph in large towns, as well as to all parts of the realm, for social as well as commercial purposes. The District Telegraph, wherever available in London, is found to be singularly useful. A friend of ours who left his home in Islington one morning with anticipations of a supper-party in the evening, discovering at 4 P.M. that his expected guests would not be able to appear, immediately flashed the information to his wife, and thus, by a payment of fourpence, saved materfamilias from useless trouble. We could fill a column with desiderata; but if 1861 should accomplish those we have pointed out in addition to its promised Great Exhibition, and the realisation of the superb scheme of what is now the Royal Horticultural Society, it will be a year exceedingly memorable.

So far as gas is concerned, there is prospect of relief from those impurities which at present render the brilliant light so prejudicial in a dwelling-house. A paper by the Rev. W. R. Bowditch, read before the Royal Society, describes a series of experiments undertaken for the discovery of a method of purification, and the results. Heated clay appears to be a valuable purifier, as it removes many injurious products from the gas; but the greatest success is obtained by lime at about a temperature of 108 degrees, as it completely neutralises the bisulphide of carbon which, with another sulphurous product, are felt so oppressively in the atmosphere of a room where gas has been burning a few hours. Seeing that, generally speaking, 200 grains of sulphur are given off by every thousand feet of gas consumed, the oppressiveness complained of is not to be wondered at, nor that gilding and the binding of books are spoiled. No means were known by which this sulphur could be got rid of, and even the ablest chemists regarded it as an inevitable evil. But Mr Bowditch, to whom gas-makers are indebted for the introduction of clay as a purifier, animated by his success, made further experiments, and found, as above stated, the desired means of purification in lime, and without any loss of light-giving constituents from the gas. When once his process shall have come into general use, some of the objections now made to the lighting of picture-galleries, museums, and libraries by gas will no longer apply. We assist the more willingly in making this subject known, as it is one of much importance from the domestic as well as the commercial point of view. Some readers will perhaps take interest in the fact, that the clay used in the purifying is afterwards valuable as a fertiliser.

A happy result of the attempt made to familiarise seaside-folk with a scientific instrument deserves notice. The fishermen of Cullercoats, one of the villages where a barometer was set up at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, observing a fall of the mercury during their preparations for sea, put off their departure, and thus saved themselves from a gale, which came on a few hours later.—An apparatus has been invented for pumping a leaky ship: a two-bladed screw, placed in the water behind the stern, turns a rod and crank shaft, which keep the pump working; and the faster the vessel sails, the more water will be pumped out, and without fatigue to the crew.—An American inventor now builds boats by machinery, and turns out a cutter 36 feet long, in ten hours; a task that, by the usual method, takes eight days.—And now the much-talked of iron frigate *Warrior* is fairly launched, the largest ship in the world except the *Great Eastern;* and by and by we shall know whether a vessel cased in ponderous armour is, like the iron-clad knights of the olden time, too heavy to be useful.

Mr David Forbes, brother of the late Professor Edward Forbes, has read a paper before the Geological Society, giving the results of his geological explorations of Bolivia and Southern Peru, where he has spent some years, and met with much adventure. Examination of the Peruvian coast leads him to the conclusion, that it has undergone no elevation since the Spanish Conquest, although along the neighbouring coast of Chili a remarkable upheaval has taken place. The saline formations extend over 550 miles of the rainless region, and contain prodigious quantities of nitrate of soda—a valuable article in commerce, besides considerable deposits of borate of lime. Among the fossils brought home by Mr Forbes are certain Silurian species, which were collected on the mountains at great heights above the sea; and geologists are much interested in the fact, that perhaps a hundred thousand square miles of the great chain of the Cordilleras are now known to comprise Silurian rocks, which yield fossils even at a height of 20,000 feet. Notwithstanding the risks, and wounds received during revolutionary contests, Mr Forbes intends returning to Bolivia to resume his explorations, and to climb, if possible, to the highest of the mountain summits.—The iron-sand, which covers many miles of country in New Zealand, to the great annoyance of settlers in windy weather, is likely to become a considerable source of profit; for analysis of samples brought to England shews it to be composed of a peroxide of iron, with 12 per cent. of titanium—a rare combination. It is, moreover, readily convertible into steel of singularly good quality; and sundry manufactured specimens which have been put to the test as razor-blades, and other cutting instruments, shew proof of a keen edge, a surface less easily tarnished than that of ordinary steel, and unusual hardness. Hence, in their so-called sand, which is attracted as readily as steel-filings by the magnet, we may believe that the New Zealand colonists have a metalliferous resource valuable to them as gold-fields; that is, should 'Taranaki steel' maintain its present reputation among manufacturers.—In a communication to the Geological Society of Dublin, Mr Alphonse Gages announces his discovery of the structure of certain mineral substances: he immersed a small piece of fibrous dolomite in dilute sulphuric acid, and found, at the end of some days, that certain parts were dissolved out, leaving only a skeleton form. In other instances, he finds one skeleton superposed on another; and he is now trying to discover the origin of serpentine, which is composed, perhaps, of three skeletons, whose interstices are filled up by another substance.

The Geographical Society, desirous to promote African discovery, are raising a subscription of L.2000 wherewith to equip Mr Petherick for another exploration towards the head-waters of the Nile.—From Australia the news of Mr Sturt's expedition to explore the interior has surprised alike colonists and geographers; for instead of the vast traditionary desert, the scorching wilderness, and source of the suffocating 'brickfielders,' he found a fertile and well-watered country, suited for pastoral purposes. At the last accounts, he had returned to the settlements to report progress and replenish his supplies, but intended to repeat his endeavour to solve the mystery of the unknown interior. The happiest discovery he could make would be a chain of mountains, but failing that, it is gratifying to know that grassy plains and woods exist where, according to theory, nothing was to be met with but barren sand.

Not fewer than 500 pages of the last published volume of *Mémoires* of the Academy of Sciences at Paris are filled with a dissertation on the silkworm disease, comprising facts observed up to the latest available period in 1859. The history and phenomena of the disease are set forth, the causes and means of cure are sought out and explained; and the prime conclusion is, that the best remedy consists in hygienic means, and that the visitation is temporary in its nature. The importance of this question to our neighbours may be inferred from the fact, that in 1853 France raised 26,000,000 kilogrammes of cocoons, worth 130,000,000 francs; and that, owing to the progress of the disease year by year, the quantity was less in 1856 by 7,500,000 kilogrammes. As we mentioned some time since, attempts have been made to introduce new species of silkworms, among which the most successful is the *Bombyx arrindia*, the silkworm which feeds on the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant. It was brought first from China about four years ago; was reared and propagated at Turin; has been found to thrive in Algeria, and to survive the winter of the south of France; and is, besides, remarkably productive, for, to quote Professor Milne-Edwards, it yields six or seven broods within a year. It is of the silk of this worm that India handkerchiefs are made.

Great surprise was manifested a short time since at a statement laid before the Société d'Encouragement, concerning the enormous quantity of albumen consumed by the dyers of cotton-prints in the manufacturing districts of France; for it was shewn that 33,000,000 of eggs were required every year to supply the demand; the quantity produced being 125,000 kilogrammes, and each kilogramme worth twelve francs. The yolks of all these eggs were for the most part wasted, until it was found that they were convertible into soap; but even then, it was felt that to consume the eggs as food would be better than employing them in the preparation of mordants. There is no fear of lack of customers while English ports are open for all that France can send. The question would be solved if an artificial albumen could be produced from some substance not of prime importance as an aliment; and for some time past the Société Industrielle of Mulhausen has offered a prize of 17,500 francs for the discovery of a material which will not require the use of eggs. The same problem has been seriously studied at Manchester, and not fruitlessly; and we now see that the Abbé Moigno announces in his weekly journal, a discovery made by M. Hannon, a miller and baker, that the waste gluten of starch-factories yields the substitute for albumen which has been so long desired. By a process of fermentation, and subsequent drying in moulds, and in a stove, with certain precautions, cakes are produced of what the inventor calls 'albuminoid glue,' which is applicable to other uses as well as those of the dyer: it answers as a glue for carpenters and cabinet-makers, for workers in leather, paper, and pasteboard, for menders of glass, porcelain crystals, shells, and so forth, for clarifiers of beer, for the finishers of silk and woollen goods, and in the fabrication of gums; and with all this utility its price is but one-fourth that of the albumen of eggs.

A pamphlet lately published under the title, *Why the Shoe Pinches*, deserves a word of notice here, and claims the attention of all who wear shoes, because of the importance of its subject. It is a translation of Dr Hermann Meyer's short treatise on the best form of shoe for the human foot, regarded from the anatomical point of view; the which point, we take leave to say, is the primary one in the question. Let those who fear to wear a comfortable shoe lest their feet should be thought 'big,' read Dr Meyer's explanations and examine his engravings, and they will see the evil and sometimes fatal consequences of denying fair-play to the six-and-twenty bones of the foot. They will see such deformities wrought by fashion, that leave us but little to boast of in the treatment of our feet over the much-wondered-at ladies of China. They will learn what are the true principles on which the foot-covering should be shaped, and many a mother will perhaps rejoice that they have been saved from the cruelty of distorting their infants' feet. It is scarcely possible to convey the description without the aid of engravings; but the essential particulars are that, in forming the sole, a straight line drawn from the ball of the great toe—the toe being in its natural position—shall pass exactly through the centre of the heel; that the edge of the sole shall be straight along its inner side from its foremost extremity to the base of the great toe; and that none but what are called 'rights and lefts' should be worn. We recommend perusal of the pamphlet to all concerned—and they are not few; and especially to shoemakers, who are commonly so apt to be dogmatic, and fancy they have nothing to learn, and who torture their customers without remorse.

Of the gorgeous Christmas-books, the perfection of whose type, illustrations, and binding seems to merit a notice in this our record of the Arts as well as the Sciences, these two are especially commendable—the new edition of the *Lyra Germanica* (Longmans) and the *Ore-seeker* (Macmillan). The hymns contained in the former were perhaps some of the first compositions produced in types at the dawn of printing, and the book before us is probably the best specimen of modern art. The means employed are nearly the same, both being the production of the hand-press; but how wide the difference between the black-letter folio and the result which is now attained, itself a record of the progress of civilisation! The illustrations, which are engraved under the superintendence of John Leighton, F.R.S., are as excellent and appropriate to their subjects as can be conceived. The *Ore-seeker* is also an admirably executed volume, concerning whose charming story and beautiful illustrations the only thing to be regretted is, that the author and artist are both anonymous.

LOST MEN.

In a very interesting paper, published in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, Dr Conolly says: 'The diversities of life in London furnished occasional cases to Hanwell scarcely to be met with in asylums remoter from the capital—the cases of men more or less educated, and who, from some imperfection of mind or infirmity of disposition, had fallen out of their own rank in life, and, by slow degrees, had sunk into destitution; or, after long contention with the troubled currents of town existence, were wrecked and cast ashore like things unregarded and valueless. Ingenious and ambitious men, not very systematically educated; or men of imagination and feeling, but wanting self-government; and also some who had studied at the universities and brought away some fragments of learning, and perhaps a cultivated taste, but no solid acquirement—sometimes appeared among the new arrivals from the workhouses, where misery had made them acquainted with strange bedfellows. The situation of men of this kind, when first shut up with pauper lunatics, clothed like them, taking their meals with them, conforming to the general hours of rising and going to bed, often very different from those to which they have been accustomed, could not be regarded without a sort of commiseration. A full sense of the condition to which they have sunk becomes to some of them then only a reality. The illusions kept up by various speculative undertakings, or by wild companions, or by successive vicious stimulants, are suddenly extinguished, and thoughts of other days, when they were younger and full of promise and of hope, revert to them painfully, after long forgetfulness of what dissipation, and idleness, and schemes innumerable seemed to have obliterated from their mind. Some of the unfortunate men thus situated—for women seemed less conscious of their position in such circumstances—became desponding and disposed to suicide; but the greater part sustained themselves with fortitude. In reality, the life they entered upon on becoming patients had many compensations. There were ready for them on arrival a supper of bread and cheese, with wholesome beer; no ardent spirits could be obtained, but then no night-wanderings awaited them. There was the comfort of a clean bed. The morning light no longer awoke them to a sense of uncertainty of breakfast and sufficient food for the day. They walked out in pleasant grounds; they had an ample and wholesome daily dinner; and they heard simple and beautiful prayers read in the chapel, of which the words had once been familiar to their ears. Nor were minor consolations wanting. They generally excited sympathy in the store-room and in the shops of the workmen; and slight additions to the fashion of the asylum clothing, a book now and then, and pens, and ink, and paper, filled up the measure of their unwonted content.'

THE TWO YEARS.

The summerless Old Year is dead—
Gone, gone for evermore;
Many a storm of tears he shed;
His face but few smiles wore.

He struck the farmer's heart with fear,
He thundered o'er the wheat,
And trod the spiral golden ear
Down quivering at his feet.

He rent the blushing rose's breast,
Tore green leaves from the tree,
And swamped the early skylark's nest
Out on the windy lea.

He swelled the streamlet o'er the mead,
Above the daisy's frill,
And the wind-wrinkled mirror spread
From island-hill to hill.

But his strange pranks are ended now;
He's left his stormy throne;
And who will grieve, or care to know
Where the old rebel's gone?

New Year! we will have faith in thee.
Bring us sweet spring-tide hours;
Baptize with beauty grass and tree;
Breathe softly on the flowers.

Bring us a summer warm and bright,
With sweetest smiles from God,
And happy flowers, enrobed with light,
To beautify the sod.

Bring us a glorious autumn, rich
With golden orchard-store;
And that unanxious calmness which
We've felt so oft before.

Bring us a poor man's winter mild;
For the storms pinch him sore,
Who cannot bar a winter wild
Outside a golden door.

Bring us these God-gifts; and when thou
Gently resign'st thy breath,
We'll chant a requiem sweet and low,
In honour of thy death.

J. E.

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SOUTH CAROLINA.

WHILE Italy attracts our attention on one hand by the determination of its long severed states to unity, and while we know that such is the process by which both Britain and France have acquired their present importance, we are startled in another direction by a cry as if a great realm were about to be violently rent asunder. The Southern States of America, indignant at the election of an anti-slavery candidate to the four-years' tenure of the office of President, threaten to sever themselves from the rest, as if union were no longer to be endured. In this headlong movement, South Carolina takes the lead.

It must be obvious that, in point of extent and population, this state has no true pretensions to leadership. Of all the thirty-three republics clustered together in North America, she is one of the smallest, her area comprising only 30,000 square miles. Her population amounts to 700,000, of which number considerably more than half are of negro descent, the slaves alone outnumbering the whites by 100,000 persons, without reckoning the free blacks. The number of these has been estimated at 10,000 souls, a number unusually small for a territory so largely peopled by the coloured race; but few as they are, they cause an amount of ill-feeling, jealousy, and turmoil which it is happily difficult for an untravelled Englishman to gauge or appreciate. South Carolina, which, according to the last census, is the only state in which the slaves outnumber the white freemen, is also notorious for the most extravagant theories on the vexed subject of slavery, and for an absolute negrophobia of hatred and contempt for the dark-skinned offspring of Canaan. In no other part of America is the black man so despised; in no other quarter do his claims to the ordinary privileges of humanity meet with so scornful a reception. And this is the more remarkable, because downright physical cruelty is less common in South Carolina than in the swampy delta of the Mississippi. The landholders of the territory are 'southern gentlemen' (so styled, like those of Virginia), and estimate themselves as a different order of beings from the rough Kentucky farmers, the rugged 'Hoosiers,' and the sallow planters of Alabama and Mobile. Better educated, more refined in manner, and more amenable to public opinion than the slave-owners of less aristocratic provinces, the gentry of Carolina consider the maltreatment of slaves as an ill-bred proceeding.

Any habitual reader of American journals must have observed, that of the acts of horrid barbarity which occasionally are dragged into daylight to shock all Christendom, but few are laid to the score of South Carolina. Burnings alive, torture, and fatal floggings, so common in Texas and elsewhere, are extremely rare in that pugnacious little state, now bidding defiance alike to the federal authority and the opinion of Europe. On the other hand, Judge Lynch is a regular and permanent Rhadamanthus throughout the twenty-nine districts; and the missionaries of the Abolition Society are dealt with as unmercifully as ever were heresiarchs in the Italy of the middle ages. The same planters, who may probably be mild and indulgent to the slaves on their own land, are willing and fiercely eager to inflict on the preachers of emancipation the customary sentence of stripes, and tar, and feathers, and for a second offence, the halter or the flames. The truth is, that a Carolina citizen contrives to thoroughly persuade himself that his negroes are as wholly and righteously his property as his horses and dogs; and though he may be a kind master, in the absence of provocation, to both bipeds and quadrupeds, he regards any attempt to deprive him of his living chattels as the greatest of sins, which even death and ignominy can scarcely atone for. It is in vain that argument is wasted upon him—if, indeed, he will listen to it, which he seldom will. Brooks, that famous representative of the state, who actually received the thanks of the citizens for his brutal assault on Mr Sumner in the very hall of legislature, was a type of his countrymen. Those who have known Mr Brooks in private life, are accustomed to speak of him as a hospitable and agreeable person; the questioning of man's right of property in man had alone the power to raise the fiend in him. So it is with the whites of South Carolina. They have many advantages over the other denizens of the South. Not only is the country a long settled one—judging by an American standard—but there exists a numerous class of proprietors comfortably off, and in possession of that happy mediocrity of fortune which seems to admit of the greatest amount of lettered ease; while education nowhere—not even in studious New England itself—is held in higher esteem.

The colleges of Columbia and of Charleston are famous throughout the cotton-growing portion of the Union; and while Georgia is renowned for gouging and duels, and Virginia for debts and drinking, South Carolina makes it her boast that she rears scholars and men of cultivated taste. The hard-headed Yankees are apt secretly to look down on the lounging 'gentry' of the South; and nothing so much astonishes a New Englander who has only visited Mobile with its hybrid French population, and Virginia with its decayed and dissolute cavaliers, as to find in what high estimation learning is held in the very metropolis of slave-holding. Although the land in Virginia is almost exhausted, though buckwheat and Indian corn are growing where the finest tobacco once flourished, though the clearings are fast being absorbed by bushes and canebrake, and the properties by mortgages and barrenness, still Virginia maintains between eighty and ninety packs of hounds. There are not six packs in all South Carolina, and those are in the hilly country to the north of the state, among the spurs of the Appalachian mountains, where the primeval forest is not utterly felled, nor its savage denizens extinct. Indeed, the style of housekeeping in Carolina is more refined and less prodigal than that which has obtained for the Old Dominion its character for exuberant hospitality.

But although the higher classes in the state pride themselves on their education and accomplishments, their acquirements are necessarily imperfect, and the whole tone of their minds is warped and distorted into the ignoring of the simple truths of justice and the natural rights of man. No professor at Columbia, no bookseller, no schoolmaster, ever ventures to forget that the theory of African inferiority must be maintained at any cost. In the boasted land of freedom, the liberty of opinion is more shackled, and speech more restrained, than in the most despotic countries of Europe. All books are subjected to the scrutiny of self-appointed censors, whose toil is a labour of love, and who have the scent of a blood-hound for any expression that may be wrested into a condemnation of negro slavery. The newspapers never venture, however faintly, to impugn the worst excesses of the monstrous system of which their province is the champion and the apologist. From the pulpit are heard eloquent denunciations of the abolitionists, as 'those who trouble Israel,' and learned arguments founded on the curse of Canaan, and the predestined servitude of Ham's posterity. The theatres, as well as the churches, are under the eye of the vigilance committees. It is not surprising that *Massaniello*, *Toussaint l'Ouverture*, and the like inflammatory pieces, should be sternly forbidden, but it is more remarkable that even *Othello* is expunged from the list of plays that a Charleston audience may behold, the reason given being that it would 'demoralise' the negroes. In the bordering state of Georgia, the public representation of Desdemona's woes and Iago's treachery is also tabooed, but for a different reason—curious enough, and illustrating the sentiments of the white freemen of America towards those who are unlucky enough to differ from them in colour. Many years ago, *Othello* was acted at Savannah city, the part of the jealous Moor being enacted by a northern performer of some celebrity, Paul Dickson. It was a gala-night, and the chief actor's benefit; and the theatre was crowded, the governor going in a kind of state, and the militia attending in uniform. During the latter part of the play, one of the soldiers in the pit was observed to be much excited, and when the Moor proceeded to smother his spouse with the fatal pillow, the militiaman actually levelled his piece and shot the unlucky actor through the heart, declaring that 'he would not see a black man murder a white woman.' Since this tragical termination of a pageant, *Othello* has been a forbidden play on the Georgian boards. The same ultra-caution which watches the pulpit, the platform, and the stage, extends itself into every department in South Carolina. The fear of a rising of the black race, and of a repetition of the St Domingo massacres, is the nightmare never absent from a Southerner's imagination. But there are more whites than blacks in every state but two, and the former are infinitely bolder, more adroit, and more accustomed to act promptly and in concert. Then, too, every white citizen is armed, and many of them have such a tincture of soldiership as the somewhat slovenly discipline of the American militia can afford. It is true that the privates in these provincial armies are very few in comparison with the officers; every township has its crop of majors and captains, but simple sentinels are less frequently to be met with, while the best of the Southern corps are far inferior in zeal and steadiness to our own volunteers; but still a very little martial skill goes a long way in overawing negroes. If a general insurrection were to take place to-morrow, many isolated families, dwelling in remote plantations thronged by hundreds of field-hands, would certainly be cut off in detail, and individual barbarities might very likely be committed, but the great bulk of the slaves would probably succumb to the fate of the revolted sepoys, and perish in masses.

So perfectly are the negro's best friends, the abolitionists of the North, aware of the danger of any hasty outbreak, not to the masters, but to their serfs, that they are always earnest in deprecating any such ill-advised step. Even Captain Brown, the hottest zealot in America, declared on his scaffold that he had no intention, when drawing the sword, to excite the negroes into a disastrous revolt. No one who knows the South, dreams of the success of such a struggle, of which extermination, not liberation, must be the certain result: the emancipation of the blacks must be a work of peace and compromise, not of war and revolution, and this is felt by those who have most of all devoted their lives to the task of wiping away that foul blot from the shield of the giant republic. However, certain it is that the slave-owners of South Carolina, surrounded by a very large black population, live in apprehension of a servile war. To them, such a movement, on anything like a general scale, would be ruin. Even conquest, attended as it must be by acts of rigour, would be destructive, for the slaves are most valuable property, and without labourers, of course the land must become a desert. But at first sight, however alarming to unquiet minds may be the fact that the free population is outnumbered by the slaves, it would appear impossible that the great bulk of the whites should be interested in keeping up the present system. In 1850, there were 274,000 white inhabitants, and of the slaves 384,000. The freemen of European stock cannot, therefore, be all slaveholders. Moreover, as one or two estates employ five hundred hands, and many need from two to three hundred, it is evident that a good many families in Carolina must be without even a single slave for domestic purposes. Such is indeed the case, not only in Carolina, but in every slave state. The great majority of the whites have no direct claim upon the enforced toil of the blacks. The entire number of slaves in the Union, in 1850, was 3,200,000 (now about 4,000,000), and these were owned by 346,048 slaveholders, but if we deduct all who owned fewer than ten slaves, the whole number of slaveholders was only 92,215. It seems that a large number of whites in the Southern States own only one or two house-negroes, or farm-hands, or groom-boys. Such is the case, especially in Texas, Missouri, and other rough frontier territories. One thing is certain and patent to every traveller, that most of the poorer whites in a slave state own no negroes, and that South Carolina is no exception to this rule. It may seem strange that slavery should find partisans among a large class of men who, to all appearance, profit by it not at all. The poor whites in the South are not, in general, too prosperous. They eat each other up, metaphorically, for there are more artisans, more tavern-keepers, preachers, doctors, and so forth, than can get a decent living. All arts and trades are theirs: they are the dominant caste, the Spartans of America; and yet as they lounge about the weed-grown village streets, fierce, haggard, and shabby, they must often envy the plump condition and childish merriment of the black helots who surround them. The whites get little or no agricultural employment. For overseers and book-keepers, Yankees are generally preferred to Southrons. There are not so many lucrative situations, fit for half-educated persons, in the South, as elsewhere, and therefore the large class of needy citizens forms the store-house of fillibustering adventurers, ever ready for a desperate dash at the Hispano-American Republics of the Mexican Gulf. Yet, curiously enough, the most vehement upholders of slavery are these landless whites, who feel more keenly on the subject than the large proprietors themselves, and who are ever ready to support their arguments by knife and pistol. Indeed, supposing the slave-holders to entertain a wish for emancipation, it is doubtful whether they would have the courage to confront the indignation of their poorer fellow-citizens. Pride and prejudice mainly contribute to cause this violent pro-slavery mania in those who rather suffer than gain by the negro's servitude. The poor white, with nothing to boast of except his vote and his colour, is vain of both. Compared with the negro, at anyrate, he is a personage of importance, one of Nature's aristocrats.

To acknowledge the black as his equal, nay, as having any rights at all, though only to personal freedom and the power of forming family-ties, would be in the white man's eyes to degrade himself to the level of the despised race. He really and truly does look on negroes as animals, as an inferior species, not meriting to share in the common privileges of humankind; this belief with them is no hypocrisy, but a serious engrained faith, which they imbibe from the cradle. Moreover, since every man may himself one day become a slaveholder, he is inclined to do battle for an institution that may at a future time be convenient to himself. Again, slave-labour keeps out the immigrants from Germany and Ireland, with whom no Southern American loves to be forced into contact or competition, while the white man has a monopoly of many employments for which education might fit the black. These various causes, but pride of race in especial, render the poorer citizens advocates for negro bondage. The proprietors of land are, of course, slave-owners, since neither rice nor cotton can be cultivated without the aid of black labourers. Those who are without slaves, are obliged to limit their agricultural operations to cattle-grazing, or wood-cutting, or something else not requiring continuous toil in the open air; for there is no use in disguising the fact, that a white man is innately unfit to hoe and dig under the burning sun of that semi-tropic climate. The abolitionists, indeed, contend that the lands of the rice and cotton states can be perfectly well cultivated by European labourers, and anticipate the day when Irishmen shall do for wages what Africans now do under fear of the whip; but this can hardly be. Virginia has a cooler climate than Carolina, and yet the convicts who were formerly shipped from England to labour, as a punishment, on the tobacco plantations, died at the rate of forty per cent., a mortality equal to that of British prisoners in Jamaica itself. As matters stand, the average of white life is not nearly so high in the South as in the North or the wild West, and exposure to the sun is much to be dreaded, particularly by immigrants from cold countries. Carolina is not reckoned unhealthy for a cotton-growing state. The latter part of summer and beginning of autumn are the periods when country fevers—swamp fevers as they are called—are most prevalent; but the sea-breeze prevents the coast from being as unhealthy as its low and moist character would otherwise render it, and the northern part of the province is kept cool by the snow-winds from the great Appalachian range, where all the higher mountains retain much of their winter's covering through the hot season. The cotton grown in South Carolina is of superior quality, and higher priced at New Orleans than most staples of that produced in Alabama. The excellence of the rice is well known, and rice is indeed the chief export of the state, while its cultivation renders it necessary to keep a great deal of land in a wet condition, to the consequent prevalence of miasma.

Escaped negroes from South Carolina usually attempt to secrete themselves on board some vessel at Charleston or Beaufort, unless they have white friends, in which case they are enabled to make use of what Americans call the Underground Railway. The underground railway merely implies a system for enabling negroes to escape to Canada, by the co-operation of white agents of the Abolition Society. These latter are located in various towns and cities throughout the South, and a runaway is often transported under cover of night from house to house, like a bale of contraband goods, until he reaches British territory. On the Canadian side of Erie, several villages have been founded by these sable exiles, who contrive to subsist, though they suffer much from the severe winter of the great lakes. Of course, the office of abolition agent is a most dangerous one. Mob-vengeance unites with legal severity to punish any one aiding or counselling the escape of a slave, and the more so, as South Carolina has need of more negroes than even her large black population affords. To explain this, it is necessary to bear in mind that South Carolina is classed among the 'breeding' states—that is, a state where the marriage of blacks is encouraged, where they are cared for in age, and where they are usually treated with the same interested humanity that renders a farmer thoughtful for the welfare of his cattle. But the breeding states vary one from another. Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky rear slaves merely to sell them for plantation-work to some of the provinces on the borders of the rich and unhealthy Mississippi—states where adult labour is in demand alone, where it answers better, as the calculating cotton-growers say, to 'buy niggers ready grown,' and where the Virginia and Kentucky blacks are 'used up' annually in fearful numbers. But although exhausted Virginia and rough Kentucky can sell slaves at a profit, fertile South Carolina wants all she has, and more. She keeps her own coloured people—she buys a few from Virginia; but New Orleans outbids her in the Richmond market, and hence comes the fierce outcry for reopening the African slave-trade. No other topic excites such interest in Carolina, save abolition alone, as this. Other states repudiate the Guinea trade, while retaining slavery: but South Carolina, reckless of scandal, is impatient to draw her supplies direct from the Gold Coast once more, to cheapen slaves, now immoderately dear; and while stimulating the traffic in human flesh, to bring her waste lands under the hoe. There is but one district where the sugar-cane thrives—namely, that of Beaufort, and the state can never export much Muscovado, but the yield of cotton and rice might be increased considerably, were able-bodied negroes as cheap as they were half a century ago.

The slaves brought over by the yacht *Wanderer*, belonging to a Carolina gentleman, were sold at an average of 500 dollars; and those taken in a captured slaver a year since, and lodged by the United States naval authorities in Charleston jail, narrowly escaped being confiscated and brought to the hammer at the demand of the municipality. It is a well-known law of this state, that any negro or mulatto seaman, on board an American or foreign vessel, coming to a Carolina port, shall be lodged at once in jail, there to remain until the ship is ready to put to sea again.

This vexatious edict often robs a British merchant-captain of the temporary services of some of his best hands; and as almost all vessels have a black cook and steward, the inconvenience resulting from such a measure may be imagined. This precaution is dictated by a fear of any increase to the free-coloured population, a class regarded with the utmost jealousy and aversion. The free black of Carolina has no enviable time of it. The law, less humane than his master, throws all kinds of difficulties in the way of his manumission. Law and custom debar him from many occupations. He is forbidden to assemble with his fellows for almost any purpose, under the displeasure of the sheriff and of Judge Lynch. Education, denied to the slave by penal enactments, is refused to the free black by prejudice. Any schoolmaster teaching a South Carolina free negro his letters, may look to undergo the roughest usage that the Regulators can inflict. Neither slaves nor citizens, and without rights or prospects, the free blacks find themselves in constant danger of slavery. Every year some zealot proposes that the liberated negroes shall be appropriated to masters, or sold by auction; and such may indeed be their fate, now that the check of northern opinion has been repudiated. There are but two other features in the state worthy of notice—the Indians and the vines, both called by the name of Catawbaw. These Indians are but some ninety families, the broken remnants of a once renowned and powerful nation, before whom the first settlers trembled, and whose warriors were thirty thousand strong. Those who still exist are the 'Green Bird' Catawbaws, who lead a precarious life, hunting and fishing, weaving baskets for sale, and camping like gipsies around the edges of the broad plains of which their ancestors were undisputed proprietors. The Catawbaw vine is found wild in wonderful quantities all over the north of the state. It is easily brought into cultivation; and the wine which it affords, though hitherto of anything but good quality, might, by care and skill, render South Carolina a richer country than slave-grown rice and cotton will ever do.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LAST DAY AT HOME.

It is not necessary to set forth how, day by day and hour by hour, the manner of Dick's life in London grew more and more repulsive to him. Judgment will probably be given against him by those who read, as it was by those who saw, for the world's sympathy for young gentlemen in similar plight is rarely to be awakened by any medium short of that of the police courts. That Richard was not treated by Uncle Ingram, or even by Adolphus, as the apprentices of Mrs Brownrigg were by that famous lady, is true enough. He had plenty to eat and drink, and a great-coat in the winter-time. There were many thousand lads in the stony metropolis very much worse off than he, who yet remained patiently in that station of life to which the guardians of their parish had bound them. We are neither advocates of nor apologists for our young friend, although we take leave to pity him. Since the Dicks of flesh and blood have failed since the commencement of society to justify themselves in the eyes of mankind, it is not probable that this pen-and-ink creation of ours will fare any better. When Dick suspends relations with China, as it is clear he will, he must needs afford to the public eye the very improper and unmitigated spectacle of an apprentice running away from his indentures. Maria, with her universal panacea of 'Whip him, whip him well!' will be supported in that recommendation by the general voice; and there is no help for it.

Still, if we were great orators to move men's minds, like Messrs Edwin James or Montague Chambers, we would fain plead something for a little runaway lad scarce thirteen (gentlemen of the jury), a handsome curly-haired youth (good ladies), brought up hitherto almost at his mother's apron-strings, and loving her and Sister Maggie, and all who were decently kind to him, transplanted from his home-garden, and set among a wilderness of grown-up trees, bringing forth fruits of Assiduity, Economy, Punctuality, after their kind, but with only some three blossoms of Goodwill among them, and not one bud of Love. Against which blossoms, too—namely, Mrs Trimming, Mr Mickleham, and Mr Jones—must be set a couple of Upas-trees (for when our hearts are touched, gentlemen of the jury, our tongue naturally flies to metaphor)—the cold dislike of Uncle Ingram, and the malicious hatred of Brother Adolphus.

When June came in, in fact, and set up her hideous parody of leaf and verdure in Golden Square, Dick could not stand it any longer. He could not have stood it so long but for two things. One of these was, that every Saturday and Sunday his natural relatives took themselves away, and left him, and Mr Jones, the inscrutable, came to sup, and sometimes dine with Mrs Trimming. This gentleman was Dick's ideal of what a man should be, and he sat at his feet with never-tiring ears, learning to smoke, and improving in his method of drinking gin and water. Mr Jones, too, liked Dick in return, and gave him not a few practical proofs of his regard, although, of late, these had certainly been getting rarer. He took him on one occasion to the Pantomime—passing by the box-office without payment, and thereby increasing his young protégé's admiration for him to the highest degree; and when the spring arrived, he introduced him to Cremorne, where Mr Jones seemed to have a large circle of acquaintances, and to be especially a favourite among the ladies, though we are bound to say that the evening in question was not that famous one upon which no female was admitted beneath the rank of a baronet's wife. On Sundays, too, Mr Jones would sometimes take both Mrs Trimming and Dick to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, where the lad most thoroughly enjoyed himself. Except that the animals were in cages—which he secretly thought ought to be dispensed with—he deemed the place quite comparable with the garden inhabited by our first parents. His dream of life was to be employed upon these premises, and to live in the charming little cottage by the turnstile all his days. The cottage had eaves, but at that period of his life, Dick did not see the necessity for one of these.

'How is it, Mr Jones, that such few people seem to come to this delightful spot?' observed he one day, when after a long cessation from such treats, the two were in the monkey-house, employed in the charitable distribution of nuts to the most deserving objects of that pitiable tribe.

'Nobody can get in on Sunday without a ticket,' replied Mr Jones, 'and the number of tickets is limited.'

'Are they very expensive?' inquired Dick, with a secret determination of hoarding up his sixpence a week of pocket-money until the required sum should be amassed.

'They are not to be bought with money,' answered Mr Jones: 'that gentleman in the corner yonder presented me with my free admission-card.' He pointed to an enormous ape swinging by his tail from a cross-bar, and apparently fast asleep. Dick opened his mouth—not from ear to ear, but the other way: he was astonished, but he had too much respect for his patron to laugh at him.

'*That* gentleman, did you say?' said the boy, pointing to the oscillating but benevolent donor. 'How curious that seems; dear me!'

Mr Jones tapped the cage-bars with his umbrella handle, and cried: 'Ralph, Ralph, how are you?'

The ape undid a coil or so of his tail, and so let himself down to the ground with a speed that would have put to shame the smartest sailor in her Majesty's fleet. He stretched out the black paw at the end of his long brown arm as far as it would go through the bars, and his teeth rattled like a dice-box while Mr Jones shook hands with him.

'He is saying that he is very well, and that the weather is beautiful, although a little close,' observed that gentleman. Dick's delight at the familiarity of this specimen of the brute creation was irrepressible. 'Even the animals like Mr Jones,' thought he, 'and no wonder;' but he did wonder, nevertheless.

'The fact is, Dick,' explained his friend, 'I gave this creature to the Zoological Society, and they gave me a free ticket to admit friends, by way of acknowledgment.'

'Did you give this poor fellow away?' cried the lad, quite scandalised at the sacrifice. 'What could have induced you to part with such a charming, good-tempered'——

'Take care,' cried Mr Jones, 'or he'll have your finger off in half a second, young gentleman: I have seen him snap a finger off just as though it were a radish. I came to possess him in this way: when I was a lad not very much older than you, Dick, I was left a menagerie.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the lad in a tone of sympathy, and under the impression that a menagerie was some fine name for an orphan.

'I found myself the owner of a travelling wild-beast show—a lord of the fowl and the brute to an extent never dreamed of by Mr Alexander Selkirk. Elephants and guinea-pigs, ostriches and humming-birds were mine, Dick, besides a glass-box crammed with boa-constrictors. It was a case of Noah and his ark-full, and I did not keep my live-stock very much longer than did that patriarch. I went to smash in a very few weeks, my lad, and found myself with nothing in the world but a *Cercopithecus Engythilhia*, or Long-tailed Grivet—otherwise my talented friend Ralph here—whom no creditor was so hardy as to seize. I had no place to keep him, however, except my greatcoat-pocket, so I made a virtue of necessity, and forwarded the interests of Science, by presenting him to the Zoological Society. Never was ape more gifted, never was Society more charmed. He can hold more nuts in his check-pouches than you could win at a shooting-barrow at a fair in half a day. There is no denying that he bites, but we can't expect perfection in this world. We ain't perfect ourselves, Dick, are we?'

Dick humbly replied that he himself was certainly not perfect, but that Mr Jones appeared to him to approach the apex of the moral pyramid as nearly as was humanly possible. To which Mr Jones replied: 'Perhaps so, lad; perhaps I do, my boy;' and patted his head approvingly.

That paternal action reminded the lad at once, as by lightning-flash of recollection, that he had seen Mr Jones in full canonicals performing in some sacred edifice the ceremony of confirmation, but when or where it was, as usual, he was quite unable to recall; the desire of doing so, however, was so strong upon him, that he took no more interest in animal life for the rest of the day, but passed it in a sort of vertigo of reminiscence.

The one other thing which—besides the mitigating influence of Mr Jones—had hitherto prevented Dick from bidding adieu to commercial life, was the promise that had been held out to him of revisiting Rose Cottage in six months from the beginning of his banishment. It was a cruel edict that had divorced him from home and friends so long; but it had certainly heightened the fervour of anticipation with which he now looked forward to the holiday. Mr Ingram Arbour rather took credit to himself for having thus conferred a gratification at an exceedingly cheap rate, and in his rare moments of humour would even banter his nephew upon this very point. He did not understand how any subject should be kept sacred unless connected with religion or money-matters, and treated poor Richard's tears as pigs treat pearls. Attacked by his uncle, there was of course nothing left for it but to submit; but if Adolphus launched a dart of satire at him—a temptation that young man could rarely resist—Dick would up with whatever material weapon in the way of book or inkstand lay nearest to his hand, and there was a considerable *fracas* in the house, with whipping and disgrace to follow. Dick was not of the sort of stuff to be made a butt of; and as he grew older and stronger, this pastime of his elder brother began to have something of the danger as well as the excitement about it of a bull-fight or a tiger-hunt.

The long-promised Friday, however, did at last dawn upon Dick in all its July glory; and he found himself once more at his old home, and in his mother's arms. She waited for him up in her bedroom, not that she was much more unwell than usual, but because she could not open wide the doorways of her heart with the unimpulsive Maria looking on. That young lady still ruled at Rose Cottage, a virgin queen as yet without a suitor. Johnnie was away from home, having been articled, at his own request, to an attorney in the neighbourhood, and was said to be pursuing the study of the law with a relish; his joy being somewhat mitigated, however, by the presence, in the same office, of Mr William Dempsey, blind—and that but physically—only of one eye. Uncle Ingram and Adolphus had some particular business to transact, and were not to come from town until the next morning; and Maria, who never knew where to stop when among buttered toast, had got one of her tremendous bilious headaches. Everything, in fact, was as it should be for Dick's one holiday. 'I tell you what, mother—I tell you what, my Maggie,' cried he in his school-boy jargon, 'let us have a lark on the water—let us spend the livelong day on the dear old river. I will row you both up to the grotto. Put on your things, darlings, now, do; and, Maggie, don't forget some cold meat and so on, because it will be so jolly to picnic in the wood, and I'll go and get the boat ready this minute.'

Dick, having saluted Jane and Rachel, ran out into the garden like a young horse who first feels the turf beneath his heels; and when he had got the skiff in order, went over all the miniature domain again and again: he crossed the bridge into the rose-garden, and plucked a nosegay apiece for his mother and sister, and climbed up and swung himself on the same willow-tree branch that had borne him a hundred times before; he tried to catch the minnows in the ditch with his pocket-handkerchief, but found he had lost some of his dexterity in that savage art since his residence in town; he caught sight of the brown back of that identical rat which he had watched in and out of the same water-hole for the last half-dozen years; and when he threw the stone at him, missed him, by half an inch, as he had always done before: he marked again the small blue butterflies with speckled under-wings, wheeling about the corner of the osier-bed, and the dragon-flies that lit upon the heads of the tall water-plants, like flames of fire, and while endeavouring to reach them, got into the mud knee-deep, and had to change his trousers—all as of old.

By that time, his passengers and cargo were ready, and off they started in the reverse order to that indicated by the poet, Youth at the Helm—for Maggie steered, as she sat by her mother's side—and Pleasure, in the person of Dick, at the Prow, or nearly so. With those dear faces shining full upon him, and all the sights and sounds which he loved best in nature upon all sides, he was indeed a happy boy, and scarce the less so because he knew what short-lived joy it needs must be to him, for his disposition was one that suffered him to make the most of pleasure while its sun was shining, and not to feel the shadow of the coming woe. Under the huge span of the red railway-bridge, while the iron train above them thundered, and shook it as it flew, and past the osier-beds, and in and out the islands at their leisure, paddled the happy three: it seemed as though with leaving land they had left all sombre thoughts and memories behind; Dick laughed as he had scarcely done for half a year, and now and then, with sudden access of affection, would almost upset the boat in crawling to kiss mamma and Maggie. Mrs Arbour appeared to come once more, after years of submersion, above the surface of existence, and to have her being again, as long ago, in the atmosphere of love. When they entered the great lock-gates, and the boat sunk with the sinking waters, she even volunteered one of those old, old songs which she had once been accustomed to sing within that echoing place; but recollecting on a sudden in whose dear company it had last been sung in that very spot, her voice broke down, and Maggie had to help her through with it. There are few pleasanter minutes in a river-voyage than those spent within the four walls of some cool dark lock, with the blue sky only to be seen, and when the song mingles with the falling waters without, as with an instrument; nor afterwards is the change less grateful, when the great gates part, as if by magic, noiselessly, and the world is once more let in upon us in its summer splendour.

On the other side of the lock, and up a back-stream, above a foaming lasher, they perceived the fisherman Wilson, whom the widow would have gladly passed unseen; but he called out to Master Richard, and the lad rowed towards him as to a friend and teacher of blithe sports, of old.

'I am glad to see you, sir,' he said, 'and Miss Maggie, and good Mrs Arbour also. I know that it was not of her kind heart that I was obliged to leave her cottage, and that I now fish from shore because I have no punt. Here is a fine trout that you will please to accept, sir, in token of my respect for you and yours—or at least some of yours.'

Wilson was right in saying that it was not of Mrs Arbour's will that he had had notice to quit his cottage; but he did not know that she had kept him in it for many years by paying his rent for him whenever he was behindhand, until Maria found it out; whereupon she told her uncle; and that gentleman, who had not forgotten the manner in which he had been once associated with the Emperor of Morocco, turned the poor fisherman out of doors. This meeting somewhat dashed the spirits of the party for a time, but presently they came upon another pleasure-boat, with which Dick raced, and beat it, and then quite a fleet of swans surrounded them, and gave them mimic battle, and in a little all was joy again. Thus the three reached the grotto in the wood, whence welled the crystal spring, and there they dined, with more enjoyment than ever yet did alderman at feast; and thus, more leisurely, they drifted home, their skiff half-filled with water-lilies, and the feathery heads of rushes, and all the river spoil. It was a golden day, not likely to be soon forgotten by any of those three, and to be treasured up by one of them for ever—a home-picture hung in the inner chamber of his soul, evoking, like the image of a saint, all purest thoughts whenever he looked upon it!

CHAPTER X.

DICK CUTS THE PAINTER.

Mr Ingram Arbour had set the space of three months between Dick's present holiday and his next enfranchisement from Darkendim Street; but it would have been all the same to that young gentleman if the appointed limit had been three years instead, or even thirty. He had made up his mind, in short, so soon as he should return to Golden Square, to run away from it, and upon the Tuesday morning after his visit to Rose Cottage, he put that plan into execution. His preparations were not extensive, but they were complete. He packed up all his necessary clothing in a carpet-bag, along with a Bible which his mother had given him, and carried it a couple of streets off before he called a cab. He had seven-and-threepence in his pocket in hard cash; a capital knife, with six blades, given to him by Dr Neversleep at his baptism, in the character of sponsor, as being a more useful present to a young man in the end than a silver one; and three-quarters of an enormous cake which Jane had made for his especial benefit. He possessed money, arms, and provisions, in short, as a thoroughly equipped exploring-party should do, and started in the highest spirits in pursuit of that shifty thing—a London livelihood. Once only, when he stopped the cabman to drop a letter into a post-office, his face wore rather a grave expression; but leaving the solitude of the interior of the cab, and climbing up beside the driver, he soon recovered, in that cheerful company, considerably more than equanimity. No wonder that the thought of that letter made him sad: it was addressed to his mother, and ran—in by no means parallel lines—to this effect:

'My Dearest Mother—I have run away from the crockery business, and turned my hand to another profession which I hope to like better. I could not stand it any longer from Adolphus and Uncle Ingram—especially Adolphus—I could not indeed. I cannot write what I have suffered for the last six months; but if you knew, oh, I know you would pity and forgive me, mother. I have got a new situation, so don't fear, and I will write to you sometimes, I will indeed. And whatever you do, dearest mother and Maggie, do not believe what Adolphus and Uncle Ingram say against me. I have got your Bible with me, with your dear handwriting in it. You will never, never be out of my thoughts, you two.—Believe me, in spite of this, dear mother, your loving son—R. Arbour.'

The appointment which Dick thus spoke of was not a government one, but had been conferred upon him solely upon his own merits, and in consequence of his personal application. He had seen, some days ago, a neatly executed placard in a hair-dresser's shop-window near to Leicester Square, stating that a Genteel Youth of Good Address was wanted within, to assist in the Cutting Department, and he had applied for the situation upon the spot.

'Why, you are not much past fifteen, my lad?' had been the expostulation of Mr Tipsaway the proprietor.

'Not much,' replied Dick, not thinking it necessary to state that he was even short of that age of discretion; 'but I am exceedingly genteel, I do assure you.'

'And you 've got a good address too, I suppose?' observed the barber sardonically.

Dick only shook his curly hair and shewed his teeth—as the poor Italian organ-boys do when we wave them away with our savage British hands from the summit of our dining-room Venetian blinds—and, as it happened, no verbal reply could have served him better.

'He has *some* modesty, then,' observed the perruquier to his consort.

'I think he will do very well to send out to the Ladies' Schools,' observed Mrs Tipsaway critically.

Whatever Mrs Tipsaway thought, Mr Tipsaway always acted upon, and Mr Richard Arbour had therefore obtained admittance into their fashionable establishment upon trial. He had promised to be at his post—whatever that might mean—upon the ensuing Tuesday, and he arrived there with his cake and carpet-bag at the appointed hour.

The barber and his wife were perfectly well aware that Master Richard Smith, as he called himself, was a young gentleman who had run away from home, and were all the more glad to have him from that circumstance. Such an escapade on his part was of more value to them than the most respectable references, of which of course he had none: if, they argued, he was found out and taken back again, they would either obtain hush-money from his family, or the affair would be made public and their establishment advertised; if not, his appearance in their Saloons would be certainly advantageous.

The apartments thus denominated were three chambers of small extent, furnished with that peculiar skimpiness and inefficiency which distinguish the saloons of diminutive steam-boats, and with an enormous basin upon wheels—in two of them—in lieu of a table, which carried out the nautical parallel still further. The fireplaces in all these rooms smoked throughout the winter—although Mr Tipsaway would declare upon his word of honour, when any complaint was made, that it was only a particular quarter of the west wind or the east wind, as the case might be, which caused that unprecedented misfortune; and in one of them the customers were allowed to smoke, a large proportion of whom happened, for certain reasons, to be foreigners, who would not otherwise perhaps have patronised the place.

'In that comparatively small apartment, sir,' observed Mr Tipsaway to his young recruit, on introducing him to the premises—'in that comparatively small apartment, are not seldom to be seen some of the most exalted personages in the history of European politics, the bulwarks of continental liberty, the apostles of that sacred gospel of Equality between man and man—— What the deuce do you mean, Frizzle, by running against me in that fashion?' ejaculated Mr Tipsaway suddenly, as a pale young man, in a white apron and shirt-sleeves, and carrying an enormous can of water, stumbled upon them in the dark and narrow passage that shut off the shop from the saloons. 'Do you know who you *are*, sir, and who *I* am? A pretty example of respect and subordination, Frizzle, you are setting to this young man here. Why isn't this gas-jet lighted, which I have ordered to be done every morning without fail?'

'Please, sir,' explained the trembling Frizzle, 'Mrs Tipsaway said'——

'Silence, sir,' thundered the proprietor; 'how do you dare to interrupt me when I am speaking. Go along with you, and be more careful in future not to turn your cans over your betters.—Where was I, my young friend,' added the barber, dropping his voice—'where was I, when that idiot ran up against me?'

'At the sacred gospel of Equality between man and man,' suggested Dick with simplicity.

'Exactly so,' replied Mr Tipsaway, whose oratory had been a good deal quenched by the cold water. 'Well, the short and long of it is, the refugees and such like meets here pretty often, and talks all kinds of lingo. One of 'em can't talk at all, however—Count Gotsuchakoff, the Russian gent—here he is a coming through the shop at this instant. Now, just you look at him.'

Dick did look at him, as at the first Count whom his hitherto unprivileged eye had ever beheld, and this is what he saw; a tall dark sallow man, of about fifty years of age, without a vestige of hair upon his face, and that upon his head cut down to mere gray bristle: he had that painful look of enforced watchfulness about him which only belongs to the deaf and dumb, as though they were solicitous not to lose the play of a single muscle in the countenances of their more fortunate fellow-creatures: upon the left breast of his high-buttoned black waistcoat, there depended about three-halfpenny-worth of red ribbon, the termination of which—doubtless the order of the Golden Eagle, or other costly bird of his native land—was lost in a little side-pocket. As he walked through the shop, he lifted his hat to Mrs Tipsaway, who stood behind the counter, an act of condescension which delighted Dick, and even elicited from Mr Tipsaway—who was accustomed to it—a cordial expression of praise.

'He 's the politest beggar, is the Count, Smith, as ever you see. He'll bow to me, and even to you, now, when he comes in, just as though we were counts ourselves.'

In another moment the Russian nobleman had entered the smoking-room, where the two were standing, and saluted them in the magnificent and courtly manner which had been predicted.

'How are you, Old Starch-and-Stiff?' observed Mr Tipsaway, throwing, however, a most marked respect into his features. 'Will you have a glass of the same tipple as usual, and smoke your cabbage-leaf till the other noble swells make their appearance, eh?—You see, Smith,' remarked the barber, observing the extreme dismay depicted in Dick's countenance, 'it don't signify tuppence what one *says* to a deaf-and-dumb cove like this; one may just as well call him "Old boy" as "Your excellency;" in fact, it would be throwing fine words away, and putting one's self out of one's usual way for nothing.'

Upon this explanation the unfortunate count smiled a smile of the most courteous approval, and seating himself at the table, produced a little parcel of tobacco and a small volume, consisting of thin brown paper, out of which raw materials he began constructing cigarettes.

'How deuced sharp he is with his fingers!' observed Mr Tipsaway admiringly. 'I'm hanged if he ain't a precious deal more like a monkey than a man. You should see him presently when the others come in and talk their lingo; here he'll sit for hours, bless you, smoking and rolling, rolling and smoking, and making believe to listen, just as though he were all right, you know. He's a very patient chap, that I must say for him. Here 's your Hodervee, count—that 's what he would call brandy, if he could speak, you know—and do keep to the spittoon, there's a *good* creature—he 's an awful creetur for that, is the count, and vexes my wife most amazing. They say he can spectorate over his own head, as he sits in his chair, but I can't say as I ever saw him do it. But now we must clear out of this, for here comes Monsieur de Crespigny, and Herr Singler, and the rest of the foreign gents, who like to be by themselves here, and have no fancy for listeners.'

This delicacy on the part of Mr Tipsaway must not be estimated at too high a rate, considering that if he had applied his ear to the keyhole of the smoking saloon with ever so great an assiduity, he would never have heard anything but tongues which he did not happen to be able to translate. It would have been a dangerous method of studying foreign pronunciation, too, for the barber was right enough in describing his guests as impatient of eaves-droppers. In that small smoky backroom of the unconscious haircutter, certain determinations were now and then arrived at, important enough, and the divulging of which would have brought death or ruin on many an innocent head hundreds of miles away. That wretched room had been the hatching-place of many an abortive plot for the confusion of Tyrants, and even the nursery of more than one rickety Constitution. It was less convenient for the enjoyment of social life, it is true, than for the arrangement of conspiracies, but those who used it had been driven—as *they* thought by an arbitrary and vindictive hand—from country, and home, and friends, and all things that give life a wholesome relish, and had their minds solely set—firmly and savagely as a man sets his teeth—upon wrongs to be righted, and cruelties to be avenged. No foreign spy would have dreamed of invading Mr

Tipsaway's quiet emporium, for it is notorious that *mouchards* are entirely without sense of humour, which, and which alone, might have led them to look with grave suspicion upon the fact of a number of gentlemen, whose close-cropped heads had the appearance of stubble-fields, frequenting, almost daily, an establishment devoted to cutting and curling.

These men, so scant of linen, so saving of soap, had yet, in Richard's eyes, a certain dignity about them, which Englishmen, similarly stricken by poverty, would perhaps have lacked. When we islanders grow poor, we are apt to cease from being polite, and to regard our fellow-creatures with bitterness; nor do our shabby hats grow shabbier through too much courteous salutation of the general public. A handsome, merry, young face like that of Richard Arbour, was as much a passport to the heart of M. de Crespigny—melancholy as it had grown to be—as when he had been a prosperous gentleman, and leader of the extreme left in the Chamber of Deputies.

He congratulated Dick upon his new appointment at Mr Tipsaway's, just as though he had been some cadet of noble family just gazetted page to the French king; and thus in a couple of minutes won more of gratitude from the impulsive lad than Uncle Ingram had been able to earn by thirteen years of practical benefits. Oh, great and wonderful powers of human look and speech, that can confer such gracious happiness upon the hearts of others by a mere smile or tone! and oh, still more wonderful human blindness and arrogance, that spare to bestow a gift that costs the donor so little!

Although, however, M. de Crespigny—who conversed with Dick in English, of course, never imagining that a lad in his position would understand any other language than his own—and our young runaway did become fast friends in a few days, it is not to be supposed that the barber's boy had nothing else to do but to cultivate the acquaintance of foreign noblemen. On the day after his arrival, he was taken in hand by Mr Frizzle, a feeble young man, much bullied by Tipsaway, and with an expression of countenance piteous as that of a hunted kangaroo, to which animal he bore a further resemblance in an enormous linen pouch, which he always carried about with him, filled with the implements of his profession. Whether Mr Frizzle had real genius or not, is a question only to be decided—or rather to be fought about, for they never decide—by the psychological metaphysicians; but that he had at all events 'a turn' for music, there is no denying. Like other eminent persons in obscure circumstances, however, who have been attached to that divine calling, he pursued it under many disadvantages; his principal instrument of melody being the comb kept for the general use of the customers, by help of which and some thin brown curling-paper, he would perform curious pieces of his own composition—muffled oratorios: extracting music from the tortoise-shell, like Orpheus and the earliest masters of the art.

'Frizzle, why don't you stop that infernal twanging?' roared Mr Tipsaway at 11 A. M. from the front shop, on the morrow of Dick's arrival. 'Don't you know that it's the last Saturday in the month, and that Mr Smith must be taken to school this morning?'

Dick thought with a shudder of Messrs Dot and Carriwun's, and his heart sank within lest the study of the mathematics should be indeed necessary for the hair-cutting line of business, as it seemed to be for every other.

'To school, sir!' cried he; 'I have been to school, Mr Tipsaway, and learned up to vulgar fractions.'

'You will see more of them to-day, lad,' grinned the barber, in intense enjoyment of the coming witticism, 'than you ever saw in your life before. It is a charity school you are going to this morning, where all the boys may be said to be vulgar fractions. It is the *experimentum in corpore vili*, as my classical friend Herr Singler once observed. You are about to learn hair-cutting upon paupers' heads, Mr Richard Smith. The parish authorities have such a belief in our accurate knowledge of the prevailing *mode*, that they place one hundred and twenty heads at our disposal every six weeks. Frizzle, give him the bluntest pointed scissors that we have in the shop, lest he should abuse the confidence thus reposed in us; and don't take any combs there, mind that, for you know what happened once, in consequence, to Mr Camellair, the artist, who has never since visited our establishment.'

Thus it was that Mr Richard Arbour mastered the rudiments of the science of hair-cutting. His uncultivated fancy was allowed to sow its wild-oats in charity-schools and workhouses, among locks for the nourishment of which no Polar bear is slain, no *Pommade de Tipsaway* is concocted; nay, if truth must be told, he was even lent out *gratis* upon Sunday mornings to inferior establishments in low neighbourhoods, nor until he had disfigured many hundreds of the working-classes with his ignorant shears, was he judged worthy to try his 'prentice-hand upon a gentleman. That time, however, did at last arrive, and the genteel youth of good address drew customers to the house, as Mr Tipsaway had anticipated. The lad was a considerable relief to those who had hitherto only experienced the nervous attentions of Mr Frizzle. That young man—besides his introduction of the foreign body we have already hinted at into the luxuriant tresses of Mr Camellair—had been guilty of enormous indiscretions. He had almost driven Major Bantam into an apoplexy by whistling a melody—softly but quite perceptibly—upon a bald spot on that indignant officer's head, as he stood behind him 'thinning his top,' as the phrase goes; and when Miss Comely Pettigrew had asked him whether he thought that he had a pair of whiskers to suit her—meaning, of course, those artificial *frisettes* used for distending the side-hair—he had fairly spluttered with laughter, and rushed out of the room. Moreover, his conversation—a most important matter with gentlemen of his profession—was feeble to quite an extraordinary degree. Beyond 'The weather is distressingly 'ot to-day, mem,' or, ''Ow that chimney *do* smoke now, to be sure, sir, don't it?' he had absolutely nothing to say; while, in place of introducing the subject of purchases warily and delicately, he would come out with: 'Now, buy a pot of our pommade, sir—*do*,' as though he were appealing to the pity rather than self-interest of the customer.

The foreign gentlemen, in particular, whose inexplicable politeness affected the nerves of Mr Frizzle, were exceedingly glad to be waited upon by Dick instead of him: they did not think it necessary to break off their conversation when the lad chanced to have occasion to enter their room; and it must be confessed that he took advantage of that circumstance to drink in as much as his knowledge of the French tongue, imparted to him by Sister Maggie, would permit him. He could not understand very much, of course—even when he could translate it—of their talk about the Solidarity of the Peoples, or of the Moment being Supreme for down-trodden Nationalities, but he knew that they were talking secrets, and that he was listening to them, unknown to themselves, which is a state of affairs gratifying to most people.

Moreover, he was deeply interested in the scenes themselves, and the persons who composed them: in his friend and patron, M. de Crespigny, so eloquent and so enthusiastic; in Herr Singler, so quiet and yet so weighty, that no man put in a word while he was speaking; in Signor Castigliano, so scornfully indignant in hand, and voice, and eye; and of the ten or a dozen conspirators who assembled, all or some, in that little saloon daily, especially in the silent, sullen

Count Gotsuchakoff, who sat in that stormy parliament, sipping his brandy, and smoking his tobacco, as though he were the sole occupant of the apartment. Now and then, a slip of paper would be handed to him with some pencilled words, requesting his advice on this or that matter, and he would write his reply on a leaf of his little cigarette-book, with incredible speed. The conspirators had evidently a high opinion of his judgment, and indeed, for five-and-thirty years this exile from St Petersburg—banished perhaps for writing what he might have spoken with impunity, had he been able to speak at all—had been prompter or participator in half the revolutions of Europe. There was a great attraction and mystery about this man for Dick, who had never chanced to see a deaf-and-dumb person before, and his sharp young eyes were often fixed upon him when the count was by no means aware of it. That gentleman would sometimes stay behind when his friends departed, finishing his *eau de vie*, and on a certain occasion, the lad surprised him in the performance of a rather singular action.

Dick had opened the saloon-door with unusual quietness, and without the draught or other accompanying circumstance, such as generally attracted the count's attention at once, announcing his presence, and behold, there was the Russian arranging the slips of paper that had been given to him during the conference in his voluminous pocket-book! This struck Dick as being remarkable, because he had heard M. de Crespigny say that he would warn Count Gotsuchakoff to be particular in destroying them, and the count, on receiving the written suggestion, had apparently done so—folding each slip as soon as he had perused it, and consuming it in the gas-jet that was always alight in the room for smoking purposes—not only on that occasion, but ever afterwards, as the lad had seen him do many times. This contradictory circumstance would not, however, of itself perhaps have awakened Dick's suspicions, had not the Russian suddenly started up, thrust the pocket-book into his bosom, and seizing the lad by the throat, uttered in unmistakable French, and with a rolling of the *rs* beyond the reach of most articulate-speaking men—not to speak of a deaf-and-dumb gentleman—that one tremendous rage-laden continental shibboleth—'*Sacre!!*'

THE BEE-WORLD.

We happened to be overhearing but yesterday a nursery-lesson administered to our youngest child, aged six, and the superiority of knowledge exhibited by that infant compared with any which we were possessed of concerning the subject in hand, completely confounded us.

'What do we know, my little dear, about bees?' inquired the governess, in that insinuating tone by which information is supposed to be most easily extracted from the young. 'What do we know now about bees?' It was surprising, we repeat, how much that little girl did know about them, of which her learned father, as he was called in court, was profoundly ignorant; and yet there was Huber in our library, and even a pamphlet just published upon the *Management of Bees* lying on our desk. We reiterated to ourselves the question of the governess: 'What do you know, Mr Paterfamilias, about bees?' and we blushed in the solitude of our study as we answered thus.

We know that Dr Watts inquires—no, remarks with admiration—'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!' and that a previous poet, Virgil, has paid that insect many deserved compliments. But we also remember a rather alarming picture in one of Virgil's books of a certain ox lying dead with a swarm of bees about him, who, it is our strong impression, had stung him to death.

We know that bees *do* sting, since we have a distinct recollection of having in our childhood suffered from them, when our beloved parents placed our nose in a blue bag, with the mistaken idea of allaying the irritation: it did not allay it, but increased our terror and distress very much. We thought that the colour would never be washed away—like Shakspeare's celebrated fast and indelible red, which would see the multitudinous seas incarnadined first—and that we should have a blue nose for life. We did not learn, nor have we done so to this hour, why that bag was blue.

We know that one of the prettiest ornaments in the cottagers' gardens of the village at home were bee-hives, which somehow gave us the same notion of comfort and plenty in their case as was afforded by the more ungainly wheat-ricks in the farmyard; and justly so, for those persons who kept bees were themselves a provident class, and always laid something in store against *their* winter.

We know that the bee inserts himself into very curious places, after a silent and burglarious fashion, although doubtless with the best intentions. The way in which he comes booming out of the bell of a flower which one has gathered in ignorance of his being there, is exceedingly startling; and we have some faint notion that he manages to get into bottles of very old port wine, and to leave his wings there.

Finally, we know that there is such an insect as a queen-bee, but what she does, except (we suppose) reign, we have no idea; and this last piece of profundity completes our knowledge upon the entire subject.

Honest Reader, can you lay *your* hand upon your heart, and protest that you know anything more than this about bees? If so, you may be even an Apiarian—in which case we have nothing to say to you. Go to! We are addressing ourselves to simple Christian folk; to them who were ignorant, as we ourselves were yesterday, and whom we would make as wise as we are to-day. We have found a poem—the Romaunt of the Bee—the existence of which we had never dreamed of; an epic we had never looked into, although it has stood on the shelf in the garden opposite for many a summer, and though we knew its title—the Bee-hive—perfectly well. Let us turn it over (in our mind, that is, for practically it would be dangerous), and extract the honey (the poetry and the humour), leaving the wax and other glutinous material (the desperately scientific and statistical information) for those of stronger digestions.

Even Science herself, however, discards her harsh appellations, and grows almost musical when speaking about bees. She calls them *Anthrophila* and *Mellifera*, the flower-loving and the honey-bearing; albeit she is greatly at fault for a fit title for that golden down which they delight to pilfer from the swinging flower-bells, and terms it *pollen*. 'I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,' sings an unknown poet, but probably one cursed with the improvidence of his race, and whose opinions were certainly at variance with those of Mr Thomas Carlyle. How much better would it be to be born in a nice warm hive; to be swathed in silk, or some substance equally pleasant, and less expensive, termed 'cocoon;' and to be fed on honey-dew, like him who beheld the palace of Kubla Khan! How happier far must be the hour when the bee first 'feels his feet,' than that enjoyed by the infant Homo under the same circumstances, for such members are economically denied to bees until they are absolutely wanted; and how still more delicious the day on which he first emerges upon his silver wings into the summer air!

At the same epoch when the purple-coloured child is squalling in its nurse's arms, objecting to its strait-waistcoat, and nervously apprehensive of pins, the infant bee is drinking in all the glories of earth and air. He sings to himself for very happiness. In every flower he finds odours, and delicious sweetmeats, and enjoys them both, accompanied by the most delightful motion, like that of a school-boy in his swing, or a sailor in his hammock. In a cowslip's bell he lies, or under the blossom that hangs on the bough; and this is his *work*, mind you. The bee, in addition to these ravishing pleasures, has the crowning satisfaction of the sense of toil—of doing his duty to others as well as to himself. When he has eaten enough, he proceeds, in contempt of a polite rule to the contrary, which trammels most human children, to fill his little pockets. He has a bag into which he puts the precious honey-drops until it is quite full, and he has also two side-receptacles in his legs for the *pollen*. If it has been showery, he saves himself the trouble of making this up into homœopathic golden pills, and by pocketing them, rolling himself bodily among it wherever it is found; he thus acquires a coat of many colours—red, white, yellow, or blue—so that the intelligent florist who observes him thus decked out, can tell the very flowers from which the vagrant has been thieving; and when he returns home, which he does as straight as an arrow, after a flight upwards at the rate of a mile a second to take its bearings, his friends are not too proud to brush him carefully down, and put away all the pollen into the granary. It is this which makes what is called bee-bread; for bees are not so greedy as some little boys, who will eat their honey without any bread to it. Perhaps the queen, whom we read of in the nursery-songs as eating bread and honey in her parlour, was after all but a queen-bee; but this is a question suitable only for the antiquarian commentators. The indoor work of bees is as light as their open-air avocations. The hive being limited, and the number of bees continually increasing, a thorough system of ventilation becomes necessary. The workers are therefore 'told off' by sixties or so at a time, and accomplish the desired object by standing on their feet and 'making believe' with their wings to fly. This is certainly no exhausting labour, such as we humans always find 'raising the wind' to be; and some old bees of lethargic temperament prefer to stay at home, and pull the punkah, to wandering about gardens and roaming over the heathery hills with their comrades. What vulgar outside persons may choose to say about their increased weight, and of how that less than five thousand (in consequence of these sedentary habits) are now going to the pound, is nothing to them; since they have no sense of hearing, or if they once had it, it has been dazed and destroyed by the continuous buzzing going on around them. For consider—you that have but one bee in your bonnet—what it must be to have fifteen thousand bees (which is not a large hive-full) all under the same straw hat! It is useless, then, for the unscientific man to bring out his tongs and warming-pan with the idea of attracting bees to swarm. They are mercifully denied by nature the organs for the appreciation of that music. Thieves, of course, are not to be feared by such courageous householders, but the moth breaks through at night sometimes, and steals after a very singular manner—namely, by giving. She lays her eggs in the hive cuckoo-fashion, and their voracious *larvæ* devour the honey. No wonder, then, that the bees fear moths—*timent Danaos et dona ferentes*, a scholarly quotation which we have not often so good an opportunity of introducing.

Hitherto, we have spoken only of Working-bees, who form about four-fifths of a swarm. The other fifth is composed of those who neither toil nor spin, nor gather into hives, and who are therefore—by peasants and other rude persons concerned in the management of bees—somewhat contemptuously termed Drones. Did ever lover pass by such a name? These live for love, and die for love too—as we shall presently hear—and it is no wonder perhaps that they are despised by soulless drudges. They are, every one of them, passionately in love with the queen-bee. These two thousand or so are all enamoured of the one solitary female who exists in this blessed community. She is wooed and won in the air, miles and miles away above mortal ken; and just as in the grand old fairy tales, the favoured lovers of this enchanting princess never live to boast of their happiness. You may see hundreds of them whirling up from the entrance of the hive into the blue empyrean, and presently the queen-bee herself—like the monarch of Lilliput, conspicuous by her length above her fellows—majestic, Junonic, takes her mysterious flight skyward also. She knows not which of her suitors will be waiting for her—doubtless with bended knee, although there is nothing to put it on—nor the spot where she will meet with him, for there is no making trysting-place in the realms of space. Zephyr alone, remembering perhaps his young days with Aurora, conducts her to some happy bee in viewless air. Is not this a true poem? And the young courtier that never comes back to hive again—by which alone the rest know whom to envy—is not he a fit and tragical hero? But better so, Maybe(e), than to live on an unfavoured drone until the late autumn, then to be stung to death by the labouring-classes, lest one should help to eat that winter store which one has been too high and mighty to help to gather!

These democrats, however, are to their sovereign lady the queen, loyal to their backbone, or would be so, did they not happen to be invertebrate animals. The very emblem of royalty in old Egypt was a bee, by reason, doubtless, of this very devotion. Whenever the queen moves about the hive, she is attended by a volunteer body-guard, as tiny, but as assiduous as they who waited upon Titania's self, and who take charge of her majesty's eggs as soon as they are deposited. Even if a strange queen-bee is introduced into the hive, their respect for her office is so great, that the inhabitants do not dip their stings in her royal blood, but content themselves with hedging her closely round until she is suffocated, or else they starve her to death like another Duke of Albany. The queen-bee herself, however, brooks no rival near her throne. Immediately after her election, her first idea is to put to death, after the oriental example, all other members of the royal family. The very infants in the cradles are not spared, and unless the working-bees prevent it by incessant watchfulness, the cocoons of the royal babes are made their winding-sheets. Even while employed in thus curbing the despotism of their sovereign, however, her subjects are as deferential to her as any policeman to an intoxicated M.P. They merely stand round the cells, and remark: 'Not this way, your majesty. We are very sorry, but must perform our duty. No admittance to the nursery even on business. Infanticide is respectfully prohibited.' Even if this murder of the Innocents is accomplished, however, there is no lack of successors to the crown, or royal leaders to an emigrant swarm. The bees not only elect but *make* their queens. They have only got to enlarge an ordinary cell, which an infant working-bee would otherwise have been born into, and, lo! out of the common egg a princess-royal makes her appearance. Thus, as in chess, a pawn may be exchanged for a queen. The faculty for government all depends upon the dimensions of the cradle. In the bee-world, therefore, there are no incapables at the head of affairs, as we see in Austria, Spain, or Naples, but the talents accompany the titles. What a grand House of Lords might be composed of such a hereditary peerage as this, of 'senators born' and produced wholesale by some beneficent hatching apparatus! A comparison of the bee-world with our own, seldom turns out, alas! to the advantage of the latter.

Hitherto, we have been, as it were, in fairyland, settling, like the bees themselves, only upon the objects that most please us; but, indeed, all bee-matters are charming, except their stings, and the soberest facts about them seem to partake of the marvellous. Let us end with a wonderful statement culled from the pamphlet we have already mentioned, by Dr Mackenzie upon the *Management of Bees.**

'And now we come to the extraordinary and invaluable discovery of M. Gelieu, a Swiss clergyman—namely, that should we add even four stocks of bees to our hive No. 1 in October, the *five* stocks will consume no more honey than No. 1 would have done if left alone!

'I was myself quite incredulous in this matter, till, by many an experiment, I proved it to be positively and always true.

'The reason of it will probably ever remain a secret, hardly to be solved by the suggestion that the new-comers feel a scruple as to eating the honey they had no hand in collecting.

'But, whatever be the reason, the consequence is, that if there ever was an excuse once for killing our bees, assuredly there can be none *now;* since, even if no single hive has enough of honey, we can easily feed it to the proper weight, and then add to it the bees from hives that would otherwise have perished from hunger.

'We can thus, even in the worst honey-years, always insure one or more strong hives, certain to do well and swarm early, when all others, neglected as usual by their owners, who have never heard of this management, will have died.'

And we wonder what the Political Economist will have to say to *that.*

ON GUARD.

I CONFESS that on the night when the Hundred-and-ninth dined with us, I took a great deal more alcoholic drink than I should have done. Mr Gough would say, that was very wrong; I reply, that he is very right. Mr G. might add, that if there was no such stuff as beer, wine, or spirits to be had, I could not have so erred, and that, therefore, we should pass a Maine Liquor Law. I reply that, by the same reasoning, all horses should be converted into sausages, to prevent people from ruining themselves on the turf; that money, which is the root of all evil, should at once be plucked out of human institutions; that if there was no such thing as marriage, there could be no such thing as divorce; and that a community of goods would prevent the possibility of theft.

I plead extenuating circumstances: my present life was so new to me. Six months previously, I had been a quiet, dreamy, middle-aged married man, living in the country, and devoted to entomology, when there came that telegram from the heights of Alma, which gave the combative bump of every man and boy in England such a magnetic thrill that it has not left off tingling yet, and a hint from our lord-lieutenant made me accept a commission in the militia. I was now a smart, gay, young bachelor lieutenant (I had still a wife somewhere, but was there not a sentry on the barrack-gate?), one of the garrison of Eddystone, and, on this particular evening, president of the mess. Our guests were officers of the line, who had just returned from India, and were soon going out to the Crimea, and I had to drink champagne with every one of them; and I appeal to the soberest of men—to you, sir—whether you could allow a cold, reasonable, heartless, heeltap to remain in your glass when you were drinking to a man who, in a few weeks, was to be shot at in *your* quarrel. And, after all, I was not very far gone; it is true that I sang a song; but I went to bed unassisted, wound up my watch, and pulled off my boots. I also remember my last thoughts before going to sleep, which were, that I was glad there was no early parade next morning, but sorry that the room would go round and round, and round and round, like a dry Maelström.

I had two remarkable dreams that night. First, I sat in a tower in Jerusalem, which was being battered by the Romans, and at each heavy *thud, thud* of the ram, I felt the walls tremble and shake, but did not care how soon they fell, for we had been out of water for a month. Then I was once more a little boy at school, and very thirsty; at a short distance off, I could see the pastry-cook's, with 'Iced Lemonade' written in letters of gold upon the window-pane, and, lo! a thrice happy youth was draining a goblet thereof with an eagerness which raised my desire for drink to madness; but between the spot where I stood and the coveted draught was a blank wall, and at fifteen paces therefrom stood a row of fifth-form boys, with tennis-balls in their hands. Thump, thump, whack, thump came those balls about my ears, as, crouched against the wall, I—I woke, and discovered that some one was knocking, with the regular single punch of a Nasmyth hammer, at the door, and that my mouth and throat were too parched to tell him to come in. However, I managed to utter some inarticulate cry, which was properly understood, and Sergeant Thomson entered the room, closed the door, brought his heels together, and saluted. Like an old soldier and an intelligent man as he is, Sergeant Thomson rightly interpreted my glance at the cupboard, and going thither, he produced a bottle of soda-water.

Pop! wobble, wobble, fissch!—and the sensations of years were crowded into the time it would have taken to count five; for those few seconds, I was in Paradise, but the sergeant soon dashed me to the earth.

'You are for guard, sir,' said he, taking the empty tumbler from my hand.

'For guard!—I!'

'Yes, sir; Mr Arundel was taken ill last night, and you come next. The adjutant says you must be on the square in half an hour.'

'But, but—I have never been on guard; that is, I have only been as supernumerary.'

'Must make a beginning, sir.'

'I hope I am under a captain. Is it the Dock-yard?'

'No, sir, Lockman Dock—the Magazine, as it's called.'

'Ah, well, the sergeant will tell me what to do: who is he?'

'Don't know, sir; we don't find the guard.'

'What! and who do, then?'

'The marines, sir, I believe;' and he saluted and went.

Giddy and ill as I was, I had to be on the square in half an hour—*I*, who generally take an hour to dress!

Our adjutant, who looked after his officers as a cat after her kittens, or the captain of a college-boat after his crew, joined me as I left the barrack-gate, and poured advice and encouragement into my ear. He told me that I knew all I had to do, because we had practised it previously, reminding me how we had gone about our own barrack square relieving imaginary guards and visiting fancy sentries; then he explained everything minutely, informed me that I could not make a mistake, it was all so very simple, but damped this encouraging assurance with the reminder, that the general was very particular, and that any blunder of mine would be a disgrace to the regiment; and so we arrived at the parade. There stood the different guards in a long red line; there were the colours, and the band, and the brigade-major; and there, in the distance, overwatching the proceedings like a grim Jupiter, the awful general; and there, too, were a select body of ladies, nursery-maids, and children, who had turned out thus early to see the show, which was pretty enough to those who were not actors therein, or who, being such actors, knew their parts, and had not sick headaches. I fell in, and the band played, and the colours were paraded up and down, and I got on pretty well until we arrived at a part of the performance where the officers had to march right across the square, in slow time, to their respective guards. Now, I can keep step very well when in the ranks, because I move my legs when the others do, but my bump of time is, or ought to be, a dead-level; and stepping with the band, now that I was all alone, was to me as physically impossible as waltzing had always been, so that, whenever I glanced at the officer of the adjoining guard, I found I was out of step, and changed feet; and as this happened pretty often, my progress became one continuous *chassé*, which must have given me an air of dancing across the parade. But this was not all: my head was in such a whirl that I could not march straight to my front, so that when at last I reached the red line before me, I found that I had somehow edged off to the wrong guard, and the howls of the brigade-major, while I was running ignominiously about, trying to find my place, were something frightful to listen to.

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* Blackwood, Edinburgh.

At last, the trooping was over, and as all the guards marched off, I felt happier; nobody could bully or interfere with me now, for I was in command; and as we tramped through the streets, I felt at least two inches taller, especially on passing a bow-window where three of the loveliest——

'Howl-l-lt!' roared a voice of thunder, which brought us up as sharp as if an iron wall had suddenly sprung up before us.

I jumped so that I dropped my sword.

When I had picked it up, I discovered that an individual with a red face and gray whiskers, dressed in uniform, with a cocked-hat and a brass scabbard, and mounted on a powerful big-boned horse, was louring at me.

'Why the orcus did you not carry arms to me, sir-r-r-r? eh?'

It is impossible to convey any idea of the accent he gave to that 'eh?' I nearly dropped my sword again.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said I; 'I did not see'——

'Then you ought to have seen, sir,' he barked, and digging his spurs into his horse, vanished like a flash of lightning. Who he was, what his rank, or whence he came, I know not, neither do I care. But a glance at the bow-window shewed me that my discomfiture had proved a source of mirth to the occupants thereof, and I felt bitterly towards the individual with the gray whiskers and powerful voice. As I could not sink into the earth, a course I should certainly have preferred to adopt, there was nothing for it but to march on, and in due time we reached the gates of the Lockman Dock, through which we stepped in slow time, with carried arms, the adjutant's directions coming into my head one by one as I wanted them. The guard-room was situated on the right, just inside the gates, and the old guard was posted at open order in front of it; I knew that the new guard must be drawn up facing them, so I led my men solemnly on.

'To the right form, sir!' cried the sergeant in a loud whisper, but I did not quite catch his meaning, and so thought it simpler to go on a little further.

'Halt—front!' cried I, and they halted and fronted; but, alas, their *backs* were turned to the old guard, in whose ranks, I think, I heard an insubordinate giggle.

However, I counter-marched my men, and then the old guard presented arms to us, and we presented arms to the old guard; and some of the new guard were marched off to relieve the sentries, and I apologised to the old guard officer, a youth of eighteen, who graciously patronised me, and told me that I should do better another time. He also kindly gave me a tip for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and imparted other valuable information, until, all his sentries being gathered in, he marched his party off, and behind him were closed and barred those gates beyond which it was unlawful for me to pass for twenty-four hours.

As a general rule, the fact of being confined in any particular place, however pleasant, would make me long to get out of it, but at present I had no such wish, for the novelty of the position had a romantic charm about it which quite reconciled me to the imprisonment. Twenty-two marines, some of them bronzed and decorated men, who had braved for several years the battle and the breeze, were under *my* command; and it was my first taste of power, for being a quiet man and a hen-pecked, it had never occurred to me to exercise authority at home. Then I was in a responsible position; no one could come into the dock-yard without my permission, and if he insisted on forcing his way by climbing over the wall or otherwise, I might—might I order him to be bayoneted? Yes; I might certainly do so, and the sentry would probably obey me, but should I be hung for giving such an order?

This being a point worthy of serious consideration, I took the board of orders down from the mantelpiece, and seating myself on a truckle-bed, which, with a table, two chairs, an inkstand, a pen, a grate, a coal-scuttle, and a broken poker, formed the furniture of the guard-room, commenced an investigation of the duties of my position, which led to a further reverie upon my present dignity, and the magnitude of the interests confided to my charge; one of them being a powder-magazine of so ticklish a constitution, that the smoking of a pipe in the guard-room, a quarter of a mile off, could not be indulged in without running the risk of blowing up half the town, with a fair proportion of those gun-boats and frigates for which we pay such a tidy little bill every year; and the idea of the bare possibility of the taxes of the country being increased by any such negligence of mine, made me shudder. While cogitating in this way, I began to experience certain uneasy sensations in the region of the stomach, which by and by resolved themselves into a yearning for tea, and bread and butter, and in due time it occurred to me that I had not breakfasted. What was to be done? I had not seen my servant before leaving the barrack square, and as I had selected the lad for his honesty rather than his intelligence, I knew he would never come to look after me without express orders to that effect. I must have patience; but yet, what was the use of that? Patience is a very good thing for the toothache, because one lives in hopes of its going off; but hunger never 'goes off.'

Well, well, it was no great hardship after all to go without breakfast for once. The worst of it was, that the difficulty would recur at dinner-time.

These dismal reflections were broken in upon by the sergeant, who appeared at the doorway, and asked if I would choose to visit the sentries, which I forthwith began to do; and as I varied the amusement by investigations of all the objects of interest in the place, it took me a couple of hours to go the rounds. First of all, I came to a large building where boiler-plates were being drilled round the edges with small holes for the rivets, and I stood for a long time watching the punch pressing out the little circular bits of iron with that ease and neatness peculiar to the irresistible force of steam, till a workman of whom I asked some question remarked, that 'one would think it was going into so much cheese,' and the mention of that comestible was too much for a famished Welshman. Not far from this workshop, I came upon my first sentry, who ported arms and proceeded to repeat his orders, which were printed up in his sentry-box. There were under his care a crowbar, which he was to give up when requested to the dock-yard police, and a life-buoy, which he was to throw to any one whom he saw struggling in the water. He was also to challenge any one who approached his post after dark; to fire off a blank cartridge in case of fire; and above all, to allow no one to smoke either on the wharf or on board the shipping moored off it. All this he repeated in a breath, like a child saying its catechism; and I passed on, and spent half an hour in watching the prodigies performed by a Vulcanic hammer, though, if Vulcan can hit half as hard as that, I pity poor Venus when he comes home jealous and nectary. Then came an interview with another sentry; then I watched the process of razeeing a three-decker that would not sail into a frigate that would: after which came more sentries, all of whom told their little tale so exactly in the same way, that I grew weary, and determined to 'dodge' the next. This was a tall, sturdy, red-faced lad, evidently not long from the plough, who, when I came upon him round a corner, was standing gazing into his sentry-box, reading the orders there printed up, evidently cramming for his approaching examination. On hearing my footsteps, he faced about, and ported his arms.

'Do you know your orders?' said I.

'Eessir,' he replied.

'Well, then, if a man fell off that vessel into the water, and you saw that he was drowning, what would you do?'

Poor fellow! I never saw more utter and hopeless bewilderment expressed on mortal face. I repeated the question in as clear and simple a way as I could.

'Give 'un the crow-bar!' he at length replied.

I tried to explain to him the inutility of a crow-bar to a drowning man.

'Fire a blank cartridge at 'un!' was his second guess, and I gave him up in despair.

Only after that, I did not walk so close to the edge of the quay as I had been previously doing.

At some little distance from the workshops and dry docks, but close to the water-edge, stood a square, low, windowless stone-building, encompassed on the land-side by a dry moat, in which perambulated a marine. This stone-building was the Magazine, and as my board of orders directed me to examine whether there were any marks of lucifer-matches on the walls, I descended into the moat, and commenced a careful scrutiny.

'The door is round here, sir!' cried the astonished sergeant, evidently thinking that I was searching for the entrance, which was certainly small. On my rejoining him, he pulled an iron handle, which produced a distant ghostly tinkle, and it was not without a certain trepidation that I heard a footstep, and the jingling of many keys, for I expected, on entering, to find myself in a low dark vault piled with loose gunpowder, as a granary is with corn, and was rather disappointed although relieved, when the guardian of the place ushered me into an open courtyard, surrounded by stone cells with iron doors. When I had interrogated the sentry who was pacing this court, I was conducted through two gates, which were carefully locked behind us, to a dismal place where were a flight of steps leading down to the water, and here another sentry was posted, whom I pitied; for I should not myself like to be locked out from the world by three doors in such a place. But what of the man with the keys, who let me in and conducted me round? Does he live in that place? Has he a wife and family anywhere? Is his life insured; and if so, is it in a fire or life office, and what premium does he pay? Has he ever known the joys of tobacco? Is it lawful for him to feed upon anything more inflammatory than the Revalenta Arabica?

I own that I breathed more freely as, stepping out of the Magazine, and taking my sword, which I had had to leave outside, from the sergeant, I bent my steps back to the guard-room.

The walk had been highly interesting, but it had sharpened my appetite wofully.

I had no books, but my predecessor had fortunately left behind him a plentiful supply of writing-paper, with which I proceeded to draw up the report which had to be sent in on the following morning, culling the different parts of it from various forms which were hung about the room, with a glorious uncertainty about what was for my own private instruction, and what for the official information of my superiors. This whiled away some time, and then an admiral came into the yard, and the guard had to be turned out in his honour; after which it was time to revisit the sentries; and so the day wore away. Night came, and I was left alone with two tallow dips, and my own reflections, which were those of a pike. Yet I might have sat down to a dinner *à la Russe*, for was it not open to me to devour those tallow dips? True; but I am a man who thinks slowly, and must confess that the idea did not occur to me. I was now tired as well as hungry, which would have been the greatest of boons, could I have gone to sleep, but this I dared not do, for the field-officer might come on his rounds at any minute, and I had made mistakes enough in the morning, without adding to those misdemeanours a lack of vigilance, which would keep a superior waiting at night; so I selected the hardest chair, placed a pebble on it, laid my sword and shako on the table in such a position that they could be caught up at a moment's notice, and commenced a game at tit-tat-toe, single-handed; but finding that this pastime of my childhood was not so exciting as memory had painted it, I exchanged it for the solution of very long and hard sums. The officer I had relieved in the morning had informed me that the F. O. generally came at about midnight, so that there was not so much time to kill; and though the hours seemed to be paying me the compliment of approaching in slow time, twelve o'clock came at last. No rounds.

One o'clock. No rounds.

I then remembered that there was a ball going on at the port-admiral's, and that, most likely, the field-officer was there, and would take me on his way home; so, with a sigh at the thought that at that moment he was probably sitting down to supper, I began another sum. 'If a major who has dined at seven, and danced till one, can eat two wings of a chicken, three ounces of ham, four plovers' eggs, and a roll; how much can a subaltern, who has fasted for thirty hours, eat?'

Two o'clock. The pebble beginning to make itself unpleasant, I unwisely removed it, and almost instantly lost sight of paper and figures.

'Guard, turn out!' cried the sentry.

I jumped up, overturned the table, grasped my sword and shako, which I put on hind-side before, rushed out of the room, and just reached my place in time to receive the F. O. properly.

'All right, sir?' said he.

'All right, sir,' said I.

'All present?'

'All present.'

'Good-night;' and he turned his horse's head. At that moment, an unlucky marine who had been unable, on first waking, to find his musket, came tumbling out of the guard-room, and took his place in the ranks. The officer turned upon me like a wasp.

'I thought you said they were all present, sir!' said he.

'I did not see'—— I began.

'Then you ought to have seen; mind you are more careful another time.'

This was the second time, in twenty-four hours, that I had been told, before all my men, that I 'ought to have seen;' and this time the reprimand came from a man at least five years my junior, for I had recognised an old school-fellow who had been my fag. However, I was too sleepy to suffer much from shame or indignation, so I paid one more visit to my sentries, and threw myself on the truckle-bed, where I slept hard until roused in the morning by an orderly who had come for my report.

Alas, alas! in knocking over the table the night before, I had spilt the ink all over that unhappy document, and there was no time to copy it! It was hurried away, like poor Hamlet's father, with all its blots upon it, and was consequently doomed, like that famous ghost, to wander about and haunt me; for, as it turned out, I had by no means seen the last of that orderly, who kept bringing me curt messages and rejected manuscripts all day. However, he went off for the time, and shortly afterwards, the new guard arrived, and soon I was wending my happy way to barracks and to BREAKFAST.

ABOUT DOCTORS.

On entering the chamber of a French marquis one morning, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, Dr Bouvart was thus accosted: '"Good-day to you, Mr Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, dryly. "The very first expression you used convinces me of it."

"Pray, explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend;* as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart;* and now I am Mr Bouvart: depend upon it, you are quite recovered."'

It is but too certain that the behaviour of a large class of society towards their Doctors affords a parallel to that of this French nobleman. Our 'county families' cannot make up their minds even to visit their doctor in the country, through which neglect he is often thrown upon the companionship of farmers and other persons of no education, to whose condition he sooner or later assimilates himself, and is thereby, with reason, placed out of the 'gilded pale' of society. But when sickness comes to the 'Park,' and the doctor visits *them*, there are no bounds to the friendly demonstrations of the county families. The 'best circles' exhibit their want of good sense as well as of good taste in indulging in this haughtiness. Even if the doctor be a dull fellow, skilled in nothing but his profession, he has an advantage over the soldier, sailor, clergyman, and lawyer in the same melancholy position. What he does know must needs be interesting to his hearers, not only since they may themselves be victims to the very miseries he describes, but because his experience of life, however prosaically narrated, must needs awaken interest in any heart that can feel for others. The professor of Healing has a claim to the respect and honour of every man. His object, unlike that of everybody else, with the exception of the minister of religion, is unmixed benevolence; and even the minister does not spread, as *he* does, his benefits broadcast over Christian and Heathen. It is true that there are quacks, and pompous fools, and bears, and flatterers of the great to be found among medicine-men, as elsewhere; but if we would know how gentle, and kind, and generous the majority of them are, we must ask the Poor. However unjustly, though not unnaturally, jealous of the Rich the poor man may be in his hour of deepest want, his wrath excepts the doctor, who has been his friend when all the world deserted him. A stingy or grasping doctor is exceedingly rare, although there is no obvious reason why such should not hug his money as closely as the attorney or the Ebrew Jew; he certainly works as hard for it as any man.

The famous Dr John Lettsom began life in the West Indies by liberating all his slaves, who formed his sole fortune; he was the founder of more than twelve of the principal philanthropic institutions of London; and in spite of the immense income derived from his profession, he had to part, at the close of his life, with his beloved country-seat, because he had impoverished himself by lavish generosity to the unfortunate. 'As Lettsom was travelling in the neighbourhood of London, a highwayman stopped his carriage, and, putting a pistol into the window, demanded him to surrender his money. The faltering voice and hesitation of the robber shewed that he had only recently taken to his perilous vocation, and his appearance shewed him to be a young man who had moved in the gentle ranks of life. Lettsom quickly responded that he was sorry to see such a well-looking young man pursuing a course which would inevitably bring him to ruin; that he would *give* him freely all the money he had about him, and would try to put him in a better way of life, if he liked to call on him in the course of a few days. As the doctor said this, he gave his card to the young man, who turned out to be another victim of the American war. He had only made one similar attempt on the road before, and had been driven to lawless action by unexpected pennilessness. Lettsom endeavoured in vain to procure aid for his protégé from the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers; but eventually the queen, interested in the young man's case, presented him with a commission in the army; and in a brief military career, that was cut short by yellow fever in the West Indies, he distinguished himself so much that his name appeared twice in the *Gazette*.'

So great a success as Lettsom's, although combined with such benevolence, was not to be forgiven by the rest of the Faculty—who form, by the by, by far the most quarrelsome and scandalous fraternity extant—and the good doctor was, of course, accused of copious manslaughter; to this charge, he good-humouredly replied in the well-known lines:

> When patients comes to I,
> I physics, bleeds, and meats 'em;
> Then—if they choose to die,
> What's that to I?—I lets 'em.—(I. LETTSOM.)

The celebrated Dr Radcliffe outdid his brethren in the manufacture of scandal, by uttering a libel upon Dr Gibbons (whom he always called Nurse Gibbons) not only in words and printer's ink, but in enduring monumental stone. 'John Bancroft, the eminent surgeon, who resided in Russell Street, Covent Garden, had a son attacked with inflammation of the lungs. Gibbons was called in, and prescribed the most violent remedies, or rather the most virulent irritants. The child became rapidly worse, and Radcliffe was sent for. "I can do nothing, sir," observed the doctor, after visiting his patient, "for the poor little boy's preservation. He is killed to all intents and purposes. But if you have any thoughts of putting a stone over him, I'll help you to an inscription." The offer was accepted, and over the child's grave, in Covent Garden Churchyard, was placed a stone sculptured with the figure of a child laying one hand on his side, and saying, "Hic dolor," and pointing with the other to a death's head, on which was engraved "Ibi medicus."'

There is a long period, however, in the early career of all medical practitioners, when no man takes the trouble to libel them, and success seems far off indeed. It is, however, above all things necessary to appear to have success, and to be in brilliant circumstances. 'Who has not heard,' says Mr Jeaffreson in the amusing volumes now before us,* 'of the darling doctor who taught singing under the moustachioed and bearded guise of an Italian count, at a young ladies' school at Clapham, in order that he might make his daily west-end calls between 3 P.M. and 6 P.M. in a well-built brougham drawn by a fiery steed from a livery-stable? There was one noted case of a young physician who provided himself with the means of figuring in a brougham during the Mayfair morning, by occupying the box, and condescending to the garb and duties of a flyman during the hours of darkness. It was the same carriage at both periods of the four-and-twenty hours. He lolled in it by daylight, and sat on it by gaslight. The poor fellow's secret was discovered by forgetting himself on one occasion, and jumping *in* when he ought to have jumped *on*, or jumping *on* when he ought to have jumped *in*.'

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* *A Book about Doctors.* By J. C. Jeaffreson. Hurst and Blackett.

The doctors who made the greatest fortunes in old times were mostly fashionable quacks, such as St John Long, but now and then some very vulgar practitioners indeed came in for a share. Mrs Mapp, the bone-setter, was enabled to pay her professional visits with four horses and outriders; and Joanna Stephens, the 'wise woman,' actually obtained five thousand pounds from parliament for divulging the secret of her famous powder—made of calcined egg-shells and snail-shells—although the time was coming when it grudged a reward to Jenner, and haggled about the purchase of Hunter's Museum. The Elizabethan surgeon, Bulleyn, must have been as great a quack as either of these, although he may not have been so well aware of it, since he believed in pearl electuaries, and even had a famous recipe of his own for the concocting of them. '*Electuarium de Gemmis.*—Take two drachms of white perles; two little peeces of saphyre; jacinth, corneline, emerauldes, granettes, of each an ounce; setwal, the sweate roote doronike, the rind of pomecitron, mace, basel seede, of each two drachms; of redde corall, amber, shaving of ivory, of each two drachms; rootes both of white and red behen, ginger, long peper, spicknard, folium indicum, saffron, cardamon, of each one drachm; of troch. diarodon, lignum aloes, of each half a small handful; cinnamon, galinga, zurubeth, which is a kind of setwal, of each one drachm and a half; thin pieces of gold and sylver, of each half a scruple; of musk, half a drachm. Make your electuary with honey emblici, which is the fourth kind of mirobalans with roses, strained in equall partes, as much as will suffice. This healeth cold diseases of ye braine, harte, stomack. It is a medicine proved against the tremblynge of the harte, faynting and souning, the weaknes of the stomacke, pensivenes, solitarines. Kings and noble men have used this for their comfort. It causeth them to be bold-sprited, the body to smell wel, and ingendreth to the face good coloure.' Mr Jeaffreson justly remarks, that Dr Bulleyn was quite as worthy of being suspended from practice as that unfortunate physician of modern times, who, during the railway panic in '46, thus prescribed for a nervous lady: '*R*. Great Western, 350 shares; Eastern Counties, North Middlesex, a—a 1050; Mft. Haust. 1. Om. noc. cap.'

The ladies have been always great admirers of the doctors, and have married two or three of the more fashionable ones, in spite of themselves. St John Long scarcely saved himself upon the plea of having a wife already; Sir John Eliot painted a death's head upon the panels of his carriage to scare away his patronesses, in vain; and Dr Cadogan was espoused to a lady he did not like. She was very jealous, of course, and entertained besides the agreeable idea that her husband would one day poison her. 'On one occasion, when surrounded by her friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of hysterical spasms, exclaiming: "Ah! he has killed me at last. I am poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" cried the lady-friends, turning up the whites of their eyes. "Oh! gracious goodness!—you have done it, doctor!"

"What do you accuse me of?" asked the doctor with surprise.

"I accuse you—of—killing me—ee!" responded the wife, doing her best to imitate a death-struggle.

"Ladies," answered the doctor with admirable nonchalance, bowing to Mrs Cadogan's bosom associates, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and then you'll discover the calumny."'

This adoration of the fair sex was never paid, however, until the object of it had achieved eminence and popularity, and there were many humiliations to be undergone before that pinnacle was to be attained: not the least of these (and they occur unto this day) were those encountered in the canvassing for medical appointments. 'While a candidate for a place on the staff of St Bartholomew's Hospital, Dr Barrowby entered the shop of one of the governors, a grocer on Snow-Hill, to solicit his influence and vote. The tradesman, bursting with importance, and anticipating the pleasure of getting a very low bow from a gentleman, strutted up the shop, and, with a mixture of insolent patronage and insulting familiarity, cried: "Well, friend, and what is your business?" Barrowby paused for a minute, cut him right through with the glance of his eye, and then said, quietly and slowly: "I want a pound of plums." Confused and blushing, the grocer did up the plums. Barrowby put them in his pocket, and went away without asking the fellow for his vote.' This same doctor is the hero of another electioneering story. Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were contesting Westminster. 'Barrowby, a vehement supporter of the latter, was then in attendance on the notorious Joe Weatherby, master of the "Ben Jonson's Head," in Russell Street, who lay in a perilous state, emaciated by nervous fever. Mrs Weatherby was deeply afflicted at her husband's condition, because it rendered him unable to vote for Lord Trentham. Towards the close of the polling-days, the doctor, calling one day on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants.

"Heyday! what's the cause of this?" exclaims Barrowby. "Why are you up without my leave?"

"Dear doctor," says Joe in a broken voice, "I am going to poll."

"To poll!" roars Barrowby, supposing the man to hold his wife's political opinions; "you mean—going to the devil! Get to bed, man; the cold air will kill you. If you don't get into bed instantly, you'll be dead before the day is out."

"I'll do as you bid me, doctor," was the reluctant answer. "But as my wife was away for the morning, I thought I could get as far as Covent Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput."

"How, Joe! for Sir George?"

"O yes, sir; I don't go with my wife. I am a Sir George's man."

'Barrowby was struck by a sudden change for the better in the man's appearance, and said: "Wait a minute, nurse. Don't pull off his stockings. Let me feel his pulse. Humph—a good firm stroke! You took the pills I ordered you?"

"Yes, sir; but they made me feel very ill."

"Ay, so much the better; that's what I wished. Nurse, how did he sleep?"

"Charmin'ly, sir."

"Well, Joe," said Barrowby after a few seconds' consideration, "if you are bent on going to this election, your mind ought to be set at rest. It's a fine sunny day, and a ride will very likely do you good. So, bedad, I'll take you with me in my chariot!"

'Delighted with his doctor's urbanity, Weatherby was taken off in the carriage to Covent Garden, recorded his vote for Sir George Vandeput, was brought back in the same vehicle, and *died* two hours afterwards, amidst the reproaches of his wife and her friends of the court party.'

A vote was once gained in the House of Lords in even a still more singular fashion. The practice of phlebotomy was very general in the middle of the last century, and the Lord Radnor of that time had an exceeding fondness for letting blood from his friends with his amateur lancet. Far from accepting a fee, of course, he was willing to remunerate such as were courageous enough to submit themselves to his treatment. Lord Chesterfield actually suffered this nobleman to bleed him—there being nothing whatever the matter with him—for the purpose of gaining his vote as a peer on the same evening, and his self-sacrifice was rewarded as it deserved. 'I have shed my blood for the good of my country,' said he, with literal truth.

Of the slow promotion in medical ranks, even in the case of the most skilful and deserving, the earnings of Sir Astley Cooper afford a striking example. 'In the first year, he netted five guineas; in the second, twenty-six pounds; in the third, sixty-four pounds; in the fourth, ninety-six pounds; in the fifth, a hundred pounds; in the sixth, two hundred pounds; in the seventh, four hundred pounds; in the eighth, six hundred and ten pounds; and in the ninth, the year in which he secured his hospital appointment, eleven hundred pounds.' The highest amount he ever received in any one year was L.21,000, but for many years his average income was over L.15,000. For going over to St Petersburg and inoculating the Empress Catharine and her son, in 1768, Dr Dimsdale received L.12,000 down, a pension for life of L.500, and had the rank of a baron of the empire conferred upon him. A more recent emperor, of Austria, put down an equally royal fee in payment for his death-warrant. 'When a-dying, the Emperor Joseph asked Quarin his opinion of his case; the physician told the monarch that he could not possibly live forty-eight hours. In acknowledgment of this frank declaration of the truth, the emperor created Quarin a baron, and gave him a pension of more than L.2000 per annum to support the rank with.'

It is probable that none of our successful surgeons have been in reality so rude and discourteous as they are represented to have been, and that the impression was rather produced by the contrast of their independent and confident manners with the insinuating address of their less fortunate brethren; but certainly Abernethy must have had a terrible reputation to have reduced a patient—and a female one—to such a state of taciturnity as this:

'A lady on one occasion entered his consulting-room, and put before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence, Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired. In a few days she called again, and offered the finger for inspection. "Better?" asked the surgeon. "Better!" answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. Not another word followed during the rest of the interview. Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed. "Well?" was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. "Well!" was the lady's equally brief answer. "Upon my soul, madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "*you are the most rational woman I ever met with!*"'

It is beyond all doubt that Abernethy, as well as certain other stars of the Faculty—both alive and dead—have given themselves most unnecessary airs, and especially in their intercourse with the junior branches of their own profession. A medical student, naturally audacious, or armed perhaps with the resolution of despair, did, however, under examination, once get the better of the great surgeon in a tournament of words. '"What would you do," bluntly inquired the surgeon, "if a man was brought to you with a broken leg?"

"Set it, sir," was the reply.

"Good—very good—you're a very pleasant, witty young man; and doubtless you can tell me what muscles of my body I should set in motion if I kicked you, as you deserve to be kicked, for your impertinence."

"You would set in motion," responded the youth with perfect coolness, "the flexors and extensors of my right arm; for I should immediately knock you down."'

To Abernethy's credit as an appreciator of humour as well as courage, be it recorded, he passed the candidate triumphantly, when a baser man would probably have plucked him for his impudence.

DEAD LOVE.

We are face to face, and between us here
Is the love we thought could never die;
Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who—the deed was done
By one or both, and there it lies:
The smile from the lip for ever gone,
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked;
So what does it profit to talk and rave,
Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or whether your cruelty dug its grave!

Why should you say that I am to blame,
Or why should I charge the sin on you?
Our work is before us all the same,
And the guilt of it lies between us two.

We have praised our love for its beauty and grace,
Now we stand here, and hardly dare
To turn the face-cloth back from the face,
And see the thing that is hidden there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its last,
And the beautiful life of our life is o'er,
And when we have buried and left the past,
We two, together, can walk no more.

You might stretch yourself on the dead, and weep,
And pray as the Prophet prayed, in pain;
But not like him could you break the sleep,
And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,
And shower my woe there, kiss on kiss,
But there never was resurrection-day
In the world for a love so dead as this!

And, since we cannot lessen the sin
By mourning over the deed we did,
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to the chin,
Ay, up till the death-blind eyes are hid!

PHŒBE CARY.

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COLD.

nticipate a coming winter with various feel-
ne dreads the Christmas bills; another, the boys
or the holidays; another, a new year anxious
last; but all men dread the cold. I know they
I am a surgeon, and see much of its effects
my poorer patients; and for that reason I have
ider how we ought to treat cold. Treat it! you
y—shut the door, poke up the fire, put your
slippers, and your body in an easy-chair.
t like any other unbidden guest, and shut it
was thinking, however, of a great class of our
countrymen who go down to the sea in ships
als and whales, or up mountains to gather in the
aced sheep, or wander about the streets of our
and are picked up stiff, senseless bundles of
the night-police.

uch it matters but little that our natural phil-
rs deny the existence of cold—that it is merely
straction of a certain quantity of the heat
is indispensable to animal life—that warmth
ates to vitality—and that if the temperature is
d, it may at last reach a point when it ceases
e any effect; but, nevertheless, these facts are
ting.

atmosphere is always robbing us of our
heat, which has an average temperature of 98
s. If it did not do so, if the atmosphere were
98 degrees, we should feel it disagreeably warm,
refer one much lower—say 60 or 65 degrees.
low the temperature of the body may be
d to sink with impunity, is doubtful, and seems
y with the individual; the robust and lively
volving plenty of heat, enjoys a degree of cold
makes a lean, pink-nosed, blue-lipped woman
miserable spectacle. Tooke, in his view of the
n empire, says that drivers and horses suffer
onvenience with the thermometer at 20—24
s below zero, and women stand for four or five
with their draggled petticoats stiff with ice.
have been noticed, however, some circumstances
would go to shew that national hardihood
not be always relied upon; for instance, in
reatest experiment of the effects of cold on
the French retreat from Russia—the Dutch
s of the 3d Regiment of the Grenadiers of
uard, consisting of 1787 men, officers and
s, nearly all perished, as two years after,
forty-one of them, including their colonel,
al Tindal, who was wounded, had returned to
e; while of the two other regiments of Grena-
composed of men nearly all of whom were
n the south of France, a considerable number
were saved. The Germans lost, in proportion, a much larger number of men than the French. Though many of the latter were reduced almost to nudity by the Cossacks having stolen their clothes, they did not die from the effects of cold in the same numbers as the Northerners, whom one would have expected to brave out that dreadful campaign with greater impunity. There is a singular mystery about the effects of cold—mysterious as these countries round which it consolidates its impenetrable barrier. When your great natural philosopher calculates with extraordinary nicety the laws of heat, we cannot follow his calculations; how much more difficult, then, must it be for us surgeons to determine how much, not a whole body, but perhaps some patch of tissue, may be reduced in temperature with hope of its recovery.

Take as an example now, Napoleon's army as it returns from Russia, and let me quote from the great surgeon, Baron Larrey, no less soldier than surgeon:

'The death of the men struck by cold was preceded by pallor of the face, by a sort of idiocy, by hesitation of speech, weakness of sight, and even complete loss of sensation; and in this condition some were marched for a shorter or longer period, conducted by their comrades or their friends. Muscular action was visibly weakened; they reeled on their legs as if intoxicated; weakness progressed gradually till they fell down, which was a certain sign of the complete extinction of vitality. The continuous and rapid march of the soldiers collected into a mass obliged those who could not keep up to leave the centre of the column, and keep to the sides of the road. Once separated from the compact body, and left to their own resources, they soon lost their equilibrium, and fell into the ditches filled with snow, from whence it was difficult to remove them; they were struck suddenly with a painful choking, passed into a lethargy, and in a few seconds ended their existence. When on the heights of Mienedski, one of the points of Russia which seemed to me most elevated, many had bleeding from the nose. . . . . The external air had undoubtedly become more rarefied, and no longer offering resistance to the action of the fluids, of which the movement is constrained by the internal vital forces and the expansion of the animal heat, these fluids passed off by the points of least resistance, which are generally the mucous surfaces, especially the mucous lining of the nose. This death (from cold) did not seem to me a painful one; as the vital forces were gradually extinguished, they drew after them the general sensibility to external agencies, and with them disappeared the faculties of special sensation.

We found almost all the persons frozen to death lying on their stomachs, and with no sign of decomposition.'

How did any escape? One would think that what was cold to one must have been equally so to the others. We see in a garden, after some severe frost, particular species of plants affected by it, but we say the others were more hardy; but here is one species of animal suffering so unequally, as regards its individual members, as to strike the most ordinary observer with surprise.

Now, it would seem that cold affects in only two ways—it predisposes to the death of tissues, and it *kills*. In the first case, the part is not more affected than that it is very cold; its temperature is greatly lowered; the contracted blood-vessels allow but little of the vital fluid to pass. At this moment, it seems that but a small increase in the temperature may endanger the life of the part, or even of the whole body. Let us quote again from Baron Larrey. 'Towards the end of the winter of 1795-96, when I was with the army of the Eastern Pyrenees, we passed suddenly from an extremely intense cold to an elevated temperature. A great number of the soldiers, especially those who were at the siege of Rosas, then had their feet frozen; some advanced sentinels were even found dead at their post in the first hours of the thaw; and although we had passed fifteen or twenty days under the influence of the severe cold, none of the soldiers of the advanced posts of the siege presented themselves at the ambulances of the intrenchment, of which I was director-in-chief, *until the date of the thaw*. So in Holland, the soldiers who for the sake of *le petit caporal* stood patiently in the snow, did so with impunity till the first thaw, when they were attacked by gangrene. And what is this frost-bite? It is a part in which the power of evolving heat and the circulation of the blood has been entirely destroyed; and this most easily occurs in situations at a distance from the seat of circulation—the toes, fingers, nose, ears, &c. The part, if thin, like the ear, may be crisp and hard, ready to break off; but still these frost-bitten parts are not actually irrecoverable; they may be thawed, but, strange as it may seem, the cold man's greatest enemy is the heat he so earnestly prays for. After the battle of Eylau, the thermometer had fallen to fourteen and fifteen degrees below zero, but not a single soldier complained of any accident from the effect of cold, though, till the 9th of February, they had passed the nights in snow, and exposed to the hardest frost.' General Février, finding his enemies unaffected by his usual weapons, changed his tactics. In the night of the 9th, up went the temperature to three, four, and five degrees above zero, and the ever-active French soldiers felt themselves heavy and their feet numb, troubled with pins and needles; and on pulling off their shoes and stockings, behold the toes were black and dried, and a red blush on the instep told them that the increased temperature had been too much for their chilled extremities, and that their feet were mortifying—rotting off them! They were suffering in large what we do in small, when we stick our cold toes to the bars of the grate in this cold wintry weather. We get some small patch of skin inflamed by the heat, which, in its cold condition, it cannot stand, and we call the patch a chilblain.

John Hunter froze the ears of rabbits, then thawed them rapidly, and they inflamed. Woe, says Larrey, woe to the man benumbed with cold, if he enter too suddenly a warm room, or come too near the fire of a bivouac! We lately saw a fine-looking Scotch girl with her feet gangrenous from cold; she had been tramping linen in a tub, and feeling them cold and numb, she stepped from it into another tub which held warm but not by any means *hot* water.

With regard to the treatment of frost-bitten persons, the part affected should be rubbed with cold water or snow, and then with fluids of a medium temperature, in a cold room; cautiously bring the patient into a warmer atmosphere, and administer small quantities of cordials or warm tea, then cover him up in bed, and encourage perspiration. Even where the patient seems quite dead, or has lain as if dead for days, you must give a fair trial to these remedies. When poor Boutillat, the French peasant, who awoke crying out for drink after his four days' sleep in the snow, was brought to his friends, they wrapped him in warm linen dipped in aromatic water, and this was but too probably the cause of the poor fellow's feet mortifying.

Now, we have said that cold may not only *predispose* to the death of animals or portions of animal tissues, but it may kill them. How it slaughters its victims, we do not exactly know: some say it paralyses the heart; others think that the cold, to use a popular expression, drives the blood inwards, and kills by apoplexy. The irresistible sleepiness that creeps over a person 'lost in the snow' is well known, and has been often described; if once it is yielded to, death, under the forlorn circumstances usually present, is sure to result. But, undoubtedly, it may kill at once. Persons have been found stone-dead standing upright at their posts, all the machinery of life having stopped at once—the mouth half open, as it was when the last groan was uttered; the limbs still in the position they assumed during life, and having undergone, through the peculiar antiseptic nature of the cold, none of the changes we find after other forms of death.

Captain Warems reports to the Admiralty thus: 'In the month of August 1775, I was sailing about 77 degrees north latitude, when one morning, about a mile from my vessel, I saw the sea entirely blocked up by ice. Nothing could be seen, far as the eye could reach, but mountains and peaks covered with snow. The wind soon fell to a calm, and I remained for two days in the constant expectation of being crushed by that frightful mass of ice which the slightest wind could force upon us. We had passed the second day in such anxieties, when about midnight the wind got up, and we immediately heard horrible crackling of ice, which broke and tossed about with a noise resembling thunder. That was a terrible night for us; but by the morning, the wind having become by degrees less violent, we saw the barrier of ice which was before us entirely broken up, and a large channel extending out of sight between its two sides. The sun now shone out, and we sailed away from the northward before a light breeze. Suddenly, when looking at the sides of the icy channel, we saw the masts of a ship; but what was still more surprising to us, was the singular manner in which its sails were placed, and the dismantled appearance of its spars and manœuvres.

'It continued to sail on for some time, then stopping by a block of ice, it remained motionless. I could not then resist my feelings of curiosity; I got into my gig with some of my sailors, and went towards this strange vessel.

'We saw, as we drew near, that it was very much damaged by the ice. Not a man was to be seen on the deck, which was covered with snow. We shouted, but no one replied. Before getting up the side, I looked through a port-hole which was open, and saw a man seated before a table, upon which were all the necessary materials for writing. Arrived on the deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down into the cabin; there we found the ship's clerk seated as we had before seen him through the port-hole. But what were our terror and astonishment when we saw that it was a corpse, and that a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and hung over his eyes, which were open!

'He had a pen in his hand, and the ship's log lay before him. The last lines he had written were as follow:

"*11th November* 1762.

"It is now seventeen days since we were shut up in the ice. The fire went out yesterday, and our captain has since tried to light it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no more hope"——

'My sailors kept aloof in alarm from this dead body, which seemed still living. We entered together the state-room, and the first object which attracted us was the body of a woman laid on a bed, in an attitude of great and perplexed attention. One would have said, from the freshness of her features, that she was still in life, had not the contraction of her limbs told us that she was dead. Before her a young man was seated on the floor, holding a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other, and having before him several pieces of German tinder. We passed on to the fore-cabin, and found there several sailors laid in their hammocks, and a dog stretched out at the foot of the ladder. It was in vain that we sought for provisions and firewood: we discovered nothing. Then my sailors began to say that it was an enchanted ship; and they declared their intentions of remaining but a very short time longer on board. We then, after having taken the ship's log, set out for our vessel, stricken with terror at the thought of the fatal instance we had just seen of the peril of polar navigation, in so high a degree of north latitude. On my return, I found, by comparing the documents which I had in my possession, that the vessel had been missing for *thirteen* years.'

Now, although these are extreme cases, and but seldom heard of, don't think that will excuse you, my good reader, if you see any even in this comparatively temperate country, for instance, cold or likely to be cold, and you do not your best to warm them. Think, while you sit over the fire, or turn in the warm blankets, or button up your over-coat—think, when you have a warm grasp of a friend's hand, or feel your child's warm cheek nestle against yours—think of the heat-abstracting powers of door-steps, and common stairs, and east winds, and parish-officers, and cold shoulders, and, if you will take my advice; let the cold of winter exhibit one of its characteristic powers on you—let it drive the blood inwards to your heart. Do what you can to diffuse warmth and comfort among your less fortunate neighbours.

THE VILLAGE WONDERS.

Like one greater than either of us, 'we woke one morning, and found ourselves famous.' We had waked the previous morning very humdrum, ordinary specimens of the feminine gender, in Edinburgh; *this* morning, we found ourselves at a Highland village, and as I have above said, famous. Who are they? That was the question that absorbed the postmaster and the toll-keeper—it perplexed the minister and the hotel-keeper—it interested the visitors at the hotel, and the cotters by the loch-side—the very dogs and birds inquired in their mute language, 'Who are they?' It's a pity we were not young men, for we could have enjoyed ourselves much more even than we did, since we should not have needed to be so proper and quiet. That was what we were not; but what we were, was the question. All that was known was, that two ordinary-looking girls had suddenly appeared in the village at that dreamy fairy-time, a Highland sunset—that they had no luggage but what they carried in their hands—that they had immediately endeavoured to secure lodgings anywhere but at the hotel, but in the scarcity of 'rooms to let,' had finally got accommodation at Mrs Stewart's small cottage; thereupon Mrs Stewart became as one of the lions—the mouthpiece of the wonders—the oracle of the village. Opinions of us varied, as the following conversations will shew. It was not Mrs Stewart's fault that she could not supply them with definite information; for, amiable and kind-hearted though she was, she was not free from that invariable failing in country villages, especially Highland ones—the love of gossip. We easily saw how the different results of her conversations swayed her opinions, and the pleasure we found in confusing her transparent mind was quite piquante. The second morning after our arrival, the postmaster and his wife found it necessary to visit Mrs Stewart.

'Sae ye've gotten twa leddies bidin' wi' ye, Mrs Stewart. Wha are they?'

(Mrs Stewart's mind was not made up yet, and she took care not to express herself too strongly at first.)

'Ay, but I kenna wha they are. They havena tellt me as yet; but leave me alane for findin' out funny things!'

'Ye may weel say that! Hoo lang are they gaun to bide wi' ye?'

'Ane o' them tellt me the day that they liket the place sae weel, they wad stay a fortnight, if I wad keep them; and I said, "Yes," so I'm supposing they'll stay.'

'Can ye no find oot their names?'

'Na! I hear theirsels ca'ing Ally and Carry, and sometimes Granny; but ony mair I canna tell—I've had nae opportunity o' wilin' it oot o' them; and I dinna like to ask dounricht, "What's your name?"'

'When their letters come, we shall see; if they get ony?'

'They're writin' away this mornin' at ony rate.'

'We'll see then. But what kind o' folk d'ye think they'll be?'

'The faither o' ane o' them's a hoose-penter, that's certain, for the lassie's brocht a bit brod to try her haun' upon; and I'm thinkin' the ither ane maun be the dochter o' a miller or corndealer; for they've some bits o' prent steekit thegither wi' yallow paper; it maun be on that trade, by the picturs ootside; and it's ca'd the *Cornhill Maggseen*.'

'What has Maggy to do wi' Corn?'

'I dinna ken.'

'I'm thinkin' they'll be dressmaker or milliner bodies theirsels,' suggested the postmistress.

'Dressmakers! they are no that weel pitten on!' responds her spouse.

'Sure certain, they hae just the claes they staun in, and puir eneugh trash it is. But ye ken cobblers' shoon are aye doun at the heel.'

'I'm thinking they're no leddies, ony gate—leddies wad hae mair to say aboot theirsels,' said the postmaster.

'Ay, then they're aye talkin' and haverin' aboot lads.'

'Whilk is a sure sign o' a milliner.'

'There's ane that I think they maun be baith wantin', for they're kind o' fechtin' aboot him—they ca' him Garry Bauldie. I think he maun be some great catch, for they speak maist and langest aboot him—ye see they dinna ken that Hieland wa's are sae thin, and just speak out their mind—but they've a deal o' havering aboot some Brownie or Browning (ill-faured set a' thae brownies are), and aboot Curry Bell and Dickins. Ye see I mind the names, to see if they'll be of ony use to me afterwards.'

'They maun be glaikit hizzies.'

'Yet I dinna think they're that a'thegither; they're sae quiet i' the house, and respectfu' to me, and very little trouble—that's ae thing maks me think they're no leddies. And when they're no clishmaclavering o' nichts, if I'll gang in by accident, they're reading either aboot the grain-trade, or oot o' a buik whaur ilka sentence gangs jump wi' the ither, for a' the warld like a see-saw. Pou'try, they ca'd it—but why pou'try, I dinna ken, if it's no that the jabbers o' a bubbly-jock or a clockin'-hen hae mair sense in them.'

‘Maybe because nane but geese or ither fouls read them!’

A hearty laugh and my appearance closed the important colloquy for the time. That afternoon the carrier, in the same mysterious manner in which we appeared ourselves, brought two portmanteaus for us.

‘Here, Mrs Stewart, here 's something solid for your leddies.’

‘Which leddies? What 's their names?’

‘I dinna ken—no more than yersel. I was tauld to leave them for the leddies at Mrs Stewart's.’

‘Whar frae?’

‘Callander.’

‘Wha gie'd ye them?’

‘The station-master.’

‘What did he say?’

‘Naething but what I 've tellt ye.’

This was a terminus, so she knocked at our door.

‘Here 's some luggage com'd; but we dinna ken if it should be for you. What name should be on it?’

‘Oh, it 's all right. We expected them. Ask the man to bring them in.’

She did so with evident unwillingness, but we parted with the carrier on the best of terms.

Passer-by loq. ‘Hoo are ye gettin' on wi' your lodgers?’

‘Fine.’

‘No fund oot their names yet?’

‘No yet.’

‘I wonder if they 've ony. I 'm thinkin' they 're no that canny—maybe fairies, or elfins, or witches. I wadna be you, Mrs Stewart, for something. They came in a flicht o' sunlight, and they 'll gang in a puff o' smoke. Mair by token, when Nanse was down wi' her water-stoups to the loch, she saw them lookin' into the water like a couple o' fules, and she went gey near them on purpose; and the fair-haired one, Ally, said to the ither: “Hasn't that a fine effect, that glorious green on the water?” “Ay, Ally; but I love all water-scenes so much: mind you, I 'm half a mermaid!” And what she meant by that, but something unearthly, I wad like to know.’

‘Na, na! Rather owre substantial for ony unearthly bein', especially the Carry ane—she 's aboot as braid as she 's lang—and there nane o' them that bonny either; and my! what hearty meals they take—that 's no fairy-like!’

‘Faither says they 're some gamblin' beggars, but mither thinks they maun be practised gipsies. They hinna seen them yet, but they 're comin' by to get a peep o' them the morn.’

‘Come early, then, for I never ken what they 'll be after: they generally bang out i' the mornin' without rhyme or reason, and sometimes come back to dinner. At ither times, I 'll find them landed in their room at the dusk, and they 'll tell me they 've been some score o' miles. I dinna like to misdoot them; but it looks funny, for they 're evident toun lassies, and that set are aye puling things. Now, how a toun lassie could walk round the loch, and come in to tea as if naething had happened, I canna mak oot; and they proved they 'd been round.’

‘Nae toun body *could* do that. But thae lassies maun be either witches or practeesed trampin' gipsies. I 'm hopin' that whan they gang awa', they 'll leave you some sicht o' a note, and no just let ye whistle for 't.’

‘Na, na, let alane; and, as the wise man says, “We 'll no skirl afore the prin 's jaggit us.” But I 'm no that feared; I someway think they 're a' richt.’

‘We 'll see. Good-day.’

Mrs Stewart, popping in her head, and then herself: ‘Are ye gaun oot the day for a stravaig, leddies?’

‘Not to-day. We will just be about the doors. We have had one or two tolerably long walks since we came here, haven't we?’

‘Ay, that ye have! Ye 've surely been accus to walkin'?’

‘Yes; but not so much as we have done here

‘Ye 've done wonders then. I 've gotten your brushed, but I wad like hers. What am I to ca'

This was addressed to me, on behalf of my f I was fairly caught, unprepared, and answerle looked painfully at her.

‘Never mind a name for me, Mrs Stewart; hear some time; but we 'll be like the Quee not tell you till we go away!’ She pretend enjoy it very much, but, I have no doubt, vengeance.

That evening, Mrs Stewart commenced the again. ‘It 's a cauld nicht; will ye no come and warm yersels, and hae a bit crack, leddies?

We were cold, and much amused with her, went. Ally took off her thin house-boots, and p forward her feet to the fire. ‘I 'm so cold,’ she

‘No wonder,’ said Mrs Stewart; ‘they 's suc shoes; they 'll no keep heat in them, I 'se warra

‘I never wear anything else.’

‘Where did you get them?’

‘London.’ (Item for Mrs Stewart.)

‘Ye 'll no be sisters?’

‘No; we have no relation to each other.’ (It

‘I didna think ye were, for ye 're no lik another; but the toll-wife thocht ye maun be.’

‘The toll-wife must be interested in us.—But you any nice old witch-stories to tell us, Stewart, or things about the places here?’

‘Hundreds. Have ye ever been in the High afore?’

‘Often; but never at this place.’

‘And do ye like this country?’

‘Very well; and we 're so much amused wit people, they all stare at us so, and seem so astonished. Do they think us wild beasts?’

‘Everybody 's askin' me wha ye are?’

‘And what do you tell them?’

‘Jist that I dinna ken mysel,’ said Mrs Stew little crest-fallén; ‘and they say it 's gey queer t folk bidin' in the house, and no be able to tell names.’

‘So it is—I never thought of it,’ exclaimed I. ‘ elevated into curiosities, lions, and everything we shan't let out our names at all, to keep up th We should lose our romantic interest if they out “the nameless lassie's name.”’

‘But surely you can tell them something us?’ said Ally.

‘Naething but that ye 're frae the south; and o' pentin', and walkin', and readin'!’

‘That is always something! Are they not co with it?’

‘Not they.’

‘I wonder if they 'll find out much more,’ said

Mrs Stewart turned to me: ‘What kind o' t has she—it 's no Scotch, nor Edinburgh, nor En that I 've heard?’

Hereupon sundry particulars were entered which left her as much in the dark as ever.

‘If it 's a fair question, what pairt do ye li leddies?’

We explained, with a similarly wide margin.

‘Ye 'll have a gay time in the south. Do ye many balls?’

‘Not to balls. Neither are we very gay— too busy.’

‘Busy—what business have ye?’

‘We are both eldest daughters, and that 's a p labour in itself.’

‘What ye 'll ca' labour—tooming the money o your purses upon counters, among silks, and ve and things.’

‘No, no, Mrs Stewart, not that exactly.’

‘What kind o' queer letters are they ye had t frae hame? Was yon your names?’

'No. To amuse the village, we bade them just put on our initials.'

She was called to the door by an inquisitive neighbour, who, of necessity, was marched in to criticise us, we bearing the inspection with the most unaffected artlessness. Such was only a specimen of Mrs Stewart's tactics; for to go through them all, and our answers, would make a tolerably well-sized volume.

'What ladies are these you have with you?' said the minister.

'I dinna ken.'

'What are their names at least?'

'I canna find oot, sir.'

'Why don't you ask them?'

'They winna tell.'

'That does not look well,' said the minister; and he ever afterwards honoured us with a broad scrutinising stare, in right of his cloth.

Another person, smitten by the general curiosity, was a *daft* boy belonging to the village. Everywhere we went, far or near, we saw him some time or other during the day. No matter how early, or how privately we set out, he knew, and set out too. Sometimes he would walk past us, and then sit down for a long time, and again overtake us. At first, we were a little alarmed and uncomfortable, but when we knew more about him, it only added to our amusement. He never spoke once to us, and never pretended to notice us. No doubt the little spy greatly edified his mother and granny.

'Isn't it queer for a toun-body to look doun into a loch, when they're no accustomed t'it, and see the water wavin' away?' We were thus accosted by a most peculiar, smart, dark-eyed, elderly woman. 'Do ye like the Hielands?'

'Very much; there are such beautiful places to be seen.'

'Ye'll hae seen near everything a'ready? Ye'll hae been walkin' aboot a deal?'

'Yes, a good deal.'

'Hiv ye seen the glen fa'?'

'No. Where is it?'

'Wad ye like to go? I'm gaun there the noo. It's raal bonny.'

We assented.

'Ye'll be the leddies that's stoppin' doun at Mrs Stewart's?'

We acknowledged it.

'Div ye like her?'

'She is very kind and obliging.'

'She's a fine body.'

'Is she your sister?' she whispered once to me, indicating Ally with her thumb.

'No; she is not my sister.'

'Is she ony relation?'

'None in the world.'

'What's her name?'

'I'm afraid you must ask her that yourself.'

'What's yours, then?'

'It's such a long one, you could not pronounce it, and it is not worth trying to.'

When we had seen the really beautiful falls, and were on level ground again, she turned to Ally: 'What's your name now, miss?'

'People always forget names among these hills; I don't believe you could tell me your own now, if I were to ask you!'

With many a long screed of confidential gossip, she tried to tempt us to break our resolution, but in vain.

The innkeeper 'daundered' down also to Mrs Stewart's once. 'Have you never fund out your leddies' names?'

'Ne'er hae I. They winna tell me them, Jenny nor Jessamy, for a' my speerin' at them.'

'I'm thinking they wadna hae been sae lang wi' me without my finding oot. Do they get nae letters?'

'Yes; but they hae jist some o' the A B C on them, and "Care o' the Postmaster." Such a daft-like thing. It's one o' the things I dinna like aboot them, as if they couldna spell.'

'I'm thinkin' they can do that richt weel.'

'I ken that; for the postmaister shewed me twa letters they had addressed to Edinburgh to freends there, and a richt black dashin' hand they baith write; and they helpit me with my accounts the ither nicht, and richt grand figures they are, for certain.'

'I'm thinking they're baith born ladies!'

'No—div ye? Why?'

'Because Lord and Lady and Miss Fitzbohn, they askit me the ither day what was their names, and I tell't them naebody could find oot. And they kind o' laughed, and Miss said: "I've got a great fancy to find out myself." And I said: "My lady, you'll find them any day you like by the loch-side, for they've begun sketches there." And she and her mother did go, but I don't know what they said, only they bow to them now, when they meet them, and I heard Miss say: "They are uncommon in everything."'

Again:

'What kind o' lodgers are they ye have?'

'That's mair nor I can tell.'

'Hoot, nonsense! What'll be their names then?'

'I never was so beat in all my life. I askit the ane, and she said: "We'll be like the Queen, and not tell our names till we go away; and when I speered at the ither ane, she says: "What's in a name, Mrs Stewart? Peppermint by any ither name would smell as sweet." But I never *can* be angry with them, however much I'm provoked at them. We've gotten gey intimate noo; and I like them raal weel. They've been twice butt at nichts wi' me warming theirsels at the fire, and they're raal cheery bodies.'

'Why did ye no speer at them then?'

'Ay did I; but a' that I've fund oot is, that they were in Edinburgh before they cam here, and that maist o' their freends are there. I've heard them speak o' this one's carriage and that one's carriage, and this hotel and that hotel, and Sir This and Lady that, and Honourable Something Else; and they couldna hae kend thae folk unless they were gey stunnin' theirsels.'

'I dinna believe in them. What made them come here?'

'Jist to see the places, and learn to pent things frae natur.'

'Daft-like leddies.'

'The Carry one says to me the ither day: "Now, Mrs Stewart, you must let me wash the tea-cups, and make the beds and sweep the floor, for it's such fun!" And I'm no thinkin' that if she'd been obliged to do it, she wad hae thocht it fun.'

'Na, na; leddies wad hae brawer dresses!'

'Ay, but they're aye neat; and their dresses are made sae funny, like what my mither used to wear; and wi' belts round their waists, like wee laddies. But I suppose it maun be the fashion.'

'Onybody can get the fashion in Edinburgh. They'll be shopkeepers!'

'Ay, but onybody canna get beautiful goold watches. And I had to wash some o' their linen, and it was sae bonny, wi' dabbit holes worked a' round their things, and lace ayont it; and I've heard say that ye ken leddies by that mair than their out-dresses.'

'If I were a leddy, I wad wear silks every day.'

'And they've got initials on their letters, and is na that the thing only grand folk hae! And the leddies at the hotel bow to them whan they meet them!'

'They're no to ken nae better! But gude-bye the day. I dinna tak them for gospel, mind.'

A Highland lassie had been listening for some time to the conversation. 'Sae ye havena fund oot their names yet?'

'No; and I'm no gaun to try it nae mair, for I'm tired o't, and I'm turnin' to like them, and I winna bother them.'

'They were doun the loch-side this morning again!'

'Ay, at their sketching; and beautiful sketches they make, the Ally ane best.'

'Some folk said they werena canny; but dogs and bairns dinna tak to uncanny folk; and if ye saw oor Ruffler—every time he sees them far away, he flees like wud, and'll hardly leave them; and they bring bits o' biscuits and bread to him. And Miss Robson up there says her dog Roy is the same, and he's a snappy thing. Do ye think they're weel aff?'

'They maun be; or how could they hae come a' this distance for nae business. And they're raal genteel wi' me. I'm sure I could cheat them, if I liket, but they dinna lose onything wi' being free. And, forby, they're sae thankful to me for everything I do; it's a perfect pleesure. They canna be accustomed to lodgings.'

'I was raal glad that I cam in and saw them the ither nicht whan they were butt wi' you—they're nice canty leddies, ony gate. And if they're sae weel aff as ye think they are, I wish oor Donald would fa' across ane o' them, for he's every bit a gentleman, barrin' the money, and that he canna win muckle o', for a' his hard wark at the tailorin'. Poor man, he's guid enough to be a marrow for onybody!'

'Deed is he. He's a perfect jewel of a man!'

Thus was our past and future mapped out for us by the villagers—not that their guesses came near the truth. *Their* ignorance was bliss; their ignorance was the mother of admiration.

The night before our departure, we were very confidential and friendly with Mrs Stewart before her bright blazing fire. We had been directing her how to forward our luggage, and gave her labels with the long-coveted names and addresses. 'You see they are not much worth knowing, after all. But hasn't it been a good joke? What a deal of fun and clatter it has given both the people and us! What do they think of us? Do they think we are cracked—or what?'

'No. How should I know? We don't, I say'——

'I understand. But you know quite well that more than half of these Gaelic harangues were about us.'

'Such nonsense. Folk are sae conceited as to think we're speakin' o' them, when we talk in our mither-tongue.'

'Maybe I know more of your mother-tongue than you are aware of—so take care.'

'No! Do ye?'

'What do they say about us?'

'They think ye're raal, fine, honest, sonsy lassies, o' the richt cut, and no feared for a Highland peat-moss.'

'And I think they're quite correct; don't you? Will you keep up the mystery about us when we're gone, for your private amusement?'

'Deed will I.'

'Town will be a great change to us, Mrs Stewart. Will you miss us?'

'Ay, won't I though! And won't ye miss me and my ingle-cheek, and my bit crack? ye'll no get the like in Edinburgh!'

'No. We won't get such fun again for a long time, for they keep us in trim order at home.'

'Puir things!'

'But I'm so sleepy, and we're to be up so early—we must go.'

I drew out my watch.

'What a fine watch! Is it a motionless one?'

'No. Listen!' and she examined it amid our hearty laughing.

'Good-night, Mrs Stewart. It's the last time we'll say that to you.'

'Dinna break my heart, lassies. I hope it'll pour rain like the mischief the morn!'

'That's not a kind wish, Mrs Stewart, for we must leave in any weather. Good-bye, in case we leave before you are up in the morning.'

'Do you think I wad let ye leave my house without rising at ony hour to mak yer breakfasts?'

And true enough Mrs Stewart was up, though not usually an early riser; and when the inhabitants of the village were all astirring, 'the nameless lassies' had vanished in the same mysterious manner as they had come.

I believe Mrs Stewart kept up the talk a good while even after we left, for her own amusement. They need it all, poor things; for I know that even when we were there, we heard them talk about the visitors of the preceding summer; and as to how long we would last them in that line, I cannot pretend to guess. But as a secret when told is no secret, we won't tell it now, and let our readers make the most of it, as our Highland neighbours did.

SCHAMYL IN CAPTIVITY.

In the struggle of Russia to subdue the Caucasus, Schamyl Imam was the last of the powerful free chiefs who held out. Prince Dadian, the Prince of Abkhasia, and one or two others, may indeed preserve their shadowy rank, but they are in reality only splendid vassals of the czar. The embers of war may still lie here and there smouldering sulkily, as among the Shapsoughs; but the flame which only a few months ago burned so fiercely is extinguished; and when Schamyl at last laid down his arms, the long, hopeless struggle of the warlike tribes who acknowledged him as their chief was felt to be ended.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the personal importance which attached to Schamyl was in the first instance attributable to the ignorance of his enemies. A man perhaps of very little previous account among his tribe is often at once raised to supreme power when messengers from a victorious general are sent to treat with him. But the priestly soldier whose wars have just closed so gallantly was no drivelling marabout or fanatic dervish. Though it is difficult to see clearly through the thick haze which shrouds political events among the wild mountains and defiles of the Caucasus, we know enough to excite our interest, and even our respect for him. By paths unknown to European ambition; by dauntless courage, an austere simplicity, rare self-denial, great firmness of purpose, and promptitude in action; by some intrigues, and some cruelties, he raised himself from the humble rank of groom to the Imam Kasy Moullah, to a position of unexampled authority among his countrymen; and he was even believed to possess that saintly character which is usually ascribed by the populace to the possession of supreme power in the East.

A touching and romantic incident made us first acquainted with his personal appearance and manner of life when at home among his mountains. It is a story of as chivalrous an act as that said to have passed between Richard the Lion-hearted and Salah-eddin in the time of the third Crusade: a tale of generous enmity on one side, and noble trust upon the other. Many years ago, the Imam's eldest son, Djemmal Eddin, was taken prisoner by the Russians. His mother, Patimate, died of grief for his loss; but the boy was carefully educated by the late czar, and loaded with favours. He grew up with all the ideas of a Russian noble and a courtier. But at last his father obtained his exchange for the Princesses Orbeliani and Tchawchawadzé, whose romantic imprisonment at Veden made so much noise. The young man returned to his native mountains, but soon sickened there. He fell into a state of hypochondria, which puzzled all the medicine-men and charm-chanters; so at last Schamyl sent a messenger to ask aid of the Russians. Colonel the Prince Myrsky was fortunate enough to receive this knightly request, and to his undying honour, immediately despatched Dr Petroffsky, the best surgeon of his regiment, to the young man's aid; but in vain.

According to the most trustworthy information obtainable, Schamyl is now probably about sixty years of age, though, he himself not knowing exactly, this is mere conjecture. He does not look more than forty. He is tall in stature. His countenance is soft, calm, imposing. Its principal characteristic is melancholy; but when the muscles of the face contract, it expresses great energy. His complexion is pale, his eyebrows strongly marked; his eyes are of a dark gray, and usually half shut, like those of a lion reposing. His beard is dyed a reddish brown by henna, and very carefully kept; his mouth is good; lips, red; teeth, small, even, white, and pointed; his hands small, white, and scrupulously attended to. His walk is slow and grave. He looks like a hero.

When at Veden, his ordinary costume was a Lesguian tunic, white or green; a high-pointed cap of sheep-skin, white as snow, round which was wound a turban of white muslin, the ends falling behind. The point of the cap was in red cloth, with a black tassel. Embroidered gaiters, and boots of yellow or red leather, covered his legs and feet. On Fridays, when he went to the mosque, he wore a long white or green robe over his ordinary dress; and in winter, a crimson pelisse, lined with black lamb-skin, protected him from the cold. In war-time, his arms were a sword, a dagger, a pair of pistols, and a gun. Two attendants also rode beside him, each carrying another pair of pistols and a gun for the Imam's use. This post was looked upon as one of high honour among the mountaineers; and if one of these attendants was killed, another immediately replaced him. Schamyl was said to be the best horseman among a race of horsemen, and his horses were the strongest and fleetest which could be procured.

The qualities of the Imam's mind belong to the very highest kind of Asiatic excellence. He prided himself upon his truthfulness. He was sparing of words, patient, sagacious, clear-sighted, politic, charitable; cold in his bearing, but tender-hearted, when his affections were roused. He used no titles, but gave and took the 'Thee and Thou' with the simplest peasant. He was abstemious, and always ate alone. His food was flour, milk, fruit, rice, honey, tea; he rarely touched meat. He tried to suppress every kind of luxury; and his influence, where that of the greatest potentates of the earth have been proved powerless, was still supreme. Smoking was long as much a necessity to the Circassian as to the Turk; but Schamyl forbade it, and ordered that the money hitherto spent in tobacco should be used to purchase gunpowder. He was obeyed. His morals were pure, and he would not tolerate any weakness in others. A Tartar woman, a widow, and childless, lived with a Lesguian who had promised her marriage. She became pregnant. Schamyl had her interrogated, and the truth being made clear, he cut off the heads both of the woman and her paramour. The axe which did execution on this occasion is kept as a curiosity, and is in possession of Field-marshal the Prince Bariatinsky, viceroy of the Caucasus.

Schamyl had four wives: but of these Patimate died in 1839, and another he repudiated, because she bore him no children. He allowed his wives no mark of rank or distinction. He was a master rather than a husband.

From 1834 to 1859—for twenty-five years—this mountain-chief waged war with the most distinguished captains of Russia, and made the country over which he ruled one of the sternest military schools in the world. His enmity was one which no defeats, losses, or privations could diminish, which no offers, however splendid, could lull to sleep. Till at last, chased from one fastness, hitherto deemed impregnable, to another fondly thought more inaccessible still, he looked his farewell at hope from the heights of Ghounib, and surrendered, to save the lives of a mere handful of devoted followers, whom misfortune and disaster had left still true to him. Happily, even warfare has long ceased to be wantonly cruel or vindictive. The captive Imam has been allotted an ample pension and a residence in the town of Kalouga.

Kalouga pleased Schamyl, on account of the woods, hills, and ravines, which remind him of the Caucasus. The house hired for him has three stories. He has kept the upper story for himself, given the middle story to one of his sons, and the lower to another. Of the six rooms on the upper story, four are occupied by his daughters, who live with him—that is, two rooms are occupied by each young lady. These six rooms are very simply furnished with large sofas or divans, and are not ornamented with a single picture, or even a looking-glass. The Imam's private room serves as study, oratory, and bedroom. A large divan, an arm-chair, a writing-desk, a card-table, a book-stand, a basin, and a cushion to kneel on at prayer-time, complete its furniture. The middle story, destined for Rasy Mahomet and his wife Kerimate, who is said to be very beautiful, is adorned with glasses, draperies, carpets, and bronzes; its mistress has not yet arrived, but Schamyl has reclaimed Prince Bariatinsky's intercession to obtain permission for her to join her husband. On his arrival at Kalouga, Schamyl visited some of the authorities, conversed much with the archbishop, interested himself in the daily details of the life of Russian soldiers, and visited with much attention the barracks of the regiment in garrison. The contact of this son of nature, endowed with a vast and lucid mind, kept in check only by native superstition, with our artificial life, is very interesting, as are also his patriarchal manners, and his curious sympathies and antipathies. Strange to all things, knowing nothing of the circumstances which surround him, he shews much tact in his actions; and the words he addressed to M. Rounovsky (to whom we are indebted for some of these particulars), when that officer was entering on his functions, are curiously illustrative of the tone of his mind. 'When,' said the Imam, 'it pleases God to make a child an orphan, to replace its mother is given to it a nurse, who ought to feed, dress, wash, and keep it from harm. If the child remains in good health, gay, clean, and happy, every one praises the nurse: it is said the nurse does her duty, and loves the child. But if the orphan is ailing, dirty, slovenly, it is not the child we blame, but the nurse who has neglected it, left it untaught, and who does not love it. I am an old man; but I am a stranger here. I understand neither your language nor your customs; and so I fancy that I am no longer the old man Schamyl, but a little child, become, through God's will, an orphan, having need of a nurse. You are this nurse, and I pray you to love me as a nurse loves her child. For my part, I will love you not only as a child loves his nurse, but as old Schamyl can love a man who does good to him.'

He frankly shews his sympathies and antipathies. He is very fond of music, and when asked out, first inquires whether any one will play the piano at the house to which he is invited. M. Rounovsky bought him an organ, which delighted him exceedingly. But a conjuror is the person who seems to interest him more than can be conceived. An individual of this class having apparently changed a piece of money, enveloped in a pocket-handkerchief, into a plume of feathers, the Imam was so impressed that he declared the mere remembrance of the trick had troubled his thoughts even at prayers. 'Nevertheless,' he added, 'had the man been brought before me at Veden, I would have had him hanged.'

A crab, which the Imam saw for the first time in his life at Kalouga, excited his utmost aversion. Taking it in one hand, he examined it attentively, till the crab seized a finger in its claws. He then threw it down, but continued to watch it eagerly. Having remarked the animal's mode of walking, he became indignant, kicked it from before him, and ordered Khadjio, one of his suite, to drive it out of the room. It was long before he recovered from the disagreeable sensation produced on his mind by the crab. 'I never saw such a cowardly animal,' he said; 'and if I ever fancied the devil, it was in that likeness.'

At first, he went a great deal into society, and liked balls, though he disapproved of the dress-coats worn by European gentlemen, and also of the bare shoulders exposed by ladies; the latter being a temptation which mortal man, says the Imam, is too weak to look upon. He liked the theatre too, and especially the dancing; but the uncovered faces of so many women troubled him, and he soon ceased his attendance. Now, when invited anywhere, he asks if ladies will be present. If the reply is affirmative, he refuses. His religion, he says, teaches him to object to unveiled women. But he is not bigoted on the subject, and is quite willing to discuss it.

The captive Imam still excites some curiosity, but it is rapidly dying away; and he will soon be as little talked of or thought about as Timour Meerza, or Abd-el-Kader.

THE FAST CANAL-BOAT.

The other day, I was one of a party of more or less scientific persons who made a trip from the City Basin to Paddington Stop, on the London Grand Junction Canal. Our object was to note the success of an experiment which has already gladdened the hearts of canal proprietors, and which promises a large boon to that portion of the public in the habit of intrusting goods to the hands of carriers.

When it is said that the experiment in question was neither more nor less than the application of steam-power to the boats and barges employed in carrying various kinds of merchandise on canals, it may probably occur to many readers that such an improvement on the old mode of propulsion is very obvious, very simple, and very easy. Were this the case, steam would long ago have superseded horse-power on canals; but when the subject is practically considered, many difficulties arise, the chief of which is the swell of the water caused by the action of paddles, and even by that of an ordinary screw. The narrow channels of these watery highways are confined by artificial banks, which would be seriously damaged by any considerable displacement of water, and in some parts quite washed away.

Before describing what I venture to call an interesting journey, I will beg my reader's kind indulgence for a few statistical facts relating to canal traffic, and also to canals regarded as property. There are in the United Kingdom nearly five thousand miles of canals, representing a capital of certainly not less than L.40,000,000, and perhaps a good deal more. Before railways were invented, canal property flourished exceedingly, and a nominal hundred pounds in canal scrip may have meant three hundred or four hundred, or even five hundred pounds in actual money. Those were brave days, at least for canal proprietors; but their light has faded to such a mere glimmer, that a share in the Grand Junction Canal Company, nominally worth a hundred pounds, cannot be viewed by brokers and capitalists as anything more than seventy pounds, if so much. It need scarcely be said that the railway system, which has driven the time-honoured stage-coach and post-chaise off the road, has likewise proved the Nemesis of canal stock. And yet, strange to tell, the enormous depreciation in the value of shares is by no means justified by a falling off in the way of business. Canals are more in use now than they ever were. According to the last returns, 25,000 tons more merchandise are conveyed by canal in the course of a single year than in any year previous to the commencement of railway operations in Great Britain. Excepting where a rapid transit is desirable at all hazards, the safe carriage by canal-boat is even preferable to the goods-train, which has rather a bad character for getting in the way of other trains, particularly express ones; and the trifling advantage of five per cent., which is all that the canal companies offer below the railway scale of goods-carriage, is even worth considering by persons who have any very large dealings with carriers. Of late years, canal stock may be said to have suffered from panic and prejudice more than anything. It would indeed be five thousand pities, should those five thousand miles of waterway prove at last the road to ruin. A townsman has little idea of the beauty which the artificial rivers of a flat country add to the face of nature. He thinks of a canal as he sees it—a straight, formal cutting, filled with water of a sooty tinge, and a greasy lustre; nor does the vision of that same stream winding clear through flowery meads and pleasant woodlands, ever occur to him. Yet there be places which our canal-boatman wots of, where the trees meet overhead; and parks come sloping down to the water. On this account, the permanent way of a canal has one great advantage over that of a railway; its presence, fertilising as well as ornamental, is in the majority of cases rather courted than repelled, and exorbitant claims of compensation have been rare in canal history.

Until the year 1848, canal companies were prohibited by law from being carriers; but in the parliamentary session of that year, an act was passed removing the disqualification. The effect has been, of course, to increase very materially the revenue of these bodies, which formerly depended solely on tolls. The Grand Junction Canal Company has now about two hundred and fifty boats of its own. Another legislative act, of no further date than last year, forbids the amalgamation of railway and canal property, and insures to the public the benefit of a fair competition.

These matters have furnished part of our talk on the wharf of the Grand Junction Canal Company, off which is lying the steam fly-boat *Pioneer*. Our little party seems a large one when we have all embarked, and are forced to elbow one another for standing-room. A fly-boat, my readers will bear in mind, is the long narrow barge, not more than seven feet wide anywhere, and approximating to seventy-five in length, which contrasts favourably in shape and general liveliness of appearance with the black, flat, broad, and immensely ugly coal-barge, also employed in canal navigation. A fly-boat carries her cargo almost as high above her hold as deep in it. The goods are piled in a heap that narrows to a fourteen-inch plank at the top; and the whole is covered with tarpaulin. Along the top ridge walks the bargeman, this footway being his only means of bodily communication between the stem of the boat and his cabin in the steerage. A queer little hole is that same cabin, the effect of entering which is to make you feel like Gulliver in the Quinbus Flestrin stage of his adventures. It is a Lilliputian interior, not after the model of any one room in a house, but like the cobbler's establishment celebrated in song—a condensed hotch-potch of parlour, and kitchen, and all. By simply turning round once upon your heel, you may scorch your clothes against the stove, sweep down everything on the opposite side of the cabin, knock yourself against the door at one end, and finish by tumbling into bed at the other. The decoration of the cabin is cheerful, and, in the brightness of its red and yellow panelling, pleasantly recalls the Dutch toys of infancy, and the mysterious domesticity of a travelling show. It may be superfluous to add, that the apartment is decidedly stuffy, the atmosphere being that of a tailor's workshop over an oven. Some canal-boats are family-boats—a man, his wife, and four or five children occupying the toy-house which I have attempted to describe; but the companies do not own any such boats as these, which all belong to private proprietors.

Our steam fly-boat, the *Pioneer*, presented some features of modification which may be briefly noted. Her boiler and engine occupied the usual space of the Dutch cabin, which was removed forward, thus diminishing the room for stowage. The *Pioneer* is a new boat, expressly built for the purpose of steam-traffic; but neither boat nor machinery appeared to me so trim and ship-shape as their newness would have augured. It seems, however, that great improvements are to be made, now that the success of the main experiment has been placed beyond question. For instance, the ordinary tiller, which takes up a great deal too much room to work in, will give way in favour of a wheel; the machinery will thus get more space, and the cabin will be built over it. Of course, the wheel by which the boat is to be steered will be placed before instead of abaft the cabin and engine, just as it is placed on the deck of large vessels, before the poop. All these things are to come.

We will take the *Pioneer* as we find her, which is thus—the helmsman has a space in the stern just large enough to work his tiller in; then there is a small raised scrap of deck, with a light iron railing at each side, and the cone-shaped boiler cropping up in the middle; then comes the cabin; and in advance of that is the piled-up cargo in its tarpaulin case; for I should state that this trip of the *Pioneer* is a real business trip, with no nonsense about it, but, on the contrary, a large amount of timber and heavy grocery goods, which are very serious affairs. The *Pioneer* is going all the way to Wolverhampton, though we amateurs are bound no further than to the Gauge House at Paddington Stop.

It is as cold a day, and as much like winter at last, as the most determined stickler for old-fashioned seasonable weather could wish at the close of the English year. It is freezing, sharp, and, after having been delightfully bright and bracing till noon, is now making up its mind to snow. It does snow a little, just as the *Pioneer* starts, at half-past one o'clock, from the Company's wharf. The assembled porters, boatmen, and other servants of the Company, standing on the quay, give lusty cheers for the *Pioneer*.

Off we go, very steadily, but at a speed which is rapid to that of the ordinary locomotion on canals; indeed, we are travelling just twice as quickly as we should travel by horse-haulage. Our way lies for some distance where no horse can tow barge or boat, but where boats and barges are usually propelled by human power. We are going underground, through a brick tunnel no larger than a sewer. The *Pioneer* has another fly-boat in tow, laden with a similar cargo, and some extraordinary precautions are requisite on this novel occasion. We keep one side of the water-way, and the second boat keeps the other; so that, in case of the *Pioneer* having to slacken speed, and Number Two getting too much way on her, she shall not run into our stern. Boats are taken through this tunnel so slowly by the old fashion, that they meet without any danger, though each keeps midway till hailed by the vessel coming in an opposite direction. The simple but arduous process of 'legging' has hitherto been in practice. A board is placed out from either side of the fly-boat, and on this board lies a man, with his feet against the slimy wall of the tunnel. In this position, he walks horizontally, and so, by great exertion, moves the boat. Two men are employed in the operation, and it seems wonderful that they should find time, on hearing the signal of an approaching boat, to rise from their recumbent attitude, ship their planks, and get the boat to one side of the tunnel, so as to pass in safety. The *Pioneer* will have done good service, if only in having led the way to an abolition of this dreadful duty of 'legging,' which so exhausts the men that, on their quitting a long tunnel near Birmingham, they are as wet from perspiration as if they had just been dragged out of the canal.

Our Cockney tunnel, however, is not so tediously protracted an affair, though long enough, I should think, to suit the majority of tastes for odd ways of travelling. For a little while after we have entered it, the water has a dark, clear look, and the sharp edges of its ripples catch the distant light with a rather solemn effect. The yellow atmosphere, seen through the round arch of our narrow tunnel, takes the shape and appearance of a moon half set in gloomy waves. Its large semicircle is obscured presently by the smoke from our funnel, the *Pioneer* being so inconsiderate as to burn coal that emits the densest clouds of carbon. Much to the discomfort of our helmsman, we are now compelled to crowd his little cockpit of a lower-deck, for the upper space is not sufficient for us all to stand upright in. Even with the care taken to prevent mishaps, a few of us have been brought in rough contact with the slimy brick-work. All the time of our underground passage, we are being half-stifled with the undigested fuel already mentioned. We get into daylight again, in ten minutes or so from the moment of entering this length of Stygian perspective; and, having got into daylight, we find that we have also got into Agar Town. A sort of very 'vulgar Venice,' indeed, is Agar Town.

Our gondola seems quite a state-barge, worthy to carry Cleopatra, or the Lord Mayor, as we glide silently through this dismal spot, in which crime, and want, and ignorance herd in desperate citizenship together. The Agar townsmen are mostly abroad, plying a questionable livelihood; but the Agar townswomen shew their faces at squalid windows, and over tumble-down walls and rotten palings, and grin at us as we go past. The stone-yard of a workhouse is bounded on one of its sides by our water-way, and the parish Sisyphus pauses in his weary task to gaze, but not to grin. Men sunk deep in wretchedness are for the most part stupified, and their faces wear a blank rather than a painful aspect. But it is otherwise with the abased and outcast daughters of the great family. In the progress of our fast canal-boat, we light upon this moral difference of the sexes. After the stone-yard comes a cinder-heap, a black mound, with several smaller black mounds, which are the siftings of the great one. It is a black wharf on which this heap stands, and a wild troop of black-faced women, in rags like sooty cobwebs, are working on it with great black sieves. The sight is painful enough, its utter poverty appearing as a fall of many degrees from the low estate of the stone-yard; but the dust-women are not, as the stone-breakers were, moodily silent. These poor creatures, who look as if they had neglected to go out of mourning for the hope that died before they knew it, shriek and gibber at us voyagers, and point with weird motion and shrill laughter at the strange craft steaming by.

The locks that we pass through are five. Both the *Pioneer* and her satellite go side by side when these impediments occur. In the time of stoppage, we have leisure to observe the people on the quays, and we do observe that they are not at all the same kind of people whom we see in our streets. Their dress, their manner, their language are foreign to the Londoner. They are Warwickers, mainly, these boatmen and lock-keepers of the Grand Junction Canal. Though some of them are metropolitan fixtures, and all are as much in Middlesex as in the north-western counties of England, there is not one who wears a London-made suit of clothes, or a London hat, or a London behaviour. For them, the obsolete act of parliament, forbidding any buttons but metal ones, appears to be still in force. For them are flat seal-skin caps of great circumference especially manufactured; for them Shakspearian phrases, which puzzle the annotators, but which Warwickshire has popularly retained, do still exist. I heard two of these men, an old and a young one, talking together, like the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, or like old Gobbo and Launcelot, or like any pair of Shakspeare's clowns you may mention. Will this loose-clad, brass-buttoned, fur-capped population of the canal and its banks continue to regard our fast canal-boat with the placidity which at present characterises their view? Or will the terrible fact dawn upon their understandings, that this same 'intr'doocshun o' stea-am on canaals' may tend to the getting rid of a considerable amount of loose-clad, fur-capped, brass-buttoned human labour? Political economy teaches us, and truly teaches us, that every saving of toil, or rather every step by which toil is directed into more profitable channels, is a universal gain in the long-run; but the run is, unfortunately, a little too long for those who have calculated only on that common distance from hand to mouth; and while improvement's crop of grass is growing, certain steeds are but too liable to starve. There is hope, however, that the increase of the Company's business, consequent on the fresh advantages they are now prepared to offer to the public, will enable them to retain all their servants, distributing them over a greater number of boats. As for those real 'steeds,' hitherto employed to tow the vessels on the Grand Junction Canal, there is no fear of *their* starving—horse-flesh never does.

It is freezing hard, and snowing gently, as we steam onward past the locks of Camden Town, Kentish Town, and the Hampstead Road. Our pale faces, streaked with black, our red noses and blue lips, make up a wobegone picture. The banks of the canal are now getting more and more desolate; it is a dreary journey along the Regent's Park, and the gardens of the Zoological Society. Our fast canal-boat is the slowest of slow steamers, considered as the chosen vessel of a pleasure-trip. That the timber and the heavy grocery goods are travelling at twice the speed which they would attain in a barge hauled along by a horse and a rope, is true enough; but that the more or less scientific gentlemen in the steerage find this doubled rate of transit somewhat under the reasonable requirements of deck-passengers, compelled to stand in one narrow spot, on an intensely cold day, I think is equally a matter of fact. Philosophy itself could not, under the circumstances, feel proper gratitude towards Mr Burch, of Macclesfield, who invented the screw for propelling the boat that carried the goods that lay on the wharf that the Grand Junction Canal Company built by the City Basin.

It is a dreary journey, still, along St John's Wood, with the sloping gardens of North and South Bank on either hand. The backs of the houses in North and South Bank have a raw look, and the gardens are not very cheerful, at anyrate, on this December day. On we go, with paler cheeks, and redder noses, and bluer lips, till we have exchanged St John's Wood for Paddington, and have struck a few sparks of life out of that less forlorn-looking region. Here the canal is made ornamental, with islands and pleasure-boats, and terrace-like banks. A very pretty entrance to this vicinage is formed by a short tunnel, the outer arch being covered with ivy.

Arrived at the Gauge House, we transfer our numbed feet from the deck of the *Pioneer* to the little wharf, where we have the pleasure of seeing the cargo weighed by a very simple process. The weight of the boat being previously ascertained, all that the gauger has to do is to find, by a long measuring-rod, the depth from her water-line to her keel; and a calculation by figures will then enable him to tell the exact weight of the cargo to a fraction.

Three cabs convey the party of more or less scientific gentlemen to St James's Hall, at the entrance to which place of various entertainment we all alight, and are taken by the idle crowd for an exceedingly dirty vestry. Dinner has been ordered, a day or two before, and we are happily in time not only for that, but for soap and water.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE PERILS OF EAVESDROPPING.

The modesty of talent—provided that it be accompanied with a stock of patience—is always sure of its reward. If Master Richard Arbour had ever chanced to plume himself among the foreign customers of Mr Tipsaway upon his knowledge of the French tongue, it is not unlikely that the moment which found him in the grasp of the Russian count would have been his last. Rage and fear contended in the man's evil eyes, and blanched his cheek, while his wicked fingers tightened about the poor lad's throat, as though their trade was murder. Dick's countenance was rapidly growing black, when he bethought himself of throwing an expressive glance at the table, and of making as though he would reach with one of his hands the pencil that still lay there. He felt convinced that his life depended on the count's imagining that his secret was yet undiscovered—that he was a deaf and dumb man still in *his* eyes as in those of the rest of the world—and, therefore, instead of exclaiming: 'Oh, spare me, for I never meant to find you out;' or, 'Forgive me, count, for discovering that you are an impostor,' he judiciously confined himself to making signs.

The count relaxed his gripe to consider a little, and then released the lad altogether, though taking care to stand between him and the door. Dick took up the pencil and wrote: 'I am very sorry to have disturbed you, sir; I thought you had all left the room, and was coming in to put it straight.'

'You lie!' returned the count, in the most delicate and microscopic handwriting that ever was seen.

'I also came to see if there was any brandy left,' wrote Dick.

This did not happen to be in the least the case, but it was more in accordance with the Russian's notion of what was probable, than the simple truth of the other answer.

'What did you see?' inquired Gotsuchakoff, setting down the words with his practised fingers, while he kept his lynx eyes fixed upon the trembling youth.

'I saw *you*, count.'

'What else, boy; what else?'

'Please, count, I saw that you had drunk all the brandy.'

Gotsuchakoff was evidently at a nonplus. He did not know whether to believe the boy or not. He hesitated as to whether he should push him further, afraid, in case of his being unaware that he had really spoken, of impressing him too much with the importance of what had happened.

'And did you not *hear* anything?' wrote the count, unable to bear the horrid uncertainty which consumed him.

This was the most perilous moment of all to Dick, and luckily the lad was by this time fully aware of it. His features expressed the most extreme bewilderment, and even a touch of drollery. '*Hear*, count?' wrote he, in rather a shaky hand, it must be confessed; 'how should I hear anything, with nobody but you in the room?'

The Russian was looking him through and through with a terrible distrust, but the smile which the lad had conjured up seemed completely to disarm him. He drew a long breath of intense relief, and wiped away the drops that stood upon his pale forehead. He had but uttered a single French word, after all, reasoned he, which, even if distinctly heard, might very well have sounded to the lad's English ears like the mere guttural exclamation of a dumb man excited to passion. At all events, if murder were not to be done, it was better to believe this, and to efface the recollection of the whole matter from the boy's mind as soon as possible.

'I beg your pardon, young sir,' wrote he; 'I am afraid that I have been taking a little more drink than is good for me. Let us shake hands, and forget this stupid business.'

The Russian, to whom a bribe appeared no more unreasonable—and probably much less so—than a friendly present, or a fair commercial exchange, pressed a crown-piece into the hand of the barber's boy, whose fingers closed on it mechanically, and abruptly left the room. He had prolonged the interview to the utmost limits consistent with the other's safety, for the unnatural tension of Dick's faculties could be maintained no longer; he heard the count's heavy footsteps passing through the front shop—who probably saluted its proprietor with his accustomed courtesy, for Mr Tipsaway's voice replied: 'Good-bye, old dummy;' doubtless with a smile of great obsequiousness—and he heard no more, but fell down, face on the table, in a fainting-fit, thereby upsetting the brandy bottle.

The crash of the breaking glass brought Mrs Tipsaway, who had a housekeeper's ear for that particular noise, directly into the smoking-room; and her raised voice, for which Mr T. had a husband's ear, at once summoned that gentleman to her assistance.

'What do you think of *this*, Mr Tipsaway?' cried she with bitterness, naturally, though somewhat unjustly, directing her anger against the only animate object. 'What have you got to say for your pet apprentice *now?*'

Now, it was well known that Dick was rather the pet of the lady than of her husband, but when the female mind is excited, it not uncommonly spurns the trammels of vulgar fact; and Mrs Tipsaway kept her own mental powers particularly free and fetterless in that respect.

'He's as drunk as a young lord,' confessed Mr Tipsaway apologetically; 'there is not a doubt of that.'

'And what do we want of your young lords here?' inquired the lady with indignation. 'Why must you be picking up a young swell like this, who must have his best French brandy, forsooth, and destroy the bottle afterwards, when we might have had a charity-boy as cheap, or cheaper'——

How they could have got one cheaper, considering that they gave Master Richard Smith just nothing at all, cannot, unfortunately, be here disclosed, for Mrs Tipsaway pulled herself short up, when she had got thus far, to emit an expression of astonishment, which, in the mouth of a less genteel lady, might have been mistaken for a whistle.

'Look here!' cried she, exhibiting the boy's neck, the cravat of which she had been loosening; 'somebody has been trying to throttle the lad. Here are the marks of four fingers and a thumb.'

'Gotsuchakoff, *sacre!*' murmured the lad, with his eyes still closed.

The barber and his wife exchanged looks of profound terror.

'That lad has been insulting the count, and the foreign gentlemen will never come here again, perhaps,' groaned Mr Tipsaway, to whom the refugees paid a very tolerable sum for the exclusive use of the smoking-saloon. 'What have you been doing, you young rascal?' inquired he, at the same time giving his genteel apprentice a tremendous shaking. 'What have you been at, sir, eh?'

'I saw nothing, I heard nothing,' replied poor Dick, who imagined that the Russian was still cross-examining him; 'I only came to put things to rights —— Oh, it's you, Mr Tipsaway, is it?'

'Yes, it's me, *you* drunken young vagabond, and what then?'

'Why, here's some money that the count left me to pay for the broken glass,' quoth Dick, whose wits were reawakening. 'He was awfully drunk though, for all that, I do assure you. He set on me, just because I could not understand his telegraphing, like some wild animal.'

'He went through the shop very steadily,' observed Mr Tipsaway, perceptibly mollified by the silver, but still a little incredulous.

'That may do for Mr T.,' observed the better-half of that gentleman to herself, 'but not for me, young gentleman: I heard the glass break *after* the count left the house.'

'Anyhow, he nearly choked me,' observed Dick pettishly, and adjusting his neckcloth; 'and I had rather not have anything more to do with Count Gotsuchakoff, please.'

'Pooh, pooh! he'll forget it the next time he comes,' returned Mr Tipsaway; 'and, besides, you are going to-morrow, Smith, to Miss Backboard's, instead of Frizzle, who, she complains, *will* giggle all the time he is cutting her young ladies' hair. The count will not certainly remember his drunken frolic for eight-and-forty hours.'

Dick thought within himself, that if Mr Tipsaway had felt the Russian's fingers at his own windpipe, he would not have described the occurrence quite so playfully; but since he had no desire to make the barber his confidant, he affected to be satisfied, and made no further complaint.

Mr Tipsaway, who had heard the muffled oratorio in full performance in the front-shop for several minutes, here rushed away to deprive the musician of his instrument, which he justly deemed was one that required a curtain or other means of concealment between the player and the general public, at least as much as any organ. Mrs Tipsaway stayed behind to lay her hand upon the lad's shoulder confidentially, and to observe in a motherly tone: 'Come, Dick, you must tell *me* the truth, my lad, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'

Dick knew enough of the character of Mrs Tipsaway to be aware, that the commission of a secret to her ears would be about equivalent to advertising it in the columns of any local newspaper of tolerable circulation; so he smiled sweetly—a thing Dick could always do when conversing with a lady—and replied with simplicity: 'The whole truth about what, ma'am?' in order to gain time for fictitious composition.

'Now, don't aggravate me,' replied Mrs Tipsaway—and this time with a dash of piquancy in her accents, less motherly than step-motherly—'for I am doing a hair-chain for a bride-elect, and can't afford to have my fingers set all of a tremble. What did the count give you that piece of money for, and how came that bottle broken?'

'*I* broke the bottle, Mrs Tipsaway,' exclaimed the youth, clasping his penitent hands.

'And the money, the money?' cried the lady, stamping her foot.

'The count gave me the money for having thrashed me so, because, because'——

'Because he caught you helping yourself to his brandy,' cried Mrs Tipsaway, triumphantly finishing the sentence.

'Ah, yes, ma'am. I perceive it is impossible to deceive your sagacity.'

'Then don't try it again, Smith, mind *that*,' continued the lady with emphasis. 'Men have tried it—women have tried it—Frizzle has tried it; but it has never succeeded yet with Martha Tipsaway. It is not very likely, therefore, that a child like you will have much chance. Trust me, boy, and I will take you to my arms—that is to say, of course, you must keep your distance, and not forget that you are the 'prentice, and I the missis; but try to deceive me, young gentleman, and you'll wish yourself one of them figures in the window, whose ears cannot feel a box, nor whose mouth appreciate victuals.'

With which piece of didactics Mrs Tipsaway swept out of the room in a whirlwind of silk and cap-strings.

CHAPTER XII.

MISS BACKBOARD'S YOUNG LADIES.

Miss Backboard's fashionable seminary for young ladies was situated in a pleasant suburb of the metropolis, and had a strip of garden lying in front of it, bearing the same relation to the house in superficial extent as each of the slices of carpet in the dormitories bore to its respective bed. A holly-tree, significant of Prudence, kept watch at the garden-gate; the daisy, emblem of Innocence, blushed in its little grass-borders; the modest violet, at its proper season, indicated, in its own sweet language, the character of the inmates of the establishment; no red rose cried: 'He is near!—he is near!' no white rose wept: 'He is late!' but such of Miss Backboard's young ladies as had got so far as to think about 'him' at all, were represented in that innocent plot by the unimpatient lily, which whispers, 'I wait;' and, on one side of the gravel-walk that led to the front-door, by the acacia-tree, which sighs but of Platonic Love. Only, when Miss Backboard eradicated the wicked iris and the too demonstrative jonquil from her parterre, it was inconsistent of her to spare that Virginian jasmine—symbol of separation—which climbed up the entire face of the house, and looked down, over the wall, upon the passion-flowers in the next garden.

The jasmine might look, but the young ladies mightn't. 'Not to look out of the window,' was one of the edicts of the Backboardian code, which might, for precautionary severity, have been drawn up by Mrs Praisegod Barebones, for the benefit of female Cavaliers. Miss Backboard herself, however, was constantly on the watch at one or other of the casements, like Sister Anne on Bluebeard's tower, and took note of every male creature that came in at the little iron gate. She had already caused two bakers' boys to be dismissed from their situations, for whistling melodies relating to the affections as they approached her house; and a third was even now upon his trial for kissing his hand to her front-windows—the defence set up by the accused party being, that he was only engaged with his pocket-handkerchief. The postman was not permitted to intrust his letters for the establishment to any hand but hers; and she winnowed the correspondence thus obtained with a skill and completeness that Sir James Graham and his myrmidons might have envied. A pink envelope, or an envelope with a sealing-wax 'kiss' upon it, or with an affectionate motto on its seal, was arrested by her vigilant fingers as a health-officer would seize upon some infected wretch whose escape from quarantine must needs bring death and desolation into a thousand homes. No male handwriting was suffered to pass at all without inquiry of the would-be recipient; and if the serpent who wrote it was no nearer of kin than a bachelor-cousin, the missive was ruthlessly torn up, and scattered to the wanton winds. Nor was the export-trade less strictly watched than the import. All letters except to *bonâ-fide* relatives were inspected. Yes, conscientious Miss Backboard did indeed peruse the whole of the correspondence between the young ladies of her own establishment and their 'eternal friends' at similar educational seminaries or elsewhere: twice a week that indefatigable female performed the awful task in its completeness, beginning with, 'My own dearest, dearest Isabel' in the middle of the first page, and so, through the slanting shower of affectionate commonplaces to the all-important postscript No. 2. No wonder the good lady was consumed by anxieties, and haggard with suspicions; no brain could stand such letter-reading twice a week for long. She looked for hidden meanings in sentences wherein the writer had seen no necessity for inserting any meaning at all; she scorched the missives before the fire, with a view of bringing forth the secrets concealed in lemon-juice that were never there; she conceived that some crafty cipher lay in the frequent and unnecessary dashes which italicised the general contents, and imagined elopements and rope-ladders lurked in the very loops of the *l*s.

It was Miss Backboard herself who did Master Richard Arbour, otherwise Smith, the honour of receiving him at her own door-step, having reconnoitred him for several minutes—as a medieval porter might have eyed a stranger knight—before admitting him to even that proximity.

'Whence come you, boy?' quoth she, in that blank-verse style exceedingly popular with ladies of scholastic pursuits, when their time and tempers permit them to make use of it. 'Whence come you, and from whom?'

'I am the new barber's boy from Mr Tipsaway's, please, ma'am.'

Miss Backboard's eagle eye detected in the Genteel Youth too pronounced a gentility.

'I mistrust you, boy,' returned she; 'my mind misgives me: do you play a part with me?'

'No, please, ma'am, I play nothing. Frizzle plays a good deal, when master will let him; but the only time I ever tried, I broke a tooth.'

'Broke a tooth!' echoed the astonished schoolmistress; 'I don't know what you mean; I don't see that you have any teeth broken.'

'No, please, ma'am; it was only the tooth of the comb that was broken. Frizzle always plays upon a comb. It cost me eightpence to'——

'Good gracious! I hope you don't bring that comb here?' cried Miss Backboard sharply.

'O no, ma'am; that would not be "*comme il faut*,"' smiled Dick, with his best accent. The nature of his mission tickled the lad immensely, and put him in spirits too high for his position.

'What! you speak French?' exclaimed the terrified lady. 'You are no barber's boy.'

'*Perruquier*, if you please, madam; yes, that is what I am. It is essential to our fashionable connection, says Mr Tipsaway, that one, at least, in the establishment should have some knowledge of that language. I learned it from my boyhood.'

'Boyhood!' screamed Miss Backboard. 'Why, what do you call yourself now?'

'Mr Tipsaway calls me one of his young men, ma'am. "One of my young men will be at your house to-day, Miss Backboard," he wrote, meaning myself; and, indeed, I am more than fourteen years old already.'

'Fourteen,' murmured the schoolmistress to herself; 'that is not a dangerous age. Hum! Yes, you may come in.'

She ushered him into a small apartment on the right of the entrance, hung round with blank maps and a few unframed landscapes; a couple of enormous globes filled each a recess on either side of the fireplace, and a few books of the *Mangnall's Questions* class leaned up against one another on their shelves in a manner which, under any roof less correct than Miss Backboard's, would have suggested intoxication. An inclined plane—torture-engine peculiar to females—stood in one corner, and a pair of dumb-bells (probably the only ones in the house) in another. The apartment was, in short, devoted to the severer branches of the educational course, inclusive, as it subsequently appeared, of hair-cutting.

Miss Backboard rang the bell. 'Elizabeth,' observed she to the domestic, with the air of a stage-monarch ordering a banquet, 'let a cloth be spread, and inform those young ladies who require his services, that this person—the young person from Mr Tipsaway's—is awaiting them in the Geographical Chamber. And, Elizabeth, tell Miss Crumbby to come down first, because her dressing-gown is the largest, and will do for all the others.'

By the time Master Richard had arranged the cloth upon the floor, and put on the kangaroo apron, the young lady in question made her appearance. A loose and voluminous pink robe concealed the form which was also doubtless voluminous and pink; but the sight of her chubby cheeks and good-humoured eyes ought to have satisfied anybody.

'I think you forgot your curtsey, Miss Crumbby,' observed the schoolmistress with marked severity.

That young lady immediately rose from the cane-bottomed chair and made a profound obeisance.

Master Richard Smith, in imitation of the Chevalier de Crespigny, bowed almost to the ground.

'Be quiet, boy!' ejaculated Miss Backboard sharply. 'Do you suppose that my pupil bowed to *you?*' The schoolmistress seated herself on the upper extremity of the inclined plane, and from that station superintended the operations.

'You are looking out of window, Miss Crumbby, which is forbidden; be good enough to keep your eyes fixed on the ground.'

Miss Crumbby did not reply; but Dick perceived the back of her neck to become of a deeper rose-colour, and her plump figure to shake as with secret laughter beneath his admiring eyes.

'You are exposing your hand, Miss Crumbby, in an indelicate manner. Where are your mits, which I have particularly directed to be worn in the presence of strangers?'

'I thought, madam,' replied the young lady, speaking in the French tongue, for the private ear of the schoolmistress, 'that you only meant we should do so in the presence of grown-up gentlemen, and that for this little boy here'——

'Silence, girl!' exclaimed the schoolmistress hastily, and in German: '"the little boy here," as you call him, understands French.'

Miss Crumbby bit her lips, and again Dick perceived an undulatory motion communicated to the entire dressing-gown beneath him.

Before this young lady left the room, indeed, she had earned for herself a dozen rebukes, and one most barbarous punishment—a wooden mark was suspended from her ample neck, the presence of which ornament forbade any companion to communicate with her except in the German language, wherein she had shewn herself no great proficient in the Geographical Chamber. How long this was to be endured, Dick did not know; but he was relieved to hear Miss Crumbby's cheerful laugh as she ran upstairs, apparently with the lightest of hearts, though with a step that went nigh to shake the establishment.

Angel after angel, sylph after sylph, came down and arrayed herself in the voluminous pink, under Dick's assiduous hands. He did not giggle, like Mr Frizzle, he did not again even venture upon bowing, like M. de Crespigny. Miss Backboard began to be mollified by his perfect behaviour, and to entertain that trust in his methodical quietness which she had denied to his tender years; she yawned while the fifteenth seraph was having her tips taken off, and inquired languidly whether there was any more to come. The seraph replied that there was only Miss Mickleham to come, who had been delayed until last by reason of her being under punishment.

'Very well, then,' replied Miss Backboard loftily; 'you may tell her that it is her turn when you have done.' With which that imperial female launched herself off her inclined plane with the air of a ship of ninety guns, and sailed majestically out of the room.

'Queer old lady that, is she not?' observed the fifteenth seraph interrogatively, about two minutes after the door had closed, and when it was made clear, by the creaking of the stairs, that her preceptress had really left the keyhole.

Master Richard Arbour, who had remarked the young lady under present treatment as being by far the best behaved and most rigid of all the heavenly bodies that had preceded her, was perfectly aghast at this familiarity.

'Look here,' pursued she, producing a considerable bundle of letters stamped, sealed, and directed in readiness for her Majesty's mails, 'put these in your pocket, and make haste. I have been trying to make you take hold of them this five minutes, only you're such a stupid boy. I was within half a second of running a hair-pin into you, I do assure you.'

Dick took the packet with an air of the profoundest astonishment. 'Well, and what am I to do with them, please, miss, now I've got 'em?'

'Why, post 'em,' ejaculated the young lady snappishly. 'What on earth do you suppose ought to be done with them? We always got Frizzle to post 'em, before you came, and we expect, of course, that you will do as much for us. Here's half-a-crown, and we're much obliged to you for your trouble.'

'Mademoiselle,' replied Master Richard Arbour, laying his hand and scissors on his heart, 'I will post the letters with pleasure; but to take your money for doing it is a thing quite out of the question.'

'Well, that's polite, at all events,' replied the young lady, rising and approaching the glass. 'But I don't think you cut my hair quite so well as the other. Why doesn't that stingy old lady let us have a couple of mirrors? One positively can't see *how* one looks. How do I look behind, boy?'

The startled Dick hastened to give it as his opinion that she looked charming from every possible point of view; whereupon the fifteenth seraph laughed, and said he was a nice lad.

'Only,' she added, 'don't you go telling Miss Mickleham about those letters, mind, because she's a little'—a pantomimic action of the hands, significant of staylacing, here took place—'a little strait-laced, you know, that's all. Good-bye, boy. Thank ye!'

With which adieu the young lady opened the door, and called Miss Mickleham in much such a tone as one female saint might evoke another to martyrdom: 'Miss Mickleham, the young person is waiting to cut your hair.'

Every male individual beneath a certain rank in the social scale was held in Miss Backboard's establishment to be a 'person,' while all above and of that rank were spoken of (and even that but very rarely) as 'gentlemen.' The word 'man' was entirely ignored, and perhaps unknown at Acacia House.

Most of the young ladies had hitherto floated into the apartment as though the air were water, and the little material substance that belonged to them had been made of cork; but Miss Mickleham used a somewhat graver mode of progress, either in consequence of being under punishment, or by reason of having a number of works upon Political Economy in her hands, that the author had the temerity to call 'popular,' but which, nevertheless, may have kept her down a little. That abstruse science oppressed her existence at Miss Backboard's (who considered its study to be a part of woman's mission), just as Practice had oppressed poor Dick elsewhere, and he intuitively sympathised with her as she put down, by the side of the terrestrial globe, all the volumes, save one, with a great sigh. That one she was bound never to part with, eating or drinking, sleeping or hair-cutting, until she had mastered certain rather unentertaining chapters upon the drain of gold; and she sat down with it in her hand in the pink dressing-gown. Dick's tender heart would have been touched by sight of that young cheek robbed of half its bloom by sorrow, and by those long black eyelashes steeped in tears, had he not detected by her likeness to her father the beautiful daughter of good Mr Mickleham of Darkendim Street, at the first glance.

As it was, the memory of the old man's kindness moved him so, awakening, as often happens, other memories with it of loving hearts now sundered from his own perhaps for ever, that *his* eyes too began to fill with dew, which presently overflowing them, descended in a couple of large warm tears upon the young lady's neck. The tresses that should have protected it were in Dick's trembling hands, so that they fell directly upon the velvet skin with certainty of detection, and the sixteenth seraph jumped up from her chair, and exchanged the drain of gold for a shrill note of indignation.

'How dare you, sir?' she began; then, looking at Dick's tearful face, she sunk her voice—'What ails you, my good boy? Is there anything I can do for you, poor lad?'

'Yes, dear young lady, yes.'

The dear young lady looked like a ruffled swan at this exordium.

'Tell your good father that Richard Arbour is not ungrateful to him, though he may have seemed so, and that he could not look upon his daughter in her sorrow without being sad himself.'

'Are you Mr Arbour's nephew, then, that ran away?' cried she. 'Oh, pray go back—pray do, while there is time. Your uncle is being more and more set against you than ever. Papa can do little for you, though he has tried his best; but perhaps, if you would come back, he might do something. Do, pray, come at once to us—that is, to *him*. This is where we live.' She tore the fly-leaf out of the book she held, which happened to have her name and direction on it, and Dick, kissed it gratefully, and put it carefully away.

'Perhaps I will, dear young lady; and if I am taken back, it shall at least be through your father. Forgive my rudeness and impertinence'——

'Hush!' cried the girl; 'I hear Miss Backboard coming. I have nothing to forgive in you—nothing.' She snatched up her books from their resting-place, and was about to leave the room, when the voluminous dressing-gown which she had forgotten to throw off, caught in the projecting leg of the terrestrial globe, and in another moment there was a frightful crash, and poor Miss Mickleham stood in horror amidst the wreck of the universe.

'Good heavens!' cried the schoolmistress, rushing in, 'what *has* happened? You clumsy little barber's monkey you, what *have* you done?'

'I couldn't help it, ma'am,' cried Dick, without an instant's hesitation; 'my apron caught in it just as I was trying to look out Jerusalem. I had done with the young lady, ma'am, and always wishing to improve myself when opportunity offers, was'——

'Silence, sir!' interrupted Miss Backboard viciously. 'Leave the room, Miss Mickleham, without one word, if you please—without one syllable. You have done me an irreparable damage, boy, and you shall never come to this house again.'

'You have got another globe, ma'am, haven't you?' replied Dick, pretending to whimper, but secretly delighted with having saved Miss Mickleham from the wrath of her mistress.

'Yes, you idiot,' ejaculated Miss Backboard; 'but it's a celestial one. Do you suppose that these globes are duplicates? If Mr Tipsaway doesn't punish you pretty severely, my lad, it will not be for want of a line from me, I do assure you.'

Dick was rather afraid of Miss Backboard's anticipating the promised chastisement there and then, and made haste to get out of Acacia House as soon as he could; and, indeed, she was not able to resist aiming a box at his ears as he passed her at the front-door, which he only eluded by great forethought and activity. As soon as the garden-gate clanged behind him, however, Dick's face became radiant with happiness; and pulling out the address which Miss Mickleham had given to him, proceeded to enclose in it a considerable lock of soft brown hair, which he had covertly snipped from that young lady's luxuriant tresses.

GEMS AND JEWELS.*

There is nothing in all 'the world's furniture' at once so costly and so worthless as a precious stone. The satisfaction which the contemplation of it produces is more superficial than that which is afforded by the meanest flower; for the meanest flower, we are told on high authority, may awake thoughts too deep for tears, and the finest diamond or pearl cannot accomplish that. The only value they possess beyond that conferred upon them by fashion arises from their rarity and durability; and even fashion, has first to be certified that it is the real thing, and not a counterfeit, upon which she bestows her favour, for pearls have dazzled her, before now, which had never lain in oyster-bed, and a bit of rock-crystal has more than once eclipsed the treasures of Golconda.

Not long ago, in Brazil, at Villa Rica, a free negro became possessed of a diamond so enormous, that he begged permission to present it himself to the prince-regent. 'A carriage and an escort were forthwith despatched to take him to court. Blacky threw himself at the regent's feet, and exhibited his diamond. The prince uttered an exclamation of surprise—the lords present were astounded: the stone weighed nearly a pound! The courtiers immediately set to work to find out the number of millions this monstrous jewel was worth. The great stone of Villa Rica, valued at troy weight, made a total of 2560 carats. Deducting the sixty carats for what little the stone lacked of a pound, there yet remained 2500 carats. In order to ascertain the commercial value of the stone, the carat must be multiplied by the square. The square of 2500 is 6,250,000, and estimating the carat at only 150 francs, the common price, we have the sum of 937,500,000 francs; and, as large diamonds are no longer submitted to the tariff, and as their nominal price increases in proportion as they exceed the ordinary dimensions, the Portuguese noblemen probably estimated the stone at two milliards, or, like thorough courtiers, at four. 'However this may be, the inestimable jewel was sent to the treasury, with a strong escort, and deposited in the hall of gems. As Mr Mawe was at Rio Janeiro when this wonderful discovery was made, the minister sent for him, and communicated to him all the particulars regarding the phenomenon; but at the same time expressed his private doubts of its reality. The English mineralogist was invited to examine the incomparable brilliant, and fix its value. Furnished with a letter from each minister—without which formality he could not be admitted—Mr Mawe went through several rooms, and crossed a great hall hung with crimson and gold, in which was a statue of natural size representing Justice with her scales. Finally, he reached a room in which were several chests; three officers, each having a key, opened one of these chests, and the treasurer with much solemnity exhibited the supposed diamond. Before touching the stone, Mr Mawe had already seen that it was nothing but a piece of rounded crystal; he proved this on the instant by *scratching* it with a real diamond, and this luckless scratch at once annihilated all the millions supposed to have been added to the treasury. The prince-regent received the news very ophically; but poor Blackey, who had come in iage, was left to travel back on foot.'

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* *Gems and Jewels. From the Earliest Ages down to the Present Time.* By Madame de Barrera. Bentley.

largest real diamond in the world, belonging to ajah of Mattan, in Borneo, is still uncut, and 367 carats; it has no rival nearer than the diamond, of 193 carats. It has never been ht to Europe, though the governor of Batavia ffered to the rajah 150,000 dollars for it, as well large war-brigs, with their guns and ammuni- nd a considerable quantity of powder and shot. umber of diamonds in the world above 100 ' weight, including the two already mentioned, six; but the history of each of these—which lled *paragons*—is a romance in itself.

Orloff, according to some accounts, formed one eyes of the idol Scheringham, in the temple of a. The fame of these bright eyes having reached in French grenadier of Pondicherry, he deserted, ed the religion and manners of the Brahmins, ubsequently succeeded in escaping with one of veted orbs. He sold the jewel to a sea-captain ,000 francs; the sea-captain sold it to a Jew for 0; and an Armenian, named Shafrass, bought it much larger sum, and disposed of it to Count for the Empress Catharine, for 450,000 roubles, grant of Russian nobility.

Regent Diamond is the most perfect, and the water of the *paragons*. It originally weighed rats; but the cutting of it as a brilliant, which two years' labour, and cost L.3000, reduced e to 137 carats. This diamond, which is also the *Pitt*, was stolen from Golconda, and sold to andfather of the Earl of Chatham, when governor t St George, in the East Indies, for L.20,000, gh Pope suggests that that gentleman purloined the original thief—

> Asleep and naked, as an Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole the gem away.

rench king purchased it for L.92,000, Mr Pitt ing the fragments taken off in the cutting; but ue is now estimated at double the price paid This jewel was pawned by Napoleon, made a al bait by Talleyrand to seduce Prussia, and by robbers, who only returned it because of possibility of disposing of it without detection. ain convict in the French galleys for some time d a high pre-eminence among his fellows as 'the who had stolen the Regent.'

Star of the South, the largest diamond ever- ht from Brazil, was discovered by three wretched ondemned to perpetual banishment in the wildest f the interior, but who of course obtained the tion of their sentence.

h and last of the *paragon* diamonds is the noor, now weighing but one hundred and two , but supposed to have once been the largest nown, and the same seen by Tavernier among wels of the Great Mogul. It is confidently d that this famous gem belonged to Karna, f Anga, three thousand years ago. 'According ernier, this gem was presented to Cha-Gehan, ther of Aurungzebe, by Mirzimola, when that general, having betrayed his master, the king conda, took refuge at the court of the Great . Since it was admired by the French traveller, iamond has passed through the hands of several princes, and always by violence or fraud. st Eastern possessor was the famous Runjeet king of Lahore and Cashmere, from whom it into the hands of the English on the annexa- f the Punjaub: it was brought to London in 'The king of Lahore had obtained this jewel in llowing manner: having heard that the king of possessed a diamond that had belonged to the Mogul, the largest and purest known, he invited rtunate owner to his court, and there, having his power, demanded his diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself against such a contingency, with a perfect imitation of the coveted jewel. After some show of resistance, he reluctantly acceded to the wishes of his powerful host. The delight of Runjeet was extreme, but of short duration, the lapidary to whom he gave orders to mount his new acquisition pronouncing it to be merely a bit of crystal. The mortification and rage of the despot were unbounded; he immediately caused the palace of the king of Cabul to be invested, and ransacked from top to bottom. But for a long while all search was vain: at last, a slave betrayed the secret; the diamond was found concealed beneath a heap of ashes. Runjeet Singh had it set in an armlet, between two diamonds, each the size of a sparrow-egg.'

According to Mr Tennant, the great Russian diamond singularly corresponds with the Koh-i-noor, so as to suggest that the two once formed a single crystal; and when united, they would, allowing for the detaching of several smaller pieces in the process of cleaving, make up the weight described by Tavernier.

What bloodshed, what heart-burnings, what tedious and expensive negotiations have each of these shining pebbles cost its various possessors, and how exceedingly small the gratification of having obtained them at last, independently of the soothing thought that nobody else has got them! If it were not useless to lift up our single voice against an almost universal custom, we would ask what more barbarous and outlandish usage can be imagined, than that which obtains amongst even our king's daughters and most honourable women, of drilling a hole in the lobes of their ears for the reception of a jewel? and why are they so ready to exclaim 'savage' against a maiden who may similarly adorn her nose? Let us, however, be thankful that in these days, if not cured of our lunacy, there is at least some measure to our madness in connection with precious stones; that no monarch of a starving people would now offer three millions of crowns for the possession of a useless diamond, as Louis XV. did; and that no living Englishman would so mistake the meaning of loyalty to his queen as to grind a pearl worth L.15,000 into a cup of wine, in order to fitly drink her health, as did Sir Thomas Gresham. This plagiarist from Cleopatra has had many a rival in more modern times. The courtiers of Louis XV. were wont, in their insane extravagance, to pulverise their diamonds. 'A lady having expressed a desire to have the portrait of her canary in a ring, the last Prince de Conti requested she would allow him to give it to her; she accepted, on condition that no precious gems should be set in it. When the ring was brought to her, however, a diamond covered the painting. The lady had the brilliant taken out of the setting, and sent it back to the giver. The prince, determined not to be gainsaid, caused the stone to be ground to dust, which he used to dry the ink of the letter he wrote to her on the subject.'

As to the association of gems with dress, the accounts of past extravagance which Madame de Barrera gives us in this volume are of a nature to make Paterfamilias shudder, inured to crinoline though he be. Nor were the ladies by any means the only spendthrifts. One court suit of King James' 'Sweete Gosseppe,' the Duke of Buckingham, cost no less than L.80,000. Nay, to come quite close to our own times, when Murat took refuge in Corsica after the fall of the empire, although he had in money but 10,000 francs, which he carried in his belt, the band around his hat was worth 90,000; one of his epaulets, 50,000; while he carried about with him two diamonds valued at 200,000 francs. In all ages, in short, and in all countries, this passionate admiration for precious stones has been exceedingly remarkable; and they have been used in Holy Writ itself, for the most solemn comparisons, and to denote the highest degree of perfection—the New Jerusalem, even, being revealed to St John under the figure of an edifice with a wall of jasper, while each of its twelve doors was a single pearl.

In the Talmud, it is asserted that the ark was lit only by precious stones—so that the famous question of 'Where was Noah when his candle went out?' would seem to be to the last degree unauthorised and extravagant. From the same venerable pages we learn that one object in nature is alone to be esteemed of higher value than pearls—namely, a pretty woman. 'On approaching Egypt, Abraham locked Sarah in a chest that none might behold her dangerous beauty. "But when he was come to the place of paying custom, the collector said: 'Pay us the custom.' And he said: 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him: 'Thou carriest clothes,' and he said: 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him: 'Thou carriest gold,' and he answered them: 'I will pay for my gold.' On this they further said to him: 'Surely thou bearest the finest silk;' he replied: 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they: 'Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee,' and he only answered: 'I will pay for pearls.' Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said: 'It cannot be but thou open the box, and let us see what is within.' So they opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the lustre of Sarah's beauty—far exceeding even that of pearls."'

And this pretty story in connection with 'gems and jewels' is the only piece of sentiment or poetry which we remember to have been shed upon the custom-house authorities of any nation.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CO-OPERATION.

In a tract on Co-operation (the first of a series on Social Science, by W. Chambers), it was stated that the Equitable Pioneers' Co-operative Society of Rochdale had, during 1859, done business to the extent of L.104,012, and that the profits realised amounted to L.10,739. From the published Report, which has just reached us, it appears that the business done by the Society in 1860 amounted to L.152,063, and that the profits were L.15,906—within a trifle of £16,000 realised by a body of working-men, simply through a method of supplying themselves with the necessaries of life! These facts are so remarkable that they seem deserving of publicity. At Bury, another Lancashire town, there appears to be a co-operative store concern approximating in success to that of Rochdale. We see, that although it began but five years ago, with only a capital of L.14, the business done by it already reaches L.50,000 per annum. We might expect that, with such examples of marked success, bodies of working-men in all parts of the country would attempt similar co-operative associations. Unfortunately, for some reasons or other, schemes of this kind have often either failed entirely or made poor progress. Such is the case particularly in Scotland. The good common-sense, aptitude for business, and integrity of the Lancashire operatives in carrying out plans of co-operation, cannot be sufficiently applauded.

LIFE-BOATS.

A great effort, as we understand, is in the course of being made to extend the system of life-boats along the shores of the United Kingdom; and as this most praiseworthy object can be effected only by charitable contributions, we beg to commend it to general notice. From a lately published report, it appears that the Royal Life-boat Association (office, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London), expended last year upwards of L.1100 in awards for saving 499 persons from drowning by shipwreck on our coasts.

The number of lives saved by life-boats other means, since the formation of the society been 11,824, for which services 82 gold medals, silver medals, and L.13,000 in cash, have dispensed as rewards; the institution has also pended nearly L.40,000 on life-boat establishm The stories told of the successful efforts made to life by these boats in the case of frightful storm the coasts, are of the most thrilling nature, would form a volume as interesting as anythin romance. After all was done, last year, as n as 1600 persons were drowned along the shore the British islands; and keeping in mind that n of these might have been saved, had life-boats at hand, it should require small persuasion fro to enforce the claims of this most useful Associati

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LITTLE FLORENCE.

Little Florence, fond and free,
Playing by the apple-tree,
Laughing on her mother's knee—

Sunbeams slanting on her hair,
Flowing wreaths of flowrets fair
Dangling from her in the air.

Fast and faster go her feet
Where the grass and sunshine meet:
Joyful Florence!—Life is sweet.

Little Florence, mild and weak,
Trouble looking from her cheek,
Scarcely can she move or speak—

Looks out to the falling rain—
All a mother's cares are vain;
Pillows may not ease her pain.

Gladness has a flitting will—
How came she to taste of ill?
Joy is evanescent still.

Little Florence, weak and worn,
Like a faint star left forlorn,
Trembling on the point of morn.

Angel forms are in the air,
Flitting on the golden stair,
Bearing up a mother's prayer.

Little Florence, cold and dead,
Green grass growing overhead,
Waiting for thy wonted tread—

Lying by the apple-tree—
Sunshine comes to look for thee,
Comes to crown thy wonted glee.

And thy mother leaves her home,
Comes here, where she used to come:
Silent Florence! Death is dumb.

Little Florence, clothed in white,
Looking back upon the night,
Standing in the shadeless light—

Walking up the golden street,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet,
Where the pure and holy meet.

Shadows stood on yonder shore,
Waiting for thee heretofore,
They shall wait for thee no more.

Thou didst pass them o'er the flood,
Left them standing where they stood—
Angel Florence! God is good.

David Raesi

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IDEAS OF MAJOR TRUEFITT ON LOGIC.

a strange thing to say, yet I say it advisedly, elity to logic is the cause of many of those f individuals which least enjoy the appro- Minerva; and the great bulk of mankind are o maintain that even tenor of procedure most satisfactory to the genius of common consequence of their happy insensibility to rements of logic.

ose religion is the true one, are liable to be startled now and then by seeing an esteemed rverted to another, and, of course, a wrong is a clever, sharp-witted man: how comes it? e is a loyal logician. He has probably got data on certain great questions, or has been o give some attention to those which formerly l in his mind. If unable to reason these out he would have been safe; nine-tenths of are so, merely because they do not see the aring of anything they know or might know subject. But, his mind being logical, no l he accept the premises, than he was forced he conclusion, thereby undergoing a change tions. It only then depended on his posses- tain degree of moral courage, that he should corresponding change in his professions; in over to the other church. You say, there re been an error somewhere. Well, possibly , but it would be in the premises—the so d facts, principles, truths, and so forth, on reasoning proceeded. These were probably with little hesitation, or were viewed under light which made all little difficulties dis- The true faith has lost an adherent mainly he cogency of logic in the mind of the per- e more clear and rigorous that power, the sure in exercising it, and the more liability ried away by it from old land-marks and ns. If there be any shade of martyrdom se, it would, with a morally courageous or person, only give a piquancy to the affair, return or repentance more hopeless.

g of martyrdom—there is a great deal of logic th the martyrer and the martyred will gene- ound to be loyal logicians. What can be more le than the propositions of a reformer at the 'If I deny the true faith, I subject myself to infinitely worse than that with which I am atened. By submitting to the latter, I simply hoice of a lesser in contrast to a greater evil. ay, then, with the fagots!' What, on the d, can be more undeniable than the logic of the judge who has condemned the reformer? 'The errors which this man was propagating are attended with endless pain and hopeless destruction to millions; by cutting off his one mortal life just now, we save something more than mortal life to all that indefinite multitude. It is a sad case; but my duty lies straight before me. He must burn!' Here it is evident that both would have been spared the distress of the burning—the one in the active, the other in the neuter sense—if the logical faculty had been a little obscurer. Had there been a failure of logic even on one side—had the reformer seen less distinctly the consequences of his drawing back from the right faith, or the judge the connection between heresy and its remote results—the fire might never have been kindled. In the great controversy between two such men as Calvin and Servetus, it is a tug of logic which we see in the first place. Both are dreadfully clear-seeing men. We have only to own that there is a sort of unfairness as to conclusions, when the one disputant has a fire at his back in which to close the argument: a sort of practical *last word*. In all other particulars, the strictest rules of the science may have been, and probably were, observed.

The abuse of positions of power, in general, is very often connected with a loyal logic. I have no doubt that Robespierre was a strict logician. An old friend of his, living not long ago in Paris, always insisted on his having been a man very amiable in society. The carpenter's family, with whom he lived, had no fault to find with him; on the contrary, liked him. It was merely this: 'Here are a set of aristocrats and traitors threatening to prevent that regeneration of France which is to produce unheard-of happiness to its entire population; shall the few suffer, or the many?' With the matter thus logically put, could a clear-headed man hesitate, even though he might be rather sorry that the business of keeping things right lay with the guillotine? So also of the late king of Naples. I have it on good evidence that he was possessed of some princely qualities: he could occasionally do a kind thing in a very polite way. But—it appearing to him that anarchy and all its miseries necessarily flowed from the principles of the liberals, he felt bound to silence these gentlemen. Their prisons were no doubt unpleasant; but better that a few troublesome advocates and professors should suffer a little inconvenience, than that the whole nation should be damaged. In losing a kingdom, such a man is merely the victim of a syllogism. The whole case of those old-fashioned despotic princes in Eastern Europe against reform of the state, is nothing but a spasm of logic. 'From a constitution there can only flow confusion and general ruin. Severe measures against all the partisans of a constitution are but a duty we owe to society at large. It is but choosing the less of two evils.' And so they go on as long as they can, sternly faithful to a painful logic; till some day—owing perhaps to some external and unforeseen accident—they find themselves nowhere. In all these cases, there might be—probably was, or is—great error in the premises. But, unluckily, the premises are always what is least carefully looked to in these arguments. Anyhow, the premises being accepted, the logical process following was irresistible. The poor monarch felt bound in reason, if not in conscience, to protect his people from the consequences of false political principles. In his subsequent crownless wanderings, he must have some rather bewildered feelings occasionally about the eternal fitness of things.

That very naughty error, which we see so continually operating among the adherents of other faiths than our own, the doing or permitting of a small evil for the sake of a greater good, is wholly traceable to logic. The gentlemen guilty of it see the evil as the minor proposition, and the choice to a syllogistic intellect becomes irresistible. It is on this very principle that the persecutor proceeds when he commits a cruelty on one or a few persons, in order to prevent worse calamities to a greater number. The Benthamian doctrine of the Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number has the same basis. Honest Jeremy calculated that it could not be followed out without injury and suffering to some; but, then, the balance of advantage to the Multitude! He felt, indeed, that there was something not quite commendable in this giving up of even the Few to a harsh fate; but he contrived to hush all misgivings in a confused belief that they were ultimately to be benefited also. It would have been better to commend them to the consolation which Mr Emerson points out in his late work on the *Conduct of Life*. 'When a man is the victim of his fate, has sciatica in his loins and cramp in his mind; a club-foot and a club in his wit; a sour face and a selfish temper; a strut in his gait and a conceit in his affection; or is ground to powder by the vice of his race; he is to rally on his relation to the universe, which his ruin benefits.'

Now and then, a man reputed wise or clever comes out with some strangely absurd action or demonstration, that belies his character, and astounds his friends. Nobody professes to be able to understand it. Some charitably surmise softening of the brain. Others profess to suspect a profound policy for some ultimate object. But, on the whole, mystery prevails. Now, there is generally a very simple explanation to such marvels. The man is merely acting under stress of syllogism. Certain data have pressed themselves on his attention; a peculiar line of duty is presented to him. There is some greater evil to be avoided, or some greater good to be attained. Always there is some balance struck, the major proposition of course carrying the day. Possibly, the data or premises involve some fallacy; but that is the ordinary case. The misfortune is in the logic, and the sensibility to its requirements. Had the man been a dull worker in the gin-horse course of society, he would have been safe. Being able to make a deduction, he falls.

Is not logic, then, a good thing? Would men be in general better without it? Or, if good, how are they to use it safely? It is a good thing, because it is a means of arriving at truth, and men ought, of course, to continue using it; but they ought to use it with understanding. The mischiefs in question have all of them a source apart from logic; it lies, as I have said, in the premises. Men assume something as granted to be right and sound, and draw deductions from that, whereas it is perhaps not right and sound; hence their reasonings can only lead them into error. Or they assume that certain things will necessarily produce good effects, when, perhaps, they are only calculated to result in mischief. Let them look well to their data, and they will seldom come to wrong conclusions. This, you will say, is difficult: it is. But if there be a want of light here, another guide may perhaps be found. We may always be perfectly certain, that if any conclusion involves conduct or even suppositions that go against any of the great behests of our moral nature—if they involve cruelty or any other sort of injustice towards our fellow-creatures—if they propose our acting towards others in any manner in which we ourselves should not like to be treated—they are wrong from the basis, and should be rejected. Even if they only dictate a line of conduct involving some pointed departure from the ordinary courses of society, we may well hesitate to adopt them, as there is always a presumption that the Mass is wiser than the Unit.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XIII.—MONSIEUR DE CRESPIGNY.

THE day after Dick's visit to Acacia House was one of great anxiety to him; partly on account of the expected letter from Miss Backboard, denouncing his conduct towards the terrestrial globe, and partly by reason of the singular secret he had discovered concerning Count Gotsuchakoff, which he did not know whether he ought to disclose to his friend M. de Crespigny or not. He spoiled several excellent heads of hair that morning with his indecisive hands, and in one instance, clipped some portion of a gentleman's ear off, with no better excuse for the misadventure than that his hair and his skin were really so very much of the same colour, that he couldn't tell which was which; a remark which did not by any means reconcile the Fresh-complexioned to his fate.

In the afternoon, the foreign gentlemen began to arrive in their saloon in unusual numbers, and Dick's attendance was required there for the handing of coffee, which it was not their custom to take except when a long sitting was anticipated. There was but little speechifying, and what there was, was carried on in subdued tones, but there was a considerable display of documents with figures on them, which the youth perceived were not statements of accounts, but statistics of armed men. There was to be a rising somewhere, and that upon a very extensive scale, and Herr Singler's brow was weightier with purpose than usual, and the fire in Signor Castigliano's eyes burned fierce and luridly. M. de Crespigny carried on a brisk correspondence with Count Gotsuchakoff, and a score of times the Russian bent forward and held the slip of paper in the gas-flame until it was completely consumed. So deeply interested, indeed, were the whole company in the business on hand that afternoon, that even the presence of Dick was regarded with some little impatience, and the speakers would drop their voices and linger on their words, if he entered the room even for a moment, like men who have that to say which concerns no interloper.

Imagine, therefore, the universal confusion when Dick suddenly burst their door open with a tremendous bang, and rushed into the saloon pursued by the furious barber. Half-a-dozen, at least, started to their feet, and placed their hands in their breast-pockets, as though to draw forth some hidden weapon; two made for the door, and fastened it; one threw up the window, as though about to trust himself to the chance of a twenty-foot fall; while Count Gotsuchakoff, with naked dagger, even flew at the trembling lad as he embraced the knees of M. de Crespigny. That gentleman, however, interposed his arm with a gesture the Russian could not pretend to misinterpret; and rolling up, map-like, the document which lay before him with particular

ess and deliberation, requested Mr Tipsaway
m the company to what fortunate circumstance
re indebted for the honour of his unexpected

ipsaway shook his fist at his apprentice very
and with lips as pallid with fear as they had
moment before with anger, expressed his
on for the intrusion; the foreign gents must
ardon him, he was sure, when he told them
had just received word that one of his best
ers, Miss Backboard, of Acacia House—well
to the first families—had withdrawn her
ge, on account of the infamous conduct of the
reprobate now before them; his righteous
tion had led him to chastise the youth with a
atched hastily from among those on sale in his
op, and the ungrateful boy, instead of kissing
had had the temerity, in escaping from it, to
the present company.

ve the room, sir,' exclaimed M. de Crespigny
; 'we have nothing to do with your Made-
Backboards, and the rest of it.'

rd clung to his protector's knees appealingly.

boy may stay,' added the Frenchman; 'he
ands nothing of what we say.'

were several murmurs from those present,
Russian wrote a few words rapidly down, and
the slip to M. de Crespigny.

ce the poor boy,' replied he, 'and beg this
of you for him for my sake.' To Gotsucha-
wrote: 'Fear not; I will answer for the boy

usiness of the day was therefore resumed, and
ilent at the feet of De Crespigny, the astonished
found himself in possession of the details of a
d insurrection, the importance of which was
even to his uninstructed mind. The sitting did
ak up till a late hour. M. de Crespigny had
behind the rest, to beg off his young favourite
s impending punishment, and was about to
e room for that purpose, when Dick suddenly
he door, and threw himself on his knees.

ak your language, M. de Crespigny, and have
very word, or nearly so, of what has been said
.'

appy boy,' exclaimed the count, seizing his
h a grasp of iron; 'you know not what you
one, nor what penalty you have incurred. I
,' hissed he between his teeth, and with an
ternness in his usually mild eyes—'I tell you
e spoken your own death-doom!'

ve heard you many times before,' returned
quiet unterrified tones, 'and I have never
ed of aught that has been said to anybody.
ve been kind to me, sir, and I would not
your friends for a kingdom.'

, boy, I do believe you; but this matter does
with me; does not affect me only, but thou-
I tell you, since you have heard so much,
st needs die!'

l, determined, grim as severest Fate, and yet
melancholy in his features born of pity and
ess, De Crespigny drew the boy from his
and held him at arm's length.

. you go quietly with me, and be judged by
nexorable, incredulous men, or shall I stab
re? O lies, how bitter is your fruit! O
y, how fatal is the pass to which thou hast
this child! Fool, fool! why not at least have
thine own deceit without making me partaker
What besotted vanity could have consumed

ir, it was no foolish vanity, but gratitude. I
ed my knowledge only for your good, for your
and for that of those you love. I tell you of
only to warn you against another far more
us than I. There is one who hears all your
u do not dream of.'

'Who, boy?—who?' cried De Crespigny in a hoarse whisper. 'Has this barber dared to turn traitor? Are there spies without?'

'No, sir; there are spies within. Count Gotsuchakoff'—— The boy involuntarily stopped, so awful was the expression of the Frenchman's face as Dick pronounced this name; it seemed to become sea-green with rage and hatred. 'Beware what you say, boy,' murmured he with difficulty, so choked was his voice with passion—'beware; your words are bullets—daggers. What of the Russian? What of the deaf and dumb?'

'He is neither deaf nor dumb,' returned Richard solemnly; 'I heard him speak not forty-eight hours ago. He never burns those slips on which you write!'

'You lie, you lie, boy; I have seen him burn them with my own eyes!'

'Not so, sir; he burns other slips instead. I saw him do so thrice this very evening. He keeps the real ones in his pocket-book. If he were searched this moment, you would find them there.'

'Great Heaven! can this be true?' exclaimed De Crespigny. 'The place, the very hour, he holds in our handwriting; the money and arms he knows, to a franc, a musket. The men—O Heaven, and the women, the poor helpless women that this monster has the power to make desolate. Give me the brandy, boy. I can't believe it. For thirty years, a spy and playing mute—for thirty years! Yet some such wretch we must have had amongst us. So many plans betrayed, so many schemes abortive! Once more, good youth, upon your sacred soul, is this the truth? Answer as you would answer at the judgment-seat, *did* this man speak?'

'He did; so help me Heaven!'

M. de Crespigny filled another glass with brandy, and tossed it off; then put his cloak on with deliberation, and passed out of the room. The front-shop was tenantless, but he delayed there to call the barber, and extract from him, not without difficulty, a promise that his apprentice should not be beaten. Then parting, with a polite good-night, and even an uncommon gaiety, the Frenchman left the house.

The next day (Thursday), and the day after that, the foreign gentlemen frequented Mr Tipsaway's as usual, with one single exception, and the confusion of tongues in the smoking-saloon was as great as ever. On the third day, the barber inquired of Herr Singler what had become of Count Gotsuchakoff, to which the German answered that he did not know, and that his friends were getting exceedingly anxious about him. That same evening, as Mr Tipsaway was picking out the plums of the *Dispatch* newspaper, and distributing them, as his custom was, on Saturday nights, to the household in general, he came upon this remarkable paragraph:

'*Mysterious Murder.*—Last night, as the policeman on duty was passing down Blank Street, Poplar—a rather unfrequented part of that neighbourhood—he perceived some person crouching down behind a hoarding, as if for the purpose of concealment. Upon turning his bull's eye upon this object, he found it to be a dead body, and by the dress and complexion, apparently that of a foreigner. Being carried to the police station, and examined, there was found a small wound in the left breast, as if made with a stiletto or other sharp and narrow instrument, which it is the surgeon's opinion could not have been inflicted by the deceased himself. A valuable watch and some money were found upon his person, as well as a pocket-book with various entries in it in the Russian tongue. The body had the appearance of having lain in the position in which it was found for several days. At present, the affair is enveloped in mystery, but the police are actively engaged in its elucidation.'

'Upon my word of honour,' exclaimed Mr Tipsaway, slapping his thigh, 'I'm half inclined to believe that that must be our poor old dummy. At all events, I'll go to Poplar this very night, and set my mind at ease. Frizzle—no, you're a fool, and will be all night about it—Smith, you run out, and get me a cab this instant. Smith, don't you hear? Why, what the deuce is the matter with the boy?—he's all of a quiver.'

'I don't wonder at it,' interposed Mrs Tipsaway: 'the heat of this room is something quite insupportable. If you will just leave him to himself, while I open the window, he'll be right in half a minute, and by the time you have put on your boots.'

'Smith, what do you know about this?' whispered the woman vehemently, as soon as they were left alone. 'There has been some foul-play with this Russian, boy, and you know something of it. I heard you talking to De Crespigny on Wednesday night; ay, that I did. I told you what would come of trying to deceive Martha Tipsaway. I may save you, even yet, you wretched boy,' continued the barber's wife, with a vagueness of patronage that curiosity, however powerful, could scarcely excuse; 'only tell me all you know, from beginning to'——

'*Will* you get me that cab, Smith, or will you not?' roared Mr Tipsaway, reappearing with his great-coat and comforter. 'What *is* the meaning of this conduct, sir? Why are you always fainting, and my wife always engaged in loosening your neckerchief?'

Dick snatched up his cap, and rushed into the street without one word of reply.

The clock hands in the front-shop were then together at the eleventh hour, and Mr Tipsaway calculated that before that hour struck his vehicle would have arrived.

'I believe that that is the stupidest boy we ever had,' exclaimed the barber peevishly, at the expiration of the first ten minutes.

'I don't agree with you,' replied his lady curtly, not lifting her eyes from the *Housekeeper's Best Adviser*, of which recondite volume, however, she had not mastered a single sentence: 'you might thank your stars if you were only one-half as sharp, Mr T.'

'Sharp or not,' observed Mr Tipsaway, maddened by delay—'sharp or not, I'll give him such a supper of black-thorn before he goes to bed this night as he will find rather indigestible, as sure as'——

'As sure as you are a wise man, Mr T.,' interrupted his consort, 'there; you couldn't finish your sentence better than that. And not being a wise man, why, you won't give it him; simply because the lad is never coming back again to give you a chance.'

'Never coming back again!' echoed Mr Tipsaway, sinking into an arm-chair as though overwhelmed by this intelligence; 'why, he's got two tortoise-shell combs in his pocket almost new. I've owed that boy a tanning these five weeks—one day or another—and put it off, and put it off, and put it off, through good nature, and because I thought it best to pay him for all at once, and now—— O lor, if I had *but* known.'

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MYSTERY OF MR JONES.

London by night! What a brilliant and animated vision to those who, knowing nought of its guilt and wretchedness, are whirled from comfortable homes to gorgeous theatres, and mark the ceaseless throng from their carriage windows as though it were itself but a scenic pageant! What a world of gilded vice and gay excitement to those who seek it, purse in hand, and with heated faces carefully averted from its darker side! What a wilderness of woe to those who, houseless and moneyless, pace wearily its splendid streets, without one of its million lights disclosing to them the features of a friend! For such, no loneliness of desert, no solitariness of sailless sea, can make so utter an isolation as that infinite ocean of unknown fellow-creatures. The heart of London throbs indeed, as has been said, but to the poor wanderer in its stony ways in a manner far other than human. Among a thousand faces there is not one that says unto him, 'I pity you;' not one, 'What makes you look so wretched and so wan?' Pleasure is there—real pleasure—with bright eyes and radiant cheeks; and a hideous and unreal Pleasure pursues him with eyes that are spirit-lamps, with cheeks that are painted skin. Wealth is there, in profusion, in superfluity, made hideous by contrast with the abject Poverty that stoops to pick the orange-peel from the kennel. Prudence is there, with many a cardinal virtue, all with suspicious looks and buttoned pockets, and putting their confidence in Order only, who is there also, blue-coated, and with truncheon in hand. But as for Human Sympathy, for any sign of Common Brotherhood to be encountered in six miles of human countenances in London by night—you must apply to the relieving-officer of the district, who undertakes the supply of those articles; and mind, O wanderer, that it *is* his district, and that you do not put off the application until after business hours!

Poor Dick ran on and on for several minutes, only intent upon setting as many streets as possible between himself and the too inquiring Mrs Tipsaway, and accompanied the whole of that distance by the image of Count Gotsuchakoff, as he was found behind the hoarding in Poplar with the stiletto-wound in his left breast. Something had prompted the boy to avoid M. de Crespigny, ever since that Wednesday night when he had revealed to him the treachery of his associate, and now he felt a sort of comfort in that he had done so: it was something that he had not touched that hand, which—— Dick did not dare to finish the thought, but sped on the faster upon his way, as though to leave it and the phantasm which dogged his side behind him. The further he ran, however, the more perceptible and hideous it grew, and it was not till he had entered one of those temples dedicated to the grosser Bacchus, and drank off a glass of gin, that he found out how largely exhaustion and weariness enter into the composition of the impalpable. One bad spirit, in fact, drove out the other; but the new arrival was only too familiar with poor Dick by this time, and agreed with him perfectly well.

Refreshed and strengthened, at least temporarily, the lad inquired of a policeman where he was, and receiving the requisite intelligence, accompanied with a gruff advice to take himself home, availed himself, so far as he was able, of that recommendation. He retraced his steps through the now fast emptying streets—for he had been hitherto running due east—towards Golden Square, a place he had not visited since his emancipation from china, many months ago, and standing in the silent roadway there, contemplated his former home. No such feelings thronged his bosom as are said to affect young gentlemen of property upon revisiting the paternal residences from which they have been absent for a long vacation or so. There was no old and favourite dog to treat him with indifference as a stranger, or—still more objectionably—to tear him where he stood. Neither could he have been compared to some prodigal about to piteously appeal for any husks that might chance to be going in his uncle's establishment, for he had no intention of humbling himself before that relative. Still, as it was almost the only house in mighty London which contained any well-wisher of his, he did look up at it, and particularly at Mrs Trimming's window, with an interest that, at least, he did not entertain for the next door. It was a beautiful starlit night, and he perceived that the housekeeper's blind was down, and the gas-light in her chamber extinguished; the good old lady was evidently gone to bed—respectable white-sheeted bed, about which no dreams of houseless wanderers, with their last twopence spent in gin, were likely to mingle. If he threw up a pebble, it would probably only break the glass, and not her slumber, for Mrs Trimming was that sort of lady who appreciates her supper and sleeps sound.

Hush! who is that who softly opens the *next* window, *his* window—for Uncle Ingram and Adolphus both sleep on the other side of the house—and gazes forth upon the sleeping city and the quiet stars? Their heavenly light slides down upon her golden hair, as though it had been watching for some such resting-place, and bathes in those tremulous eyes wherein stands the dew. It is Dick's angel watching over him, although she knows it not, and suggesting what is right by her mere presence. He will not become a vagabond—thinks he—but for the sweet sake of her will ask shelter, even at such an hour as that, of Mr Mickleham. Her face is leaning on her fair round arms, and she is thinking—perhaps of Dick himself. Why has he never written to her, according to his promise? Why has he not written to his mother? Sister Maggie is in her dinner-dress, and it is not a black one. Thank God for that; at least, then, his mother lives. But why are they two in London?—for he well knows that Maggie and she are not apart—why in Golden Square among his enemies? He longs to know all this; and by a whisper of his sister's name, a motion of his hands, a stepping out into the full light from underneath the shadow of the railings, he might have known it all. But, alas! the black sheep has his pride, his obstinacy, his egotism, as the white sheep has; and Rascality can stand upon its own dignity as ridiculously (if it were not for the pity of it) as Respectability itself.

As it was, Maggie even saw him crouching there—some abject wretch lashed by the bitter night-wind, as she deemed—and disappearing for an instant, she came forth again and stretching out her beautiful white arm and neck, cast out a shimmering something which clanged upon the stones close by him, and then the casement closed, and she retired—her last good deed for that day being done. Dick took the half-crown, and kissing it, put it away in the same pocket that held his other treasures—the lock of hair and handwriting of Miss Mickleham—and creeping off abashed, fled westward towards the home of the old clerk.

The population to which the policemen had before seemed to bear such insignificant proportion were now, in their turn, outnumbered by the guardians of the night, whose sauntering and heavy tread could be distinguished on the pavement—so still the night had grown—from the drunken stagger of the reveller, and the slithering footstep of the wretched women who still haunted the corners of the streets. All sounds were magnified and repeated by the accommodating echoes. If an oath broke forth, it edified ears far distant from those to which it was specially addressed; and if a laugh, it pierced with its shrill mockery unwilling hearers half a street away. Dick heard two verses of a bacchanalian song sung out before he met the solitary singer, who was walking quickly, too, as though he thought half-past one was time to be at home, if not in bed.

'We can't eat any more,
We can't eat any more,
We can't eat any *mo-o-or,*
But we'll have some more to drink.

We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till mor—ning,
And perhaps not even then.'

Dick uttered a cry of delight as the roysterer passed him, for it was no other than Mr Jones. That gentleman, on his part, was not less surprised at the rencontre, although when he was put in possession of the young gentleman's forlorn condition (without, however, the particulars of it, and least of all, with the immediate cause of Dick's departure from the barber's), he was certainly less delighted.

'Well, you must come home with me of course for to-night, Dick; but you must not expect a palace, my good sir. We are spacious when we do get there, but we are a precious long way up. If our apartments give you the idea of having been taken unfurnished, you must not be surprised, Master Richard. We have preferred to wait for the very best things that can be got, rather than to be supplied at once by upholstering mediocrity.' While the young man, wrapped in his loose cloak, thus discoursed sardonically concerning the lodgings whither they were bound, Dick felt, in spite of himself, a shudder creeping over him, as he recognised in the speaker an unmistakable likeness to the popular representations of no other than the Enemy of Mankind. Alas! there was no doubt about it; there were the high shoulders, the mocking eyes, the demoniacal smile that had haunted many a dream of his, and, for all he could see to the contrary, the elongated ears might be touching the roof of that hat, and the tail be wound like a rope around that body. It seemed only of a piece with Mr Jones's Satanic character, that he should appear pleased with the impression that he had evidently produced upon his young friend, and should give expression to a prolonged 'Ha! ha!' (of a demoniac character), which, beginning at the top of the Haymarket, seemed to die away in the neighbourhood of Apsley House.

'You seem tired and out of spirits, my poor Dick,' observed Mr Jones, unlocking a street door; 'but we are at home at last. If Queen Lucidora has not retired to her imperial couch, we will make her give us supper.'

Up and still up they toiled, until they came to the fourth story, which was composed of one enormous chamber, lit by a sky-light, and otherwise rather overprovided with windows, and of another very small apartment without any window at all. They entered the former without knocking, and a rather pretty young woman, who had been sitting by the fire, came forward with a yawn to welcome Mr Jones. Though she was not so *very* pretty, nor he, as has been said, so divinely beautiful, yet Dick, who gazed upon them unobserved by the lady, was instantaneously reminded, by their embrace, of the meeting of Cupid and Psyche. The latter, it is true, was in a yellow dressing-gown, and without her wreath and wings, and the former wore his hat more upon one side than became a deity of such a reputation as the god of Love—but there they were, nevertheless, as Dick had seen them pictured scores of times.

'Lucidora, I have brought a young gentleman, who wants some supper. Mr Richard Arbour, let me introduce you to Mrs Jones.'

The start which that young lady gave at this announcement, before she bounded into the little room to reassume her gown, wiped out the Psyche from Dick's retina, and presented in her stead Diana surprised at her ablutions by Acteon; Mr Jones, too, only wanted the horns to be the counterpart of that ill-fated hunter.

The lad sunk feebly into a chair, quite worn out by fatigue and want of food, and not without a suspicion that his wits were leaving him.

'Here is beer, my lad, and here is bread and cheese,' cried his host, producing those articles from a cupboard: 'they will put a little life into you while supper is getting ready. These herrings are only waiting to be cooked'——

'Those herrings are for *to-morrow*,' observed Lucidora, reappearing from the inner room, in a somewhat more decorated style of dress. 'How *could* you bring the young gentleman here at this time in the morning?'

'Well, I *could* have brought him in a cab, if I had had the money, but as it was, he brought himself, although with difficulty. He's tired to death, and must lodge here for the night at least.'

'Lodge *where?*' inquired the young lady, with a not imperceptible toss of her raven ringlets.

'Rebecca the Jewess, as I live,' thought Dick, 'when defying the Templar Brian de Bois Guilbert!'

'In that corner yonder, and in Cleopatra's galley,' replied Mr Jones sonorously, pointing to a something between a boat and a horse-hair sofa which stood at the extremity of the apartment. 'Pillowed on the leopard-skin of Bacchus, and covered with Hamlet's cloak, and the robe of Cardinal Wolsey when a-dying, he will need not the bed of down, nor the mattress said to be of horse-hair, but which too commonly is stuffed with wool.'

'Now, don't go on so like a ranting play-actor,' returned Lucidora peevishly; 'don't you see that you quite frighten the lad. I wish, young gentleman, we had something better to offer you than cheese.'

'Give him rabbit, the rabbit of Wales,' observed Mr Jones with dignity. 'I think I could even eat a piece of such an animal myself.'

'Toasted cheese, at two in the morning!' exclaimed the hostess; 'why, you will both have the nightmare.'

And in Dick's case that prophecy was certainly fulfilled to the letter.

He woke up, in the galley, from a deadly combat with Mark Antony and the Prince of Darkness, to find his host and hostess at breakfast, and that it was half-past ten o'clock on Sunday morning.

So exhausted was he even after that long rest, that he did not feel equal to conversation, but lay upon his extempore bed with half-shut eyes, taking lazy note of the apartment and its contents. The quantity of light in the room, intercepted only at the side-windows by half-a-dozen very tall chimneys, together with the vast expanse of house-roofs seen from where he lay, gave him the notion of being in a glass-box placed upon the very top of London, and that it was lucky he had his clothes on, for that getting out of bed would have otherwise been a public impropriety. There was a machine like an enormous magic lantern immediately opposite to him, from which depended a vast black curtain. The carpetless floor was strewed with theatrical dresses of all descriptions, and several roughly coloured scenes, as for a dramatic representation, were leaning against the walls. The chair upon which he had thrown his coat overnight he now perceived to be three wooden steps painted to represent the base of a statue; and Mr Jones himself was seated not upon a chair but upon a priestess's tripod. Nothing that he saw, in fact, appeared to be real or natural except the herrings, and those were disappearing from the scene with pantomimic velocity.

'I say, just you leave one for the boy,' remarked Lucidora, as Mr Jones evinced a disposition to attack the final fish. 'Since you mean him to stay here, you must give him enough to eat, although it's my belief he will never pay for his keep.'

'Mrs T.,' responded the other—and 'Why does he call her Mrs T., I wonder?' thought the attentive Dick—'you Women know nothing whatever of business, except its mere decorations—its accessories; you understand the flying buttresses and the capitals well enough, but the walls and the pillars must be left to the great architect Man. What did Sunstroke give you per head for fairies when you were Titania?'

'Just five shillings, and out of that I had to find the gauze and spangles.'

'Which we used afterwards, once or twice, upon other occasions,' remarked the other drily. 'Well, if mere supers fetch a crown apiece, what do you think of Ganymede being carried off by the Eagle? There's a bird-stuffer in Holborn who will lend me one for two-and-six, which will be just the thing. What do you think of Hyacinth with a Dutch cheese in his hand playing at the Discus with Apollo, eh? That young fellow would look uncommonly well upon a—— By the by,' cried Mr Jones, interrupting himself, and turning a little pale, 'it is just within the bounds of possibility that he may not be a novelty in the market after all. Sunstroke is always on the look-out, I know.—Dick, my boy; Dick, I say, are you awake? We want to know whether you have ever been on a slide.'

'On a slide?' ejaculated the boy, sitting up in the galley and rubbing his eyes. 'O yes, I have been on a slide many scores of times.'

'*The* deuce you have,' replied Mr Jones in a tone of disappointment; 'and yet you haven't been in town a twelvemonth, eh? There you see, Lucidora, didn't I tell you how they would jump at such a model as that?'

'I have never been on a slide in town,' replied Dick with simplicity; 'only in winter-time, at Messrs Dot and Carriwun's, there was a pond'——

At this explanation, Lucidora went off into a convulsion of laughter, and performed an act of hysterical applause with her feet; Mr Jones, forgetting he was on a tripod, and not on a chair with a back to it, fell backwards in a fit of frantic delight, and brought his head into sharp contact with the floor; while Dick threw off the tiger-skin railway-rug and the red and black cloaks which served for bed-clothes, and joined in the contagious laugh which he himself had raised. He was about to perform his toilet—which consisted simply of putting on his coat—when Mr Jones pointed to an enormous and highly ornamental metal basin, and made signs—being as yet choked with merriment—that he might, if he had a wish that way, therein wash his face and hands. Thankfully availing himself of this permission, the youth was about to plunge his ruddy countenance into the water for the second time, when he was arrested by a cry of admiration from his host. 'One moment, Dick—just stop as you are one moment. Look at him, Lucidora—do just look at him before he leaps into the flood. Don't you remember the young classical party who, having once beheld himself in the liquid element, could never afterwards be persuaded to admire anybody else? He's Narcissus to the very life, is Dick, and a couple of guineas out of Sunstroke's pocket, if he is a shilling. That'll do, Dick: go it again, and never mind us.'

Dick did 'go it' again, as directed, but not altogether without 'minding.' It was a considerable trial for a youth of his modest disposition to be stopped in his ablutions, and have the attention of a strange lady drawn to his shut eyes and dripping features.

'When you're washed, Dick, and had your breakfast, and if you have nothing else particular to do, I want you to put on a dress that will admirably become you, and to permit me to take your picture with that machine yonder.'

'And what, in the name of wonder, is it?' cried Dick in an agony of curiosity; 'and how is it that I seem to have seen you and Mrs Jones in so many other places and doing so many things. It's very foolish, I know, but somehow or other it strikes me that I was at your wedding.'

Upon this, Dick's host and hostess had another access of delirious joy, lasting several minutes, after which the former took down a couple of stereoscopic slides, and handed them to his young friend. 'You have not only seen our wedding, Dick—at least in many a shop-window—but the christening of our first and only baby. Where's the baby, Lucidora? Why, the poor child is actually standing on its head in the waste-basket! I performed the ceremony myself in full canonicals, which Shadrach would not let me have, by the by, under three-and-six. We also do all the classical *poses plastiques* for Mr Sunstroke. Nay, I *have* done—and a very difficult job it was—the very Fiend himself, as you may have seen.'

'In short,' said Dick, at a loss what name to give to this unexampled calling, 'you are'——

'Photograph*ees*,' replied Mr Jones, pulling up his shirt-collar—'yes, and we flatter ourselves at the head of the profession. We are models for a stereoscopic photographer, and you shall join us, and become a model too.'

DEVIL'S DUST.

Looking at a map of the West Riding, we find a town named Batley, situated in the midst of, and about equidistant from the five great towns of Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Wakefield, and Huddersfield; it is the centre of a district comprising a group of villages, rapidly growing into towns, in which the thing called 'devil's dust' is chiefly made. Dewsbury would perhaps be affronted at being named second to Batley in importance; but those who know best, say that Dewsbury may claim precedence for blankets, but not for dust. Throughout these villages, the atmosphere is bad for the lungs, and the pervading odour, if not exactly 'a very ancient and fish-like smell,' is certainly ancient and old-clothes like. This is the extract of *Shoddy* and of *Mungo*. Let etymologists settle the origin of these names, if they can; the substances themselves are of unmistakable reality. Shoddy is a mass of woolly particles, obtained by tearing or 'deviling' up old worsted stockings, blankets, rugs, and carpets; while mungo is a similar but somewhat better material, obtained by tearing up old woollen garments and tailors' cuttings. The coat of Lord Peerless, the livery of Jeames the footman, the buttoned jacket of Alphonse the page, the carpet of his lady's drawing-room, the worsted stockings of John the gardener—all, when fitted for nothing else, are consigned to the Batley district, where they acquire a new lease of existence, and claim a place among the useful things available to us. And let us not assume that this is a trifling matter; for if Mr Jubb of Batley, who has recently written a pamphlet on this matter, is right in his statistics, there are no less than fifty million pounds of woollen rags now annually worked up in this way in Yorkshire, producing nearly forty million pounds of mungo and shoddy, of the value of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. As the raw material does not cost half of this, we may perhaps safely say that the 'devil's dust' brings half a million annually to Yorkshire in wages and profit.

It was about half a century ago that Yorkshiremen began to conceive the idea of doctoring up old woollen rags, and using them with new wool for the manufacture of cloth. Or the idea may have been formed earlier, but not realised until then. A rag-mill was set up at Batley, to tear the material into fragments; then one at Brighouse, and so on. A machine had long been employed in the metropolis for tearing up woollen rags into *flocks* for saddlery and upholstery purposes; but the rag-wool for the woollen manufacture requires to be more completely disentangled; it is not merely *torn;* it is almost *ground.* The principal part of the rag-wool machine is the *swift,* a frame provided with ten or twelve thousand vicious-looking teeth, and that rotates six or seven hundred times a minute. What would be the fate of Jeames's coat, or Alphonse's jacket, when exposed to the action of such a monster, the reader may readily imagine. One machine will produce four or five packs of shoddy in a day, with two or three hundred pounds in each pack; and then it is that the kicking up the dust takes place—for, enclose the machine how we may, the fibrous particles *will* fly about, and be both dirty and bad-smelling.

Besides our own home-supply of woollen and worsted rags, there is much comes from abroad—not only as rags proper, but also as rag-wool, or shoddy and mungo prepared from the rags in Germany and Denmark. It does not appear that rag-wool is to any great extent worked up into cloth on the continent; rag-mills, however, have been set up there; and the shoddy and mungo, when so far prepared, are shipped off to Hull—the great entrepôt for this, as for so many other articles used by Yorkshire manufacturers. From Hull the packs find their way to Batley and Dewsbury, where they are sold by auction in a very primitive way, and amid much more dirt and discomfort than would be endured in the general or new wool trade. Indeed, Batley has not yet had time to clean itself; nor is it certain that shoddy would allow much opportunity for that virtue which is ranked next to godliness. The rags, shoddy, and mungo pass into the hands of dealers or middlemen, who sort and classify, and sell them to the manufacturers of the neighbourhood. Nay, this trade has even been further subdivided; for there are now rag-dealers and shoddy-dealers; the latter selling their material to those manufacturers who use up shoddy without making it. Rag-sorting has now become quite a skilful handicraft, or rather *eyecraft.* All the qualities, all the colours, are separated quickly and completely; so that the shoddy and mungo grinders are supplied with upwards of twenty different sorts, applicable to an equal number of different purposes. 'Soft rags,' from stockings, blankets, and carpets, are used in the largest quantity, and are made into shoddy for mixing with new wool in the commonest kinds of woollen goods; but rags of good woollen cloth, torn up into mungo, are gradually taking the lead in the market, owing to their applicability to a better class of manufactures. Such rags were, until about the year 1834, used only for flock or for manure; but the shoddy-grinders of Batley, about that time, determined to strike into a new path, and invented mungo from the remains of departed coats and trousers. Mr Jubb makes no attempt to enlighten us as to the meaning or origin of the word *shoddy;* but concerning *mungo,* he asks us to believe this: that one of the dealers in the newly invented material was on a certain occasion endeavouring to effect a sale to a manufacturer; the latter expressed a doubt whether it would 'do,' or 'tell,' or 'go down' with the public; whereupon the dealer declared with emphasis that 'it *mun* go;' that is, must, shall, inevitably will, go.

There is also a third substance, known in the trade as *extract,* employed in grinding up old garments into new. It consists of the woollen portion of such 'mixed' or 'union' goods as are composed of cotton-warp with woollen or worsted weft. Such are now extremely varied, and are becoming more and more commercially important every year. Men's dresses and women's dresses, apparently woven wholly with woollen or worsted threads, contain cotton to an extent little dreamed of by those who wear them. Cotton is cheaper, and is more easily prepared and spun, than wool; and thus there is a great temptation to substitute cotton for some of the wool woven into cloth or stuff-goods in Yorkshire. It is hard to believe that men would think it worth their while to *pick out the woollen threads* from such mixed goods as these, in order to use them again, but such seems to be really the case. The product is this *extract.* The picking is not mechanical, but chemical; for in fact the cotton is dissolved or destroyed by chemical agency, leaving the wool intact. Worn-out carpets, worn-out dresses, cuttings of so-called merino, alpaca, and mohair—all are made to yield 'extract,' if there be any wool in their composition; and this extract, when mixed with new wool, can be woven up into certain textile goods; but not, it is said, so successfully as veritable shoddy and mungo. Shoddy looks down upon extract; mungo looks down upon shoddy; new wool looks down upon mungo—and so the world goes round.

The reader may possibly have been speculating on the question, whether shoddy or mungo is ever made up into cloth without the intervention of any new wool. So far as we can gather, such is not the case. These substances have in part lost their *felting* property—that peculiar tendency of wool fibres to entwine around and lock into each other, on which the thickness, closeness, and strength of woollen cloth so remarkably depend. The newly-made cloth would fall to pieces rather too soon, unless comforted and encouraged by a little new wool. How much this little shall be, is a question between the manufacturer and the dealer. Shall it be 80 per cent. of shoddy, and 20 of wool; or 20 of shoddy and 80 of wool; or 50 of each? It all depends upon the price. New wool is, of course, dearer than mungo or shoddy; and if a tailor makes up a coat of very cheap cloth, the wearer of the coat must not be shocked to learn that it comprises a large percentage of fibres which once belonged to another man's coat—nay, to his own last year's coat, it may be. We might almost moralise on the metempsychosis of wool, the transfer of soul from one coat to another. Nothing, so long as it has substantial existence, is really and permanently useless. The woollen rags, whether the organic remains of departed coats or gowns, blankets or carpets, stockings or comforters, have all the seams and irregular portions carefully cut away from them, in order that the better pieces may with less interruption be torn and ground up into mungo and shoddy. But the odds and ends thus left are not wasted. Some are allowed to rot, and are then used as a valuable manure for hop-grounds; some are made into flock, for bedding and stuffing; and some are sold to the manufacturing chemists, as a source whence prussiate of potash may be obtained. Shoddy dust, too—perhaps the real original 'devil's dust'—which is shaken out while the rags are being converted into mungo and shoddy, and then into cloth, is sold as manure. And when, as is sometimes the case, the shoddy dust of one colour can be kept separate from others, it is sold to paper-stainers, as a material for producing what are called flock paper-hangings. Paper-makers have been long wistfully looking at woollen rags, to see whether these could usefully supplement the more costly and somewhat scarce linen rags; but even if this should never be the case, we find that mungo, shoddy, extract, prussiate of potash, flock-stuffing, flock paper-hangings, and hop-manure, all rise up to protest against woollen rags being regarded as contemptible nothings.

In the towns and villages already named, some of the mills are engaged in tearing up woollen rags into mungo and shoddy; but the greater number are cloth-mills, in which rag-wool and new wool are spun and woven up together into cloth, or into carpets and druggets, or blankets and wrappers. As to these woven goods, their variety is legion, and their names are fanciful. For instance, *flushings* are heavy, coarse, blue or drab goods, largely bought for her Majesty's navy, and for garments to be worn by working-men; *druggets* are mixed unraised cloths, frequently plaided, more suitable by their coarseness as coverings for carpets than as a material for garments; *paddings* are unraised piece-dyed cloths, mostly red and crimson, used chiefly for stuffing and stiffening coat-collars, and for making cheap table-covers; *duffels* are stout, well-raised, and soft-finished cloth, often dyed drab, and warm and useful in wear; *friezes*, chiefly made for the Irish market—and sometimes for the English market as veritable genuine Irish friezes—are heavy, sound, and unraised goods, generally dyed of certain colours, which are popular in Ireland, and which seem to be somewhat clannish in their localisation; *witneys*, very varied in style and colour, and sometimes 'marbled' and 'clouded' in a fanciful way, are in favour for ladies' mantles and men's overcoats; while *mohairs* and *alpacas*, if really deserving those names, are goods commanding rather a high price, but that they can be and are made in a manner with which mungo has something to do, if 'made to sell,' like certain razors of great celebrity. Then, again, as to *tweeds*, which are believed to be made in Scotland, and esteemed capital cloths for summer-garments, we are told that the cheap 'tourists' suits' of the last summer or two have smelled suspiciously of shoddy and mungo, and are to be traced back no further north than Yorkshire. *Cheviots*, too (it is a shame to rob Scotland in this way!), are now largely made in these shoddy districts—some plaided, some down-striped, some cross-striped, some diagonal—for tourists' suits. *Petershams* we are to recognise as a cloth for overcoats, friezed or napped with little knobs or curls; while *strouds* are poor but showy cloths, used chiefly by the Hudson's Bay Company in barter with the Indians of the fur-countries. *Savelist*, or *save-list*, so named because the list or edging is preserved, is a poor blue or scarlet cloth, with white or blue-gray list, which finds a market among various semi-civilised nations in America and Asia. *Army* cloths, middling or bad, according to the price paid (they seldom deserve a better name than 'middling'), are very largely made here: the poor fellows outside Sebastopol had full reason to know that much mungo and shoddy lead to sponginess and fragility; but we are mending our ways now, and army cloth is better than in those days. There is a blue kind called *Turkey cloth*, made in this district, so very poor in quality that, though a yard and a half wide, it is sold for two shillings a yard: if the Sultan Abd-el-Medjid's soldiers are clothed in this, Heaven help them! Those double-faced, hypocritical kinds of cloth called *reversibles* are really very strong; they present different textures and different colours on the two surfaces, and are made in great variety as to shade, style, quality, and finish. The weaving is peculiar, for, in fact, two cloths are woven into one, and the substance is thus thick and solid. *Moscows* and *presidents* are two leading kinds of these reversibles. *Linings* are brightly coloured cloths, mostly plaid in pattern, and used for lining coats and cloaks. *Bearskins* and *deerskins* are—what shall we deem them?—base deceivers? No: when everything else is called by its right name, then will we quarrel with these designations for particular kinds of cloth; and, after all, as these cloth bearskins and deerskins really do keep men and women warm in cold weather, we will not be angry if a little shoddy and mungo finds its way into the cheaper varieties. *Velvets*, too, are not really velvet; they are woollen cloths, so shorn and trimmed as to present a velvet-looking material for coats and mantles. *Union* cloths, *prison* cloths, *convict* cloths, and *asylum* cloths tell their own tale; they are mostly neutral in tint, and must not be scanned too closely as to quality. *Coloured blankets*, as coatings and coverlets for Indian fur-hunters and negro slaves in America, are specimens of the power of Batley and Dewsbury to make low-priced goods for certain markets. But of all the articles in the shoddy manufacture, *pilots*, as they are called, take the lead. They are now made to an immense extent, as a material for very thick coats and jackets, to be worn by sailors and other persons much exposed to the weather. They are of various colours, but most frequently blue, and make the nearest approach to the finish of good cloth that the materials will permit. It is really surprising how neat an appearance is given to a cloth saleable perhaps at three or four shillings a yard; and how great the ingenuity shewn in weaving that which has no wool of any kind in the warp, and very little *new* wool in the weft.

All the articles in the above formidable list are shoddy cloths—or rather, they *may* be shoddy cloths. It depends upon the price. If the price won't pay for all wool, then make it of wool and cotton; if the wool cannot be all *new* wool at the price, then wool and mungo; if not even this can be afforded, then wool and shoddy; and even if it be wool and shoddy, there may be a 'rivulet' of the former to an 'ocean' of the latter.

Let us not run away with the idea that there is anything disreputable or unfair in all this. To apply to the utmost possible use all the substances around us, is one of the marks of advancing civilisation. There is no harm, moral or commercial, in mixing shoddy and mungo with new wool in making cloth. The harm begins when men sell the finished commodity for what it is not. Even if they do this, however, they are sure to be found out in the end; and shoddy cloth settles down in the market for what it really is—a low-priced useful substitute for more expensive cloth made wholly of new wool. Mr Jubb, who is very candid in his exposition of the manufacture, insists upon it that the system is rather praiseworthy than otherwise. 'Let not the world suppose,' he says, 'that shoddy is execrable rubbish, which it is almost felonious to use in the fabrication of cloth. Nor let it entertain the idea that shoddy goods (so called) are not composed largely of sheep's wool as well as shoddy. These fabrics contain certain proportions of each material, according to the quality of the goods. The wool used is in an ascending ratio with the value of the cloth, so that the mungo used in the best goods runs almost to *nil;* even a small proportion of mungo, used with fine wool, sensibly reduces the cost of the cloth so composed, which for all practical purposes is equally serviceable as if made of all wool.'

IMPRISONED IN BURMAH.

Forty years ago, the Burmese empire was an unexplored region, and its port of Rangoon the only town where even the Nation of Shopkeepers could do any business. Two missions from the Bengal government had indeed been sent to the court of Ava, but their experience and representations of native ignorance, insult, and caprice were not of a nature to tempt the commercial traveller. One Mr Henry Gouger, however, a young civilian in India, of three-and-twenty, entertained the idea that Amerapoorah—if one could but get there—would be as glad to have British cottons as any more civilised place, nor was he intimidated by the grim suggestion of his friends, that the Burmese might indeed be glad to *have* cottons, but not to pay for them—the little that was known for certain of this outlandish nation being, that it was lying, shifty, and addicted to the repudiation of pecuniary claims. Mr Gouger arrived safely at Rangoon, with presents for the king and his court, and a few thousand pounds' worth of British goods. One-tenth, however, of every article he brought with him was at once exacted as import duty; and the captain was directed to send in the ship's rudder, so that his vessel might be placed entirely in the power of the authorities. The duties were levied in kind, so that the royal custom-house had rather the air of a marine store; and when the number of pieces of cloth were not divisible by ten, a piece was torn asunder. As boats were not to be hired, Mr Gouger bought a couple of canoes to carry himself and cargo up the Irrawaddi to the seat of government. The river is easily navigable, nor did he meet with much obstruction from the authorities of the towns on his way, the circumstance of his carrying presents for the king protecting him. The mosquitoes, however, were almost insupportable, and it was injudicious to sit in the stern of a light canoe, since it was thereby depressed low enough to admit of your being taken out of it by the alligators. During the six weeks occupied by this transit, the assiduous Mr Gouger made himself master of the Burmese language. He found Amerapoorah in a state of transition, because the king had taken it into his head to move the court to Ava, which ancient city, being in ruins, had to be rebuilt for his royal accommodation. The Burmese monarchs are prone to these gigantic 'flittings,' with each of which the population of half a city is reduced to beggary; but the nobles fill their pockets by the corrupt distribution of building-sites, and the frequent litigation to which the removals give rise—for the principle of justice is quite unknown in Burmah, nor can the simplest right be exercised without the help of a bribe. The king received Mr Gouger very graciously, and allowed him to dispense with the native attitude of sitting on one half of his body only; but the queen, though equally civil, did not make the same allowance for European prejudices. 'Her majesty condescended to present me, as a mark of her especial favour, with a pawn from her own box. It was a leaf enclosing a combination of substances at which my stomach revolted—areca-nut, tobacco, terra japonica, lime, and spices, and I know not what besides. What was I to do? I could not chew all this nastiness to a pulp, as was evidently required of me, so with great deliberation I put it into my waistcoat-pocket. A burst of laughter followed from the young ladies behind, at what they supposed to be my ignorance; another peal, when I told them I should keep it for ever as a mark of her majesty's distinguished favour. The present of a pawn in its crude state is not much amiss, but the exhibition of it in a different shape quite sickened me. Her majesty, after some chewing of one of these delicacies, took it from her mouth, and handed it over to a pretty girl behind her, who, esteeming herself highly honoured by the gift—*horribile dictu!*—popped the nasty morsel into her mouth, and completed its mastication.'

Mr Gouger concluded from this, that the king and queen of Burmah were a very good-natured, though rather a vulgar couple; but a naturalised Englishman—whom, to his extreme astonishment, he found at the court, and whose history is a romance in itself—undeceived him upon this point. Yadza—for that was the nearest approach of which the Burmese tongue admitted to the gentleman's real name, which was Rodgers—had been in youth in the East India Company's service, but having had a difficulty with his ship's mate, and, indeed, having left him for dead after a tremendous beating, had fled to Burmah, where he had remained ever since—that is to say, for forty years. 'Do not trust, sir,' said he, 'to these condescending manners of his majesty. He gives way to sudden bursts of passion, when for a little while he is like a raging madman, and no one dares to approach him. I was once present at a full durbar, where all the officers of government then at the capital were assembled. The king was seated on a gilded chair, as you have seen him, to all appearance in his usual good temper, when something was said by one present which irritated him. His majesty rose quickly from his chair, and disappeared at a door opening to a private apartment behind the throne. The council looked all aghast, not knowing what to think of it, but when he re-appeared armed with a long spear, the panic was universal. *Sauve qui peut.* We made a simultaneous rush to the wide flight of steps leading to the palace-yard, like a herd of deer before a savage tiger; down the stairs we went pell-mell, tumbling over each other in our haste to escape, without respect to rank or station. His majesty made a furious rush at us, chased the flying crowd to the head of the flight of stairs, and then, quite forgetting in his frenzy who was the delinquent, launched his spear in the midst of us at a venture. It passed my cheek, and stuck in the shoulder of an unfortunate man on the step before me, without doing him any very serious injury. The only man who remained in the council hall was the old Sakkya Woongee, who could not escape because of his infirmity, however much he might have wished it. He had the cunning to crawl up to a huge marble image of Guatama, always erected in the hall, ready to receive his majesty's devotions, pretending to offer up prayers for the averting of the king's wrath.'

Mr Gouger had not to wait long before he was himself a witness to the 'tantrums' into which the sovereign could put himself on occasion, and indeed very often when there was no occasion for them. 'The new palace was now far advanced towards completion. It was indeed a remarkably beautiful building. The tallest of the teak-trees of his forests had been hewn and carved into pillars, long elegant vistas of which, richly gilded, already marked its noble proportions. The tall spire, consisting of a number of roofs tapering one above the other, in the well-known Chinese style, had just been crowned by the golden *tee*, or umbrella, regarded as the glory of the palace, the use of it being confined to the royal residence and to sacred edifices. This spire is erected over the hall of audience, and the sacred tee, on its pinnacle, with its hoop of sonorous bells, is placed as nearly as possible over the throne itself. The architect who planned the palace stood deservedly high in his master's favour, for it was admired by every one as a perfect specimen of good taste. The king was so much pleased with it, that he often amused himself by going to inspect the progress of the works. On one of these excursions, the town was visited by a terrific thunder-storm, the sacred tee was struck by the lightning, the massive iron stanchions supporting it bent nearly to a right angle, and the ill-fated umbrella of course reversed. It was indeed a melancholy spectacle to behold the fragments of this beautiful pinnacle, suspended at an immense height, a mark for all the fury of the storm. But the tempest was nothing in comparison with that which raged in the breast of the tyrant, when he beheld his glory blown to shreds, and an omen of evil brought upon his throne. As he could not vent his fury on the elements, he turned it on the able but ill-fated architect. I did not see him at the moment, but was told his rage was like frantic insanity. The poor man was hunted up, and dragged to the place of execution, the tyrant ejaculating at intervals: "Is he dead? Is he dead?" as if grudging a prolonged existence, even of a few minutes.'

This king, in his savage and unreasonable humours, which had often a sort of grim absurdity about them, that nobody but the victims could help laughing at, was nothing so much as an ill-conditioned and cruel school-bully. A band of adroit jugglers, who had crossed from Madras on speculation to exhibit their feats in the royal presence, had been so highly successful, that his majesty, by way of rewarding merit, had forbidden their departure; and the poor wretches had been already at the court two years, without a prospect of release, on a splendid allowance of a basket of rice to each person monthly.

'The old king, grandfather of the present one, was by turns a bigot and a heretic; at one time slaying his subjects, because they were not orthodox Buddhists; at another, unfrocking their priests and confiscating their monasteries with as little remorse as our own "bluff King Hal," his subjects also following the lead with equal obsequiousness. At one period, when the heretical mood was in the ascendant, his majesty was troubled in mind while in search of the true religion, which he had the sagacity to see that Buddhism was *not*.

'Once launched on the ocean of speculation, the currents drifted the uneasy monarch hither and thither, until at last they set him on the shoal of Mohammedanism. His majesty hit upon a very curious method of taking the soundings of this faith, in order to ascertain whether there was good holding-ground at the bottom. He was told that they abhorred pork, and would not eat it. "Very right too," said his majesty; "your Sheen Gautama tried to eat it, and you know it killed him." "True, your majesty," was the reply; "but our religion does not prevent our following his example, if we like, whereas with them it is a matter of their faith—they would die rather than pollute themselves with it." The cunning thought now passed through the monarch's mind, that if they would rather die than taste a bit of pork, there must be some virtue at the root of their faith. "We will try."

'Now, there were many Mohammedans residing in Ava, some of them foreigners, others native-born subjects of the king. Of these he commanded several of the most considerable to assemble at his palace, where, to their consternation, the flesh of the hated animal was placed ready cooked before them, and they were commanded, without further ceremony, to fall-to at once. What a study for Lavater! What a subject for Leech! I feel it is wrong to make tyranny, in its most detestable form, an occasion for amusement; but who can control the imagination in such a case? Who does not picture to himself the countenance of a solemn moulvie, with his hand on his flowing beard, cursing the savoury sparerib, as, with a retching, sea-sick stomach, he gapes to receive the unholy morsel? The look of despair—the ill-concealed rage—the mutual, recognising glances of the chief actors, as much as to say: "We are all in the same boat—don't tell of me, and I won't tell of you!" The scene must have been unique of its kind.'

The then monarch of Burmah was himself addicted to astrological rather than to religious speculation. When eclipses of the sun were expected, it was the custom of this singular court, that the Cassay Brahmins, of whom there were many residing in Amerapoorah, should notify the same to the king. 'Whether these predictions were given from calculations made by themselves, or whether they acquired their knowledge elsewhere, I forget, but the time at which the eclipse was to take place was always presented from some source or other. These Brahmins, from the influence they had acquired over the king's mind by their proficiency in his favourite study, had become objects of general envy, and it broke out fiercely at this time, the malcontents taking their stand incautiously on very slippery ground. They aspired to a short-lived victory by denying the correctness of their opponents' prediction. Many of the chief courtiers joined the cabal from mere hatred to the Brahmins, without the slightest knowledge of the question, or dread of the consequences. The cunning old king maintained a vexatious silence until the chief men about his court were committed to one side or the other; then, when he had drawn a sufficient number into his net, he threatened to punish the losing party, whichever it might be, for attempting to deceive him.

'A pool of water lay invitingly near, and perhaps suggested the thought. "The Brahmins, or their accusers, shall stand up to the neck in that pond," said the king; then turning to Mr Rodgers: "What do you say, Yadza? Are the Brahmins right or wrong?" "Now," said Mr Rodgers, "if I had only had the wisdom to say that I was an unlearned man, and knew nothing of these matters, all would have been right; but, fired with the ambition of being thought a learned man, I replied: 'I have not made the calculation, your majesty.' 'Oh! then you can calculate eclipses?' 'Yes, your majesty, after a fashion.' 'Then go home instantly, and let me know what you say to-morrow.'

'"I went home, not to study the deep things of Newton, you may be sure, but a book of far greater value to my weak comprehension, the *Bengal Almanac*, a copy of which had been sent me for that year. All I had to do was the school-boy task of correcting for the longitude, and as bold as brass I gave the result to his majesty. The heads of many a man of rank, and of many an ill-starred astronomer, did I behold, waving as thick as lilies, on the surface of that pond! But I had acquired a character that taxed all my ingenuity to support, and from that time, as long as the old fox lived, I took especial care, with the fear of the horse-pond ever present, never to be without a copy of the *Bengal Annual Almanac.*"'

The life of a courtier, which every man must lead who would get on in Burmah, was always hazardous, and the court itself by no means attractive. The very harem of the king was composed of anything but beauties, and gave Mr Gouger, at first, a bad idea of the royal taste. He soon found, however, that the ladies were chosen for political reasons, as their very name of 'Governors' Daughters' indeed implied. When any nobleman is made ruler of a province, and especially if it be a distant one, his nearest female relative is taken to the palace, as hostage for his fidelity. For a considerable time, the indefatigable Mr Gouger—making the most satisfactory bargains, and inaugurating, as he flattered himself, a most magnificent mercantile system—retained the royal favour, and was hand-and-glove with the aristocracy generally. Once only he got into trouble about killing a sheep—for which offence, since the Burmese are forbidden to eat any meat but carrion, a poor peasant was soon afterwards 'quartered alive, as he had quartered the animal'—but even this was got over by judicious bribery, and he subsequently obtained his mutton as in England, Prince Tharawudi, the heir-apparent, becoming accessory after the fact, and daily sharer in the forbidden delicacy. Nay, he was even permitted to make a voyage to Calcutta, whence he brought back with him a greyhound for the king—a good service, which placed him more fully in the royal sunshine than ever. But the dark days of this too enterprising trader were drawing near!

No sooner did the war break out with England, than the feelings of the monarch altered towards him, and those of the court of course participated in the change. Mr Gouger was seized upon as a British spy, and upon the still graver suspicion of being the brother-in-law of the Honourable East Indian Company. The Burmese statesmen were seriously of opinion that the H. E. I. C. had married Mr Gouger's sister. On these charges, he was hurried into captivity, exchanging his sumptuous fare and scarlet finery (for he wore a complete harlequin suit of Stuart tartan silk, by the gracious command of his majesty) for the unimaginable horrors of the *Let-ma-yoon toung*, or Death-prison, its name, being literally interpreted, signifying 'Hand! shrink not,' from the revolting cruelties practised within its walls. 'Although it was between four and five o'clock on a bright sunny afternoon, the rays of light only penetrated through the chinks and cracks of the walls sufficiently to disclose the utter wretchedness of all within. Some time elapsed before I could clearly distinguish the objects by which I was surrounded. As my eyes gradually adapted themselves to the dim light, I ascertained it to be a room about forty feet long by thirty feet wide, the floor and sides made of strong teak-wood planks, the former being raised two feet from the earth on posts, which, according to the usual style of Burmese architecture, ran through the body of the building, and supported the tiled roof as well as the rafters for the floor and the planking of the walls. The height of the walls from the floor was five or six feet, but the roof being a sloping one, the centre might be double that height. It had no window or aperture to admit light or air except a closely woven bamboo wicket used as a door, and this was always kept closed. Fortunately, the builders had not expended much labour on the walls, the planks of which here and there were not very closely united, affording through the chinks the only ventilation the apartment possessed, if we except a hole near the roof, where, either by accident or design, nearly a foot in length of decayed plank had been torn off. This formed a safety-valve for the escape of foul air to a certain extent; and, but for this fortuitous circumstance, it is difficult to see how life could have been long sustained. . . . Before me, stretched on the floor, lay forty or fifty hapless wretches, whose crimes or misfortunes had brought them into this place of torment. They were all nearly naked, and the half-famished features and skeleton frames of many of them too plainly told the story of their protracted sufferings. Very few were without chains, and some had one or both feet in the stocks besides. A sight of such squalid wretchedness can hardly be imagined. Silence seemed to be the order of the day; perhaps the poor creatures were so engrossed with their own misery, that they hardly cared to make many remarks on the intrusion of so unusual an inmate as myself. The prison had never been washed, nor even swept, since it was built. So I was told, and have no doubt it was true, for, besides the ocular proof from its present condition, it is certain no attempt was made to cleanse it during my subsequent tenancy of many months. This gave a kind of fixedness or permanency to the fetid odours, until the very floors and walls were saturated with them, and joined in emitting the pest. Putrid remains of castaway animal and vegetable stuff, which needed no broom to make it *move on*—the stale fumes from thousands of tobacco-pipes—the scattered ejections of the pulp and liquid from their everlasting betel, and other nameless abominations, still more disgusting, which strewed the floor—and if to this be added the exudation from the bodies of a crowd of never-washed convicts, encouraged by the thermometer at 100 degrees, in a den almost without ventilation—is it possible to say what it *smelt* like?' The furniture of this den consisted of rows of great wooden stocks, which, like huge alligators, opened and shut their jaws with a loud snap upon the arrival of each victim; and of a long bamboo, suspended from the roof by a rope at each end, and worked by pulleys, to raise or depress it at pleasure. At night, the 'father,' or chief of the jailers—who had all the ring-mark branded on each cheek, which distinguishes the Burmese executioners—caused this bamboo to be passed between the legs of each individual, 'and when it had threaded our number, seven in all, a man at each end hoisted it up by the blocks to a height which allowed our shoulders to rest on the ground, while our feet depended from the iron rings of the fetters. The adjustment of the height was left to the judgment of our kind-hearted parent, who stood by to see that it was not high enough to endanger life, nor low enough to exempt from pain.' The other six who were Mr Gouger's companions on the bamboo were the following: Mr Laird, a Scotchman, recently kidnapped at Rangoon; the unhappy Rodgers, whose naturalisation and long residence in the country could not shield him from the royal fury; Dr Judson, and Dr Price, two American missionaries, who were confounded with the British by the ungeographical Burmese; and two Hindu servants of Mr Gouger. All conversation, even moanings themselves, died away among this wretched community, when three o'clock was proclaimed each afternoon by the palace gong. A deathlike silence prevailed. 'It seemed as though even breathing were suspended under the control of a panic terror, too deep for expression, which pervaded every bosom. We did not long remain in ignorance of the cause. If any of the prisoners were to suffer death that day, the hour of three was that at which they were taken out for execution. The very manner of it was the acme of cold-blooded cruelty. The hour was scarcely told by the gong, when the wicket opened, and the hideous figure of a spotted man appeared, who, without uttering a word, walked straight to his victim, now for the first time probably made acquainted with his doom. As many of these unfortunate people knew no more than ourselves the fate that awaited them, this mystery was terrible and agonising; each one fearing, up to the last moment, that the stride of the

Spot might be directed his way. When the culprit disappeared with his conductor, and the prison-door closed behind them, those who remained began again to breathe more freely; for another day, at least, their lives were safe.'

Scarcely anything in the whole range of literature is more graphic and interesting than the account of this imprisonment; nothing in fiction approaches it for outlandish barbarity, but at the same time for philosophical, almost cheerful resignation. Heavily ironed, witness to the tortures and death of others daily, and expecting them daily for himself; with no chance of rescue; deprived of everything he possessed, and dependent solely upon a certain benevolent Mohammedan baker for his escape from positive starvation—the fate of many of his fellow-prisoners, from whom the jailers had filched the royal allowance appointed for them, and who had therefore nothing to look to but the donations of the charitable; filthy, naked, and, on one occasion, actually *chained to a leper*, did Mr Gouger contrive for more than a year to retain not only existence, but even hope. He had been permitted, by favour of the jailer's pretty daughter, to occupy for a time—in company with a legion of rats—a separate cell, where dysentery at length completely prostrated him, and brought him to death's door. Death, indeed, was written in his face, when one of the ringed-face men came in and carried him back again to the stifling inner prison. 'What could this mean?' thought he. 'I concluded that at last the government had made the distinction between my guilt and that of my companions, and that I had to die a felon's death. They must be quick, however, or the last Enemy would snatch the prey from their grasp.

'Again I was wrong. I did not owe it to this; nor is it likely that any human being could guess the true reason. I did not myself learn it until some time after. It was this: if a prisoner dies within *the walls of the prison*, his funeral obsequies are performed at the expense of the government. His body is rolled up in a mat, slung on a bamboo, and deposited in the adjoining grave-yard. If he dies *within the cells*, his corpse is disposed of in a similar manner, the only difference being that in the one case the cost of the mat is paid by the government, in the other it falls on the keepers. These men, judging from appearance that I might die that night, had an eye to saving the expense of the mat—a few pence at most—probably none at all, as an old one serves for the purpose.'

Neither Mr Gouger, however, nor any of his European fellow-sufferers, were destined to die within the walls of the Let-ma-yoon. 'On the 2d of May, our party, now eight in number, again found itself assembled around the memorable granite block. What a ghastly group! The matted hair, the hollow eye, the feeble gait, the emaciated frame, the filthy tattered rags—objects such as the sun surely never before shone upon! Around us the Spotted men gathered for the last time. Thank God! I never cast my eye upon one of their detestable ringed cheeks after this day. They were now armed with spears, and each held in his hand a long piece of cord. Our irons were knocked off—for the first time for eleven months I found my limbs free. The sensation was ridiculous. At first, I could hardly stand—the equilibrium of the body seemed destroyed by the removal of the fetters I had so long worn on my ankles, weighing full fourteen pounds—the head was too heavy for the feet. This only lasted a short time, and I enjoyed the first stretch of my legs. We were now tied in couples by the waist, one at each end of the rope; a pahquet, with a spear, holding the rein, just as children are seen to drive each other in their sports. Off we went, we knew not whither bound, but conjectured, by the manner of the men and their weapons, we were going to the place of execution.'

Instead of this, they were all driven away to another jail in the country, the condition of which would have made a prison inspector weep, but which was an Eden bower compared to their recent place of durance. Here, too, they would all have starved but for the faithful baker, who ran the six miles from Amerapoorah daily, bringing his loaves with him. The reason of their removal was unknown to the poor wretches; they only guessed that it boded them no good, since they had incurred the resentment of Pacahm-woon, the new Burmese generalissimo against the British, by whose orders the change had been effected. When the sluices were opened to irrigate the rice-fields about their somewhat elevated dwelling, it was inundated by vermin and reptiles of all kinds who wished to escape death by drowning, and each of the prisoners was allowed a stick to defend himself. A tally was kept of the number killed of these unwelcome guests, and of the cobra da capello alone it amounted to thirteen!

One day an enormous cage was wheeled into the enclosure, and placed under their apartment. This contained a huge lioness, who was not to have any food given to her for the present. As day after day she grew more ravenous, and they heard her every roar and even her terrible breathings, but too well surmising that they themselves were doomed at last to be her prey, it is no wonder that the mind of one of them nearly lost its balance. But the poor lioness died—starved to death—after all, and one of the prisoners, fever-stricken, gladly removed into her deserted tenement. The Pacahm-woon had decided that the white prisoners, instead of being devoured, should be buried alive at the head of his army, for luck; and this would certainly have come to pass, but that that hero himself fell under the displeasure of his sovereign, and was happily trodden to death by elephants.

Eventually, the success of the British arms compelled the surrender of Mr Gouger and his companions from the Burmese government; and, as in the conclusion of a nursery-tale, they all lived happy ever afterwards, and the good baker got rewarded. Was ever nursery-tale stranger than this true history? Did ever man in a book pass through greater perils and sufferings than this man really did, who is now alive to tell us of them? In his extreme modesty, Mr Gouger apologises for having published this narrative, on account of his never having followed literary pursuits, and of the circumstances described having taken place so long ago. Setting aside, however, the intense interest of the adventures themselves, the book needs no excuse of any kind. Its style is as easy as that of *Robinson Crusoe*, while its reflections have something of the same simplicity and guilelessness; and as for the staleness of the subject, there is but too present a parallel now offered to it in the treatment of our unhappy fellow-countrymen in China. The Chinese, however, cannot urge the plea of brutal ignorance which might be used in the case of the Burmese of forty years ago. 'Some of the natives who had fled from the war, and were thrown into the same prison, gave us marvellous accounts of the skill and prowess of the English troops, exaggerated by their own superstitious fancies. They firmly believed in our using enchantments. One of these convicts affirmed, that even our missiles were charmed before they were fired off, and knew what they had to do. He was standing, he said, near his *Tsek-kai*, an officer of rank, when a huge ball of iron came singing "Tsek, tsek," which he distinctly heard in its flight, when, true to its mission, it burst upon the very man it was calling out for, the unfortunate *Tsek-kai!* Those who have seen shell-practice, know the peculiar hissing noise made by the fuse in its course through the air, and can enter into the mistake of the wonder-stricken soldier. Our surgical operations, too, had come to his knowledge, but, with the ignorance of a savage, he concluded our surgeons amputated injured limbs only o repair and fit them on again. He could not coneive any other motive for cutting them off.'

There is one lesson we may all learn from Mr Gouger's volume,* and of which we have most of us not a little need—not to bewail ourselves about small calamities, when such sufferings as these sometimes befall our ellow-creatures. 'When I look back,' says he, 'on the almost unexampled sufferings of those two months, how light and insignificant do all the ordinary troubles of life appear! When such arise, I have only to reflect, and be thankful.'

RAILWAY CHANCES.

In common with my peripatetic brethren, doubtless, t had often been my lot to arrive at a railway station too late for one train, and too early for its successor. Under these melancholy circumstances, to kill time' during certain long hours and fractions of hours, became to me a problem of the utmost importance. As I paced the unsympathetic stones of that modern *Salle des Pas Perdus*, the station, the railway placards assumed to my eyes an importance commensurate with the four-inch characters in which they were printed. I studied them, of course, in common with many fellow-sufferers; and I believe that, should a competitive examination ever take place with reference to Thorley's Food for Cattle, Elkington's Electro-plate, Rimmel's perfect Substitute for Silver, and the London Crystal Palace as an advertising medium, I should gain an incredible number of points, and pass triumphantly into the service of my country. But there was one cabalistic notification which attracted an undue proportion of my spare time to itself, perhaps the more easily on account of its glaring size. While Joseph Thorley, in seeking to benefit the supposed tenants of my pastures, pigsties, and stables, was content with a modest four-inch set of Roman capitals; while Elkington addressed me in Gothic Runes, and Rimmel in a flourishing copperplate text, like a prize writing-master—this tremendous notice bade me, in etters half a foot long, 'Beware of Pickpockets!' Why should I beware of pickpockets in particular? Surely, I used to think, there are other shoals and hidden rocks in life equally to be eschewed with pickpockets. Why does not the benevolent sage who penned yonder legend, bid me beware of plausible speculators, of bubble-companies, of make-believe vaccination, of cheap guns, Brummagem jewellery, unseaworthy ships, or the *oidium* in potatoes? Why pickpockets? Barringtons and Three-fingered Jacks are bad things, no doubt; but so are pirates and highwaymen, fires and shipwrecks, which I am not advised to guard against. Why pickpockets? And I looked around me, and eyed my fellow-captives, moodily pacing like myself, with suspicious scrutiny, and then looked up again at the glaring black and white bill, and saw that it was even of a more alarming nature than I had feared at first. 'Beware of Pickpockets, Male and Female'—thus it ran, in Brobdingnagian characters. Worse and worse! Not only was I thus authoritatively commanded to mistrust my brother-men, yawning like myself in the waiting-rooms, or stamping, like myself, their miserable boot-heels up and down the windy platform, but I was not even to repose confidence in that fair and gentle sex who share our joys, alleviate our sorrows, and smooth our path through existence. Gracious goodness! Male and female! Must those gentle beings, too, like our rougher and ruder selves, be encountered with the averted eye of suspicion, and the buttoned-up pocket of precaution? That dear old lady, for instance, so motherly and comfortable of aspect, with the satin gown, the glossy curls—just perhaps a *leetle* too smooth to be of her own growing—the gold watch, warm cloak, and fat pug held in silken durance; has *she* any design upon my portemonnaie, my guard-chain, my pencil-case, or my other portable jewellery? And those delightful young creatures—sisters—who look so well in their pretty hats, and plumes, and jackets, and neat little Balmoral boots—those fair young maidens, so sprightly and innocent, to all appearance—would they, too, pick my pocket? Male and female! Must I shun my species?

It took some little time and reflection to change the current of these truly unwelcome ideas. After all, pickpockets were oftener spoken of than suffered from. They were myths as far as my own experience went. Nobody ever clandestinely annexed the contents of *my* pocket; and as far as I was personally concerned, I had as much call to believe in the existence of griffins or wyverns as of the swell-mob. After a good many years of knocking about this world of ours, I had come to the conclusion that mankind were not exactly rascals, after all. I had found a great deal of good, even in very slippery people; and for every instance of roguery or oppression, I could remember a hundred cases which shewed that love, and charity, and justice, and mercy had not *quite* taken flight with Astræa from this terrestrial planet. So calling this to mind, and being heartily ashamed of my original mistrust, I not very logically went into the opposite extreme, and regarded pickpockets and their like as creations of the poetic fancy. To be sure, I saw ugly stories in the police-reports, and queer newspaper paragraphs respecting those who had travelled by rail in quest of a golden fleece—Jasons with a return-ticket—and had been shorn on the iron-way; but I skimmed these over lightly. Few of us realise the truth of newspaper reports, or deem that the 'Frightful Occurrences,' or 'Awkward Adventures,' could ever have ourselves for their heroes.

I will briefly relate what made me change my mind with respect to that same incredulity.

One morning, at an early hour for so raw and misty a day, I had been for some time briskly trudging along the planking of the Euston Square platform, and from time to time throwing a glance at my old friends, the railway advertisements, as I awaited the making ready of the 9 A.M. train for the North. I was bound for the Highlands. I had a long journey before me, and had started early, lest, through any unusual 'lock' in the streets, I should be delayed, and only dash up in time to hear the words: 'Just too late, sir. Two minutes sooner, and you'd 'a done it!'

As matters stood, I was in excellent time. The energetic station-master, who waves us off, flag in hand, as if he were our standard-bearer, and we a forlorn-hope departing to death or glory, had not yet become visible. The porters were wheeling up fabulous barrow-loads of boxes and gun-cases, and twirling 'points,' and 'shunting' carriages out of sidings, and 'switching' vans into sidings, and oiling axles, and hanging 'Liverpool,' 'Aberdeen,' or 'Carlisle,' in wood upon the several compartments. It was very cold for summer; the news-boys were blue about the nose and fingers, the guard's voluminous whiskers were frosty, and the present writer excessively chilly. There was nobody in the first-class carriage next to the engine—in fact, there was but a thin sprinkling of passengers at all, that rainy autumn morning—so I stepped in, and wrapping my rug round my knees, composed myself to my snug corner and damp copy of the *Times*, with a pleasing certainty of not being disturbed. Nobody, I have noticed, looks very invitingly at those who seek to share the solitude of a railway-carriage of which he is the only occupant; nor did I fail to cast a malevolent glance at a somewhat clerical-looking person, dressed like a magpie, all in black and white, who sauntered along the platform once or twice, eyed me rather keenly through the window, and then proceeded to step into my compartment. Well, he had a right to come in if he liked—there was room for six passengers, and I had no cause of complaint; but of course I felt somewhat intruded upon, as we all do in such cases. The clerical gentleman was hardly seated, before a stout man of agricultural aspect bustled up, and got in—agricultural aspect, at least, if an agriculturist may be conjectured to be addicted, off the stage, to a green coat and brass buttons, red waistcoat, frieze overcoat, bird's-eye 'choker,' white hat, and a most butcherly pair of top-boots. Immediately after this theatrical-looking farmer—who, by the way, carried a thick ash stick—arrived a little hook-nosed old fellow, with restless black eyes, grizzled whiskers, smart neck-scarf, profuse jewellery, and unsoaped gloveless paws, glittering all over with rings. The last comer was evidently of Caucasian origin, and brought with him a fine odour of mingled hair-oil and stale cigars, as well as a glossy little portmanteau. It had never been trusted into the hands of guard or porter, never labelled, ticketed, and stowed away, that treacherous, shining little portmanteau. These three gentlemen did not look at each other at all; they were strangers—of course; but I noticed that the guard looked very hard at *them*, when he came round to inspect the tickets. I thought he was going to say something to me, but he merely growled in his beard, and passed on. The station-master waved his flag, the engine squealed assent, and off went the north express, tearing like a meteor through the country. We were past Primrose Hill.

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* *A Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah.* By Henry Gouger. Murray, London.

'Ahem, sir; a fine day,' said the clerical gentleman blandly. It was scarcely a fine day, for the thin rain was lashing the window-panes; but the clergyman was probably an optimist—most good men since Dr Pangloss are. I answered with civil briefness, and there was a pause. 'Nice weather for the crops,' remarked the farmer, with a very uncalled-for expletive, which I afterwards fancied he thought needful for the full rendering of his character; rural individuals always swear before the foot-lights. I bowed in answer, and continued the perusal of my leading article. 'Dull work this travelling; shad dull work,' observed in his turn the Jewish passenger, stretching his arms and yawning. I had always heard that gaping was contagious, and so it appeared; for the clerical gentleman instantly yawned too, though mildly, and the bucolic traveller yawned vehemently, as became their respective stations in life. There was another pause, the train racing furiously northwards. 'Hany news particular, sir?' inquired the Jew, who seemed the orator in chief. I read him out a telegram from Naples, which, however, did not appear to interest him much. Perhaps his attention was chiefly confined to domestic politics. A longer pause succeeded. 'Dull work travellin',' repeated the Hebrew at last, and then a triangular yawn pervaded the carriage as before. 'Couldn't no one, nohow, do nuffin to loighten o' the toime like?' boldly demanded the farmer, with a bigger expletive than before, for which the clergyman should have reproved him.

'A very shensible idea, to be sure,' said the Jew; 'and if shentlemen have no objection, we might play a little game or sho.' The farmer took up the ball.

'Cards ye mean, I suppose; and a good notion too, to kill toime like. Eh, gents all?'

'I should not object myself, in a quiet way, and for small stakes, of course,' replied the clergyman graciously, 'but one obstacle exists—I am afraid we have no cards.'

It happened, by a wonderful coincidence, that the Jewish gentleman *had* some cards with him. They were in the little glossy portmanteau; and he had them out in a moment, and began to shuffle them rapidly through his unsoaped fingers. 'Take a hand, sir?' was his general invitation. The farmer and clergyman were ready. I looked quietly at the man, and said: 'Thank you, no.'

'O hang it, don't be a muff!' growled the man of turnips; 'that is—beg pardon, I'm sure—don't be unneighbourloike.'

'For the sake of harmless recreation!' hinted the parson.

'Shixpence a point won't break you, I shuppose,' tittered the Jew satirically.

At this point I extinguished the trio by calling their attention, politely, to a notice posted inside the carriage, and having reference to 'pickpockets and card-sharpers.' The clergyman—the most astute of the three—gave up the scheme at once, for self and partners; and repressed the wrath of the stout farmer, who was rather disposed to bully. 'Card-sharpers! Who does he call card-sharpers?' growled the yeoman, fingering his ash stick.

'That's enough,' observed the clergyman, in quite a new tone, and with an entirely different aspect.

After this, the Jew produced from his invaluable valise some fine rings and watches, a box of cigars—'shmuggled, my dear'—and a nugget of virgin gold; which last the worthy Hebrew had brought, he affirmed, from Bendigo diggings, the prize of his own pickaxe; and which was for sale, like the rings, watches, and contraband regalias, on terms equally remunerative to the lucky buyer and ruinous to the seller. I declined to accept any of these commercial sacrifices, and the hook-nosed man gave me up. Of course, after this, I had but a sulky assemblage of fellow-voyagers, and anything but friendly were the glances with which Jew and yeoman regarded me. But their chief, the mock ecclesiastic, who really *looked* the character he had assumed, was not rude or demonstratively hostile. On the contrary, when the train slackened speed on nearing Tring, and the smouldering anger of the farmer exploded into a defiant: '*Who* does he call card-sharpers, then? *What* does the genilman mean by card-sharpers, then?' the clergyman silenced him by a still more emphatic 'That's enough;' and the other was subdued. At Tring they all got out, there to await the up-train for London, and to look out, doubtless, for fellow-passengers of a more malleable nature and metal more attractive. I saw no more of them.

They were very transparent knaves, after all, and their poor, stale attempts at roguery were anything but formidable to what Falstaff called 'a man of this world.' But all of us are not, and cannot be, men of the world. Some of us are just on the threshold of active life, and have a boy's trustfulness, a boy's love of novelty, and a boy's wish, above all, to be considered manly. Then there are credulous travellers, timid travellers, travellers of a character easily led, travellers who can be cajoled, or bullied, or sneered into playing or bargaining with such birds of prey as those I encountered. Very young men, especially, are not unfrequently devoid of the necessary firmness, sensitive to ridicule, averse to offend, and not fond of saying 'No' to a proposal of their elders. There are also silly travellers—sheep only too easily shorn. Over all these the law very properly extends her ægis; but law cannot have an eye upon the tenants of every railway-carriage. She can only punish when offences are duly proven, and not one tithe of such cases of plunder on the rail ever find their way to the police-courts and papers. The sufferers are nervous, credulous, or ashamed of their own folly; and not desirous to be pilloried in print, with names and addresses in full, while the court titters, the magistrate advises more prudence in future, and the reporter heads his paragraph with the old adage about 'fools and their money.' No—they lose, and wince, and go home; and their spoilers chuckle and thrive, till the day of retribution comes, and Nemesis in the shape of a detective, claims his guilty victims. The Companies do their best, by placards and bills, to warn the thoughtless against such designs; and the guards are always prompt in their interference, when some sensible passenger complains of annoyance from the gang. But the public are their own best protectors, and it is to the spirit and moral courage of travellers themselves that we have to look for the breaking up of the organised system I have here depicted.

TEETH.

An elderly gentleman once observed: 'I wonder why my whiskers grow gray before my hair.' 'Don't you know?' replied a rude fellow. 'It is because you work your jaws more than your brain.' The remark was more wise than witty, though it was both; for, after all, what are more worked than jaws? Do not eating and talking divide the result of many people's lives? Are not our words our spiritual judges? Are not our bodies prepared food? Somebody—Abernethy, I suppose—says that all our diseases come from fretting or stuffing. Now, as the fretting is often more outward than inward, it wears the jaw as well as the heart; and as to stuffing, the members don't complain of the stomach, but the stomach and the members make common cause against the jaw.

This, to the million, means Teeth.

Teeth are the great blessings, curses, and characteristics of humanity. A year or two ago, there was a capital picture in the Royal Academy, the title of which was, 'Toothache in the Middle Ages.' A monk was sitting on a bench, on which he had laid his untasted meal—and no wonder. Eat, sir! He was past the howling stage; the skin of his cheek was tight and stiff; you could read, in the anguish of his eyes, the red-hot throbs which stabbed his jaw; he had tied it up, and was nursing it withal, dolefully in his hand. The picture was truly catholic. Yes, at all ages, to all men, there has been, at one time or another of their lives, strong common sympathy—Sardanapalus might feel for a lazar, Aristides the Just for Sir John Dean Paul—when he had a toothache.

Is not the progress of the teeth a sign? Whether they be coming or going, whether at the first or last end of life, in the day or the night nursery—do they not supply the liveliest illustrations of our changing moods? Does not impatience *bite* her lips? Does not rage make men grind their teeth, and desperation set, and condemnation gnash them? Does not the dog shew his before he bites? Does not cold make them chatter in men, and excitement in monkeys? By the way, I 'm afraid to think how much of the difference between these two animals rests upon the conformation of their respective teeth. I remember hearing a lecture by Professor Owen, in which he explained the dental distinction between his audience and apes. I really forget what it was. People clapped their hands, and friends nodded triumphantly to one another, as much as to say, 'Now the great man has settled the question;' but it was, I thought, a wonderfully close shave.

Do you know, Reader—my stumps all stir themselves as I write!—do you know that there are three hundred and forty-one dentists in London?—professed dentists, besides all those who belong to the medical profession, and draw teeth incidentally—three hundred and forty-one, which, according to recent regulations at the War-office, is only a few short of a battalion. Allowing a month's holiday, you might have a new London dentist every day for a year, and even then leave some out: all principals, too, and no assistants, but men with smiling confidence, supple wrists, immaculate linen—don't you always notice the shirt-front of your tormentor?—and easy-chairs. Oh, that half hour of anticipation in the waiting-room, when you turn over medical books, and look at the prints and pictures on the walls, and feel a sort of savage sympathy for each victim as he is carried away from the flock and swallowed up in the inner den, where you may sometimes hear him shriek, but whence you never see him return! The outer door shuts after a quarter of an hour—those were his remains going out!

Then your own summons—— But why recall the vision of that ghastly chamber? Only, I must say that I think the process to be gone through before you have a single tooth replaced, is more extensive than need be. Why should he have the model of your whole jaw? I see him now, making at me with a little shovel full of warm wax—I hope it is new for the occasion, but it looks rather mottled—a little shovel, with a pat of wax about the shape and size of a penny bun, with a mouthful bitten out.

'Impossible! my good sir!'

But he pops it in, and squeezes it against the palate with such choking adherence that every gustatory nerve goes into fits. We must forgive his consternation, when the subtle judge of sauce and wine finds himself suddenly encountered by a pound of soft second-hand candlewax.

I really think some other preparatory plan might be devised. Couldn't they do it by photography? or under chloroform? or, better still, with something nice? As it is, hours must pass after the operation before you can get rid of the peculiar cosmetic taste it leaves—something like that you might expect if you dined with the Lord Mayor of Greenland, and sat between a tallow-chandler and a soap-merchant. Three hundred and forty-one dentists in the London Post-office Directory alone, besides those more or less instructed about teeth, discoverable in the same volume—namely, one thousand eight hundred and ninety surgeons!

Just consider what an amount of caries, inarticulation, toothache, and ill-humour this represents. The preponderance of the profession is measured by comparing it with another—take hairdressers. You want your hair cut whether you be well or ill—for every tooth drawn or replaced you have your hair cut scores of times: for every dentist there ought to be fifty of the others, but there are barely three.

It is true that much, probably most of the dentists' work, is to supply, not to withdraw. Take up the *Times*, and climb a ladder of dentists' advertisements: the extraction of teeth bears a small proportion to their replacement. The operation is so graphically attractive, so painless, so ingenious, that I wonder people don't have it done for pleasure. It would seem to be a luxurious gratification. Those who go to be shampooed, and have their joints cracked, will presently have all their teeth drawn and put in again, once a week—say on a Saturday, when they are tired.

Seriously, however, the improvements in dental mechanism are perhaps the most appreciable signs of modern surgical progress that we possess. Comparatively few enjoy the latest discoveries in cutting off legs and the like, while almost all are worried about their teeth, at one time or another; but now 'sans teeth' will be no sign of age to those who can afford to buy a new set. Health, comfort, appearance are alike improved. It is no small matter to be able to procure a useful ornament and a wholesome luxury at one purchase. The demand for teeth is rapidly increasing. Immense numbers are made of a mineral compound. One wholesale dentist I know of employs more than ninety persons in manufacturing either them or things pertaining to them. The daily tale of teeth there produced is more than a thousand. Teeth made of this material, however, are liable to break, under some circumstances. Having myself twice smashed some mineral grinders, my dentist said, looking at the fracture: 'Ah, I see; you must have some hippopotamus teeth!' Retaining a vivid recollection of the effect when that gentleman in the tank at the Zoological Gardens looks out of the water, and smiles, I said, 'Ah!' rather dubiously. But he was right. Many teeth are supplied by the hippopotamus: mine are excellent. I am given to understand that those which have done service already in some native human skull are less used than they were; but one would think they must be the best, after all, if it were not for the idea of imperfect cannibalism which they suggest.

One great objection to the present operations in dental surgery is their expense—at least where teeth have to be replaced. Young dentists, who want practice, are happy to draw teeth *in formâ pauperis*. By an inverse application of the law, 'you must not look a gift-horse in the mouth,' the unhappy gratis patient who has had a molar broken off short halfway in the process of abstraction, may be expected, if not to thank his executioner, at least to abstain from a personal assault. You may get your teeth *drawn*, every one, for next to nothing, if not for nothing itself; but when gaps in the series have to be filled up, it is quite another thing. At present, gold is required. Thus, the poor man cannot avail himself of the advance in dental mechanism. Lately, however, a new material has been discovered, called vulcanite—a preparation of india-rubber, which is so successful as probably to supersede gold. At present, it is expensive, but before long, must necessarily afford much cheaper relief than the material now employed. It is very possible, however, to replace, for all practical purposes, very considerable chasms in the grinders with gutta-percha; and the best of it is, if the dentists will permit me to say so, that it is capable of application by the patient himself. Front-teeth cannot be thus replaced; but suppose a man has lost two or three of his back ones, and cannot afford to have them supplied by a dentist, I would advise him to act thus: Let him take a lump of gutta-percha (white is the best, because it is sweeter than the brown) about as big as a walnut. Warm it thoroughly in boiling water till it is as soft as putty; then, putting it into his mouth, let him bite it well into the gap, and keep his teeth closed till the gutta-percha cools; this will oblige him to shut his mouth for two or three minutes; then let him open it carefully, and take the lump out: he has only to trim it down with his penknife, and he will be fitted with an excellent substitute for regular artificial teeth, which will serve him well for years. This is no theory, but a proved fact; and I can only account for its not being more generally known and realised, by its interference with the regular business of the profession. Forgive, dear reader, my entering into details; but the presence of jagged stumps rather assists this operation than otherwise, for they steady the gutta-percha superstructure. Already this material is recognised as capable of a popular self-application in the matter of stopping teeth, for it is sold in small lumps about the size used for this purpose. The white, I repeat, is the best and purest; though cheap, it is much dearer than the dark material used for piping and the soles of shoes.

Eventually, however, I have no doubt but that the new stuff, vulcanite, will enable the poor man to recover so necessary an assistance to health as teeth are admitted to be. I remember the time when lucifers were a great curiosity. Once, distinctly, I recollect, when I was a little boy, seeing a gentleman, who was inquisitive about the latest discoveries in science, take two or three lucifers out of a case. After his shewing and explaining them, it appeared that at the end of each match there was a small glass tube filled with some phosphoric compound, which on being crushed, produced a flame. This process was effected by nipping the end with a pair of pliers, carried in the pocket for the purpose. Altogether, it was a novel but very circuitous business, and seemed little likely to supersede the old tinder-box and brimstone-match. Its chief drawback, however, was its expense. I forget what this gentleman said he had given for the matches he exhibited, but now you can get two boxes for a half-penny.

Probably, before very long, dental hospitals will be able to afford relief to the poor by means of the material lately discovered, and replace, at a cheap rate, those necessary stones of the mill through which our food must be passed before it can replenish the wasting fabric of our frames.

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.

Bedford has no peculiar industry. I asked a gentleman whom I casually met: 'What was the staple of the town?' and he answered: 'Education.' The bequest of an alderman of London, in the reign of Edward VI., of thirteen acres of land in the parish of St Andrews, Holborn, now produces an annual income of L.12,500; and the charity having come under parliamentary regulation, supports a Grammar School, a Commercial School, a Preparatory English School, a National School, a Girls' School, and an Infant School. Bedford Grammar School furnishes the highest education to its free scholars and boarders; and families come to Bedford from all parts to qualify themselves as residents for its advantages. Thus education is the great staple here. But the other schools, where pupils are not qualified by classical instruction to obtain university exhibitions, fit a very large juvenile population for the duties of life in a manner which is evident in the demeanour of the inhabitants of Bedford. No stranger can ask a question of man, woman, or child, without feeling that he is in the midst of an intelligent population, very remarkable for their alertness and courtesy, as compared with the industrial classes of most provincial towns. Sir William Harpur's bequest, 'for the instruction of the children of the town of Bedford in grammar and good-manners,' has very visible results.—*Companion to the Almanac.*

THE MISSEL-THRUSH IN FEBRUARY.

There is a bird, a handsome speckled bird,
Who fills our naked woods with early song;
While yet from trees the wintry drip is heard,
Of mists condensed, that move the vale along;
Poised high upon some patriarchal tree,
Full in the sun's pale yellow rays of spring,
When silver dust the rime spreads on the lea,
He lustily his morning-song doth sing,
First note of love that wakes the infant year.
The sleeping buds grow purple with delight;
And swelling, like his warbling throat, appear
To woo with him the beams of warmth and light.
As some full-chested herald who proclaims
The advent of the noble and the fair,
He doth announce the earth's returning claims
To admiration and renewèd care.
Ah! happy time, full promised time of hope,
Melodious breaking of the dawn of love,
When eyes upon mysterious beauties ope,
That yet the seasons' circle have to prove;
How fair and fleeting are the joys of earth;
How close is spring to winter's cold decay;
How small and mean, with little sign of worth,
The bud that holds the gayest flower of day!

Charles Ede.

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POKING THE FIRE.

NOTHING can be more irritating than the feeble, incomplete way in which some people poke their fires. I cannot bear to look at them. But I don't know which is worse, the indecisive 'potter,' or the ignorant, inartistic 'smash' which batters down the pregnant covering of caked coal into a black confusion, letting the precious materials of a blaze escape unignited up the chimney.

To stir a fire *perfectly*, requires the touch of a sculptor, the eye of an architect, and the wrist of a dentist. I never saw it done thoroughly well above a dozen times in my life; and though there are approximations, more or less distant, within the reach of ordinary men, do not suppose that the process is a simple one, capable of being performed in a single operation.

There is the tap, when the fire has eaten into the heart of a big, upper boulder-coal, and its opening chinks require but a slight shock to part, and let the imprisoned flame spring forth. There is the lift, when the poker acts as a lever to the crust, and lets the rich loosened fragments drop into the red-hot cavern. There is the stir universal, when the mass has been left too long, and requires a thorough mixing. There is the ventilating poke, when the roof of the fabric has fallen heavily in, and the struggling flame has hardly power enough to overcome the incumbent mass. In this case, the poker must be moved slowly, and left for a minute between the bars after the movement has been made. In contrast to all this is the procedure of the fairer part of creation—the *varium et mutabile*—as epitomised in the noted definition of an Irish archbishop: 'woman, a creature who does not reason, and who *pokes the fire from the top*.' A truth, no doubt, but a partial one; for, reader, have you not seen male animals also commit this fearful outrage on the lares of the hearth?

Then there are side-pokes, and indeed many varieties of treatment adapted to the state of the patient: for a fire is a living friend, though a capricious one, and must be managed with respect and affection. A friend, ay! Does he not glance a bright welcome when you enter your room of a morning? Is he not glad and merry when you come home? Does he not wink at you out of the window, when you mount the doorstep? Is he not quiet and considerate in your study or sick-chamber? If you are dreamy, and sit with feet on fender, does he not sympathise with you, building fairy grottos, and peopling them with fantastic shapes, to suit and soothe your mood? A friend! I should think so. He is kind even when you turn your back upon him. But I grieve to see the unfeeling way he is often treated after months of closest intimacy. You have sat by his side; you have talked with him by the hour together; you have held your hands over him, as if you blessed him; you have looked into his heart through all the dull dead winter, and found it ever warm; and then, when fickle, gaudy summer comes, and the sun peers into the room, catching the fire's eye with an insulting stare, is it to be wondered at if he sometimes slips out in the sulks? You should have humoured him a little—drawn down the blind, and not left him alone to eat his heart up in neglect.

Putting on coals, too, is a delicate process. A good healthy fire does not much mind a heavy meal, but a dyspeptic requires to be fed with caution. The surest way, though a slow one, is to take up a lump at a time, in the tongs, and build a loose cairn above the feeble blaze. How quickly the flames search the black interstices, and change the dead mass into a pyramid of life! It is marvellous how soon a coy spark may be thus coaxed into a steady unequivocal fire. Coals ought not to be very big, but about the size of potatoes—the smaller ones choke and stunt the natural progress of the flame.

I do not wonder at the freedom of the grate being made a test of friendship. You cannot trust an acquaintance to touch your fire. It is not only impertinent, but often unfeeling in him to attempt it. A hearth is a sacred place. Nothing accounts more easily for the absence of domesticity among many foreigners, than their want of open grates. That can hardly be a home which is warmed by an invisible fire in the bowels of a great dead-looking stove. It is not worth protecting. Who would die fighting for an Arnott? No, no—the successive and contradictory advertisements of patent stoves, assure me that the Briton has not yet accommodated himself to so unconstitutional a machine. He cannot find any to suit him, and I humbly trust he never will. Wood-fires are better than stoves; they can be poked—indeed, properly managed, they emit an excellent warmth, and crackle well.

But about the right way of burning logs. Piling them up is simple enough, and a right genial hearty act it is; but many miss the power of a wood-fire by having the ashes frequently cleared away. Leave them there—let them accumulate for a week; then, if you will, keep them within bounds; but let there be always a mound or bed on which the log may lie. They warm a room well; indeed, they never go quite out, though they look white and cold by early daylight. Some time ago, when staying at Rome, the frost was very sharp, and we had large wood-fires. Dominico, our man, never cleared the ashes away.

The first thing in the morning, he used to stick a number of canes into the ash-heap, and, lo! in a few minutes there was a bright blaze. All the associations, too, of a wood-fire are pleasant: there is the riving of logs with wedges—work for the brain of a mathematician, as well as exercise for his body; there is the picking up of odd bits of sticks in the plantation, saying, 'There, that will do for the fire,' and then coming in and feeding it yourself. There is a prosperous look about a woodstack, and well-stored basket of sawn billets in the corner of the room. These materials, indeed, are more pleasing than the best double-screened Wallsend. There is nothing hearty in the appearance of a coal-hole.

I cannot bear polished fire-irons. Polished grates may sometimes add to the effect of a well-built, well-kept fire, but the ends of the tools should be black. Never stuff up the grate with ornaments; hang something in front, if you will, but have the fire always laid. Then, on a wet, chilly, July evening, you can indulge the sudden hunger for a blaze, by the aid of a lucifer, at once. But the poker itself—what an apt, multifarious piece of furniture! Not only has it a normal sphere and use of its own, for which, by the way, it should not be made too blunt at the point, but it is a test of physical power and manual dexterity. Such and such a man, we hear, can break a poker on his arm, or bend it round his neck. In this there is not only the appeal to common experience, for who—what Englishman at least—is ignorant of a poker? but a pleasant vision of the feat. We behold the fire round which the athletes sit, over their wine; we hear the conversation stray to deeds of prowess; we see the ready means of illustration present on the spot—the extemporised performance. Then, too, what a ready weapon of offence or defence is supplied in the poker! What more handy? It is a national instrument—the British poker. When the Yorkshire jury acquitted the man who knocked down his wife with it, giving in their verdict, 'Sarved her right!' depend upon it, he would have been hanged if he had done it with the tongs. I wonder whether he was the man who quarrelled with his spouse about the right way of stirring the fire. They had been separated on this account by mutual consent; their friends, however, having brought them together again, they began talking, as they sat by their hearth, on the first evening after their reconciliation, about the folly of falling out on so small a matter, when the lady said: 'Foolish, indeed, my dear, especially as *I* was right all the time!'

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

Few home-staying Britons are aware, that they possess in North America a territory amounting to nearly a ninth part of the land-surface of the globe, permeated by the finest system of natural water-communication that exists; or that in Canada, one of the provinces of this great region, and the seat of a new immigrant population of only three millions, there is a system of canals equally unexampled, with one railway twelve hundred miles long, besides about eight hundred miles of other railways, being, in all, equal to a fourth part of the whole railway communication of wealthy and busy England herself. So rapid, indeed, has been the progress of Canada, that when an Englishman happens to visit her shores, he is usually in no small degree surprised by what meets his gaze. He sees with equal wonder and gratification such goodly cities as Montreal and Toronto. He finds justice housed in halls far exceeding those of Westminster both as to space and elegance. He finds learning cultivated with dignity as well as diligence in superb and liberally endowed colleges, of which that of Toronto is an especially noble example. He finds also in that city the central office of a most efficient system of juvenile education, on non-sectarian principles, which makes him sigh to think that no such institution can yet be realised at home; and if he mingles in society in these remote regions, he discovers that the elegances, the culture, and the enjoyments to which he may have been accustomed at home, are not wanting.

Foremost among the wonders of Canada must be reckoned the great public work the name of which stands at the head of this paper. There have been many *eighth* wonders of the world, but none, it may deliberately be said, at all comparable to this. Spanning the St Lawrence at Montreal, the Victoria Bridge forms a necessary part of the main line of railway communication by which the produce of the interior is brought to the ports of the Atlantic. The *need* was readily to be seen and admitted; if there was to be a railway communication at all—and the frozen state of the water-communications for half the year made this sufficiently desirable—then a viaduct over that grand river became clearly indispensable. But the St Lawrence is a rapid stream, twenty feet deep, and above a mile in width, whose channel becomes so choked with ice in winter, as to seem to make engineering works impossible. To contemplate such an undertaking required a scope and hardihood of imagination beyond all parallel. Nevertheless, the idea was formed by a citizen of Montreal so long ago as 1846,* and in December 1859 the first train passed over the actual structure.

The writer has seldom been so impressed by any outward thing, as by the first sight he obtained of this bridge from the hill behind Montreal, in October 1860. He visited and inspected it next day, in company with several gentlemen of the district, and found his impressions only deepened by the near view. It is not that there is anything picturesque or fine in the structure: its features are, on the contrary, of a simply mechanical character. It is the size and purpose of the work which create a sense of sublimity. One has to drive upwards of a mile out of Montreal to the station, whence proceeds in one direction the Great Trunk Railway of Canada, while in the other appears the Victoria Bridge, by which the continued line is carried on to Portland in Maine. The fabric consists of twenty-four piers, rising sixty feet above the water, with intervals of 242 feet in all instances but one in the centre, which is 330 feet; the upper end of each pier being in a sloping form, to meet the dangerous masses of ice which pour down the stream in winter. Along the tops of the piers is laid a quadrangular tube of plate-iron, 16 feet in breadth, and rising from 18 feet 6 inches at the extremities, to 22 feet in the centre in height; this tube, of course, containing the carriage-track. Such—with abutments at the extremities—are the simple elements of the structure; but when we walk into the tube, we find that this is composed of pieces, one of which crosses the great central span, while each of the others crosses through two of the other intervals, a small vacant space being left at the extremity of each, to allow of the expansion and contraction arising from variations of temperature.

On arriving at the opening of the tube from the

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* The Hon. John Young, a native of Ayrshire, a notable example of a group of men of vigorous native faculty, who come prominently out in the British colonies, in consequence of the exigencies of a new country, and the extreme liberality of the popular institutions.

Montreal side of the river, one finds it masked with stonework of Egyptian massiveness, including a lintel, on which is inscribed—'ERECTED A.D. MDCCCLIX: ROBERT STEPHENSON AND ALEXANDER M. ROSS, ENGINEERS.' It was melancholy to reflect that already the first of these men was no more, while the second was represented as so thoroughly broken down in health, as to be, for the present, sequestered from the world. We walked in to about the centre, where an opening and a ladder enabled us to get upon the top, so as to survey freely this marvellous fabric, and its surroundings. Everything seemed severely simple, yet perfectly adapted to its purpose. A side-opening, in like manner, enabled us to observe the form and structure of the piers. Then the word was given that a train was approaching from the south end, and t was necessary to stand aside, and allow it to pass. Our party followed the example set by a few workmen near us, and ranged themselves close to the plates orming the side of the tube, between which and the rail-track only a space of about two feet intervenes. On came the huge noisy object, looking as if it would weep us all into destruction—it was impossible, with he utmost faith in what we were told of safety, to epress some little tremors. Certainly any sudden faintness at such a moment might have been attended with atal results, for nothing but an erect position could ave us. The blinding and deafening mass passed in ts undefined lineaments close to our faces, and I xperienced, though I did not express, a feeling of elief when we again saw the empty tube before us, and observed the train wheeling quietly out into the ight at the north end. As to the imperfect light within, this is obtained through round holes pierced at intervals in the side plates, at the places where heir weakening effect is least felt.

It having been determined, in 1852, that the St Lawrence should be bridged by a metal tube after the tyle of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Strait, t was but right and fitting that the aid of Mr Robert Stephenson should be called in by the projectors; and this eminent man, accordingly, visited the spot in the ensuing year. It is admitted, however, on all hands, that the hardest part of the business of engineering was borne by Mr Ross. On the plan being perfected, a prodigious system of labour for its working out was organised by Mr James Hodges, as representing the contractors, for whom he had executed several of the most extensive works in England. It comprised 450 quarrymen, shipping to the extent of 12,000 tons, manned by 500 sailors, and 2090 workmen of other descriptions, exclusive of those required for the preparation of the tube, which was executed piecemeal n England. The work was commenced in January 1854, when the surface of the river was composed of a deep *pack* of ice fragments, thickly coated over, as usual, by a newly frozen sheet. On this firm surface, a peculiar piece of wooden framework, called a *crib*, was formed and sunk, such being a necessary preparative to the forming of a coffer-dam in which to ay the foundations of the first pier.

In the course of the summer and autumn, two coffer-dams had been formed, and in one of them a pier had been built. Great fears were entertained as to the effects of the winter's ice on these fabrics; and the two dams did actually give way on the 4th of January 1855, when the pack of ice broke up. The accumulation had been going on for four days, until the river had risen high above its usual level, and lay n a widely extended sheet over the adjacent country. At length,' to pursue a narration which we owe to Mr Hodges, 'some slight symptoms of motion were visible. The universal stillness which prevailed was nterrupted by an occasional creaking, and every one breathlessly awaited the result, straining every nerve o ascertain if the movement was general. The uncertainty lasted but a short period; for in a few minutes the uproar arising from the rushing waters, the cracking, grinding, and shoving of the fields of ice, burst on our ears. The sight of twenty square miles (over 120,000,000 tons) of packed ice (which but a few minutes before seemed as a lake of solid rock), all in motion, presented a scene grand beyond description. The traveller-frames, and No. 2 dam, glided for a distance of some hundred yards without having a joint of their framework broken. But as the movement of the ice became more rapid, and the fearful noises increased, these tall frameworks appeared to become animate; and after performing some three or four evolutions like huge giants in a waltz, they were swallowed up, and reduced to a shapeless mass of crushed fragments. After gazing at this marvellous scene in silence, till it was evident that the heaviest of the shoving was over, all those in the transit tower, from which it had been witnessed, began to inquire how the solitary pier No. 1, which had been battling alone amid this chaos, had escaped. Although some affected to entertain no fear, the author confesses, for his own part, to have felt infinitely relieved when, upon looking through the transit instrument, he discovered that the pier had not been disturbed.'*

It was against difficulties and dangers like these, and in the narrow intervals of time when the nature of the climate permitted men to work, that the masonry of the Victoria Bridge proceeded. Meanwhile, the preparation of the plates required for the tubes proceeded at the Canada Works in Birkenhead. This branch of the work was one of great nicety, for every part of the tube required its own degree of strength, according to the strain and the compression which it was called upon to bear. A plan or map of each tube was made, upon which was shewn each plate, T-bar, angle-iron, keelson, and cover-plate, required in the different situations, with the position of each marked by a distinctive character or figure. As the work advanced, 'every piece of iron as it was punched and finished for shipment, was stamped with the identical mark corresponding with that on the plan; so that when being erected in Canada, although each tube was composed of 4926 pieces, or 9852 for a pair, the workmen, being provided with a plan of the work, were enabled to lay down piece by piece with unerring certainty till the tube was complete.'†

In the business of the masonry, great praise was due by the sub-contractor, Mr Chaffey, for certain remarkable contrivances by which the transport of the stones was greatly facilitated. At St Lambert, 'a stock of material, amounting to at least 10,000 tons, was to be accumulated and placed in such position in the stone-field, prior to the commencement of the masonry, as to admit of each distinct course being kept separate, and readily accessible when required. To effect this, a *steam-traveller* sixty-six feet in length, placed on a ghanty-frame raised twenty feet from the ground, and extending about six hundred feet in length, was constructed. The boiler and engine were attached to the *jennie*, and traversed laterally along the traveller, being provided at the same time with a gearing to admit of a motion being communicated to the traveller, driving it from one end of the staging to the other. With this machinery, worked by one intelligent boy, a train of cars, loaded with the heaviest blocks of stone, could be moved on the railway-track, underneath, backwards and forwards, as required, and the stones taken up and deposited together, according to the courses they were intended for. We have frequently seen this extraordinary automaton at work, with three of its six distinct movements going on at one time. Thus, a block of limestone, weighing perhaps eight tons, would be taken from a car, and while in the process of being elevated to the height necessary for placing it on the top of a pile some distance further on, and at the side of the field, the lateral motion was carrying it sideways, and the whole machine moving in the direction of the pile at the rate of four miles an hour; which point reached, and the stone safely deposited, the three motions were instantaneously reversed, and the traveller brought back to the car for a second load, to be conveyed perhaps in an entirely different direction.'*

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* *Hodges's Construction of the Victoria Bridge.* London, 1860. This is a superbly illustrated work, mainly designed for the instruction of the profession.

† Hodges.

The work was completed at the close of 1859, and tested in the most unmerciful manner by the passing of a train of platform cars, five hundred and twenty feet in length, loaded with stone to the utmost, when even the central and longest tube was found to be deflected to an extent of less than two inches. It needed but this fact to perfect the glory of a work which promises to be an enduring monument of British skill, enterprise, and perseverance.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XV.—A MODEL TO BE AVOIDED.

After breakfast, Lucidora was despatched to Mr Sunstroke, to acquaint him of the treasure that awaited his inspection at his photographic rooms—for the apartments occupied by Mr and Mrs Jones were his, and had been fitted up, as we have seen, with an eye to art purposes rather than to domestic convenience. Better, however, is any unfurnished residence, gratis, than the most stately dwelling-place and rent therewith; and the two models lived cheaply and contentedly in their glass-house—throwing no stones at others, we will hope—and were even enabled to accommodate a young friend in addition, as we have seen. Their home and their place of business were thus conveniently amalgamated. From sunset until after breakfast, all was domesticity and private life; but in the daytime, the nuptial-chamber was devoted to collodion and the black art, and the larger room became a theatre for *tableaux*.

Those outdoor picnics, so redolent of the leafy summer-time, with which the stereoscope has made us so familiar, all had their origin in that art-attic over the Haymarket. There, couched at ease upon green baize, and under the shade of canvas woods, those July revellers held their pasteboard feasts, no matter what the weather or the season. There, too, was temporarily reared the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault of that well-known cathedral—which has drawn many a tear from the impressionable medieval eye, stereoscopically deceived—wherein those white-robed choristers (at one-and-six) are swinging censers, with bowed head, before their bishop. And there, above all, those classical statues, with which we are so well acquainted, more lifelike than the greatest triumphs of Grecian art, reversed the miracle of Pygmalion, and turned from flesh and blood to marble.

In such a very slight flesh-coloured garment, that the wearer felt excessively alarmed lest Mrs Jones should re-enter the apartment before he changed it, the compliant Dick was now regarding himself in the big basin. Around his brow was a wreath of water-lilies made of green and white cotton, which bobbed about his face, and tickled him like a night-cap with a too luxuriant crop of tassels. A piece of blue calico was looped about him, much as a window-curtain is festooned to right or left; while into his countenance was thrown as vivid an expression of self-admiration as his sense of the lowness of the temperature and the falseness of his own position would permit the lad to assume.

'A little more forward, if you please, Narcissus,' observed Mr Jones, who was in charge of the camera: 'not so much as that, though; thank you. Don't laugh, whatever you do, or you'll be a dreadful object. Good Heavens! what are you scratching your ear for? Pooh, pooh, a model must never itch! Couldn't you stand on one leg for a little, in order to give a lightness to the attitude?'

'Not without tumbling into the basin,' rejoined Dick; 'I couldn't, indeed.'

'Ah, well, we will try that afterwards, then; it will not look ill as a specimen of an instantaneous —— I say, you mustn't wink your eyes, Narcissus; you must stare steadily and fondly upon the water, please—— That's not a bad notion, though, I was going to say, for Sappho throwing herself off the Lesbian rock into the sea. Mrs T.—Mrs Jones, I mean—shall be Sappho, only it will spoil her clothes a good deal, unless she does it in a bathing-gown; and you shall be Phaon. Now, you must not move a hairsbreadth, Dick, for the photograph is just going to be taken; but don't hold your breath so much, or you will be purple, and there is no knowing what queer colour that may turn to in the photograph.

In a couple of minutes, Narcissus the original was permitted to re-assume his less classical garments, and Narcissus the copy was lying in the dark chamber, steeped in an offensive preparation.

'You did it capitally,' observed Mr Jones with triumph, 'and now it only remains to name your reward. Shall it be beer and tobacco, or shall we go to the Zoological Gardens?'

'Neither, thank you,' replied Dick, 'just now. I should prefer, if you don't mind—although you have forborne to inquire into my own recent history—to learn why it is you sometimes call Mrs Jones, Mrs T.?'

For a moment, the photographee looked a little annoyed, but immediately recovering his good-humour, observed: 'With all my heart, lad, for you are sure to know it some day, sooner or later. Come and sit down by the fire, and listen to the history of one who has been neglected by his age; and draw the corks of that couple of bottles before we begin, Dick, for I hate to be interrupted by noise. When I went about the country with a couple of big candles and a Shakspeare, giving that admirable course of readings from the immortal bard, of which it was justly remarked by the *Land's End Thunderer*—— But there, I daresay, you never heard of them. Well, when I went about elevating the masses by the lever of Dramatic Elocution, I always began the entertainment by a dissertation against noise.'

By this time the beer was drawn and emptied into a huge 'pewter,' into which the Classical Model, having dipped his features, and emerged from the foam thereof after the manner of Cytherean Venus, commenced as follows:

'If Locke's theory be untenable, and one baby be really brought into the world with instincts and characteristics differing from those of another baby, it is certain that the individual who now addresses you was born a gentleman. I was a precious high chap in my notions from my very cradle, and I shall always be a precious high chap until I die. It was therefore monstrously inconsistent of Nature, having thus endowed me with qualities only befitting an exalted station, to permit my father to be the proprietor of an inconsiderable eating-house in Whitechapel; and whatever griefs I have since come to—and they have been numerous—I have attributed,

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* Legge's *Glance at the Victoria Bridge*. Montreal, 1860 (p. 138).

think, with justice, to Nature only. It may
ly imagined that my poor parent—a good
man in his line, which was, however, mainly
d to mutton-pies and sheep's trotters, with a
ing of a singular viand denominated Chitter-
he origin and nature of which are shrouded in
y—was quite unable to appreciate the boon
had been conferred upon him in an offspring
s myself. But my mother—ah, my mother!
Ir Jones appeared to be overcome with emotion,
ce more buried his face for an extraordinary
of time in the pewter] that old lady was a
trump, and that's all about it.'

' murmured Dick in a sympathetic voice,
just like *my* mother.'

ll, I cut away from the tripe business, and my
brought me back again, and then I cut away
Then I went to school, and cut away from
Then I was bound apprentice to a sign-painter
had always a yearning towards the Fine Arts
I cut away from him. And at last, when I had
rial, in short, of most things that a lad might
terra firma, I cut away from *that*, and went to
ly connections, generally, were of a narrow
f mind, and didn't appreciate me. When I
ite young, they only shook their heads, and
ed, that, "after all, I was nobody's enemy but
n." But when I grew older, and wanted a little
from them now and then to start afresh, then
e *their* enemy, and they shut their doors against
cidently with their pockets. When I returned
to Whitechapel from my first voyage, my
was very far from killing a fatted calf in hon-
that event: if it hadn't been for my mother,
, I should have had nothing for supper that
except cold chitterlings. He even expressed
f as owing Nature a grudge for having presented
th such a son, whereas, as I have demonstrated,
ievance lay precisely the other way; while, in
sion, he gave it as his opinion that I was
g less than a "black sheep"—his very meta-
you perceive, being drawn from those shambles
he procured the raw material for the carrying
is ignoble profession. In England, said he,
vas no pasturage, he thanked Heaven, proper
tle of that sort, but there was a portion of
obe recently discovered, especially adapted,
it seemed to some, providentially designed, for
commodation and sustenance of Black Sheep
ely, Australia. If I was content to be exported
, he would pay my passage; if I was not
There was a certain choleric vulgarity, in
about my respectable parent—attributable, in
egree, as I have always endeavoured to hope,
over-attachment to pigs' puddings—that led
to language which, from respect to his memory,
not repeat.

ing, however, to act a dutiful part, and being
tirely unprovided with the means for carrying
omestic war, I acceded to the parental terms.
rked for the Antipodes, and was accompanied
rd the *Betsey Jane* by my father himself,
d to that step by ardent affection, doubtless,
desire of bidding me farewell, but also by the
g suspicion that I might otherwise spend my
-money more agreeably than in maritime travel.
ip was but a small one for so long a voyage,
t well officered; the watches, particularly at
being very ill kept. My berth was so small,
hen we reached the Tropics it grew unbearable,
en it was fair, I used to lie on deck instead of
with only the stars above me.

particularly still and solemn night, when I
d to take up my quarters close beside the
an, I felt as disinclined for sleep as for
n. I lay in a torpid state with my eyes
out with my senses partially shut, and with
oughts occupied indeed, yet not under my control, but wandering at their own wondrous will in the past and in the future, to the annihilation of time and space. The only sounds that broke the universal silence which reigned over sky and sea, were the turning of the wheel beside me, and the clanking of the rudder-chains, at first at irregular intervals, and with more or less of violence, but presently becoming quite monotonous; for the helmsman had fallen asleep, and left that indifferent vessel, the *Betsey Jane*, entirely to her own devices. Then the heavens grew cloudy, and the stars dimmer and dimmer, and the wind began to rise; and still I lay with my face skyward, conscious but unconcerned.

All of a sudden, there loomed something monstrous far above my face, shutting out the clouds from my sight, and I heard a noise other than that of the rippling of the waves about our stern—it was the sound which the cut-water of a vessel makes in a freshening breeze. In half a second, I became fully conscious that the bowsprit of some huge ship was passing over us, and that in another half-second the *Betsey Jane* would be run down with all her crew complete. Casting my cloak from off me, I leaped at the rigging which hung about the mighty beam, and thereby managed to climb up on it, and thence, with cautious trepidation, like a cat in walnut shells upon the ice, on to the forecastle of the stranger. When I had reached so far, the *Betsey Jane* was not to be seen. She had not been run down, for I had not felt the slightest shock, but had escaped by the skin of her teeth, and with the loss of one of her most respectable passengers.

I was not at all surprised, after what had happened, to find the look-out man of the stranger also asleep at his post; but it did disgust me, when I woke him for the purpose of explaining the circumstances, to see him throw up his arms with a great shriek, and run below, exclaiming that the devil was on the forecastle; though, if the thing had happened in these stereoscopic days, there might have been some foundation for the libel. As it chanced, I had got on board an Australian vessel bound for the London Docks, where I presently arrived, after a six months' sea-voyage almost unprecedented in the barrenness of its results.

My reception in Whitechapel, as may be easily imagined, was not enthusiastic; but, on the other hand, I arrived just in time to receive the bequest of the travelling wild-beast show from my maternal uncle; it goes about the country under my name until this day; but as you are aware, I did not long remain its proprietor. The position was not, perhaps, of a sufficiently gentlemanlike character to suit my aspiring nature. You would have liked it, would you, Dick? Perhaps so: I have often regretted, myself, that I should have been born so precious high. The very same thing occurred when I subsequently took up the dog-trade. A puppy's tail, Dick, take my word for it, is not a mouthful for a gentleman; and yet, unless they are bitten off, "the Fancy" will not have them at any price. I daresay I had eaten many a one in my respected papa's pies; but then the cooking makes such a deal of difference. That good man died at the very period when I failed in dogs—a circumstance which redounds to his credit as a man and a father—and paid the debt of nature just in time to enable me to settle with my creditors. My poor mother was not left quite so well provided for as might have been expected—for my father's will, it seems, had always been in my favour, although his way had sometimes been so unpleasant—and she therefore very wisely determined to take a situation as—as—as housekeeper in a gentleman's family; and I am bound to say that she has been of considerable use to me while in that position.'

'Is it Mrs Trimming?' asked Dick with some hesitation.

'That is the very party,' observed Mr Jones, 'and a very nice old party she is. It was thought that your respected uncle might have a prejudice about her being the mother of such a—— What shall I say?'

'Such a precious high chap,' suggested Dick with gravity.

'Just so,' returned Mr Jones; 'and therefore we have kept the connection dark, as far as he is concerned.'

'And Mrs Jones being your wife, that is why you call her Mrs T.,' observed Dick.

'Well, the fact is, she is, and she isn't,' returned the photographee, revisiting the tankard. 'My mother don't know about it, you see; *she* has her prejudices—I find so many people have about so many things—and so I keep that dark too. But, hark! I hear Lucidora's footsteps upon the stairs, and, if I mistake not, that of our proprietor also.'

As he finished speaking, Mrs Jones entered the room, accompanied by Mr Sunstroke, a little old man with an immense pair of gray moustaches. He was always stroking and petting these, as though to keep them in good-humour, and dissuade them from flying away with him—a proceeding for which they looked admirably adapted—and he stood now in the doorway with one of them in each hand, and with his head very much on one side, regarding Dick with his keen, critical eyes, as though the lad were some object of *vertù*, of which he had been offered the first refusal.

'I don't like that little mole on his left cheek,' observed the photographer, after a prolonged investigation.

'Ah, that's where I differ from you!' returned Mr Jones with coolness. 'Without that mole, he would be commonplace enough, perhaps; but with it—being as it is, a beauty rather than a blemish, too—he becomes unique at once.'

'Yes,' replied the artist drily, 'so unique that everybody must needs know him again, and he will only serve us for one *pose*. The public can't be expected to believe that Hyacinth, Ganymede, Narcissus, and the whole army of mythological youth, were all distinguished by a mole upon their left cheeks, you know: it's quite ridiculous.'

'Suppose,' suggested Mr Jones sardonically, 'that you sometimes took his right profile instead of his left.'

'There's something in *that*,' assented the little artist candidly; 'and the young fellow is not altogether without expression, I must confess.'

Dick, indeed, was looking volumes of astonishment, as well he might, while this question of his personal valuation was being settled, and felt much relieved when the bargain was concluded, and he found himself pledged to give some half-a-dozen 'sittings' to Mr Sunstroke—although he never *sat* except in that celebrated pose of the 'Boy Extracting a Thorn'—at thirty shillings for the single figure, and a pound for one of a group; one half of which remuneration was to go to Mr Jones, in return for food and lodgment.

'Well,' observed the artist, when these terms had been finally arranged, 'I should have come up here this morning at all events, independently of our classical young friend. I have gone into a new line since I was with you yesterday morning. The stereoscopic business is extending, my friends—is ramifying. You remember that prison-tour of ours, Trimming, last summer, wherein we photographed about five hundred as ill-looking scoundrels as the sun ever shone upon, in order that justice might keep mementos of their visit—duplicates of their expressive physiognomies. Well, I was sent for special, by the police, last afternoon, to do another job for them. It has been determined, it seems, in the case of all unclaimed—— However, just look at that; it speaks for itself, don't it?'

Mr Sunstroke drew a slide out of his pocket, placed it in a stereoscope, and handed it to Mr Jones for inspection; then stroking his moustaches with great vehemence, as if to make up for his neglect of them while arranging the instrument, he awaited the verdict of his photographee.

'It's the most lifelike, at least deathlike thing,' cried Mr Jones, 'I ever—— But here, Dick, what do *you* say about it; your opinion, as that of an outsider, should be better worth having? Isn't that a splendid specimen of what art can do towards strengthening the hands of justice? A score of years after that mortal body has dropped to pieces, the lineaments of the dead man's features will remain as you see them now, to be recognised by any'——

'Gotsuchakoff!' cried the lad with a shriek of terror, casting the instrument upon the ground, and cowering into a corner of the wall, as if he had been struck.

Mr Sunstroke bounded forward, but too late to save the already shattered slide; Lucidora rushed into the little chamber for a jug of water to throw over the fainting boy; but Mr Jones seized possession of the camera, and bidding everybody keep away from the lad upon their lives, proceeded to take an instantaneous photograph of him—which afterwards became one of the most popular of the 'ghost-slides,' under the very taking title of *The Spectre-smitten—a Study!*

CHAPTER XVI.

IN TROUBLE.

Having thus involuntarily commenced his profession—having achieved his first stereoscopic success in a manner at least as accidental as that by which the artist in the story painted his cloud—namely, by throwing his brush at it—Dick pursued it with assiduity and pleasure. It was not very hard work, even while it was going on, and wet days and dark days were holidays in the photographical calendar; moreover, it was rather pleasant to recognise himself in shop-windows, and hear the criticisms passed by the vulgar upon his classical attitudes. Mr Sunstroke's manner was kind, and his anecdotes amusing enough, whenever, at least, there was anything like a good light. Mr Jones was always chatty and agreeable; and Lucidora, although she suffered occasionally from depression of spirits, imparted that feminine flavour to the general conversation without which the society of the greatest wits is said to be imperfect. She evidently liked the youth, and her manifestation of that feeling produced at once its effect on Dick, whose heart was indeed a very mirror for reflecting the least good-will that happened to be shewn to it; but Mr Jones monopolised most of the talk when Mr Sunstroke was not with them, and studiously confined it to the airiest themes, so that the lady's disposition and character remained almost as unknown to Dick as on the night when he had first seen her. He never chanced to be left alone with her—Mr Jones declaring that he was jealous of Narcissus—until a certain morning some weeks after his arrival, when the photographee had gone out for some twenty minutes to his *costumier* Shadrach, to hire that very hussar uniform in which we have so often seen him proposing to the young lady in the conservatory.

'Richard Arbour,' exclaimed she the instant that the street-door was shut, and without the least hesitation or introduction, 'would you like to see your mother once again before she dies?'

Dick, who, very much in dishabille, was fitting a gilded wing on to a flesh-coloured shoulder-strap, uttered such an inarticulate cry of grief and terror, that the woman's eyes, which had looked hard and harsh enough when she first spoke, grew tender at once. 'Hush,' she went on, 'it is not your fault, or at least not *all* your fault. They have kept that from you which they should have told. Mr Sunstroke does not want to lose you, because—— O Dick, we are all of us very selfish, and need much forgiveness!'

'What of my mother?' whispered the lad, as though he heard her not. 'What of my dear mother?'

'She is ill—*very* ill,' returned the other. 'I am sure of that by what I heard last night. Richard was told so by Mrs Trimming. She is in Golden Square, not ten minutes' run from this, Dick. To-morrow, Eternity itself may be between you. I have known what it is to miss a mother's blessing; I pray you may never know it, too, and that is why I speak.'

'I will tell her,' sobbed Dick, as he thrust on his shoes and coat—'I will tell her how you saved me from that loss.'

'Tell her nothing about me!' exclaimed the girl with passionate shrillness. 'Forget me and all that belongs to me when you leave this room. Let not the thought of her be ever mixed up with thought of me, unless you would defile your mother's memory!'

Hurried and panic-struck as the boy was through the news he had just heard, he ran up to the wretched woman as she poured forth her bitter words, and lifted up his face that she might kiss him. But she turned away, and put him aside with her hand, crying that her lips were poison; and again bade him depart while there should yet be time.

Dick needed no third warning, but fled down the stairs and into the street like one distracted. Fast as he flew, however, through the wondering crowds, and short as was the distance he had to traverse, the thoughts of what he had done, and what he had left undone, in regard to his beloved mother, passed through his conscience-stricken mind again and again. He had written to her but three times during the fifteen months or so that had elapsed since his departure from his uncle's, giving indeed a cheerful view of his mode of life, but without specifying what it was, or mentioning any address whereby she might write to him, as he well knew she must have lovingly longed to do. Cognizant of her thraldom to Sister Maria, he had not ventured to disclose his whereabouts, for fear of its being revealed to Uncle Ingram, while his boyish pride revolted at the idea of confessing the actual nature of the humble pursuits in which he had been engaged. The sense of this unfeeling conduct, unmitigated now by any such excuses, possessed him wholly, and left no room for any dread of repulse or humiliation that he might meet with at the hands of his uncle or Adolphus. He only yearned to penitently cast himself at the feet of her whose loving heart was breaking—perhaps broken—for his sake; for *his*, to whom a stranger—and, by her own account, a far from exemplary character herself—had had to point out the cruelty of his silence, and to remind him of that parent who ought never to have been absent from his thoughts. What was drudgery in the china warehouse, or cold looks and cutting words from those who loved him not, that to escape them he should have added so heavily to that burden of sorrow which he well knew his mother had to bear? Had *she* ever shrunk from a personal sacrifice by which the merest pleasure was to be conferred upon himself? 'Wicked, wicked boy though I have been,' thought he, 'henceforth, at all events, mother, you shall never have cause to complain of the conduct of your son!'

Alas! how unfortunate is it that these inward determinations of Reformation—these little private Improvement bills which are passed in the Parliament of our own hearts—can never be made sufficiently public; and what is of greater importance, be got to be publicly believed! that we cannot cry, 'Let bygones be bygones,' and so become quits for what has passed, with all the world! 'My behaviour, up to this time,' so our confession runs, 'has been, I must confess, abominable, and nothing less; but henceforward, O my fellow-creatures, I start upon a new tack and under an honest flag. I have got out of the Smuggling cyclone, and mean to be driven for the future by no other winds than most straightforward ones. You and I, O Revenue Cutter, called *Society*, have been hitherto at cross-purposes, but let us mutually salute. I feel already, in anticipation, the delights that will flow from a due obedience to the Excise laws.' But, alas! the *Society* ranges up with her guns double-shotted; can be got to credit nothing of what is intended for the future; harps solely upon some past 'Tubs,' illegally run by us the deuce knows when, and takes us into harbour a condemned vessel, just as we were upon the point of commencing a career of universal usefulness.

Poor Dick was as full of pious resolves, as dead to any old temptations, when he turned the corner of the street leading into Golden Square, as any lad of his years could be in all London, when, lo and behold! a hand is laid upon his collar, and a voice, as firm and quiet as that of conscience itself, remarks: 'We've got you at last, young gentleman; though we *have* been looking after you a plaguy long time!'

Thus spoke that efficient officer A1 of the metropolitan police force, taking the steadiest gripe of the lad's coat-collar, but managing, nevertheless, to convey no other idea to casual passengers, but that Dick and he were engaged in familiar conversation; 'Now, I don't want to throttle you, young sir, nor nothing like it, so I do hope you have made up your mind to come along without a row.'

Poor Dick had certainly just been making up his mind to obey all constituted authorities, but the practical compliance thus immediately expected of him was rather embarrassing too.

'Why, you *must* have knowed,' continued A1, in answer to his astonished look, 'that this here was the very place of all places as you should never have come to. There's one of us in every street out of that square yonder with his orders about you. There's been a detective a-lolling against your area-gates for the last fortnight. Why, lawk a mercy! to see you a-coming here in the broad daylight, as though there was nothing out against you, and no reward for your being took up—why, it do beat lettuces for greenness; and you a conspirator too!'

'A conspirator!' echoed the wondering lad. 'I don't know what you mean indeed; but I do pray that you will let me see my mother first, before you take me away.'

'O lor! O my! I can't stand this,' exclaimed the policeman, taking out a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. 'You *must* be a slippery chap to talk like that. For a young murderer and a foreign plotter to be so precious innocent and devotedly attached to his parient, is something too much.'

'O don't, for God's sake, don't!' cried the agonized boy. 'I have done nothing to deserve to wear those things, indeed. I had nothing to do with it—if it's about Count Gotsuchakoff—except that I told upon him to Mr De Crespigny, to save the others.'

'Crepinny was his name, was it?' repeated the policeman. 'Very good, sir. Now, here is a vehicle which will take us to Poplar quite comfortably, and without the necessity of my putting on the bracelets.'

The policeman beckoned to a passing cab, and the two got into it. As soon as they were inside, A1 relaxed his gripe of the lad, who was weeping bitterly, and bade him be of good cheer, for that it was very unlikely that they would do more than lag such a young 'un as he.

'Might I see the house, please?' cried Dick eagerly, as he perceived this change for the better in his captor's feelings. 'Might we drive slowly past, that I at least may see the house in which she is?'

'Mr Arbour's, I suppose, you mean, my lad. Well, I daresay you may. Take the right hand of the square for Poplar, cabman. Here it is, then, and there isn't much to look at, as I can see. The family's all gone out of town since yesterday, I reckon. It's all shut up, with the blinds down, and the rest of it, just as though somebody had been and gone and died—— Hullo! young fellow, keep up, will you?' ejaculated the policeman, as the boy fell heavily forward, and sunk down a lifeless heap upon the floor of the cab.

'Well, I thought he was too young to carry it through so precious cool as he began it. Drive as fast as you can, will you, cabby? for your fare here has been and fainted slap bang off.'

ON PAROLE.

During the twenty-three years' war with France, which, beginning with the wild anti-monarchical manifestoes of the Committee of Public Safety in 1792, came to its apogee at Mont St Jean in the June of 1815, many prisoners were necessarily made on both sides. The governments of neither Gaul nor Britain erred on the side of over-indulgence; captivity was not an Elysium on either side of the narrow seas; and as philanthropy was an infant science, and sentiment out of fashion, the public sympathies in no degree mitigated the harshness of the authorities. Indeed, the French prisoners in Britain were very unpopular, and were regarded by many worthy folks as the authors of all evil amongst us. Coining was a very usual offence just then; the land was flooded with bad shillings and base half-crowns, the making or circulating of which the law punished with death, or such minor punishment as his majesty should deem fit. His majesty seldom did deem any minor punishment fit for such flagrant misconduct. The hangman was very busy, but somehow the bad money seemed to abound the more for the countless convictions and executions which blacken the records of the age. Now, this fraudulent mint was believed to be a device of the French prisoners. They—the captured grenadiers and artillerists—being ingenious in their way, really did plait straw-hats, and mats, after the fashion of their country, and, to the great detriment of Dunstable, offered the same for sale, though their workmanship was remorselessly burned whenever their guardians could find it. Nobody doubted that those who could make straw-hats could also make false shillings, wherefore the chief 'smashers' were the French prisoners—Q. E. D.

Still, although the great camp of Norman Cross was famed for its harsh discipline—though contractors nibbled away a part of the prisoner's loaf, and the beef may have been inferior, and the guard severe, and though the hard fortune of those confined on board the hulks is a favourite theme for declamation in French literature at this hour—still it is a curious fact that few of the actual captives spoke evil of their captors when restored to freedom. Norman Cross was bad enough, but Verdun, where our countrymen lay, was worse. The hulks were wretched, but Biche was 'in the lowest deep, a lower deep.' And those places where the prisoners on *parole* were confined were anything but overstrict in their regulations. At Lichfield, for instance, were stationed 2000 Gauls—officers and privates—watched by a military force that was partly under canvas, and partly quartered in the quaint old town, under the shadow of the renowned triple spire of the minster. The Frenchmen were picked Frenchmen—the good boys, in fact, culled from among the foreign pupils in Dame Britannia's stern school. Only the tractable and well behaved among the men, only the officers who had made no attempt at escape, were privileged to reside on the peaceful shores of the Minster Pool, among the green meadows and leafy hedgerows of Staffordshire. A single offence was enough to procure instant expulsion. The captives on parole lost caste as easily as a Brahmin does. A breach of word, an effort to flee the country, was rightly thought to deprive the prisoner of his claim to be relied on as a man of honour, but a mere trespass beyond bounds was enough to call down the same punishment. The law was Draconic, and the punishment was the transference to the penal settlement of Norman Cross. Was a light-fingered conscript caught in purloining a hen!—to Norman Cross with him. Did a crusty veteran become disrespectful to the ruling powers?—Norman Cross was the word. Did M. le Commandant Chose take a promenade into the country beyond the prescribed limits?—Norman Cross was his doom.

Still, on the whole, the prisoners must have behaved well, for they conquered much stubborn prejudice, and became quite popular with the towns-people, while those who dwelt some miles off were still regarding them as blasphemous *sans culottes*. They were polite, these involuntary guests; they were gay and light of spirit, and usually affable; and, above all, they were industrious. Many English homes are still decorated by some tiny toy, some delicate model, in wood, or bone, or ivory, the handiwork of the French prisoners. It was wonderful to see out of what unpromising materials they would construct pretty knick-knacks, fit for the most attractive stall a fancy-fair could boast; and equally remarkable was it to watch them at their toil. There they were, the sprightly little aliens, chirruping and singing over their task—one man turning a leg-of-mutton bone into an approved model of the guillotine, victim, executioners, and all; another cutting out a delicate ship in ivory, with every rope distinct, and the utmost finish of detail; while a third was turning shavings of stained-wood into work-boxes, or making such baskets of variegated straw as no native gipsy could equal. The poor artists made a good deal by their industry, even in that period of taxation and scarcity, when the ploughman had to pay a shilling for a loaf, and there was no gold left in England. The prisoners were not content with carving bones and making work-boxes: they sought employment as grooms and gardeners, and as male servants were expensive just then in England, owing to the demands which the immense army, navy, and militia made on the nation at large, the petition of the captives was well received.

It is true, that few Britons of that time were rash enough to intrust a horse to a Frenchman's tender mercies—grooming was an accomplishment only fit for King George's native-born subjects; but it was soon discovered that the foreign candidates for garden-work were exceedingly clever, and they were therefore gladly allowed to beat their swords into pruning-knives. It was amusing to see some sturdy top-booted Briton, in the blue coat, flowered vest, and bunch of seals of the old school, giving orders in dumb show to his grinning and gesticulating gardener, and to watch the infinite amount of pantomime, the shrugs, grimaces, and skips with which the Gaul supplied the place of words. Moreover, there was a strip of neglected land near the town-walls; and this waste plot the prisoners begged of the corporation of Lichfield, and being permitted to take possession, they forthwith cultivated innumerable little patches of onions, potatoes, lettuces, and other vegetables, while others fished in all pools and streams within their bounds. Even the reptile world had to contribute to the *cuisine* of these forced exiles: the peasants and school-boys swore that the French had captured and cooked every frog within two miles of the town, and I am sure that no one grudged them this national dainty. While the privates were hoeing turnips or angling for the *Batrachia*, the officers were in many cases received into society by the gentry of the place kindly enough. Some of the poorest of them gave lessons in their native tongue, or taught the youth of Staffordshire the accomplishments of fencing and dancing, or how to discourse dulcet sounds on the flute or violin. Yet, poor fellows, they must have had many a dull hour while awaiting the cartel of exchange that was to send them back to the cafés and theatres of their own land, soon in many cases to be deserted for the grim realities of a Russian campaign, and a soldier's hasty grave.

There were some there, however, and those by no

ne least liked by English families to whom
e known, to whom no cartel could bring the
of freedom. There was, for instance, an old
mine, still alive, the Marquis de Pontorson.
quis was a gay young colonel then; he had
he army at eighteen, to save his neck and his
om the sharp decrees of the Convention; had
grades at the sword's-point; and had surren-
town, himself, and his regiment, to Lord
on's troops. Napoleon threatened to shoot
n, if the latter returned from captivity, and
marquis seemed doomed to perpetual impri-

He was not the only one with whom the
peror was displeased. Several officers dared
ck—they had done their best, and Napoleon
nore than the best—wanted to erase the
mpossible' from French dictionaries, and
hat a short shrift and a smart volley should
e *gredins* when they came back to him. They
d come back to him. Some died in exile,
urned to France with the allies; others, and
uis in especial, married blue-eyed daughters
ious Albion, acquired the language in some
and became half Anglicised. Yet it was
nd pathetic to see them kissing and crying
r crosses of the Legion, the baubles they had
r blood for under the banners of France, and
the harshness of the Emperor. They never
him with disrespect, not even those whose
s easily provoked anger had blighted. As
ommon soldiers, they idolised him. Most of
l some little portrait or bust of the Man of
which they carried about like a fetich, and
nd gazed upon for hours. Of a different
re the views of Britons regarding the sallow,
ing and king-breaking Corsican. 'Boney'
ogre of our nurseries; little children were
d into good-behaviour by the threat that
ould be sent for to eat them—Boney, that
eton, with sabre and plumed beaver, and
grin, who scowled on all honest folks from
sellers' windows, and who, as being the very
pictorial Famine, was deemed an appropriate
or the traditionally lean and hungry French.
e—for to use the word Napoleon was then
a petty treason to good King George on the
nd his plump guest at Hartwell—was the
of the nation to an extent hardly to be
now-a-days. The French prisoners derived
erest in British eyes from their connection
Incarnation of Evil. They caught, as it
ne sparkles of the infernal lustre of this
s war-dragon, with baleful breath, and ada-
scales, and fiery jaws ever gaping to swallow
t a mouthful. Most of them had seen him,
d spoken with him—with him, Napoleon
e, whose words made monarchs shake in
l shoes, and whose audacity kept all Britain
This *vieille moustache* could repeat what the
had said to him when he received the *croix;*
r syllables, and that scrap of ribbon, were
mpensation for toil, and wounds, and cap-
This old soldier could boast of a kind word;
ng conscript, while lying wounded after his
le, had been consoled by a smile, or a '*Pauvre*
om the Man of Destiny; and their comrades
n a certain meed of honour, because *his* glance
ned to rest on them. We English folks
and wondered, and admired this devotion of
ners to their idol, and envied a little, perhaps,
ure of their veneration for the conqueror.
, we had no idol of our own, in particular.

the war began, and for some years after, our
f loyalty, love, and homage had been all for
orge our king; but the war had gone on ill
eringly, except at sea, where no hostile flag
ted, and where our fleets were supreme.
s dear, trade slack, and grumbling plentiful. Great George our king was old, and blind of mind and body, and his subjects had lost sight of him for ever: the most fervid loyalty could hardly carry its aspirations to that padded room at Windsor. Lord Wellington, not yet a hero, was painfully struggling in Portugal against the furious tide of the French attack; the funds were fabulously low; and riots seemed indigenous to the manufacturing districts. Presently, there came a change. The mail-coaches thundered into the towns, laurelled like so many bowers upon wheels, nay, the very wheels were twined with dusty evergreens; bays were twisted round the heads of the smoking horses, wreathed into their harness, and blended with their tails. High on the giddy roof, where even the luggage of the passengers was bedecked with laurels like a trophy, stood the guard in his official red coat, reading out to the breathless populace the Gazette which announced some Peninsular victory. How the people shouted, and the bells rang triple bob-majors, and the volunteers fired salutes, and the sternest schoolmasters gave half-holidays to their excited charge! Woe to the windows that should be dark and candleless that night, when an illumination was decreed in honour of Badajos, or Salamanca, or red Vittoria! Wonderful was the stir and huzzaing, amazing the joy, and beer-drinking, bell-ringing, smashing of window-glass, and consuming of tallow-dips, as the news of each new triumph came on the notes of Fame's blatant trumpet—the mail-coach horn!

It must have been with curious sensations that the French prisoners, chipping at their ivory frigates, or training their scarlet-runners, heard all these rejoicings. I wonder how they felt when the earliest intelligence was communicated to them respecting the disasters of their compatriots, so many cannon taken, so many stands of colours, captives, treasure—such and such a list of killed and wounded—all the meagre items which the dry little newspapers of the day dribbled out to the excited public, and which sound so mean and unsatisfactory when compared with the florid eloquence of Our Own Correspondent, now-a-days. Huzza for my Lord Wellington! the little boys used to shout, with the thoughtlessness of their time of life, when they saw the good-natured grinning Gauls: 'What do you think of Boney now, mounseer?' The Frenchmen took the inquiry well enough, with a shrug and a grimace, and perhaps a pinch of snuff, if they had any snuff. 'Think of Boney, indeed!' *They* thought the same of him as ever—that he was invincible, fate-compelling, king of men. They were not in the least angry with that M. Vilainton of ours for some minor successes in Spain and Portugal over the French arms; that was but the fortune of war: the Emperor would put that little matter to rights when he should come back from his Moscow campaign, dragging with him the Czar in chains, and crowned with Cossack victories.

I am afraid that some honest tax-payers in Staffordshire were not a little disgusted that the prisoners should have made so light of the reverses of France in the field. Fortresses fell—battles were won—Iberian provinces regained from the gripe of the spoiler—Joseph the Satrap, king of Spain, and brother of 'Boney,' was flying from his usurped realm, and his very plate and plunder were overhauled by Wellington's dragoons; but the Gallic guests at Lichfield kept up their spirits joyously, and never doubted the luck of the Emperor for an instant. But when news came of the terrible retreat from Moscow, with Frost and Kutusoff pressing on the heels of the Grand Army, and how whole brigades of world-renowned veterans died daily by cold and hunger, then a gloomy change came over the prisoners too: they grew morose and silent; their everlasting camp-songs, camp-stories, were hushed; their gay, gasconading, hopeful spirit was under a cloud at last.

Emperor-worship was the main religion of most of these poor fellows, and they beheld the darkness of misfortune that was fast enveloping their glittering idol, in much the same mood with which the Chinaman watches an eclipse of the sun. A deep depression succeeded to the familiar merriment of the prisoners; they hung their heads, and ceased to twirl their moustaches into that conquering, defiant twist which the French *militaire* most affects. No more fiddling and dancing; their flutes blew the dolefulest of dirges; their manners grew brusque and surly, and amongst themselves they often quarrelled desperately.

It was at this time that young De Mousseux, a Bonapartist *pur sang*, who had been an aide-de-camp on Napoleon's personal staff, who was only twenty-five, and already a colonel, had an altercation with Count Louis de Fresnes, a captain of chasseurs, who came of an old Legitimist stock, and was supposed to be but a time-serving partisan of the bellicose Corsican. At anyrate, two young officers of an English cavalry regiment lending their kind assistance, and getting a month's arrest for so doing, a duel was fought with the small-sword, and the count was run through at the second pass. The venerable cathedral city was scandalised by the arrival of a yellow post-chaise, through one of the windows of which protruded the booted feet of the dead duellist, whose head was supported in the arms of the surgeon. A great turmoil resulted from this luckless affair, not that duels were scarce in that hot-blooded epoch, but that those rencounters had rarely a fatal termination. De Mousseux was taken into custody by the town-sergeants, of course, and there was talk of committing him to take his trial at the assizes; but some one suggested that to hang an alien prisoner for the murder of another would be a breach of international law, and the matter dropped. However, General Sir George Powderpuff was very angry with the gallant dragoons who had seconded the Frenchmen; he ordered them into close arrest, and menaced courts-martial, and it was well for the delinquents that the *route* came, and the regiment was ordered to the Peninsula. The ill-humour of the French was but transitory; a Gaul has a variable temper in general, and before long the men were heard fiddling and singing in their quarters, and the officers were dancing and drinking tea, and murdering the king's English, at the houses of their British friends.

Lichfield, like most of our old cathedral cities of minor importance, is but a dull and small place, where the grass grows refreshingly between the cobble-stones of the pavement, and the dogs bask on the sunny flags, in perfect confidence that no very bustling traffic will disturb the even tenor of their slumbers. But when the French prisoners were there, it was not as it now is. Railways have done for Lichfield what civilisation has done for Glencoe, according to Macaulay—that is, they have reduced it to a stagnant lifeless silence that might render it a respectable rival to Palmyra. If my poor old friend Pontorson were to cross the Channel again, and take a ticket for Lichfield, at the Euston Square terminus, he would hardly recognise the old town where he spent so many of his best years. He would find the three tall spires of the graceful cathedral, at the door of which Lord Brooke was slain in the Civil War, and the dark Minster Pool, and some of the ancient red brick houses, with their venerable trees and clustering ivy; but it would be but a husk without a kernel. When Pontorson dwelt there on parole, there was bustle and life, rattling mails bringing news, carriages whirling through clouds of dust on the obsolete road, balls, dinners, races, and reviews. Lichfield is not the only English Tadmor which was gay and noisy in the old war-time, when the country, though it lacked bread, flowed with wine, when the nation, fighting hard, and armed against invasion, yet found time for more hearty genial mirth and merriment than more prosperous periods have ever known. At that day, every second man in England was in a red coat, for if a gentleman was not in the army, the militia, or the yeomanry, he was certain to be a volunteer. And what volunteers! What a contrast to the gray tunic-wearing, sharp-shooting heroes of 1860, were those tightly stocked, tightly gaitered, red-coated defenders of 1810, spotless as to pipe-clay, powdered till their hair, what with flour and pomatum, was as the driven snow, and pig-tailed as Benbow himself! Yet their stout hearts were the same, under those strangling crossbelts, as it is to be hoped that British hearts will ever be; and if their queues were sometimes, as malicious wags asserted, so tightly screwed that the wearers could not shut their eyes, the more praise was due to their patriotism. There were three battalions of such volunteers in the camp on Cannock Chase, a few miles from Lichfield, along with yeomanry and volunteer-horse, and militia and regulars. Altogether, there must have been eighteen or nineteen thousand men, all in red and blue, all powdered, all pigtailed, all pipe-clayed to perfection, and all under canvas, in a camp perhaps a trifle less orderly than Aldershott or Shorncliffe, but very picturesque to look upon, and as gay as a fair in the pleasant days of summer. At the first blush of the thing, it appeared as if these nineteen thousand warrior Britons were in arms to watch over the two thousand of their vanquished enemies in Lichfield; but this was a mistaken view of the spirit of the age. England bristled with such camps: north and south, east and west, out of a population scarcely half the present muster-roll, there had sprouted from the free soil of our island-home such a growth of armed men as no other European country has ever produced. As for Cannock Chase, where the Staffordshire camp was formed, it was a wild and wide tract of purple moor and felled forest, just fitted for military occupation, and useless for agriculture. In this actual year of grace, a royal commission has fixed on it as the best site for a new national arsenal, more out of reach than Portsmouth and Woolwich. In the old war, the brown heaths and tangled copses rang incessantly to the music of the shrill fife and rattling drum, as by squads and companies, and regiments and brigades, the recruits learned the trade of arms, prior to reinforcing Lord Wellington's struggling army.

That courtly veteran, Sir George Powderpuff, was in command. It was a delightful illustration of the popular theory, which demands the right man in the right place. General Sir George was in the right place; a high-born, well-mannered gentleman, a martinet, and yet a courtier. There were those who avouched his descent from the identical nobleman who angered practical Hotspur, and he certainly was familiar with no powder but such as still contributes L.3, 13s. 6d. to the assessed taxes. But this dainty warrior was great at drill, and admirable at recruiting. Rougher men, such as Hill and Picton, might do the coarse fighting in Spain; it was the province of Sir George to furnish the raw material of heroism. And the work was one requiring tact, invention, and a perseverance that no obstacles could exhaust. The voluntary system seemed worn out; Britain was drained of blood; bounties were high, but every village could tell of its score of stout lads who had marched gleefully off to leave their bones at Walcheren, in Egypt, anywhere and everywhere, and the survivors were shy of the fatal shilling. Often did poor Powderpuff own that things were better managed in France, and that a conscription made matters remarkably comfortable. There *was* a compulsory ballot in England; but it was only for militia purposes. A thousand yokels might crowd into Lichfield Market or Tamworth Fair, and Sir George could not lay his itching fingers on one of them. But Sir George was lucky in the services of Sergeant Kite. He is dead now, poor fellow, and his successors are degenerate dwarfs; but Kite of the old war was no common man. He was an orator, a poet, a *bon vivant*, and a lover of his species. It was grand to behold him, erect, portly, flaunting in gay ribbons, and the brightest of scarlet coatees, parading the streets of a town, his black hawk's eye twinkling as he measured every man's inches. But it was grander to listen to his wonderful orations, where patriotism, plunder, finest climate in the world, promotion, rosy wine, black-eyed señoritas, a toast, a song, a sentiment, and a coach-and-six, were all marvellously mixed and mingled in a sort of intoxicating Hecate's broth that few could resist. He was an enthusiast, Sergeant Kite, and no doubt believed implicitly in the very biggest of the lies that fell from his glib lips: he accredited himself actually to have shared in the bloody fights, hairbreadth 'scapes, carouses, triumphs, and sieges, of which he discoursed—he who had never been beyond Chatham on the one hand, or Cork on the other. Then, his tact—the artful mode in which he would insinuate himself into the confidence of the wariest Chawbacon—his frankness, his good songs, his mellow voice, that hospitality of his, that always began with a pint of ale, and ended with the words, 'You swear, for an unlimited number of years, in peace and war, and so forth'—all this was truly artistic, and Sergeant Kite was justly an esteemed favourite of General Sir George Powderpuff. There were other hunters after men who did their spiriting less gently than our friend the sergeant.

The navy has always been renowned for a more frank and bluff method of proceeding than the kindred service. While Kite was cajoling poor Hodge in the tap of the King's Arms, other still more pressing gentlemen, who would take no denial, and had no more respect for Magna Charta than for the Shasters of Zerdusht, were besetting Hodge's brother on the highway. Hodge's brother *must* come to sea with them—he really *must*, and they would take no denial. Though Lichfield was an inland place, it was generally the temporary abode of a press-gang. Every evening, at dusk, out they slipped, the stout blue-jackets in their gregos and tarpaulin hats, with cutlass and cudgel, and the man-hunt commenced. They lurked in the lanes near public-houses, watching for the tipsy revellers; they put ropes across the high-roads, and ensnared the passers-by. Every loose lounger felt a hard hand upon his collar. 'Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the fleet!' was the word with them; and it was in vain that the belated journeyman remonstrated, for it appeared that though the constitution forbade taking soldiers by force, to press sailors was lawful, perhaps on account of the beneficial effects of sea-air. There were gentlemen who approved the system highly: they gave many a hint, and got rid of many a poacher and pilferer by the friendly importunity of the boatswain and his crew. Tramps and incorrigible idlers were thought fair game; apprentices were protected by law, also burghers and yeomen; and it never occurred to the most ambitious lieutenant to carry off the young squires to man the fleets of Collingwood or Jervis. A footman of the bishop's was trepanned on one occasion, and remained trembling all night in the crimping-house, but poor Jeames was rescued in the morning by his right reverend employer.

While these things went on, while a man was a commodity so much in request, it is natural that Sergeant Kite should have cast a sheep's eye, once and again, at the sturdy Gallic prisoners. Most of them were hopeless as recruits, for two reasons—first, they were French to the backbone; and secondly, they were not tall enough to fight for King George, though they had stature enough to enable them to fight against him. But there were others, well up to the standard, strapping Rhinelanders, whose German sympathies were not so actively Bonapartist. To catch these honest Deutschers was one of Kite's most delicate tasks; they loved beer, they loved Fatherland, they were not averse to George of Hanover and Britain, and so far all was well. But, on the other hand, their French companions in captivity were quick-tempered and resentful, and might brain them for listening to the blandishments of the syren Kite, while Napoleon's marshals would make short work of them, should they again have the luck to be taken prisoners. To convert a Westphalian conscript of Boney into a full private in the King's German Legion was no ordinary feat, and Kite prided himself on it in proportion to its difficulty. In the year 1813, the races at Lichfield promised to be unusually attractive. There were garrison-cups, garrison-stakes, plates, a whole assortment of silver to be run for; and the county was liberal with its prizes. The prisoners, among others, were looking forward to the fun of seeing their captors risk their necks, in John Bull fashion, when an untoward event occurred. General Houbigant, brother to the Marshal Houbigant, Duke of Transylvania, Grand Cross of every order Napoleon's hands could bestow, broke his parole in a very shabby manner, rather befitting his parent the suttler than his brother the duke; and going off with post-horses to the coast, escaped to France. Old Sir George Powderpuff was justly angry with the runaway, but he was unjustly angry with the others. He confined them strictly to their prison limits; all leave and licence were withdrawn; and the poor Gauls lost the gay spectacle of the race for Houbigant's fault. But there was one young officer, a captain in the Imperial Guard, who was so anxious to see his conquerors, Messieurs Plumpudding, gallop in jackets of silk, to see which could go the quickest (races were not ingrafted on French customs as yet), that he resolved to venture. A school-boy, a lad of twelve, who much patronised the tall captain, volunteered to escort him, and up went the ill-assorted pair to the breezy common, where the white tents were pitched, and the gaudy flags flying, and the multitude buzzing eagerly, as the smooth-skinned horses were paraded past the stand. The Frenchman was in ecstacy with all he heard and saw; he clapped his hands with delight, he laughed and gesticulated to the amusement of his young ally, and was enjoying the sport to the utmost, when, as ill-luck would have it, up rode young Harry Powderpuff, nephew and aide-de-camp to old Sir George. When the aide-de-camp espied the Frenchman, he trotted briskly up; and at the sight of the awful staff-uniform, and white plumes, and curveting charger, the unfortunate captain winced in his shoes like a school-boy out of bounds.

'What are you doing here, mounseer?' demanded the Briton very sternly.

'I came with M. Charley; I am under the protection, vot you call, of M. Charley,' said the poor Gaul humbly enough, trying to screen his tall person behind his little friend. It was the giant and the dwarf over again, only the *rôles* were changed somehow. Charley knew Harry Powderpuff well, and spoke up for his whiskered friend like a man.

'Well,' said the aide-de-camp, 'I shall be in hot water if Sir George hears of it; but never mind; I won't peach, Charley. But be off with your friend before the staff passes; for if my uncle sees him, by Jove, he'll send him to Norman Cross at once!'

There came a day when Norman Cross was to be a bugbear no longer, when bounds were to be abolished, and Powderpuff's military pupils were to break up for a long holiday. It was 1814. The Allies were in Paris; Louis the Desired was on the throne of France; the French prisoners, enemies no longer, were going home. Amid tears, and hand-shakings, and waving kerchiefs, and the unfailing English cheer, this little colony broke up for ever. In long column of march, preceded by the bands of the British regiments, the

French took their departure, not without some kindly feelings of regret on both sides. Since then, our island has happily seen little of prisoners of war.

A SCOTTISH HERO IN A NEW LIGHT.

A well-written life of Edward I., under the title of *The Greatest of the Plantagenets*,* is calculated to produce a strange feeling on the north of the Tweed, by the view which it takes of the monarch's connection with Scotland, but more particularly by the account which it presents of the famous William Wallace. Three or four years ago, the able Scottish noble who has just achieved such a satisfactory settlement of affairs in China, presided at a great meeting near Stirling, for the erection of a national monument to Wallace; a few days since the newspapers informed us, that for this object a sum exceeding L.5300 has been collected, and that money continues to pour in at the rate of about L.1500 a year, derived, we believe, from Scotsmen in every corner of the world. In contrast with the view of Wallace's character and doings which this argues, it is somewhat startling to find an evidently clever and intelligent English writer speaking of the knight of Elderslie as only a thirteenth-century counterpart of the noted Nana Sahib.

In these matters, all depends on one's point of view. Our Englishman, knowing well the sagacity and other great gifts of Edward—seeing, in his policy for the combination of all parts of our island under one rule, a design calculated to promote the good of all—defends his conduct towards the Scotch. A Scotsman, on the other hand, feeling a pride in the ancient independence of his country, cannot well be induced to regard Longshanks as other than a usurper and an oppressor. From the same considerations it naturally flows, that the names of Wallace and Bruce, who defended and asserted Scottish independence, should be enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, but condemned by the biographer of the Plantagenet as traitorous rebels and barbarous chiefs. Doubtless, even Nana Sahib himself is not without admirers amongst his countrymen; and if ever the people of Hindustan succeed in establishing a national independence, as the Scots did, we may expect to hear the praises of the Cawnpore chief sounded, notwithstanding such shades upon his character arising from the massacre of the women and children.

Fair-play, however, is a jewel. The greatness of Edward as a sovereign and lawgiver, and even his general equity and clemency, may be admitted, but yet we think it is evident that he did not act quite rightly towards Scotland. All the dexterous pleading of this advocate will never wipe away the obvious fact, that the English king, having some obscure claim to be paramount over a *part* of the Scottish dominions, was found, in the course of a few years, to have so worked this right, as to put himself in the position of *absolute sovereign* over the *whole* realm. No railing against the rebelliousness of the Scottish nobles as his subjects, will ever take away from them the excuse that the people of Scotland generally felt that his claim on the allegiance of any of their number as an absolute sovereign, was, from the beginning, unjust; so that all was fair that they could do for their emancipation from his rule. What, again, can be more natural and excusable than that, the Scots having wrought out their own deliverance, their descendants should exult somewhat in the fact, and take the most lenient views of the characters of those by whom that deliverance was achieved? Robert Bruce may have been traitor to Edward, and a murderer; and yet we cannot but think it very natural that the people of Scotland should continue to feel a gratitude towards him, and to even somewhat magnify his name, seeing how, by great daring and long suffering, and, finally, by consummate military skill, he released them from a foreign and hated yoke.

The curious consideration, however, is as to Wallace. The panegyrist of the Plantagenet endeavours to diminish the importance of this hero as far as possible, by making out that his entire career lasted only some fourteen months. The victory over Edward's lieutenant at Stirling, he speaks of as made certain to almost any leader, by the extraordinary folly of the English general. He chiefly insists, however, on Wallace's cruelties to men, women, and children in the course of his invasion of the northern English counties; facts charged against him on his trial, and which were never denied. A life of rapine and cruelty deserved, he thinks, no other end than the scaffold. Grant, after all, that these are truths, is there nothing due to the patriotic sentiment which brought this obscure Renfrewshire gentleman into action? Are we to be so besotted by admiration of the illustrious English king, that we shall not sympathise in some fair and reasonable measure with a guerrilla chief who braved him in behalf of his country, and boldly met him in a pitched battle, albeit to his own ruin? Perhaps, too, if we had Wallace before us, we might hear of some extenuating considerations regarding even his Cumberland ravages. It might appear to him necessary to strike terror into those English counties which chiefly supplied the armies for the iniquitous subjugation of Scotland. The not much less horrible doings of Cromwell at Drogheda have been defended in our own day by a favourite writer with derisive allusions to 'rose-water surgery.' And, any how, who began the warfare, but this greatest of the Plantagenets himself? Was not *he* mainly answerable for the horrors which arose in the course of the justifiable opposition which he met with?

It occurs to us that our author has rather overstated his case, and thereby damaged it. He might have admitted that his hero tried to filch a kingdom, and failed after thrice overrunning it, smitten by the Nemesis which is the fitting end of all great errors. He might have taken a generous view of the Scottish resistance and its heroes, sympathising with its motives, even while he deplored its success as something unfavourable to the interests of the entire island. Enough would have remained to establish Edward as the greatest of English sovereigns before Elizabeth. By taking the course he has done, he provokes dissent from his own general conclusions. And, in any case, he may be assured that he will never induce Scotland to abate one jot of her veneration for the name of her ill-requited chief.

NOBODY'S NEWSPAPERS.

If any man wishes to ruffle one of the sweetest tempers with which a human being was ever endowed, let him send me a newspaper which has in it nothing concerning me or mine whatever. Among the minor evils of life, these nobody's newspapers seem to me to stand pre-eminent. For example: I have done my breakfast, and am leaving home for my office, with that assiduous punctuality which is my characteristic, when the postman comes with my letters—and a strange newspaper. The former I recognise by their superscriptions, so far as to know who wrote them, and conjecture nothing very formidable from their contents. But these eight pages of the *Bumblepuppy Independent*, addressed to me in a feigned or unknown hand, what may not *they* contain which affects me and my interests? I am (let us suppose) an author, and some kind creature may have forwarded to me a eulogium upon my still insufficiently appreciated *Blood-stained Bandit*, of which a few copies are still remaining at the publishers; or some 'd—d good-natured friend' may have thus sent me a hostile critique, for fear it should otherwise escape my notice; and in either case, the thing must be looked into, or I shall be upon thorns till I come home again. Or, I am a barrister, and there is a silk gown going a-begging, which has been mentioned as adapted for every pair of legal shoulders except mine, until this far-seeing Bumblepuppy editor (perhaps) has put the matter in its proper light before the public. Or, I am a divine, and the cathedral stall of Dreamichancel may at length have been suggested by something else than my own inward monitor as being the very thing to suit a student of retired habits, who only wants a little leisure and a comfortable income to enrich the scholarship of his country by some *magnum opus*. I am, at all events, engaged in some pursuit or calling in which prizes are to be had, and what but the public press should indicate the right man for the right place? I set down my hat and gloves, therefore, and open the mysterious present not without anxiety. My eye runs through the eight pages rapidly for some cross or mark which the sender, if not an absolute idiot, would surely not fail to place against the paragraph to which he would call my attention. But no; there is nothing but a blotch over against the advertisement of a chiropodist, who bids us beware of untradesmen-like imitations of his miraculous bunion plasters, which is felonious. That must be an accidental blotch, for I have no crime of that sort to reproach myself with. There is also a fainter mark on the next page opposite to the account of a complete immersion (in December) of a Plymouth Brother, which can scarcely be designed for my conversion, and, indeed, is only the first blotch 'gone through.' Then I apply myself to peruse the *Bumblepuppy Independent* in its integrity, with an irritated but still expectant mind. The leading article dwells exclusively upon the abominable extortion practised by the local water-company, without one syllable, of course, about the *Blood-stained Bandit*, or the silk gown, or the cathedral stall; and the summary of news is only not the same as that of my own newspaper, perused before the post came in, because it is the interesting intelligence of at least a fortnight ago.

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* 8vo. Bentley, London, 1860.

No; I am in no way mixed up with the Bumblepuppy Turnpike Trust, nor in the Canal *versus* Railway Company's action, nor in the right of way through Stoggin's Wood. Nothing that I want is even going to be sold by Messrs Hammerdown, High Street, Bumblepuppy, on the 17th instant; and if there was, I should not get it, for the 17th has passed a week ago. I was not concerned in that robbery with violence upon Crackskull Common, about which 'our efficient inspector is on the *qui vive*;' the free pardon and reward to any but the actual principals, kindle no hope within me. I am not at all prostrated by the intelligence that the Bumblepuppy Tea-gardens positively closed for the season (and indeed I think it was high time they should) on Saturday last; nor should I be revived, did I need revival, by the news that the proprietor received a 'bumper.' I am faintly curious to know what a 'bumper' may be, but that is all; the *Independent* says that it is glad he got it, but the *Independent*, for all I know, may be his bitterest enemy. I was not among 'the following Bumblepuppy guardians of the poor,' who 'transacted business on Tuesday,' nor in the Bumblepuppy petty sessions when that 'scene' took place between a clergyman and a county magistrate, which is likely to afford employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. I am not connected with the circus which proposes to remain for a limited number of nights at Bumblepuppy, nor with the Revival which is to be held in Messrs Weathereye's empty granary next Sunday evening. I am not in Our London Correspondent's letter (although almost everybody else seems to be), nor in the List of candidates for the vacant office of Beadle of the borough. In a word, after an hour has been wasted in wading through these thirty-two columns of provincial twaddle, I find that there is nothing that concerns me in it from beginning to end. What malicious fellow-creature, then, could have expended a penny, and given himself the trouble of directing this farrago of rubbish to *me?* Is it the same kind of maniac who pours dirty water into the pillar letter-boxes? Or is it a funny fellow, who mistakes this 20th of December for April Fool Day? or is it an editor who cannot dispose of his own newspapers by any other means?

The case I put is very far from being an imaginary one. Every month or so, some unknown correspondent takes advantage of the cheapness of colonial postage to send me a nobody's newspaper—of all places in this world, from Sydney! I wish the government would charge five shillings for the transmission of Australian newspapers. Is it some scamp of my family, who, after leaving the old country for the old country's good, adopts this method of annoying his respectable relatives even from the other side of the globe? Is it some wretch whose necessities I may have one day injudiciously relieved, and who now, more prosperous in the new world, adopts this mistaken method of testifying his gratitude? Or is it some editor who wishes, through my humble means, to make his paper known to the English public at home? I will conclude that this last is the case, and for my own sake—not for his—will here set down, for the first and last time, what is noticeable in the periodical which he has the happiness to conduct. I regret to say that my remarks must be limited to its advertisements. In the body of the paper I find nothing to interest myself, nor any other British mortal. The *Sydney Intelligencer* is merely the *Bumblepuppy Independent* transplanted to the antipodes.

The first advertisement sheet is almost entirely maritime, and reads like a leaf out of the *Shipping Gazette*. It is evident that not even the seductive voice of the *Sydney Intelligencer* can persuade people that they are better off there than they are at home. Everybody would get away, I think, only so very few seem to have the money to pay their passage home. An immigrant must be able to put his hand to most things in Sydney, to keep his head above water at all.

'Wanted by an elderly gentleman of strict integrity, a situation in a private family, as teacher of the pianoforte.' (By which I suppose he means as teacher of how to play upon it). How different is this from the advertisements of musical-masters at home! *Here*, some sort of proficiency is expected, and a long list of the professors under whom the advertiser has studied his art, is essential; whereas at the antipodes only 'strict integrity' is required. What a pathetic statement, too, is this elderly gentleman's! Can we not imagine him a once well-to-do Paterfamilias, who, having been wont to run a few tunes off on the keys, to please his children, is now compelled to look to that simple accomplishment for his bread? But no, he must have been an uncle rather—one of those uncles who are always the favourites of the young folks, but rather a source of embarrassment to the old ones, on account of their continuously borrowing money until they get their expenses paid out to Australia—for happily he has only himself to provide for. 'Salary not so much an object,' writes the poor fellow, 'as a comfortable home.'

Here, again, is a wonderful specimen of a Jack-of-all-Trades: 'Wanted, a situation of trust and responsibility by the advertiser, who has had upwards of five years' experience of the colony, embracing, at various times, clerical duties generally, in solicitors' and merchants' offices, and as a secretary in a public institution, also as bookseller, reporter, and sub-editor in town and country.' What are 'clerical duties generally, in solicitors' and merchants' offices?' Are legal and commercial proceedings 'opened with prayer' in Sydney, like those of the swindling joint-stock banks in England? or are they such gigantic Concerns that a chaplain is kept in every 'house,' as clergyman-of-all-work? or is it only a defect in the clerical gentleman's arrangement of his words? In that case, he cannot be what is called 'a literate person,' but must needs proceed from one of the universities. Conceive, then, what base mutations he must have experienced from his palmy days at Oxford or at Cambridge, down through the solicitors' and merchants' offices, the secretaryship in the public institution, the bookselling and reporting, and the sub-editing in town and country!

'L.5 reward, if stolen; one pound, if strayed, on recovery of an iron-gray horse, off-hip down, newly shod on the hind foot.'

'Stolen or strayed, a bay horse, branded HE conjoined on near-shoulder; a brown horse, branded E on off-shoulder. L.5 given on conviction, and 10s. each on recovery.'

Is it the inverted order of things at the antipodes which causes people thus to reward thieving more highly than honesty? or are stolen horses in Sydney of greater value than Sydney horses that have strayed?

Among the pleasure-excursions, there is nothing striking except that it seems rather strange that one can get return-tickets to Paramatta, just as though it were Gravesend, for eighteen-pence; while of exhibitions there is but one, to which, however, no less than five advertisements are dedicated. It is difficult from the first four to discover of what nature this attraction may be. '*The greatest Phenomenon in the world previous to his departure for England, next Victoria Theatre.*' The Sphynx herself could scarcely have worded a notice more ingeniously. To the departure of what person, who seems to have placed this otherwise unrivalled Phenomenon in the second rank, does this refer? or does it affirm that it is the greatest Phenomenon next to the Victoria Theatre? What wondrous pile, then, *is* the Victoria Theatre? These gentlemen who

Hold their heads to other stars,
And breathe in converse seasons,

appear to express themselves a little conversely also: '*The Wonder of the World, age eleven years, and weight only twenty-two stone. Monster Band.*' The word 'only' is clearly a covert sarcasm; but Monster Band? Is that his name or his belt? There are two other mysterious puffs, and then the Phenomenon stands revealed. '*Next Victoria Theatre. The Australian Youth. Grand opening this day.*' So that it is only the dissection of a very fat boy, after all.

The most remarkable feature of this antipodean paper is, however, its Persons Advertised For:

'John Gulliver, who left Melbourne some six years ago, and supposed to be in Sydney, is informed that his sister is anxious to hear from him, at Kelly's Eating-house, Bull Street, Sandhurst, Victoria.' What slender chance has that poor sister of seeing brother John again! Six years ago! Why, not to mention the probability of his having been devoured in the Feejee Islands (to which a vessel seems to start from Sydney almost daily), John Gulliver may, within that period, have been trodden under foot by an unconscious infant in Brobdingnag, or shot to death with needles in Lilliput.

'If Thomas Annesley is in Sydney, he will hear of his brother Robert by applying at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Lower George Street, Sydney. Or if Mr Robert Ross, or his sister, Mrs Lewers or Lewis, who is from Armagh, county Armagh, Ireland, will apply at the above hotel, they will see their cousin Robert Annesley. Any information of them will be thankfully received.'

'If Hannah Gardiner, who arrived in this colony in August 1858, will call at the office of John Hosking, Esq., Pitt Street, will hear of her brother James.'

'Robert Griffiths. Your father is staying at the Darling Harbour Inn. Call. H. G.'

What are these but the dumb cries of sisters who have crossed the world to find their brothers, fathers to find their sons, and having crossed, are yet, maybe, no nearer to him they sought, who is lying a skeleton in the Bush, or even sailed for the old world, on the very day that these embarked for the new. Surely there is a pathos in this newspaper prose, which Poems of the Affections, bound in morocco, and illustrated by the best of pencils, often lack. There is nothing else in this *Sydney Intelligencer* very noteworthy, unless it be the announcement, that for part of the Christmas Treat at the Burlington Bazaar, 'lemonade and soda-water may be procured from the fountain!' How such a shivery statement reminds us at once of the 'converse seasons,' and of the Midsummer December sun! This is all, Mr Editor of the *Sydney Intelligencer*—if it be you that has sent me this thing—that I have to write upon the subject of your paper. If it does not interest the reader, I cannot help it. It did not interest *me*. I sincerely trust that the sender will now be satisfied, and cease to send it more. All nobody's newspapers are bad, but a nobody's newspaper from the other side of the world is to be endured by nobody.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Bunsen and Kirchoff's interesting experiments with the spectrum in chemical analysis have been repeated by Mr Matthiessen, at a meeting of the Royal Society, to the gratification of all beholders, for, apart from the intrinsic value of the results, some of the effects are strikingly beautiful. The black lines seen in a solar spectrum, which are known to students as Fraunhofer's lines, appear white, as Mr Matthiessen demonstrated, when the spectrum is produced by the spark from a galvanic coil. Seeing, then, that every different kind of light hitherto tried shews a different effect on the spectrum, the light of the stars is to be tested by the same apparatus, in the hope that conclusions may be arrived at concerning the physical condition of those distant bodies, and the nature of their atmosphere. Foucault shewed, some years ago, that the ray D of the electric spectrum coincides with the same ray of the solar spectrum; if, therefore, the starlight spectrum present the same coincidence, it would be safe to infer an identity in the nature of the light. There seems something wonderful in the notion of thus making out the secrets of remote space by scanning an illuminated stripe within a small darkened box. With regard to the hygienic view of the question, readers of our former notice of this subject will remember what was said concerning sodium and dust; the vast amount of sodium in the atmosphere is derived from the sea by evaporation, and diffused by the action of winds and waves; each minute particle of water holds a still more minute solid nucleus of chloride of sodium, which remains floating in the air after the water has evaporated. Now, it seems reasonable to conclude, that these minute particles supply some minute forms of organic life with the saline element essential to existence, and that animal life generally is influenced by their presence in greater or lesser proportions. Hence, to quote from the *Journal* of the Chemical Society, 'if, as is scarcely doubtful at the present day, the explanation of the spread of contagious disease is to be sought for in some peculiar contact-action, it is possible that the presence of an antiseptic substance like chloride of sodium, even in almost infinitely small quantities, may not be without influence upon such occurrences in the atmosphere.' The test for this theory would be a constant and long-continued series of spectrum observations, noted hour by hour, as has been the case with magnetical and meteorological observations, whereby the increase or diminution of sodium in the atmosphere would be detected.

Among the experiments made by Loewel, a chemist lately deceased, there are some of singular importance, as appears from a work published in France. It was discovered, two or three years ago, that air filtered through a layer of cotton would not excite fermentation; that the freezing of water under cotton is less firm than when uncovered, and that crystallisation is retarded by the same means: Loewel found that air, heated by friction or agitation, will not excite crystallisation. If compressed air be allowed to escape in a jet from a receiver, and play upon a saturated solution, no crystals appear; but if only two or three bubbles of common air be permitted to pass, the solution will solidify. Air, in this passive condition, is distinguished as adynamic, and the filtered air would come under the same definition. What is the significance of this peculiarity? Does it apply on the large scale, and is the air of our atmosphere ever thrown into an adynamic condition by hurricanes and storms, and is the effect thereof on human beings in anywise different from that of undisturbed air? Again, is there in this adynamic air any support for the theory of spontaneous generation, or the reverse? To answer these and other inquiries which suggest themselves, would be an interesting course of research for some ingenious and diligent student.

Some years ago, Mr R. W. Fox, of Falmouth, astonished the scientific world by shewing specimens of artificial copper produced by electricity; we now hear of a German chemist who produces silver—sterling silver, not German—by artificial means, at a cost of about three shillings an ounce. We hear, moreover, that a snug company is forming to work the discovery on a profitable scale: the appliances required are certain chemical preparations and galvanic apparatus of sufficient power to act on them. Should the experiment succeed on the large scale, the profit will certainly be handsome, and additional weight will attach to the opinion, that all metals are resolvable into two or three elements.

The new telegraph company for London, to which we called attention last autumn, is making satisfactory progress, and the expectations formed of the usefulness of Mr Wheatstone's simplified instruments are fully realised. They—the company—have already erected a number of lines across the house-tops, and purpose extending the same system into all parts of the metropolis. Mr Reuter, of multi-telegram reputation, rents more than a score of wires for his own especial use; the *Times*, for the present, has taken three; the city police avail themselves of the new system, as also certain manufacturing firms; and now, when a lady calls to ask when her piano will be ready, instead of being told that she will be informed by post next day, receives an immediate answer by telegraph from the factory in the suburbs. The rent charged for a wire is L.4 a mile per annum, inclusive of maintenance; and in cases where it is not desired to purchase the instruments, they also may be rented. One economical advantage, which the company derive from the use of Mr Wheatstone's instruments, is, that small wires are available for the transmission of messages; for as from thirty to fifty such wires can each be completely insulated in an india-rubber cord not thicker than a man's finger, it follows that in setting up a mile of cord fifty miles of wire are set up at once, which may be rented to as many different individuals. When set up, the cord is painted white, to check absorption of heat; and it is found that india-rubber is far preferable to gutta-percha as an insulator, inasmuch as it will bear extremes of temperature without any of that softening which allows the wires to shift their position in a gutta-percha coating. The india-rubber cord is manufactured by Messrs Silver, at their works near North Woolwich; and it is worth notice that the central wire, which is thicker than the others, is the 'hanging wire,' and bears all the strain of suspension, whereby the conducting wires are left free from strain-disturbances, and have nothing to do but convey the messages. We hear that 400 telegraph stations are to be established in Paris.

The late severe visitation of frost has occasioned the inquiry—Is it possible to announce the approach of a frost by telegraph, as it is to give warning of a cyclone? a question of vital importance to vine-growers in the south of France. The answer, which has however to be demonstrated by practice, is that it is possible, for cold currents in the atmosphere are commonly a day or a day and a half in travelling from the north of Russia to the Pyrenees: hence, if a message were flashed from Archangel or Stockholm, notifying a fall of the temperature to 20 degrees or to 0 degrees, which would be represented by 30 degrees or by 10 degrees in the south of France, the cultivators would have sufficient time to protect their vineyards by the usual means, which, as is well known, cost but little, and are easily applicable.

The Academy of Sciences at Naples offer a prize for researches in answer to the question: What are the circumstances in which the atmospheric oxygen is transformed into ozone? Is the cause of the change to be sought for in vegetation or electricity? Does the change take place by day or by night, and in what electric condition is the atmosphere at the time of the change?—Wolf, of Zurich, is pursuing his observations on the sun-spots, and is collecting all the tables of past observations which he can hear of for the purpose of corroborating his theoretical calculations. So far the verification is satisfactory; but he is particularly in want of observations for the years 1729 and 1748; and any one who can inform him where these may be found, will aid the cause of science. He finds by his investigations that a small defined spot crossed the solar disk in 1800, which seems to answer to one of the appearances of the intra-Mercurial planet, Vulcan, as ascertained by retrospective calculation.—Dr Buijs Ballot, of Utrecht, who is also a sun-observer, with especial attention to solar rotation and temperature, is led to conclude that one half of the sun is hotter than the other. In the photosphere, or atmosphere of light, which surrounds the mighty orb, he finds a movement from west to east in the equatorial region, thereby confirming the deductions of former observers, that trade-winds exist on the sun as well as on the earth.—M. Liais shews the perturbations of Mercury which have long puzzled astronomers, to arise from its exposure to a continuous shower of aërolites, which of course affects its mass. Of this shower of aërolites, our earth occasionally receives a few wandering specimens; its quantity is enormously increased with nearness to the sun, and hence the ceaseless fall on Mercury. To it, as M. Liais remarks, we owe the phenomenon of the zodiacal light; and agreeing with other physicists, he believes it to be the source and support of the sun's heat: derived from without, and not from within.

These are among the most important questions in astronomical or in cosmical science, and we cannot therefore pass them by unnoticed. While one class of inquirers is occupied with their investigation, another is discussing that interesting geological question, which, in consequence of recent chemical discoveries, has once more revived—the debate between fire and water. The Neptunists, as the aqueous philosophers are called, are bringing forward more convincing arguments than before, which it will tax the ingenuity of the Vulcanists to confute. Granite cannot have been formed by the action of fire, assert the former, because that rock is constituted of minerals whose melting-point is so different that they could not have been formed at one and the same time; and yet these minerals interpenetrate and cross each other, like the roots of neighbouring trees. Again, mica and free silica exist in the same mass of granite; and some kinds of granite contain soft mica charged with from four to five per cent. of water, which facts appear quite irreconcilable with the theory of a vulcanic origin.

A lively debate has also taken place among the members of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, on that highly important question—Life. The argument was carried on from three different points of view: that of the organicians; that of the animists; and that of the vitalists; and each party found much to say in support of their own opinions. The vitalists, who contend that life is a vital force entirely independent of physical influences, were triumphantly answered by M. Poggiale, who proved to demonstration that the phenomena of life are due to physico-chemical action. The chemist, applying his science to physiology, experiments on the living organism, and discovers the formation of sugar in the liver; that in respiration oxygen combines with the hydrogen and carbon of the blood, and produces animal heat; and that the gastric and pancreatic juice act upon alimentary substances enclosed in glass tubes with the same result as in the body. The result of the debate will probably be to give an impulse to the science which embraces the chemistry of life.

Dr Hooker, who has recently returned from a scientific travel in the range of Lebanon, in company with Captain Washington of the Admiralty, has catalogued the plants collected by the naturalist of the yacht *Fox* in her recent North Atlantic surveying expedition. The number is 170, of which nearly 100 are flowering-plants; and the doctor, after contrasting them with the plants of other arctic localities, and thereby widening the scope of geographical botany, adds, that he 'is drawing up a general account of the whole arctic flora, which he shall have the honour of laying before the Linnæan Society.' From the soundings made during this expedition, further confirmation has been gained that animal life can be maintained at very great depths. About midway between Greenland and Ireland, living star-fish were brought up from 1260 fathoms—nearly a mile and a half; and minute annelids were found at 1913 fathoms. Clearly the 'zero in the distribution of animal life,' referred to by the late eminent naturalist, Edward Forbes, is not yet arrived at.

At the instance of Mr Tite, the Institute of British Architects have held a discussion 'on the various processes for the preservation of stone,' in which, as was hoped, available facts and principles were brought out, and trustworthy information given as to the actual condition of the walls of the Houses of Parliament, to which the preserving wash has been applied. The whole question of building materials is one of increasing importance; and while the present high price of bricks is maintained, experiments will be made to render stone durable, or to produce some artificial substitute. We noticed, some time since, the *bêton*, a kind of concrete, manufactured in blocks at Paris, suitable for walls either above or below ground, and for factory cisterns, as it resists the action of acids, and, judging from late reports, it answers expectation. A builder at Reading, actuated by a close examination of the mortar which still binds the flint walls of the ancient abbey in that town, with almost irresistible tenacity, has recently patented a process for the manufacture of what he calls 'Reading Abbey Rubble Stone,' which resists moisture, heat, cold, and pressure, presenting a clean and smooth surface, capable of formation into mouldings, corbels, quoins, balustrades, and so forth, and acquiring an extraordinary degree of hardness within a few minutes after leaving the moulds. Seeing that ornamental blocks and slabs of any size can be produced, all the parts of a house, the steps, landings, basement-stairs and floors, sinks and window-sills, may be fashioned from this 'rubble stone,' as well as blocks for the walls, and at a cost below that of bricks.

As meteorological reports come in from distant parts, it appears that scarcely any region of the globe has escaped the visitation of unusual weather: the continent of Europe, North Africa, North America, as well as England, had more clouds and rain than sunshine; and now we hear that Australia has experienced an unusual demand for umbrellas. In the middle of November last, about a month from their midsummer, the colonists of New South Wales were glad to sit by the fire; and from the beginning of the year, up to that time, more than five feet of rain had fallen.

STEAM-IMPELLED FIRE-ENGINES.

'TO THE EDITOR OF CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

'HANLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE, *January* 18, 1861.

'SIR—In an article in a recent number of the *Journal*, "International Wrinkles," the use of steam fire-engines in America is noticed in a way that shews that the writer is not aware of the fact, that the application of steam to this purpose is of English origin, and that the invention, owing to its not being adopted by our fire-companies, was taken across the Atlantic, and has become naturalised among a people more quick to appreciate its merits. Full five-and-twenty years ago, Captain Ericson, in conjunction with Mr Braithwaite, brought out a steam fire-engine, and at their own cost, sent it to all parts of London, to aid in the extinguishing of fires. At several very extensive conflagrations, its great efficiency was established, and noticed in the public press. I saw it at work myself at an extensive fire that broke out at the back of some houses in Barbican, and extended into Bridgewater Square. The engine was placed just opposite Barbican Chapel, and the term splendid might well be applied to the services it rendered on that occasion. Its presence, however, excited the jealousy, and even the animosity of the firemen, who received its arrival with groans and other hostile demonstrations, which were only subdued by a counter-demonstration from the crowd, who broke out into loud cheering. Some years after this, a small paragraph went the round of the papers, to the effect that Captain Ericson had left this country for America, and that he had taken his fire-engine with him, in consequence of its non-adoption by the fire-companies here. Thus England not only lost the invention, but along with it the presence and services of the inventive genius of the inventor, whose exertions and skill were transferred to the people of America.

'It is worth while to inquire whether such a case as this is exceptional, or whether it is an indication of a general habit and state of mind in this country less congenial to the exercise and reward of inventive skill than is found on the other side of the Atlantic. It is chiefly in relation to this that I have thought it worth while to write this, because if such a state of things as this exists, we ought to be alive to it, and do what we can in our several spheres to remedy it.

I remain, yours truly, GEORGE STATHAM.'

'TO THE EDITOR OF CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

'FIRE-ENGINE AND PUMP MANUFACTORY,
245 BLACKFRIARS ROAD,
LONDON, *January* 15, 1861.

'SIR—We observe in an article under the title of "International Wrinkles," published in your *Journal* of the 22d December 1860 (No. 364), that the author is not aware of any steam fire-engines being in use in this country. Knowing your desire for correct information, we think it right to inform you that floating steam fire-engines have been in use on the Thames since October 1852, and we are not aware that they have been adopted in America. The London fire-engine establishment have had one of our *land* steam fire-engines in use for the last nine months, during which it has attended various fires with great success—accounts of which have appeared in the daily papers.—We enclose a circular bearing upon the question, and remain, sir, yours very respectfully, SHAND and MASON (successors to W. J. TILLEY).'

DUTY.

WHAT recks the soldier on the battle-field
Whether the soil he treads be rich or bare,
The country round him desolate or fair—
Whether bright sunbeams play on lance or shield,
Or rain-clouds gather in the heavy air?
His only thought how best his arms to wield,
To force the hated foe at length to yield,
To stand the charge, or the assault to dare.
And why care I, who have my battle too,
With sin and folly, doubts, temptations, fears,
Whether the post assigned be fair to view,
Which *must* be conflict-trampled, scorched with tears—
Enough if, struggling, I o'ercome at last!
Scars turned to trophies, and their pain long past!

L. C.

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THE OLD ARMOURY.

Some of the happiest hours of my life have been passed in the grand old armoury of Goodrich Court. That unrivalled collection, the fame of which has long been widely spread over the New World and the Old, brought many a pilgrim of foreign speech and mien. Guide-books gloated over it, antiquaries appealed to its silent testimony for confirmation of their dearest theories, and novel-loving young ladies surveyed with no pretended interest the gilded mail in which the knights of old had ridden forth to tourney or to battle. What a number of blue-spectacled professors, fresh from Heidelberg or Jena, have I seen congregated round the effigy of a stark crusader, peering, jostling, and disputing with all the tooth-loosening power of German gutturals and sibilants, as to whether 'mascled' sleeves came into fashion in 1098 or 1106—a question evidently of difficulty and deep moment. But the times when I saw the old armoury to the best advantage, and most thoroughly enjoyed its accumulated treasures, were when the morning sun or the soft summer moonlight came pouring in through the emblazoned windows, and I had the galleries to myself. How awful and mysterious, by moonlight, did that long line of martial forms appear, standing motionless, with their armour half shimmering in the yellow light, half darkling in shadow! The moon that shone through the pictured windows flung rich ruby and topaz tints on the dinted breastplates, beneath which knightly English hearts had throbbed at Cressy or Agincourt; on the gilt Milan suits worn at the Eighth Harry's court; on the pliant harness of chain-work that had been borne by many a Saracen sheik and Moorish emir. There, under one roof, had been gathered, by the combined magic of wealth and taste, a wondrous miscellany of warlike gear: the weapons of mortal foes, the arms of different generations, the rude panoply of savage tribes, and the gorgeous armour of monarchs.

Besides this assemblage of military curiosities, the armoury contained much that could not be without interest to any thoughtful mind, whether dreamy or practical. In those galleries could be traced the gradual progress of human invention, as applied to war. There were mail-shirts, for example, which had probably been worn at Hastings, mere lozenges of thin iron, or rings of the same metal, that had been sewn with thread to a garment of stout linen or woollen cloth. Linen and woollen had fed the moths of an earlier century, threads had rotted away, and nothing was left but the little scales of corroded iron, pierced with holes for the needle of the Norman armourer; but skill and lore had sufficed to restore the fabric to its original condition, and there hung the hauberk, as perfect as its old wearer had left it. These were the earliest of the series, excepting certain classical scraps of Roman harness, in brass or in bronze; a shield or two, on which could be traced the world-famous S.P.Q.R.; perhaps a helmet, battered out of shape; a fragment of a lorica; and offensive arms in plenty. Next came the byrnes and lurichs of ringed and of linked mail, the old classic lorica in a new form, but with a scarcely altered name, and the chain-shirts of the Northmen. Invention had taken a great stride, when cunning smiths first succeeded in constructing a fabric of pure metal, every link joined to the next in order, so that the ancient plan of sewing the scraps of iron to a groundwork of cloth is disused, except for those quilted 'jacks' of leather, plastered with iron lozenges, which foot-soldiers continued to wear as late as the Reformation. These chain-shirts were pliant and flexible articles of attire, fitting to the body, and allowing free movements of the limbs; but they were weighty garments, and it was soon found that less iron in another form would furnish an equal defence. Then came the jointed mail, of a hundred varieties, dependent on fashion, caprice, or convenience. The Goodrich Armoury could shew some noble specimens. There they stood in rows, those mimic knights, the hollow shells of warriors long passed away. Another great stride has Invention made; and yet, with all this gallant show of warlike bravery, there seems to be somewhat worth regretting in the simplicity of the elder world's defensive gear. A Danish viking or a Saxon thane could have 'put on his armour for the fray' in two minutes, and with little need of aid. Not so your companions of Cœur de Lion, not so your stalwart Crusaders, your iron-handed negotiators of Magna Charta, your early K. G.'s, and followers of the first Plantagenets. As their battle-garb stands before you, stark and stiff, you cannot but marvel at its costliness, and the wonderful amount of preparation required to equip a champion for the joust or the field. Already, by the end of the eleventh century, you see that iron has become an exploded material for the armour of aristocratic combatants. Brass, the classic brass, had given way to iron long before, and now iron gives precedence to its polished cousin steel. Spain is now the great mart of warrior-harness; the forges of Toledo, Seville, Burgos, can hardly produce their wares with sufficient rapidity. Europe is yearly flinging her blood and treasure on the burning sands of Syria; Christendom is waging a long duel with the Paynim on his own soil; and every galley bound for the Morningland, carries out from the West a goodly store of gallant men, steeds, armour, to return never again. Spanish steel is hard and enduring; it can bear much hammering of maces, slashing of swords, and dint of arrow and lance. Moreover, it is often fair to look upon; and see! even now, in age and decay, you can distinguish the azure and gold, the Damascene tracery, the delicacy of bronzing, lackering, embossing, the stars of gold, the fantastic ornaments, the half-effaced armorial-bearings on the shield, the half-rased crest on the helmet, that once pleased the eyes of fair ladies, leaning over tournament galleries draped with cloth of gold, to see their champions win or lose. Vanity of vanities! All those things of the elder world are dust and ashes alike—stole and wimple, and robe furred with minever, and the slender girls and haughty matrons that wore them; the kings that presided over the list; the pompous heralds that marshalled them; and the stout limbs and bold hearts that filled these hollow husks of steel—The knights are dust, and their good swords rust; their souls are with the saints, we trust.

I scarcely know which reflection, as a child, puzzled me the most, whether all those personages of the chivalric epoch that I used to read of in dear old *Ivanhoe*, and such antique romances, were dead and gone utterly from the earth, or whether they had ever existed out of a poet's fancies. There, before me, in visible presence, when I went alone to the old armoury, *Ivanhoe* in hand, were the identical suits that knights had worn and fought in; and it was hard to believe that the race had completely died out, when there stood the harness, grimly erect, and I could fancy a pair of fierce eyes looking through the bars of the closed visor, and a stern voice suddenly issuing from within that hollow helmet. And yet it was like looking at a mammoth's bones, so absolutely had Time's flood left the feudal epoch high and dry. At anyrate, we can guess that each of those suits was a very expensive purchase, and a very awkward garb to wear. There were countless joints that required to be secured with rivets, and each rivet had to be clenched with a hammer. The valets of a nobleman of those ages had need to have served in a smithy, and the toilet must have been as noisy as the ordinary work of a forge. Clang! clash! ring! hammer and pincers clattering on sonorous metal! How dreadful must have been the disturbance in a hostelry, when young knights were preparing for a pageant; and how tremendous the clatter requisite for getting their worships into fighting-trim!

All this time, the helmets have been changing too. There were casques, with long 'nasals,' or nose-pieces, instead of visors, to protect the face, just the casques you see depicted in the Bayeux tapestry, and in one of which Saxon Harold was killed by that hateful arrow. Then there were early English, and French, and German head-pieces, where the visor was a flat plate of iron, with round eyelet-holes, and a similar orifice for breathing. Next in order came the helm, with crest upon it, and aigrette to fix feathers in, and holes where the laces had once passed to tighten it on the head of its wearer, and the regular visor of iron bars very close together, and capable of being raised like a portcullis. The weight of this mighty head-covering increased with every age; and it is worth notice that the tournament-helm, used for tilting, was half as heavy again as the battle-casque, and had a loftier crest. No wonder the knights never wore that dreadful thing until the very moment of joining battle; no wonder they gasped and choked till they got an opportunity of taking it off again; that constables and marshals rode in procession, armed at all points, *except* the head; and that many a bold champion has been smothered outright under his morion, when unhorsed and helpless. There was one tall tilting helmet with a wyvern or other fabulous creature for a crest, that I once believed to be the very helmet (it was nearly big enough) mentioned in the *Castle of Otranto*, and under which the page was confined. Only to think of bearing that ton of steel on one's aching head, with the laces drawn tight, and that suffocating aventaille down, and the crest and plumes nodding uneasily, and so to take a dim view of society through the bars of the visor, as one waited for the herald's cry: 'Knights, do your *devoir!*' This, surely, presents chivalry in a most uncomfortable aspect.

But I am now coming to the age when plate-armour supplanted mail, and the dressing-room of a gentleman bore less resemblance to a smithy, though there was yet some work for the hammer-man before the warrior was fully accoutred. Every piece of armour is now a separate affair; and an amazing quantity was worn. There was the helmet, with a mail-hood perhaps as well, the gorget clasping the neck, and the vauntbrace, the corselet or breastplate, the backplate, brassards and pauldrons, cuissards, afterwards yclept taslets, steel-boots or steel-shoes, and jambards, gauntlets, knee-pieces, and epaulets of steel. The breast was not only protected by the shield and the corselet, but by an inner breastplate, or sometimes a hauberk or mail-shirt; and within that again was a chest-protector in the shape of a jazeran, or shirt of fine chain; while other warriors preferred a gambesson of quilted leather inside their armour, and a surcoat of bright heraldic colours, daintily wrought by ladies' fingers, over it. Altogether, a knight could not have worn less than a hundredweight of cold iron, often much more, besides his two-handed sword, his series of poniards, axe or mace, and lance. Then, when we consider that his gallant charger was trapped with a steel-plated war-saddle with high bows and cantel, and broad stirrups, and that the unhappy animal was barded with steel, and smothered in embroidered housings, with a poitrail on his chest, flankers along his sides, a chainfron with a long spike like a unicorn's horn on his head, and a bunch of peacock's plumes between his ears, we can easily guess how slow must have been the march, how moderate the onslaught, of such ponderous cavalry. Indeed, the wonder is how Flanders could produce steeds capable of bearing such towers of hollow iron; and we know that in the plate-armour epoch, a knight being down was unable to rise without assistance. There he lay, helpless, like a turtle on its back, until he was held to ransom or poniarded. But they were not easily unhorsed, those living fortresses, until gunpowder lent its aid. By this time, Milan gives fashions, and sells harness to the world. The milliner deals now-a-days in flimsy wares for fair wearers; but the first Milliners, or, more correctly, Milaners, were Italian merchants, who drove a most gainful traffic in selling to the barons and princes of the rude West the products of the unrivalled forges of Lombardy. Goodrich Court had some splendid suits, worthy to be worn by a Visconti or a Borgia. I have seen no finer in any royal or national collection. Even in our time, the old beauty lingers about those costly mail-suits, made at enormous price, for the martial dandies of the decline of chivalry. There may still be seen the gold and the purple, the azure blazoned with stars, the green, the blackened silver, that once glowed all gorgeous in the sunlight of four centuries back. Some of those coats have the gloss and delicacy of a starling's breast; the colours have faded, but still the fine damask-work survives. Some harness, for kings' wearing, was far more superb than even these, and has doubtless paid the penalty of its overrich plumage by finding its way to the Jews' melting-pots. We read of astonishing corselets plated with pure gold, of helmets bestarred with jewels, of hauberks where goldsmiths' work was intertwined with arabesqued steel. These are gone from the world's gaze long ago. Those glorious Milan suits were costly enough, without being jewelled as well. They were bought at prices quite surprising; a farm for a corselet; a yoke of oxen for a gorget; a complete suit was at the value of a small estate. Books themselves were not dearer. In the middle ages, the mercenary soldiers who were paid by Italian republics and princes to fight their battles—the Lamoricières of their day—fought not to kill, but to capture. Sometimes a battle was quite bloodless. Often there were but one or two deaths in a hot affray. The arms and horse of the captive were what the conqueror sought; and so that he could strip the vanquished of his gay plumes, and get a ransom afterwards, he was seldom cruelly disposed to kill the goose that could bestow such golden eggs as Milan mail and a bag of bezants.

Especial magnificence distinguishes the armour of Edward III.'s reign—a reign made up of wars and pageantry, of victories and of tournaments, when the court was a fairyland. The surcoats of brocade, velvet, cloth of gold, and other rich stuffs, were during this king's sway of a prodigal splendour; the knights wore them over their sparkling armour, and on their breasts flashed their heraldic devices in gold or in silver broidery. The old chroniclers, Froissart, Comines, Brantome, loved to expatiate on the fantastic taste and luxury of all this glistening apparel; and, indeed, no peacock spreading his glorified tail in the sunshine could have outglittered one of the Black Prince's compeers in war. Who paid for all this bravery? The Third Edward could not make money by practising rough dentistry on rich Hebrews, as King John had done in the good old times. The Jews were gone out of England—banished; their teeth were safe from the forceps of any royal practitioner. But there were the Lombards of Lombard Street—wealthy, timid foreigners, that fattened on the ignorance and thriftlessness of the rude English islanders, golden sponges from which the king squeezed many a good florin and rose noble.

The only armour equalling this expensive mail of the Plantagenet day, is that of Henry VIII.'s time. The abbey-lands and episcopal revenues gilded those astonishing corselets and damasked those fair helmets. It was the renaissance period, too, and across the Channel Francis I. was blazing like the noonday sun. That was the age of splendid books, palaces, mantles, and armour, of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and of such revels and jousts as gave a rich after-glow to the evening of chivalry. Then comes a terrible falling-off in the specimens handed down to our time. In Elizabeth's reign, gunpowder proved too much for armour. Knights began to go into battle in half-armour; the old shells of mail were discarded; the buff-coat came in. Buff-coats were in fashion for a century and a half; they still exist in some collections, ugly stiff garments of bull's hide, with a little corroded metal, perhaps, on their seams and edges, where once glittered a broad lace of silver, for the buff-coat was the gay military uniform of its day, wrought in silk, and gold, and silver thread. The buff-coat was a fair protection against sword-strokes and stabs; it cost fifty pounds when new; and we may still read Colonel Hutchinson's piteous complaints against the cavaliers who harried his property, and robbed him of this useful article of attire.

Charles I. is considered to have been the last person in England who ever went to battle in complete armour, *cap-à-pie*, like an ancient knight. But Cromwell's Ironsides had metal enough to carry to content moderate men. They were armed with breast and back plates, steel morions on their heads, and buff-coats to cover their bodies, besides taslets of iron to meet their ponderous boots, which latter were bound with brass and iron, and ten times as heavy as the degenerate boots of our day. Even infantry continued occasionally to wear corselets and helmets until a very late period, probably quite up to the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, though the pictures of the Flanders wars almost always represent the foot-soldier without any defensive armour. As for the cavalry, they gradually laid aside their harness; and after the battle of Minden, the Blues and Life Guards disused wearing their breastplates. This was in 1759. Those cuirasses lay in the Tower armory for many a day. The Household Brigade wore no steel over their cloth coats on the occasion of their famous charge at Waterloo; and it was in consequence of the protection afforded the French cuirassiers by their iron casing, which rang to the sword-blows like a smith's anvil, that the Guards blossomed out once more in the picturesque attire with which our eyes are familiar. Many soldiers are now wearing the identical breastplates that an earlier generation bore at Minden.

Armour is not utterly forsaken, even in this far-shooting age of Armstrong guns, Congreve rockets, and elongated rifle-balls. Besides the British Life Guards, there are cuirassiers in the service of France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, and the German powers. Spain has, I believe, but one corps of cuirassiers. The Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt have each had a fancy, respectively, for a regiment of 'Heavies' in corselet and helm, but climate and lack of sturdy steeds were against the project. Asia, however, that Conservative among continents, is loath to give up an old habit. In Circassia, Persia, Tartary, in India and Afghanistan, in the Malayan Archipelago, and among the wild nations of Arabia, there are still knights and mailed warriors, in the very garb of those Saracens who resisted Richard of the Lion Heart. Curiously enough, the most heavily armed of all these champions are the Wahabees of Central Arabia, who never go to war without being headed by a few heroes in helmet, hauberk, gauntlets, and steel-boots, fortified like actual castles against such lethal weapons as the Bedouins use in close fight. In India, again, there are men in armour enough to grace the processions of all the Lord Mayors that ever swayed the sceptre of Cockaigne. The Pindharees, those mounted bloodsuckers whose armies of light-horse used annually to sweep over Hindustan and the Deccan, robbing, burning, and slaughtering—a mere joint-stock company of adventurers—were always in mail. The Great Duke won his spurs, under the name of Colonel Wellesley, or rather Wesley, in pursuing a famous Pindharee chief, Dhoondiah Waugh, every one of whose followers wore armour. A hard chase it was; the Duke, in his dispatches to his brother, the Marquis Wellesley, compares it to fox-hunting, and declares that 'it was now plain they should never catch Dhoondiah Waugh.' Nor was Dhoondiah ever captured, though his lieutenant, and some thousand shareholders in the association of cut-throats, were driven into a river, and drowned by the weight of their harness. Curiously enough, though the Pindharees wore iron on their own breasts, they had none on their horses' feet; and yet those Mahratta nags of theirs could march from seventy to a hundred miles a day, under the weight of rider and mail, corn-bag and heel-pickets, not to mention a felt saddle weighing 24 lbs., and snugly wadded with rupees and bangles besides. 'Do you think I would trust my life to a bit of iron?' said a captive Pindharee, with infinite scorn, in reply to the question why his horse was unshod. And yet the man wore half a hundredweight of smith's work on his own head and shoulders. There are plenty of Mahrattas, Sikhs, Patans, Rajpoots, and so on, who wear mail-coats to this day. The Afghans and Beloochees always have a handsome harness when they can muster its price; and now and then our irregular troopers are allowed to wear a chain-shirt, though the officers are not partial to the indulgence, for three reasons. First, they say that armour makes men timid; second, it hampers the sword-arm; third, if a ball strikes the wearer, it drives in some of the broken steel links, converting a clean gunshot wound into a hideous laceration, past surgery; and that is, indeed, the very worst of armour. A ball *may* glance from a rounded cuirass—though there are French breastplates at Woolwich through which Brown Bess has cut a rough hole—but it can hardly fail to pierce linked mail or chain-work. Many a warrior of a couple of centuries ago has died painfully from the effects of a wound that would not have been mortal, save for the scrap of buff-leather, or the fragment of steel, forced into its owner's body by the fatal bullet. This was why the armourer shut up his disused forge, and broad-cloth supplanted hard iron.

The eighteenth century gave little heed to arms defensive. The nobles of France campaigned in velvet and silk, not in tempered metal. Even the jazeran, or secret vest of chain-mail, worn beneath the clothes by those who feared the assassin's dagger, went out of fashion, and a vest of quilted silk, pistol and poniard proof, superseded it. This latter, technically called a 'plastron,' was no new invention. James I. of England thus protected his majesty from sacrilegious stabbers. When that reverend romancer, Dr Titus Oates, had the ear of the nation, many a good Protestant went swaddled in silk, for fear of popish knives. Such a silken breastplate was offered to, and refused by, poor Louis Seize in the height of his troubles; and the Duke of Orleans, *Philippe Egalité*, fainted in presence of the Convention, fairly stifled by the 'plastron' which his cowardice had suggested. A somewhat similar cuirass was that worn by the natives of Peru, and called by Pizarro and his fillibusters by the Spanish name of *escaupil*. It was a sort of tunic of cotton cloth, wadded and quilted with cotton so thickly and firmly as to defy all arrows, and deaden most bullets. The Spanish conquerors gladly threw aside their heavy steel-trappings for this light substitute, the only instance perhaps of a really untaught nation's possessing any armour beyond a shield. The Aztecs of Mexico, to be sure, had delicate hauberks and casques of thin golden mail, and the prettiest surcoats of humming-birds' feathers; but those fairy arms could only have been designed to enhance the splendour of Montezuma's court. Cuirasses were taken into favour by Napoleon, who made great use of heavy cavalry, but they have been the cause of much complaint. All the cuirassiers abroad, except perhaps the Spanish Guards, are underhorsed; they move slowly, they overweight their horses, and yet it is certain that light cavalry dread their shock above all things.

But after long neglect, after being sneered at, derided, and shelved as lumber, armour has started up like a phœnix, and has assumed no mean place among the questions of the day. From the hour that the first iron-plated frigate was laid down at Cherbourg, by the emperor's directions, the consideration of nautical armour, at least, was forced upon our reluctant consideration. Our wooden walls, it seems, from a hundred experiments at Sheerness and Cherbourg, are not fence enough for the Island Home they have guarded so long. France has ten of these sea-dragons afloat, proud of their scales and their strength, besides that grim monster the *Gloire*, which defies the mightiest engines of modern warfare. The latest experiments on this side the water go to prove that wall-sided ships cannot face heavy artillery, be they never so bucklered with iron; but the most formidable discharge can do no harm to a bulwark sloped at 45 degrees. From this all shots glance off like hailstones. There are those who deny that the *Gloire* can swim the seas. Her armour weighs her down, they say; her lower ports are swamped, her decks afloat, and her guns useless. But, ah! let us not crow out our pæans of victory too soon over the clumsy Gaul! We have heard much of this kind of talk before. Did not grave dons of science demonstrate, by awful mathematics, that no steamer could cross the Atlantic?—that no locomotive could run on the railway, or do aught but stand still and spin around its wheels like a firework?—that gas would not illuminate, nor electricity play the newsmonger? So we may be pretty sure that if iron-plated ships can float, and won't float, they will be made to float before our pertinacious neighbour has done with them; nor is it well for us Britons to be left too far behind the latest Cherbourg fashions. Wooden ships cannot engage impregnable leviathans; if a ship cannot be sunk or set on fire, there is but one resource—to board her; no uncongenial task for British tars. Pipe away the boarders, then; get ready the pikes and cutlasses; sheer alongside the invulnerable enemy, the monster that darts flame and death from every port-hole in her guarded sides, and hey for St George against the Dragon! Alas! this also has been foreseen. There is not one weak spot in the monster's steely scales: that iron roof over the *Gloire's* deck is proof against the boldest boarders that ever sprang cheering on a hostile poop: St George cannot get a stroke at the Dragon. Well, we must have dragons of our own. We must pit armour against armour, magnanimously take a lesson from our ancient rivals, and earn anew for Britain the well-won title of Mistress of the Seas. Most true it is, however, that iron sheathing does sink a ship very deep indeed in the water—a serious drawback to the efficiency of these new tyrants of the deep, where long voyages and diversity of weather are in question. No doubt, this difficulty will be improved away ere long, and the floating power of plated vessels be greatly increased by the extension of the principle of separate compartments, and by other means. But we should remember how easy it is, in these narrow seas, and for short expeditions, to pick and choose our weather.

Steam makes an enemy independent of contrary winds: impregnable ships need not care for a blockading force. The wind has, in old times, been England's very good friend and ally: the wind scattered the haughty Armada, put a stop to scores of Jacobite enterprises and French descents, and drove Hoche and his frigates out of Bantry Bay. But steam-transports, escorted by an overpowering fleet of these new children of Bellona, the *Gloire* and her stern sisterhood, may cross when they will; and not all the gallant devotion and seamanship possible could stay such an armament, unless one floating fortress is matched by another, steel by steel. Let us not, with old Admiral Mainbrace, launch out into testy contempt of the new-fangled marine champions; let us not call the *Gloire* a clumsy hooker, and wish ourselves on board some *Agamemnon* or *Arethusa*, just to have the pleasure of engaging her on equal terms. The terms are not equal, my poor dear old admiral: your *Arethusa* is a good ship and a sound, bravely manned, and skilfully handled; but wood cannot match iron; your line-of-battle-ship would be dismasted, burning, wrecked beyond redemption, spouting red blood from ports and scuppers like a wounded whale, before she had so much as dinted the bulwarks of her grim opponent. It would be the old story of the naked savage flinging his life away in a struggle with the mailed man-at-arms, locked in his harness of proof. The French authorities have kindly informed us, that while the targets made of British iron have been broken by repeated shots, those of French iron have stood the test. That is a fact that may stagger Merthyr and Birmingham; but, after all, charcoal iron must be better than iron 'bloomed' by coke-fires. In steel, at anyrate, the French will hardly beat us; and steel-plates, being lighter, are undoubtedly superior covering for war-ships. It is not absolutely necessary that these plates should be of iron or steel. If the timbers would bear the repeated blows, a thick sheathing of gutta-percha would protect a vessel against shot; but liquid fire-shells to be propelled by a rifle, and bombs full of molten iron for the same benevolent purpose, are among the recent devices of science, and gutta-percha is too inflammable a substance to be trustworthy.

One substance there is, and that a new one, hardly known beyond the laboratory, but more valued every day, which would be better fitted for ship-armour than all the old metals of Tubal Cain, and that is aluminum, the basis of clays. Untarnishing, easily worked, capable of being alloyed into a bronze of wonderful hardness, and of being indurated in a pure state till it equals cast-iron, this Newcome among the metals has the great merit of being the lightest of them all—lighter than glass. Aluminum would give equal protection, with a fractional part of the weight, could it be but cheaply procured; but its present high price curtails its usefulness terribly. The other day, on the French stage, there appeared a Joan of Arc in armour of aluminum, beautifully finished, the weight being eleven pounds; the cost, at a fancy price fixed by the jeweller who wrought it, some L.250. The steel suit, of Berlin make, in which Mademoiselle Mars used to play the character, weighed fifty-five pounds! and cost L.1000, according to Paris tradition. Just now, aluminum is banded about like a shuttle-cock between the chemist and the silversmith; it is costly, it is rare, though its humble pedigree is but traced to common clay—the clay that clogs the ploughshare, and loads the highlows of honest Hodge, toiling in the shafts; but it cannot be born as a metal, cannot come forth white and glistening, a Cinderella in her ball-dress, without the expensive aid of sodium, and sodium is at half the price of gold. When it *does* become cheap, in the course of invention, great things are expected from it; it is to decorate our side-boards, coin our small-change, construct our machinery, carry gas and water, and why not arm our ships? The armourer's trade is not quite obsolete among us. The great army-cutlers, Messrs Wilkinson of Pall Mall, for instance, send out quantities of mail, chain-shirts, steel-gloves, and helmets, both to Asia and South America. Venezuela and Arabia are good customers to Pall Mall. The Arab chiefs require coats of well-annealed chain-work, heavy and massive, made after a pattern as old as the Crusades. The mail-shirt alone weighs nearly thirty pounds, and the whole suit above forty pounds. The Spanish customers, who only want to be shielded from the reed-arrows and cane-lances of their Indian foes, order something much lighter of wear. A Venezuela colonist can take the field in only twenty-five pounds of polished steel, pliant as a glove; but the Bedouin, though he deals with London instead of Damascus or Bassora, chooses to carry the burden which his grandfather bore ages ago, and sees no need to change. Not that all these gallant accoutrements are proof against a musket-ball. To keep out lead propelled by gunpowder, no less than *twenty-eight* pounds of steel to the square foot are required, as repeated experiments have proved. The elasticity of gutta-percha might be useful here, but who could bear the fatigue and heat of the march and battle, if he were swathed in such a material? And yet there may come a day, ere long, when some kind of armour will be needed for soldiers, as now for ships. The new arms have never yet had a fair trial—the cannon that throw their shells and shot ten thousand yards —the Enfields and Whitworths that make good practice at fourteen hundred, and are all but unerring at nine hundred yards. We have not yet seen—and may we never see!—a war in which shall be employed the very best arms of precision extant, in the cool, strong hands that, at Hythe, may daily be seen to strike the far-off target with clock-work accuracy again, again, and again. But it needs no prophet to tell that inventions so murderous must be met by defensive inventions of some kind, and armour, probably of aluminum or other new substance, may, perhaps, once more come into favour, from the very horror of the carnage which *must* accompany the next great European struggle for empire.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

My little men and women are not the stunted growths of our adult population; they are not the small old specimens occasionally fallen in with, whose appearance suggests the idea of attenuated infancy and chronic hydrocephalus; neither are they kith nor kin of the individual met in country fairs and market-places, usually travelling, as a pleasing contrast of nature's pleasantries, with a herculean specimen of obese idleness, and whose residence is weakly supposed, by children and village-folk, to be the highly decorated, three-storied, wooden-box house, from the drawing-room window of which he makes frequent display of a dirty little hand garnished with suspicious jewellery. My little men and women are not dwarfs; they have neither dwarf bodies nor dwarf intellects. They are simply children who have never known a childhood!

How sad an anomaly is a child whose wakening years open upon such scenes and circumstances as at once call upon it to enact its little part amidst them; as plunge it into such thoughts, and cares, and anxieties as rightly appertain only to more advanced life; as blot out all traces of a child's childhood; as stamp it, by too shrewd an intellect, and too small a physical development, a premature little man or woman. These were never children, but in years; they look back to no sunny spot in their brief lives, as other men and women do, and call it childhood, and the place wherein it was cherished, home. There is no summer of past days towards which they can fondly turn in any sad moment of their wintry experience, not a green patch of promise to enliven the whole bleak and desert waste.

Who would call 'Aunty Bec' a child? Look at that small active figure, wrapped and bandaged in a tattered shawl, which trails after her along the dirty pathway like a train of the ladies of old. Her naked feet are thrust into lofty iron-bound clogs, wherein she balances herself with consummate skill. Peep into the depth of that prodigious bonnet, whose silk is faded and obliterated, but whose solidity of structure yet remains; gaze at the small, sharp features therein canopied as beneath the hood of a gig, and after you have looked, and wondered, I affirm you will not venture to call that face the face of a child; you will at once acknowledge it to belong to one of my little women. Though she has not seen eight full years, a strange experience has rendered her far wiser than are most larger women, who can count eighteen. We shall meet her presently, coming from a bad-smelling alley near at hand to seek the sunshine, with a singular bundle lying across her shoulder, which reposes confidentially against the sheltering side of her queer bonnet. If curious to inspect this suspicious rag-heap, we shall astonish ourselves by finding that it contains a child—one who should be an infant, a perfect babe in weeks; still poverty and the alley have conspired to cast over that mite's features an expression vastly different to that of the baby-face we kiss and smile upon in houses elsewhere! Its little eyes are wide and shrewdly open, and its keen features seldom relax into baby-laughter; it seems already to have taken a very serious view of existence, and found that it promises but a few visionary fragments, calculated to excite any shade of humour. Dirt and it have already commenced what will probably be a steady acquaintance for life; for we shall find the baby-face veneered in compact particles and patches by undisturbed accumulations.

'Aunty Bec' will tell you that she goes out 'nussing.' The curious little rag-heap you have just inspected has been confided to her tenderness by its father. Of a mother's care, it has known nothing; she is dead; so 'Aunty Bec' here steps in, and offers her kind offices to the child of the dead woman. Remembering what a child Aunty is, how much herself requiring a mother's care, you will not fail to admire the protecting and almost parental wing with which she envelops her charge. She seems to anticipate the whole of its wants, and to meet them after her own fashion in a very creditable manner. She is a good, warm-hearted, ragged creature, and loves the poor forsaken little heap, lying across her shoulders, with a far more genuine feeling than my Lady Shirkerbairn's well-paid nurse loves my lady's fashionable bantling. My lady pays handsomely for the motherly care she should herself bestow upon her offspring; but, alas! she owes more to society than to it, being a spoiled and beautiful child of the one, and only the parent of the other.

'Aunty Bec' gives far more love from her baby-heart to her baby-charge, than any money can ever reward. If it were not so, sad and forsaken indeed would be the nurse-child of the ill-smelling alley. Aunty's bearing has been by no means repelling, whilst I conducted my inquiries; on the contrary, she seemed to court them. She has confided to my keeping secrets connected with the rearing of infants, to my mind, truly astonishing; but fortunately for my present condition, useless in their practical application. She has assured me, with a nicety of calculation, the exact weekly expenditure consequent upon a baby; how much its first year's life will cost, and how much its second year's existence ought to be. She is intimately acquainted with the proprietors of marine stores, and other general dealers, who, she imagines, make great annual sacrifices on the articles of baby-clothing alone. She assures me she buys 'beautiful things for next to nothing,' of these amiable and devoted merchants; which, freely rendered, means that she pays a handsome percentage upon the useless rags for which they were bought, but for which they are far from being sold. Nor is her knowledge confined to the baby expenditure as a living baby; she has enlightened me greatly upon the subject of funereal charges. She is a walking trade-list of Messrs Dust and Ashes, and knows their precise demand for a plain elm, or a strong ditto covered with blue silk, nails, and plate. She has calculated, for the special consolation of bereaved parents, the whole cost of Messrs Dust and Ashes' attention to a 'small job,' not omitting the charge for beer, with which Mr Dust will hope to allay the excessive dryness of his mournful throat, when he returns from the burial. Her greatest intimacy exists amongst 'plain elms,' containing upon their lids a brief summary in chalk; but the most astonishing event of 'Aunty Bec's' whole small life is wrapped up with 'a baby as she knowed and nussed, as died, poor dear, and was buried in a beautiful blue coffin, what had angels on the top—and how did I think it was buried? Why, in a cab!'

The magnificence of this poor burial, with a blue-covered coffin for the dead baby, and an actual cab from the street-corner, to bestow upon it a first and last air of respectability, is fixed in the imagination of Aunty as an event too imposing to be readily forgotten. She associates herself with its grandeur; and if she be rendered one atom the more happy by her remembrance of 'the baby as was buried in a cab,' it will be a far rougher hand than mine that will strip the small piece of tinsel away which she sees clinging around the hidden glory of one of Mr Dust's best little jobs, in a very poor neighbourhood. For all the love and tender carefulness Aunty bestows, she receives, as by herself expressed, 'thruppence a week and vittels;' and I can certify that for that trifling wage she does a woman's duty well and lovingly, and ministers to the wants of the motherless alley-bred baby as fondly and patiently as any such baby could desire.

May He who loves little children, bless and aid thee, my poor 'Aunty Bec!' Thou art, indeed, no creature of my fancy; I have seen thee many times seeking out warm spots of grateful sunshine; I know thee well—ragged in raiment, tender in years, most miserable in thy daily gain and sustenance, but oh! how strong in the love with which thy child-heart fosters the child of the dead woman!

Aunty is only one out of a great number; there are other 'little women,' young in years, but old in experience—children who, stepping into women's places, display women's love and powers. Little households call them their guide; forsaken and forlorn children call them Aunty and Mother, and look up to them, children though they be, and seek love and protection from these protectors, so frail and unprotected themselves. Haggling at street-stalls, cheapening stale fish, and strange particles from butchers' trays; conversing mysteriously with real men and women; buying, selling, talking, listening, we see these small women daily, and can only wonder at and pity the circumstances by which they are developed.

Foxy Bosley, more frequently styled the 'Admiral,' is, I need scarcely suggest, quite unknown to the First Lord; he is an urchin of some ten years old, but he cannot count them himself, and, as far as he knows, he may be twenty. If I were to be told by any solemn beadle that he numbered a score, I should not hesitate in accepting such respectable testimony. He wears the remains of a green surtout; it comes fairly over his heels, and the collar may generally be found embracing the top of his head. Something peculiar, dangling in shreds, and fantastic in outline, covers such portions of his legs as the ample skirts occasionally reveal. I have never ventured to inquire into the nature of this covering, but have reasons for believing that the Admiral has submitted an aged coat to principles of economic adaptation, and made the sleeves do duty in a manner at variance with the intentions of their constructor. His boots are worth looking at. Whose they were, or what they were, affords room for vast conjecture. They may have been related to the famed seven-league boots; they may have belonged to a dragoon, or a Kentish 'hoveller.' They are long and heavy, have been cut off at the ankles, and patched, blotted, and stitched out of all original design by curious handicraft. He pushes himself along in them, as though his feet were in boxes, and rejoices inwardly in the noise with which he awakens the echoing alleys. He never wears any covering to his head other than the very bountiful one with which nature has presented him. Red, shock, and ample is it in its growth, and quite unlovely. He tells me he never wore a cap. 'He 'ad a 'at once as was give to him by a boy as 'ad a 'ed growing too big for it; but the sky-larks and mud-larks bonneted it out in a week.' This, he assures me, is the only covering he ever affected. He begirts himself with either strap or rope, to keep the fragments of his surtout closer around his body than they otherwise could; and he is not proud in the display of his linen, for his old coat is always pinned closely under his throat, concealing whatever portions of a shirt he may happen to possess. His features are the living expression of precocious cunning and shrewdness. His eye is a marvel—concentrating in a glance whomsoever he may be speaking to, and all that belongs to him. His acute sense of an approaching constable is worthy of any man's observation. From some cause, real or imaginary, he has early conceived a strong animosity towards the whole force, and knows them only as something to be avoided by every effort, so long as it is possible. His admiration for the military is as intense as his animosity towards the police; and his delight at finding himself in a vast crowd at a fire, or other popular assemblage, is only exceeded by witnessing the parish beadle or police constable subjected to insult or danger.

He knows numerous cabmen, and appears to have an extensive circle of friends amongst omnibus drivers and cads; so far profiting by such acquaintanceship as to ride uninvited whenever opportunity serves. His skill as an acrobat is mostly displayed to these friends, as he keeps up a running performance alongside their vehicles; but his reward more frequently comes from the hand of the driver than from the pocket of the omnibus cashier. His reception of a well-dressed child is worth witnessing; and the facetious criticisms he bestows upon the general appearance of a youth of his own age more happily circumstanced than himself, are worth the hearing; while if he possess a physical superiority over the better-dressed rival, he is not slow in displaying it. To the aged of each sex, he is a continued terror, and delights in extracting from them any ferocious demonstrations. Fierce and rash blows, dealt out from heavy umbrellas and walking-sticks, never reach his head or back, when aimed at it, but only tend to increase the mirth and anger mutually arising from the contest. He has at command large stores of ready repartee. For the benevolent, he carries searching words of misery; and is eloquent in that rude language of poverty which never fails in reaching the heart it is intended for. For the curious, he weaves plausible sentences, calculated to lead far out of the desired track. He has insolence for such as may rebuke him, humour for all who can appreciate it, blasphemy for the general public, and in short a language of reply adapted to all his requirements.

Great is he in the subjects whereon the low drama fattens. He openly expresses his admiration for both Sheppard and Turpin, and makes no effort to conceal his regrets at the unhappy manner in which so much brilliancy was eclipsed. My first acquaintance with the Admiral took place during his representation, in his native alley, of his favourite histrionic character. Taking shelter in it during the rain, I found him beguiling the wet moments by endeavouring to make a small audience familiar with the leading features of Jack Sheppard's career. On or off the boards, I have never seen more energy thrown into a part. Correctness of detail he neither aimed at nor desired; he seemed large with the hope of conveying to posterity some idea of the undaunted front which his cherished hero shewed to all his enemies. He therefore represented himself as offering immediate and destructive combat to Jonathan Wild, Blueskin, and a host of others, and was inflated with natural triumph when those gentlemen retreated into the shadows, and declined his sanguinary appeal. Brief was the hour of his glory, for the vision of a glazed hat and shining cape gliding softly down the alley, dispersed the valiant Sheppard and his accomplices, in the midst of a most daring attempt upon the life and property of an imaginary old gentleman.

The sworn friend of Foxy Bosley is Pineapple Cole, who derives his sobriquet from an early partiality for the rum which is called 'pine-apple.' It is a strange sight to witness these two little men standing beneath the edge of a bar-counter sipping with the air of connoisseurs the little draught of dark-coloured spirit. A dark spirit to them, I fear, will be their early taste for 'penn'oths of pine-apple rum.'

Should any be curious to know more 'little men and women,' I can furnish them with numerous introductions. Seek my 'uncle.' You know his residence; it usually is at a street-corner, and has a private entrance down which abashed nephews and nieces glide to obtain an interview; they afterwards conceal themselves in small cells, and endeavour to excite my uncle's greatest liberality, whilst he inspects their confidential offerings. If you spend an hour on Saturday's eve or Monday's morn, hovering around the portals of that relative's house, you shall meet unmistakable 'little men and women' in flocks, conducting household gods of divers kinds to temporary banishment up the universal 'spout;' or else returning with the late imprisoned treasure, released from beneath the pecuniary cloud it was called upon to disperse.

Nowhere will you see my 'little men and women' to a more painful advantage than as the needy nephews and nieces of their ubiquitous uncle; exhibiting their too early knowledge of the value of all that is convertible, and an all too intimate acquaintance with that tariff, which regulates such things as the flat-iron of the poor laundress, the implements of mechanical handicraft, and the wretched articles of raiment wherein the poor and diseased conceal their gaunt and miserable forms.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS AND SHIP CHRONOMETERS.

A SHORT time ago, having a few hours to spend in Liverpool after a morning's business, we were kindly offered the conduct of a friend over the various places of interest. Now, having lately found, on expressing a wish to see some of the instruments in a *royal* observatory, that strict orders have recently been issued from government absolutely prohibiting the admission of strangers to those institutions, we were very glad to avail ourselves of an opportunity of renewing an acquaintance with some of the subjects of our Cambridge studies. To the Observatory, accordingly, we went. After going along the Prince's Dock, we emerge on an open space by the side of the river, and, near the water's edge, observe a very unpretending-looking building, with a small dome at the top, and also a weather-cock with some other apparatus about it, giving it the resemblance of a toy wind-mill. This, connected with an apparatus inside, is the *anemometer*, which indicates and registers the force and direction of the wind for all times of the day and night. This is first shewn to us and explained by the kindness of the astronomer, Mr Hartnup.

Our attention is next directed to a clock, which has the appearance of an ordinary astronomical clock. And so it is. It goes mean time, and is every day regulated in accordance with the transit observations, so that at any moment its accuracy can be depended on within one or two tenths of a second. Beside it is a galvanometer—that is, an instrument like the face of a telegraph apparatus, fitted with two magnetic needles. As the second-hand of the clock is approaching the minute, we fix our eye upon the left-hand needle of the galvanometer, keeping our ears open to the beats of the pendulum. At the *instant* of the beat sixty, the needle vibrates. Now this, we are told, means that the great clock in the Town Hall is precisely at the minute. In the same way, at the twenty-seventh second past the minute, the other needle vibrates, which shews that the clock at the Telegraph Office is exactly at the twenty-seventh second. These clocks, by a remarkable invention recently worked out by Mr R. L. Jones of Chester, upon the suggestion of Mr Hartnup, are both controlled by the clock in the Observatory. The means is an electric current. Each clock, as well as the one in the Observatory, is fitted with a Baine's pendulum, and at the instant of each beat, a contact is made which brings each pendulum into electric connection with a small battery. By Mr Jones's arrangement, the effect of the electric current is made to accelerate the motion of the pendulum of the clock acted on, if behind-hand, and to retard it, if before. This effect being produced at each second, the clock is obliged to go accurately with the one in the Observatory. We are told that the clock in the Town Hall is about one hundred years old, and that this arrangement was applied to it at the expense only of buying an old Baine's pendulum for L.7 at a nautical store, fitting it with Mr Jones's apparatus, and laying down the wires for electric communication. The advantage which this arrangement possesses over other similar applications of electricity, consists in the fact of the clocks having their independent motion, which enables them to go on, should anything interfere with the electric current. Besides, the electric current required is extremely weak.

We confess we should like to see this remarkable invention brought into more extensive operation. No doubt, if mankind in general were to come to reckon their time in tenths of seconds, the phenomenon would be as remarkable as the circumstance of a gang of roughs dividing their time into 'quarters' of an hour appears to an acute detective. Still, if we know that a great clock in a town is to be depended on within some tenths of a second, it is *à fortiori* to be depended on within any appreciable time. But supposing for a moment that men were so impressed with the value of time as to consider a clock going right within two-tenths of a second a valuable acquisition—say as valuable as the possession of water or gas in a house—it is a curious reflection that the machinery exists by which a Time-regulation Company (Limited) might be enabled to supply the article to every house by a machinery much more simple and less costly than that required for the other more indispensable articles; while Paterfamilias might take the 'bus in time for the family by the hall clock in such a way that no excuse should be left for unpunctuality. The dressing-bell should ring 23′ 17″ and $\frac{3}{10}$ before the hour; while 1′ 33″ and $\frac{7}{10}$ of law might be allowed to a dilatory toilet. But the advantage would not be all on the side of Paterfamilias. Crinoline manages to keep mamma waiting till 10″ and $\frac{2}{10}$ past the five minutes. At the corner of the street, by a curious coincidence, the swain, Pegtops, arrives so precisely at the same instant that his joining the party is inevitable—it would be a positive rudeness to avoid it.

Two doctors meet for consultation: 'Sir,' says the senior, 'you are 5″ and $\frac{3}{10}$ behind your time.' 'A thousand apologies—but we will proceed to business.'

As to poor boys at school, we fear invention would be taxed to find an excuse for being late better than the time-honoured protest about the school-clock being fast, or the innocent belief in the clock at home being slow.

But leaving the contemplation of the consequences of such precise accuracy in time, it is easy to imagine the practical importance of every town having two or three clocks which can be absolutely depended on; and with the means which this invention gives for any town which is at all within reach of an observatory, this is a matter of no difficulty and no great expense.

We now go upstairs, and are shewn a large telescope equatorially mounted. As it is a gray afternoon, there is no use looking through it. Next we see the transit instrument, a small one, the telescope being only about three or four feet focal length. We are told, however, that it is an instrument of great accuracy, indeed, more to be depended on than the great transit-circle at Greenwich, because in these large instruments there is always an error—and one very difficult to appreciate—from the flexure produced by its weight.

Passing by this, in the next room is a very interesting apparatus for observing the rates of chronometers at different temperatures. This is similar to an apparatus for the same purpose which is in use at Greenwich. There is now in course of construction, in this Observatory at Liverpool, an improved apparatus for this purpose, which, to render its principle intelligible, would require a more minute description than we can give here. The arrangement at present in use has practically very well fulfilled its purpose, though the new apparatus will give the opportunity for observations to be made more
conveniently and upon a more extensive scale. T
result is to ascertain the rate of a chronometer at a
given temperature. The greatest practical difficul
which has as yet been found in the way of worki
this scheme, has arisen not from any deficiency in t
apparatus to give the result required, but from t
reluctance of ship-captains to submit their chron
meters to a test by which all their faults wou
infallibly be discovered. A ship-captain would be
willing to doubt the faithfulness of his wife as of h
chronometer, and the difficulty of inducing him
submit the matter to a real test is almost equal
great. This difficulty seems, however, in the ca
of chronometers, to have been now partly ove
come; and we believe there are now in this Obse
vatory over 100 chronometers, submitted to the te
partly by chronometer-makers and partly by shi
captains. With regard to the former, the Observato
acts at once as a register and a market. If y
want a chronometer for certain voyages, you wi
find here one that will go approximately corre
between the variations of temperature in the require
latitudes. The ship-captain will find why, thoug
provided with a chronometer of very excellent work
manship, and which never failed him in voyage
between Liverpool and New York, he yet foun
himself hundreds of miles out of his longitude in
voyage round the Cape; and if not induced to chan
his chronometer, he will, at least in his next voya
across the line, pay some attention to his lunar di
tances.

We take leave of the Observatory and its courteo
astronomer with regret, and only hope our descriptio
may be read with a tenth of the pleasure which t
visit gave to us.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE WITNESSES.

When Richard Arbour 'came to himself,' as t
phrase is, he also came to a series of policeme
beginning with A1, an inspector, three reporters, tw
magistrates' clerks, and one magistrate, not to mentio
a considerable number of the general public—the la
of whom were regarding him with a sort of terrifie
admiration, as though not altogether without hop
that a lad of such bloody instincts might commit
homicide in the police court itself, for their especi
edification and comfort. All the world, it seemed t
Dick, were by this time more than fully informed
the active share he had taken in the assassination
the Russian count, as well as in the progress of Co
tinental Revolution; his fame had, indeed, alread
gone forth from the police station, and was becomin
metropolitan through the exertions of several score
of street-intelligencers, while the telegraphic wire
were even then doing their best to render
European. The police alone had hitherto been i
possession of the lad's real name, but there was no
no further need for even that concealment; and th
Family Scapegrace was fulfilling his destiny with
vengeance.

Dick leaned forward in the Dock with his fac
buried in his hands, to the great disgust of a gentle
man in the crowd connected with one of the illu
trated papers—who had been sent for post-haste b
a member of the force who was in his pay, in orde
to purvey the lineaments of so remarkable a crimin
to the Public—and with only the picture of that hous
in Golden Square before him with its drawn-dow
blinds. The thought of his dead mother—of th
murder that he seemed to have in truth committe
—prevented his feeling those apprehensions to whic
a person in his circumstances would otherwise hav
doubtless been a prey. There was even a certai
miserable consolation in the fact, that this misfortun
had befallen him, when, at least, it could wound th

fering heart of hers no more. The acute
s were therefore in error, through whom some
million of interested readers were informed
rning that 'the youthful prisoner was deeply
ed by the sense of his disgraceful position,
very serious nature of the charges brought
him.'

listened to the details of his capture, which
livered from the witness-box, as to some
ous narrative which had not sufficient interest
him for ever so short a space from his secret
It was an original and exciting story, too,
ost all new to him, describing his own super-
cunning and personal agility, and thereby
ly evidencing the sagacity and determination
aptor. When it was finished, there was quite
ur of applause from the British Public at the
conduct of their servant, and they regarded
rith a renewed wonder, as being athletic as
sanguinary beyond his years. If the lad
onged to their own class in life, he would have
mpathy, and even commendation; but not
own in the proper soil, nor of the crop that is
garnered in police courts, they looked upon
something of monstrous growth.

the next witness,' said the magistrate.

was leaning forward again in his old attitude,
thoughts wandering away to the lock on the
nd the song which his mother had sung
that last happy day they had spent together,
familiar voice struck sharply upon his ear.

Smith, and who'd a thought of seeing *you*
Miss Backboard wrote as you were the
st boy she had ever seen, but I never believed
il this moment; though you did run off with
t tortoise-shell'——

l your tongue, sir,' interrupted the magistrate
; 'how *dare* you speak to the prisoner?
this witness? What's his name, officer? Why
sworn?'

n't help it, you see, Smith,' groaned Mr
y; 'I *must* tell the truth, you know; it's
'——

you be sworn, sir, or will you not?' roared
scible magistrate. 'Now, what have you got
bout the prisoner?'

l, sir, he was a good enough boy, as far as
go, that I will say for him; but he was
good cutter, Smith wasn't'——

th! who's Smith?' interrupted the magistrate.
e supposed to know nothing about Smith here.
ist tell us your whole story, sir, from beginning

ipsaway smiled blandly, coughed deliberately,
hair on end by means of two rapid passes of
gers of the right hand, and commenced as
: 'My father's name was William, sir—the
my own—but he had not the abilities ever
above the spear of an apprentice, though
in the best of establishments—but that, of
is all altered now, and what was fashionable
time'——

dness gracious!' interrupted the magistrate,
erson is an idiot. This fellow ought never to
en brought here; he is not fit to give evidence;

you never spoke a truer word nor that, sir,
iceman, or my name isn't Martha Tipsaway,'
ed a female voice from amid the crowd. 'They
ring him along here, in spite of what I told
it they might just as well have brought the
ck from our back-parlour.'

commit that woman,' shrieked the magistrate,
n as this case is over; I'll commit her as sure
here.'

I'd like to know how you'll get the case
r Po'——

Mrs Tipsaway's voice was arrested so suddenly, as to convey the idea of her windpipe having been compressed by the human thumb, and she herself was borne away, gurgling, from the presence by two of the myrmidons of the law.

'Now look here, witness,' observed the magistrate, with that elaborate calmness which is the offspring of despair, and not of patience. 'Do you know why you are put into that box, or do you not?'

Mr Tipsaway, whose native intellect had been much shattered by the late outbreak on the part of his wife, and who did not know that he had been put into a box, or see any box into which he could be put, except a ridiculously small one of tin upon the magistrate's table, contented himself with shaking his head slowly and mournfully, and pursing up his lips.

'Then take him away,' roared the magistrate, 'and put somebody into his place who *is* a Witness, and not a Fool and a Dummy.'

There was a soft and muffled sound, as of an Æolian harp, heard for half a second, and Mr Frizzle, thrusting something hastily into his apron, was ushered into the pen recently occupied by his master.

Mr Frizzle's trepidation and modesty were so excessive, that he kissed the policeman's thumb instead of the book that was presented to him for that purpose, and was rebuked by the official accordingly.

'That's a very old trick,' remarked the magistrate indignantly; 'and you had much better not try it on in *this* court, I warn you. Whether you kiss the book or not, mind, you are equally liable to a criminal prosecution.'

Mr Frizzle's bony knees knocked together audibly, and a low and not unmelodious whistle was heard to pervade the court.

'Officer, who is that whistling?' cried the magistrate sharply. 'Who is it that dares to whistle while I am speaking?'

'Please, sir, it's the witness,' responded a policeman standing immediately beside the wretched Frizzle.

'The witness, was it?' returned the magistrate very quietly, and filling up a sheet of paper that lay before him. 'Very good, witness.'

Mr Frizzle whistled again.

'Whistle once more, witness, and your committal will be made out for one month's hard labour. At present, you have got six days of it for contempt of court.'

'Please, sir,' exclaimed the prisoner suddenly, 'that young man cannot help whistling. He always used to whistle whenever Mr Tipsaway swore at him, or Mrs Tipsaway boxed his ears. He always does it when he's frightened; and I don't believe he could stop himself to save his life.'

A loud and prolonged chirrup here broke forth from the witness-box, as though to corroborate this testimony.

'I never heard such an extraordinary case as this in all my life,' whispered the magistrate to his clerk; 'the only person in the business who seems to have a grain of sense belonging to him, is the boy in custody.—Very well, then,' added he aloud; 'you must whistle what you have to say, I suppose, witness, although it is not the usual way of giving evidence in a court of justice. Do you know the prisoner at the bar?'

'Yes, sir (whistle); and a very nice young man he is, sir (whistle). I never knew anything against the young man, except'—— Here the witness looked regretfully at Dick, and executed several bars in a tremulous and birdlike manner.

'You must tell the whole truth,' cried the magistrate; 'you must not be swayed by pity for the prisoner. What is it that you know against him? You must tell it all.'

'He snipped a gentleman's ear-tip, sir, the very last day but two as he was with us,' replied Mr Frizzle, all in a breath; after which he sighed, as one who has performed faithfully a painful duty.

'Who has the getting-up of this case?' inquired the magistrate. 'Why are these imbecile persons permitted in the witness-box?'

Upon this, a tall, intelligent-looking person, excessively heated—one Inspector Lynx, who did (metaphorically speaking) the Poplar murder—stepped forward, and explained that in his unavoidable absence a mistake had been committed; it was the female Tipsaway that ought to have been sworn, and not her husband or his apprentice, who could speak to nothing which implicated the young man in custody.

At this statement, Mr Frizzle gave a feeble smile, and looked round the court, as if some tribute had been paid to his sagacity and usefulness; but upon being very sharply directed to stand down, he relapsed again, and tottered paralytically on to the bench behind the witness-box, where he was charitably permitted to remain, and whence an occasional smothered 'toot' from his favourite instrument alone gave token of his presence and survival.

'So you want me after all, Mr Policeman,' observed Mrs Tipsaway, mounting the steps of the witness-box as though she were a Boadicea, and it were her triumphal car. 'Things mostly comes about as I expect 'em to do, somehow. Says I to that poor boy there: "Now, don't you be a-trying to deceive Martha Tipsaway, for no good will come of that, so sure as your name's Richard Smith;" which it was, as far as was known to me at that present speaking. We took him in, Mr Policeman, after a deal of begging and praying, for "You have no character from your last place," says I. "No," says he, "but I am an orfling, and in want of the necessities of life," or words to that effect. It was not a prudent thing to do, I am fully aweir of that, my lords and gentlemen'—observed Mrs Tipsaway, parenthetically, and waxing into eloquence beyond her subject—'but I always was a chicken-hearted Christian-like body, and we thought it would be made up to us in some way or another, which it hasn't been in this world, Goodness knows. That lad was as comfortable as any one of us, with his three meals a day, and table-ale, and what not, learning the fashionablest of styles, along with the respectable young man who has just stood down, Mr Policeman, who plays so sweetly upon the harpsiscord, if that is the name you call it, being only a tortoise-shell comb and the thinnest of brown paper; and a most ingenuous performance, as was allowed by Mr de Cresspinny himself, a nobleman of France. The count was very fond of him, *he* was, and let him be in the smoking-room with the other emigrates who frequented our establishment, although unknown to him, he spoke the French language like a native.'

'Oh, this Frizzle was a favourite with these foreign gentlemen, and spoke the French language without their being cognizant of it, did he?' interrogated the magistrate.

'Not as I am aweir on,' observed Mrs Tipsaway, with an air of lofty and abstracted coolness; 'I never heard tell that he did. I am here to speak of what I knows, and not of what I don't know. If I were asked my private opinion, I should say that Frizzle spoke no other than his native tongue, and that but very imperfectly. He could whistle like any foreign cock-y-olly bird, and a long sight better than most; but as to his speaking the outlandish lingo of the gents in our'——

'It was the prisoner Smith, then, whom you would give us to understand was conversant with the French tongue, and that that fact was unknown to the emigrants who frequented your house?'

'Smith was the word I *used*, Mr Policeman,' remarked Mrs Tipsaway in a tone of pity and forbearance; 'which, if you will be good enough to listen to, attentive, and put it down in a book, you will find my words come true. One day, when I was passing their door, permiscuous, when the others were gone, all except Mr de Cresspinny and Smith—Smith, not Frizzle, *this* time, if you will be so good as to keep in mind—I heard summut as went cold to the pit of my stomach, so that I had to take half a glass of raw brandy almost immediate, a thing I never touches except when *non compos*, Mr Policeman, as I could get both sides of our house, and, for the matter of that, many over the way, to prove. They was a-talking in a solemn sort of a voice, as this might be'—and from this point Mrs Tipsaway continued her evidence as though she were suffering from an aggravated form of quinsy sore throat.

'"I can speak your language," says Smith, as I saw him falling down upon his marra-bones through the keyhole, or else may I never speak another word. "The dickens you can," answers Mr de Cresspinny; and I thought he would have choked the young chap, for all the world as Count Gotsuchakoff, as is dead and gone, did, a few days before in that very room, which ought to have come first, Mr Policeman. That was the poor Russian who was deaf and dumb. My husband used to call him all manner of names, although I always told him he had better be civil to everybody, for that there was no knowing; and, indeed, as it turned out, he could hear all the time as well as any person, and better than some people, and if I had said Smith, would never have dreamed that I said Frizzle, nor anything like it. He tried to murder the poor lad in that same room, as I believe, although, of course, that was no call why Smith should get *him* murdered after all was forgotten and forgiven, or ought to have been, and a penknife to be stuck into him, or what not, behind a hoarding in such a part of the town, saving your presence, Mr Policeman, as Poplar. "No, Smith," says I, "let bygones be bygones"'——

'On a previous occasion, then,' interposed the magistrate, 'this Gotsuchakoff had assaulted the prisoner at the bar in that apartment? Are you aware of the extent or nature of the provocation upon that occasion?'

'There was a thumb-mark and four fingers, Mr Policeman, as black as your hat upon the lad's throat, and the bottle of brandy broke—which, however, was emptied first you may be sure, wherever the poor count was—and had to be returned, or threepence paid in money, to the Bunch of Grapes.'

'The magistrate wishes to know what the two quarrelled about,' suggested an officer at the witness's elbow.

'And I daresay he does, which was also my case, and nothing came of it,' returned Mrs Tipsaway. 'The boy was as deep as garret, and as false to me as he was to Mr T.; and you see what has come of it, Smith, and are sorry enough, I daresay, when it is too late, as is always the way in this world. "He was not agoing to be knocked about by Russians," that was all he said, "or he would know the reason why."'

'Or he would know the reason why,' repeated the magistrate. 'Now, did he make use of that expression revengefully? Did those words give you the impression of menace—of paying out a person?'

'O no,' returned Mrs Tipsaway briskly, becoming suddenly aware of the consequences which might flow from a too general and dramatic rendering of what actually took place. 'On the contrary, Smith seemed particularly forgiving and affable; he said he didn't mind, not he, for that it would be all the same two or three days hence.'

'Ah!' remarked the magistrate, 'this was in the same week in which the murder took place; and the prisoner at the bar observed within your hearing, did he, and with reference to the Russian count, that it would be all the same two or three days hence?'

'A hundred years hence, was the exact words he used, Mr Policeman, though, not being a copy-book, I can't speak letter for letter, to what a person said, all ment. "It would be all the same a hundred ence," said he; and I should have thought about it but for this second talk as I over- etween the lad and Mr de Cresspinny:

n speak your language," says the boy.

dickens you can!" says the French gentle- an awful voice.

" says the boy; "but there 's another as speaks whom you don't know of."

o?" says De Cresspinny, grinding his teeth rrible.

y, the Russian," says the boy, "who ain't no af nor dumb than that 'ere table. He listens bless you, he does, and knows about all your d 'spiracies; he keeps all your handwritings pocket-book; and if he were searched this , you would find them there."'

ald you know that pocket-book again, if you see it?' asked the magistrate.

ourse I should: it was of Russian leather, as tural, he being one of 'em, you know, and I en it in his hand again and again.—Ay, that ocket-book, sure enough, which I can swear ll: "I can't believe it," says Mr de Cresspinny. he has been a-humbugging of us for thirty this be true."

it is true," says Smith; "it is, and you may r Davy on it." And then the French gentle- re most dreadful in his own tongue, which I kful to think I couldn't understand; and they rt, and I ran into the back-parlour just in d was no more fit for plaiting, let alone deli- r-work, all that day, than if my fingers had s.'

that is all you know about the prisoner's ion with Mr de Crespigny and the Russian

is all, Mr Policeman, leastways except that y husband read out of the *Dispatch* newspaper foreign gent had been murdered at Poplar, g to the description of old Dum—or Count akoff, as is the Russian name of him—Smith ainted out of his chair; and being sent out b, he took hisself off with a couple of best shell combs, which have not been returned; ave never set eyes upon him since until this

was all that Mrs Tipsaway had to say of the and almost all that anybody else had to say. es of the Russian count and the photograph lead body could witness nothing, while not the foreign gentlemen who had formerly ted the perruquier's shop was now to be found. nit the lad for trial upon such evidence, fully ated by his own voluntary statement of the eemed out of the question; but on account mportance and mystery of the case, he was ased, but remanded until that day-week upon inal charge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

not a case that admits of bail being taken,' e last words that smote upon Dick's ears as led out of Court, but it was an unnecessary of speech. There was no competition among ble householders to share the honour of g Dick's security. It seemed, indeed, as if cut his moorings for good and all, as far as ed that class of persons, and that he was out into the great ocean of scoundreldom, come within sight of port again. Nor was e friendly pilot to put off from either bank, the helm, or even to holloa from the last pier- he swept by, a single warning word.

d been in his cell about a couple of hours, and untasted dinner lying before him, when a policeman entered, with 'A lady to see you, young gentleman;' and Dick heard the rustle of a silk garment without daring to lift his eyes. Had Sister Maggie, then, come forth from his dead mother's room to comfort him? Nay, did she bring a last message of farewell from those clay-cold lips, after having delivered which, she would depart, and he would see her never more? The poor lad shivered in that unseen presence as our First Parents might have done when the rebukeful angel pointed to the gates of Eden with his flaming sword, and bade them depart for ever.

'I have brought you money, my poor boy,' said a tone sisterly indeed, but which was not his sister Maggie's, 'which my—that is, which Richard and Mr Sunstroke owe to you. I thought, perhaps, that you might need it here.'

Dick stretched out his hands for her to take them in her own with a mute gratitude, but he could not yet look up even into *her* face—'kept dark' though she might be by Mr Trimming, out of a due regard to maternal prejudice.

'You are very, very good to me,' said he; 'but this is not a place for *you* to be in. Why didn't Mr Sunstroke come to see me?'

Dick would have said, Why didn't Mr Jones?—for that was the name by which he always spoke of the photographer to Lucidora—but that he was anxious to spare her feelings.

At this the girl began to sob hysterically, and hide her face in her turn. 'You mustn't mind them, Dick, if they do not seem to feel as you would, who have been brought up properly and all that; but I would not let them sell your face about the streets, as Sunstroke wished to do, now that you were in trouble and a public character, and I broke the glass, so that they couldn't take any impressions—you gave it to me, you know, yourself, and therefore I had a right to do as I pleased with it—and now Richard is angry with me, and they don't know that I am come to you. I am so glad I did though, Dick, for, as I came hurrying into the police-office, there was a letter put into my hand by some person—I don't know who—and I have seen the magistrate to whom it was directed, and he said it was very important, and would do you good.'

The lad shook his head, and groaned, as though the time was past wherein anything could do that now.

'You must not take on like that, Dick. What is done can't be undone; but we can always do better for the future;' although, added she, with a bitter laugh, 'I ain't quite the one to preach it. The first thing to be done, is to get you out of this; and the magistrate, who is a kind man, though he interrupts one so, thinks that this may be done. There was a copy taken of the letter, and I 've brought it here, only it isn't the least like the other to look at, which was all written upon paper as thin as a cobweb, and in such a little, little hand, and all in French.'

Lucidora produced a document from the magistrate's office in the stiffest possible handwriting, but containing a very free translation from the original. It bore the date of about a fortnight back, but not the name of the place where it was drawn up, nor had it any heading or superscription other than this, *Declaration concerning the Execution of Alexis Gotsuchakoff, Spy and Traitor.*

'The following statement has been drawn up by the undersigned at the especial request of one of them, Henri de Crespigny, to be laid before the police magistrate or other authority before whom one Richard Smith may at any time be summoned in connection with the fate of the above-named Count Alexis Gotsuchakoff, lawfully done to death on Wednesday last, at midnight, and in accordance with an enactment against traitors which he himself had subscribed.

'It is true that the lad was the discoverer of the treachery of that man, inasmuch as he was the first to inform one of us of the count's not being a mute, which Gotsuchakoff had successfully pretended to be for more than thirty years; but he was certainly unaware of the importance of such a disclosure, and far less could he have anticipated the punishment which it justly entailed upon that unhappy man.

'When Richard Smith had informed M. de Crespigny of the count's having spoken the French tongue in his hearing, as well as of his having certain documents in his possession, which he (the count) professed to have destroyed, affecting the lives and liberties of the undersigned, as well as those of hundreds of innocent persons, whose betrayal he was in that case plotting, M. de Crespigny at once repaired to Herr Singler's lodging—it being then about seven o'clock in the evening. Having communicated to him the above intelligence, the two went separately out, for the purpose of calling together the principal members of our Society, with the exception of Count Gotsuchakoff, for immediate and important deliberation.

'In a little time, the chiefs of the Society then in London, comprising representatives from every European nation, and numbering five-and-twenty persons, assembled at the rooms of M. de Crespigny, as being the most commodious for that purpose, where the circumstances which have been described were laid before them. It was decided that four should be selected out of that body by ballot, to go at once to Count Gotsuchakoff's, and acquaint themselves certainly with the truth or falsehood of this charge—the most hateful that can be preferred against a fellow-creature, and therefore one the proof of which it is necessary to place beyond all doubt before proceeding to act upon it. The persons thus selected were Henri de Crespigny, Rudolph Singler, Antonio Castigliano, and Suwarrow Blaski—the last being a countryman of the accused person.

'In case of proven guilt, the execution of Alexis Gotsuchakoff was intrusted—a dreadful but necessary and sacred duty—to the hands of these four persons. The two first mentioned preceded the other two, in order to avoid observation, to the count's lodgings in Poplar, and found him retired to his sleeping-chamber, although it was then scarce eleven o'clock, and it was his general custom to sit up very late at night.

'He observed—talking with his fingers, as he always did—that he was not well, being overtired with the protracted sitting of the Society during that day. There was a haggard and terrified look about him while he stated this, never beheld in him before, and which convinced the spectators that he guessed the nature and reason of their unseasonable visit.

"We wish," cried M. de Crespigny, speaking aloud, and looking sternly at the wretched man, "to examine your pocket-book, with those slips of paper in our handwriting in it, which you have omitted to burn this day."

'It was terrible to see how pale and terror-stricken the count turned at this, his fingers trembling so that they could scarcely form the denial which he gave by their means, in order to keep up the notion that he could not speak, although, in his agitation, he forgot that by that very denial he was acknowledging that he was at least able to hear.

'At the same moment, Castigliano and Blaski entered.

"I have asked this man," said De Crespigny, addressing himself to them, "who has never understood word of mine (as he has made me believe) for thirty years, to see the slips in my own handwriting and yours, which he carries in his pocket-book, and he replies with his fingers—as though he could not use his tongue as well as his ears—that he has them not."

"I suppose the lad at the perruquier's told you," observed Gotsuchakoff in the French language; which, to every one there present—notwithstanding what they had been acquainted with—seemed like some prodigious miracle. "If I had not been so mercifully faint-hearted, I should have killed him. It is hard that thirty years of success in such a part as mine should have been concluded by a rascal boy, whom, if ever again I meet"——

"Silence, wretched man!" cried De Crespigny—"silence, and think of your lies no more. There is no plotting in the grave, no traitor's work to be done among the dead; and vengeance is for us, and not for you!"

"So you came to murder me?" exclaimed the count, half-rising in his bed, and thereby disclosing that he was fully dressed, and had only made pretence of illness.

"The Society has decreed your death," returned De Crespigny.

"So soon?" ejaculated the count—"so soon, and without trial? What good can my death then do to it? I will make it a terror to kings, if you let me live. Have I served its foes for thirty years, counter-plotting, revealing, destroying for them, without being trusted, think you, in return? I swear to you that I will henceforth serve it alone."

"It needs no traitors," exclaimed Castigliano, snatching the pocket-book, a corner of which he perceived protruding from beneath the pillow. "See, here are the slips upon which we wrote this very afternoon, and that he made believe to burn; any one of which would be our death-warrant in the place where he would have sent them. What has the traitor written here, Blaski? It is in your own language."

"It is the entire detail of our plan of to-day," returned the Russian. The other three crowded round to look over his shoulder as he translated, and Count Gotsuchakoff seized the moment to leap from the bed, and make for the door of the sitting-room.

"It is locked," said De Crespigny quietly, as his companions rushed upon the unhappy wretch, and carried him back into the inner chamber, bound and gagged. "I knew that such a traitor would never have the courage to meet his end like a man."

'At this moment, a step was heard upon the stairs, and the lodging-house keeper knocked at the outer-door, inquiring whether anything would be wanted before she retired for the night.

"The count will require nothing more," replied Herr Singler; "we are all going out in a little, and have persuaded him to accompany us."

'Then they turned the man with his face towards the wall, while they arranged the manner of his death, and drew lots for him whose hand should perform the deed. Next, they wrapped the count's cloak around him, and a woollen comforter about his mouth to conceal the gag, and two of them took him between them into the street to an unfrequented spot, close by, which had been agreed upon. When they reached that spot, and found themselves alone, the one upon whom the lot had fallen struck the fatal blow with a sharp poniard, and the body was placed out of sight behind a hoarding of planks.

'The above is copied, word for word, from the minutes of the Society which organised the deed. It desires not to excuse its proceedings in this declaration, or in the eyes of him to whom it is addressed; else it could easily set forth reasons abundantly sufficient for the execution of the traitor in question, as one who had caused to be committed, and for the sake of blood-money, the judicial murder of many hundreds of persons, as well as brought imprisonment, exile, and ruin upon their helpless wives and children; and who, moreover, within the very hour of his death, was disclosing, to those who hired him, a certain scheme of that Society of which he was a sworn member, the betrayal of which would have brought scores of honest men to the scaffold, and of noble ladies to shame. The sole purpose, however, of this declaration is to set forth that the lad, Richard Smith, employed at the perruquier Tipsaway's, has had nothing whatever to do with this matter, except so far as has been already stated, and had neither share nor knowledge of the execution of Alexis Gotsuchakoff.

(Signed) 'HENRI DE CRESPIGNY.
'RUDOLPH SINGLER.
'ANTONIO CASTIGLIANO.
'SUWARROW BLASKI.'

'There, you see they acknowledge that you had nothing to do with it,' cried Lucidora; 'and the magistrate believed it too; of that I am sure. I dare say, the Russian deserved it, poor fellow, telling upon people that had trusted him through all these years; but it was an awful end. What a thing it would have been to have met him in the street between those other two, bound and gagged, and walking to his death among crowds of people that would have rescued him if they had only known!'

'Horrible, most horrible!' cried Dick with a shudder; 'and but for me, it would never have happened; and yet I would expose a wretch like that to his dupes, if it all was to be done again to-morrow.'

'Well, I don't know,' replied Lucidora doubtfully; 'I think it is ill work to be meddling with those foreign folks. Do you know that the magistrate—who thought I was your sister at first, I think—said that the whole business was so grave that it would probably have to be laid before the Home Sec'——

'A gentleman to see you,' cried the janitor, suddenly opening the door, at which Mrs Jones slunk into a corner petrified, under the impression that the august personage to whom she had alluded was at hand, about to pay a visit of ceremony to the accused person, preparatory, perhaps, to his being led forth to immediate execution.

'Why, my poor boy, Richard,' exclaimed the visitor, who was no other than good Mr Mickleham, 'what a position is this I find you in, and what a blow it would have been to pottery in case you had really been concerned in this assassination! You have, however, as I just learn, only to appear before the magistrate, and go through a legal form of release, and then you will come home with me to Kensington. My solicitor assures me that there was scarcely any ground at all for your remand. There, there, Richard, don't cry, my lad—don't disturb yourself, although of course it *was* hard to hear them pattering—that is what they call it, I believe—pattering the broad-sheets about your apprehension and personal appearance immediately opposite your uncle's establishment. Your names being identical is, without doubt, a great misfortune; and it would have certainly saved us much annoyance if you had been related to him upon your mother's side instead of your father's.'

At these words the flush of glad surprise which had risen into the boy's cheeks at the news of his speedy enfranchisement, faded off at once, and he sunk down into his chair again, with 'My mother—my poor mother; there is no pardon for my having murdered *her!*'

'Richard Arbour,' cried the old gentleman kindly, 'I am glad to see this sorrow for your late undutiful conduct, but I do not wish to see you despair: be comforted, for your poor mother's death does not lie at your door. She had been ailing for many months, and even years, and her end was expected even before it came. Doubtless, it would have pleased her to have seen your face by her bedside, but it could not have saved her. I may tell you, even, that your sister Margaret was of opinion that it would have distressed her mother more to see the disagreements between yourself and certain members of your family, than to know, by your letters, that you were at least cheerful-hearted and not in want. I doubt whether I am right in saying so much, since it may only encourage you in your roving and indeed vagabond'—— But by this time Dick was upon his knees mumbling the old gentleman's hand as though it were gingerbread, and Mr Mickleham could not somehow conclude his valuable remarks; his nose, if one might judge from a very ostentatious use of his pocket-handkerchief, putting in a prior claim to his attention. There was also a sobbing noise, as of a cistern-pipe in difficulties, from an obscure corner of the cell, which caused Mr Mickleham to inquire into its nature with the greatest apparent interest.

'It is a very good friend of mine, sir,' replied Dick softly—'the only one, to say truth, who would have been likely to come and see me here, except yourself. Lucidora'——

'Lucidora!' exclaimed the old gentleman suspiciously—'what a very singular name!'

The young lady thus alluded to came quickly forward, wiping her eyes, and took Dick's hand, which he extended to her very gratefully. 'I am glad, Master Richard Arbour, that you are going amongst your friends again, and to live with respectable people. This gentleman, I see, considers me very far from that, and company fit for neither him nor you.'

'No, no,' returned Mr Mickleham nervously; 'really I never meant—dear me, no—doubtless, a most respectable young person—but Lucidora—such a very singular name'——

'Sir, you are quite right,' replied the girl, not without some dignity. 'I should, however, not have been here at all, if I had thought this poor lad would have had any help from my betters. My own experience has been, that when folks get into trouble, their respectable friends are not very active in getting them out of it.' With which remark, the young lady left the room, and with such a sweeping curtsy to Mr Mickleham that the wind of it seemed to take away the old gentleman's breath for several seconds.

'She has been exceedingly good and kind to me,' observed Dick apologetically.

'Indeed!' responded the other drily, and drawing on his gloves. 'I trust, however, that in future it will not be necessary for you to cultivate similar friendships. I shall mention nothing of the circumstance myself, and I would recommend the like silence to you, Richard. You are quite ready to see his worship, I suppose, after which you will find a hearty welcome at our house, I do assure you. My daughter Lucy is very grateful to you for the kindness you displayed to her at Miss Backboard's. She could not write to me of your position, on account of that woman's habit of reading other people's letters, or I would have got you away from the barber's long ago. It is just as well that you have not touched that dinner, Dick, for it would have been throwing away anything like an appetite to have eaten it; and, gracious goodness, what a miserable taste in crockery! The commonest delf, and the very ugliest pattern that can be got in Staffordshire!'

And with an expression of regret that the police should neglect so powerful a means for the reformation of criminals as well-selected earthenware, Mr Mickleham led the way to the magistrate.

UNKNOWN TOURIST-GROUND.

As our Religious Circles are said to be too apt to prefer the conversion of folks in the interior of Africa to meddling with those in their more immediate neighbourhood, so our modern travellers are too much given to get away as far as steam can take them, before commencing their tours. They have the Second Cataract of the Nile in their eye, at the very least, before setting out, and are fully convinced that all is barren between that place and Folkestone. From henceforth, and for the next half-dozen summers, however, they will thank Mr Horace Marryat * for having discovered for them a new tourist-ground close at hand; since even those men-of-passage who have migrated in such swarms, of late, to Northern Europe, for their long vacations, and penetrated the wastes of Norway and Lapland, have passed by Jutland, only intent upon giving that dangerous coast as wide a berth as possible.

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* *A Residence in Jutland, the Danish Isles, and Copenhagen.* By Horace Marryat. John Murray.

'Do any English vessels ever touch at Skagen?' inquired our author of the light-house keeper near that village.

'Yes,' replied the man, 'they do; *when they are wrecked*, but not otherwise.'

No vessel stranded on that shore can be floated off again. The east wind blows the water away from her, and the west wind brings down the irresistible breakers. Last June, Mr Marryat saw enough of masts sticking out of sand to remind him of a forest. On visiting the wreck of the then 'latest sacrifice,' the *North Sea* steamer, near Agger, he says: 'Many other vessels are here in the same plight, without speaking of the wrecks extending from hence to Skagen. Lower down lies the *Auguste*, a French boat, and further still the Dutch *Harborg;* then comes a Swedish frigate, 74, and so on; a regiment of masts of defunct ships lie embedded in the sand down the whole west coast of Jutland. In the year 1811, two English ships, the *St George* and the *Defiance*, first-class men-of-war, were wrecked on this coast. The masts, until not many years ago, were still above water. The *Defiance* may yet be distinguished at low tide, though not the skeletons of the admiral's wife and three daughters in the state-cabin, as I was informed by a young lady a few days ago.'

The furniture of the humblest houses in the north of Jutland is both good and cheap, being imported there, contrary to the wishes of the original proprietors, by the favouring gales. 'I could not help smiling,' says Mr Marryat, 'as I looked around the "fixings" of one cottage: an English patent stove, purchased from the wreck of the *Polyphemus;* an oil-painting of some English ruined abbey, from the *North Sea* steamer, lately stranded off the coast; splendid shutters, carved and even gilt, from some Russian brig, also gone down. Then there was crockery from vessels laden with oranges and iron. No wonder the "customs" of the north of Jutland are not productive. The sea herself "provides" for the wants of the inhabitants.'

It is unnecessary, however, to inform the moderately geographical reader, that Jutland may be attained from England without the imperative necessity of the intervention of a wreck at all, and most conveniently by means of the port of Hamburg. From thence, Mr Marryat travelled due north to the very extremity of the peninsula, until he stood with one foot in the Skager Rack and one in the Cattegat, beyond Skaw-point. The country, of course, is flat, and so far unpicturesque, and when you want to see any quantity of it at once, you must ascend a church-tower; but it is in many places rich and well wooded, and, on the eastern coast, extremely lovely. Close to one great town, there is a meadow of no less than eight square miles in extent—a limitless sea of haycocks not to be rivalled at home. Even the blemishes and lackings of the country—its endless sand-roads and innumerable fiords, 'strung together like birds' eggs on a string'—are novel and interesting to English eyes; while the towns are old fashioned and quaint—with at least three streams of running-water to each of them—and the inhabitants queer and simple to an extraordinary degree. All the year round almost, the women are seen knitting out of doors. How the old ones did so without dying before morning, was often a mystery to our author, until he witnessed, one day, the ascent of an aged matron into a stuhlwagen. 'She wore ten knitted woollen petticoats at the smallest calculation; you might have plumped her down flat in the middle of a bog without her perceiving the dampness of her situation. From the age of fifty until she is gathered to her fathers, a woman in Denmark betakes herself to knitting warm petticoats, at the ratio of one per annum, which she wears over that of the preceding year, until she becomes a moving mass of woollen fabric, defying rheumatism, lumbago, damp, and all such sublunary evils to which age is heir.'

Knitting petticoats is not an unladylike pursuit in Jutland, nor is washing—that is, the getting-up of fine linen—in Schleswig-Holstein, which the Danes love so well to call South Jutland. 'My neighbour at the table-d'hôte, who dines well got-up, with beautiful blue rosettes (like a horse) in her hind-hair, daily perpetrates "a fine wash" of collars, sleeves, and such like, with the remains of her théwasser. Breakfast concluded, she empties the urn into a basin, and when the articles are cleansed and wrung out, places them to dry on her window-sill, with a pebble on each to preserve them from all treacherous gusts of wind.' This homeliness may perhaps account in some measure for the general prosperity of the people. There is not much of luxury, it is true, among the great, but what is far better, plenty and comfort prevail among the small. 'I remarked, on one occasion, to an intelligent Dane: "The people are well clothed and well lodged; we have met with no poverty, no beggars, as yet." "As regards that," he replied, "you are quite right; for every one man who dies from starvation, if such a thing ever does occur, ninety-nine die from overeating themselves."'

The Jutlanders have a sleek and well-to-do appearance, and seem to be as hospitable as the Arabs, with the advantage over that wandering nation of having something to give away. Their weakness in the way of extravagance is confined to their burial of the dead. In old times, the bodies of their nobles were often preserved for years, until funds should be procured for a befitting funeral. Families vied with one another, not only in the splendour of the coffins, sepulchral slabs, and epitaphia, but in the funeral feast and sermon of the 'coffin-preacher.' 'Dr Matthisen received two gilt cups, weighing one hundred ounces, for preaching the funeral-sermon of the Lady Anna Lange; ditto, a tankard, of one hundred and four ounces, for that of Niels Friis, in Aarhuus Cathedral, &c. &c. Common people presented him with sums of money. The discourse was afterwards printed and distributed, and, by way of a frontispiece, was adorned with an engraved portrait of the deceased, and of the monument about to be erected to his memory; the portrait after a painting either by Carl van Mander or Peter Isaacs, and engraved by Haelwech, the man of the day. An excellent engraver he was; and the collection of these frontispieces to the funeral-sermons have, in later days, proved invaluable aids towards the recognition of family and historic portraits, unknown and forgotten. Then small medals, called *skue penge*, were coined, bearing the effigy of the deceased, sometimes in silver, often in gold, and distributed among the relatives and friends. A grand funeral, with epitaphium, a gorgeous coffin, a sermon preached by Dr Matthisen, your portrait engraved by Haelwech, and a skue penge struck in your honour—what more could a man expect from his survivors? How he died, it is not for us to say; but, at anyrate, he was buried as a man of quality ought to be. The most expensive funeral ever known took place in Frederic II.'s reign, according to Holberg. A Danish nobleman, Christopher Mogensen by name, was slain in a naval fight. Cast him into the sea, they could not; a noble must be buried in Christian ground; wherefore, they sailed with the fleet to Gothland, and laid him in Wisby Church with all honourable ceremony. When the fleet again got under sail, it encountered a terrible storm, and sixteen ships sank, with 6000 men and all the officers, two admirals among the number—so people said that "no funeral was ever so costly as that of good Christopher Mogensen, for it caused many thousand living men to become wet that one man might lie dry."

'To give you an idea of the extravagance of the age, I will merely state that many of the coffins in this country are of solid silver. A countess of the noble House of Reventlow lies in a sarcophagus of that precious metal (dated 1680), so rich in silver angels and heraldry of all sorts, that a Jew antiquary from Hamburg is said to have offered to purchase it for the sum of 15,000 dollars—more than L.2000 of our English money.' To this day, the undertakers of Jutland drive a roaring trade, and the people are extraordinarily superstitious. They believe implicitly in the legends which hang around every hamlet in their country in clusters to make an antiquary's mouth water. Even educated Danish children identified our Sir Henry Havelock with the ancient hero of their own country. A lady, who devotes herself to teaching in the poor schools of Copenhagen, assured our author 'that on the morning the news of his death arrived, she found the whole of her school dissolved in tears, weeping their very hearts out, for they looked upon him as their own countryman—the very Havelock the Dane of the popular ballad—the lapse of nine or ten centuries being nothing to an infant mind.'

You cannot see a single church-tower in Jutland without being told some marvellous tale concerning it, and immunity is therefore far less to be expected when there are two. The reason why there are a couple of them at Fienneslevlille is this. Sir Asker Ryg, lord of that place, when about to start for the wars, first 'went into "the little church to pray," and greatly scandalised was he to find the doorway so low he was compelled to bow his head on entering therein: the roof, too, was of black straw, and the damp and green mould hung to the crumbling walls. Greatly shocked was Sir Asker Ryg; perhaps, had he been more regular in his attendance, he would have already discovered the dilapidated state of the building; but, however, previous to his starting, he gave directions to his wife, the fair Lady Inge, at that time in an interesting condition, to rebuild the church during his absence, and if she were brought to bed of a boy, to erect a lofty church-tower; if only a girl, a spire. The Lady Inge promised obedience to the wishes of her lord; and off he goes, followed by a numerous train of squires, to fight the battles of his country, and perform prodigies of valour. When the war is at an end, he bends his way homeward, and on approaching Fienneslevlille, his impatience is so great he outstrips all his train, and arrives first alone on the brow of the hill which overhangs the village; he strains his eyes, and sees not one tower, but two—the Lady Inge has given birth to twin boys during his absence—and on arriving at his castle half mad with joy (education cost nothing in those days), he embraced his wife, exclaiming: "O thou noble Lady Inge; thrice honoured be thou: thou art a 'Dannewif!'" (a woman who first bears twin sons to her husband is termed a Dannewif). And these twins grew up to be the most celebrated characters of their century—Absalon the warrior Archbishop of Lund, friend and adviser of Valdemar the Great; and Esbern Snare.'

At another place, where there is a good deal of wind to be met with, even that is accounted for by a legend, albeit the commodity Wind is very plentiful in the whole peninsula. It occurs, in this case, at the corner of a certain convent-wall; for, the devil and the wind being out together, the former dropped in to see the monks, and finding the quarters excessively agreeable, never came out again, and (with characteristic discourtesy) never sent out to say so: and the wind has been waiting for him at the corner ever since.

The very birds in Denmark have each their peculiar biography, and are held by the inhabitants in honour or dishonour accordingly. 'It was on that fearful Friday when our Saviour hung in his agony upon the cross, when the sun was turned into blood, and darkness was upon all the earth, that three birds, flying from east to west, passed by the accursed hill of Golgotha. First came the lapwing; and when the bird saw the sight before him, he flew round about the cross, crying, in his querulous tone: "Piin ham! piin ham!—torment him! torment him!" For this reason, the lapwing is for ever accursed, and can never be at rest; it flies round and round its nest, fluttering and uttering a plaintive cry; in the swamp its eggs are stolen. Then came the stork, and the stork cried in its sorrow and its grief for the ill deed done: "Styrk ham! styrk ham!—give him strength! give him strength!" Therefore is the stork blessed, and wherever it comes, it is welcome, and the people love to see it build upon their houses; it is a sacred bird, and for ever unharmed. Lastly came the swallow, and when it saw what was done it cried: "Sval ham! sval ham!—refresh him! cool him!" So the swallow is the most beloved of the three; he dwells and builds his nests under the very roofs of men's houses, he looks into their very windows and watches their doings, and no man disturbs him either on the palaces or the houses of the poorest peasants. For this reason, as you travel in Denmark, you will observe the swallows' nests remain undisturbed; no one would dream for a moment of scratching them down or destroying them as we do in England.'

The historical legends of this country of the ancient Northmen are of course both bloody and terrible, but even down to comparatively late times, there have been done such deeds as are unknown on less lonely coasts. In the archives of the police, this curious incident is set down as having occurred at Rorvig, in the middle of the last century. 'A Russian man-of-war anchored one day at the entrance of the fiorde. Denmark was at peace with all countries, so its appearance excited no remarks. The fishermen of the village examined it through their glasses, and then thought no more about the matter. The parson went to his bed as usual, when suddenly he was awakened by armed men in masks standing round his couch. Holding a loaded pistol to his head, they ordered him to dress and follow them to the church, where there was a marriage to perform. Trembling, he accompanied them to the church, which he found to be already brilliantly illuminated, and many personages assembled around the altar. And now the bride and bridegroom make their appearance; a man richly dressed, evidently a personage of consequence—he looks gloomy and abstracted; the bride, a fair young lady of great personal attractions, sad and pale as alabaster. The ceremony is commenced, the marriage-ring placed on the lady's finger, vows exchanged, "until death do them part." All is now over, when suddenly a flash, followed by the report of a pistol resounds through the sacred edifice—a shriek, one piercing shriek, from the scarcely married bride, who falls dead in the arms of the surrounding attendants. The worthy pastor saw no more. Horror-struck, he allowed himself to be hurried home, more dead than alive, to his humble dwelling, where he remained a prisoner in his chamber until released by his female domestic. When he rose and gazed on the placid waters of the fiorde, the Russian frigate was no longer visible; she had weighed anchor before sunrise, and a fresh breeze had borne her from the coast. Without delay the affrighted priest posted off to Copenhagen, to relate the mysterious event to the bishop. A purse of gold left beside the pastor's bed—the blood still visible on the church-floor—the extinguished lights in the corona—all affirmed the truth of his assertion, and no more, for the affair to this day has never been elucidated.'

Mr Marryat did not confine his wanderings to Jutland, but explored Funen, Zealand, and many another island of the Danish archipelago. At Copenhagen, he made a sojourn of some length, and yet had the good-fortune not to be burned out, as happens to most persons who are long in that city. On the lofty tower of St Nicholas, the watchmen keep nightly guard, and give the alarm in case of fire. Scarce three days elapse without a conflagration breaking out in some quarter, and often in the dead of night the slumberers are aroused by the repeated cry of 'Brand, brand, brand!' along the street. Then every window opens, and the inhabitants inquire where it is: if in their neighbourhood, they are bound to come down and place a tub of water before their doors; but if the fire is at a distance, they go thankfully to bed again. And yet this simple people have a real discernment for what is great and admirable, which nations in a more advanced stage of civilisation often lack. The Danes have willingly recognised the greatest man whom their country ever produced, notwithstanding that his father was a carpenter. The public museum of Thorwaldsen is one of the most magnificent and admirably managed in Europe, and the great sculptor's memory is held in extraordinary honour. Nor was this tribute, as happens but too often, paid only to his remains. When he had resolved to quit Italy, and return to his native land, the government despatched a frigate to convey him and his immortal works to Copenhagen. The day of his arrival was celebrated as a national festival; and apartments were allotted to him in the palace of Charlottenborg, where he resided for the rest of his life. 'When he died, his funeral was conducted with the greatest solemnity. First in the procession walked a deputation from the navy. On the coffin, borne by students and artists, were laid his numerous decorations; and it was covered with garlands placed thereon by the queen and princesses. The little children of Copenhagen subscribed together their skillings, and purchased with the proceeds a garland of silver leaves to place upon the bier. All delighted to honour him—the high, the humble—the rich, the poor—the old, and the young. When the funeral procession arrived at the church of our Lady, the king, the prince, and magnates of the land all left their seats, and accompanied the coffin to the altar. All Denmark came forward on that day to attend the funeral of one they had loved and respected when living, and whose unrivalled talent added to the glory of their country.'

The Danish monarch did himself honour, and understood his own duty in behaving thus; and one of his ancestors, at least, appears to have entertained the same exalted idea of true nobility. In the Swedish war of the seventeenth century, a burgher of Flensborg was about to refresh himself with a draught of beer from a small wooden bottle, when a wounded Swede, fixing his longing eyes upon the beverage, exclaimed: 'I am thirsty; give me to drink.' Now the burgher was a kind man, and replying: 'Thy need is greater than mine,' he knelt down by the man to give him the liquor. Then the treacherous Swede fired a pistol at him, wounding him in the shoulder. Thereupon, the burgher started up indignantly, as he well might do, and cried out: 'Rascal! I would have befriended you, and you would shoot me in return. You shall now only have half the bottle instead of all of it. When the news came to the king of Denmark, he exclaimed: 'A man who can do this thing deserves to be a noble;' and he created him one, and gave him for his arms a wooden beer-bottle pierced through with an arrow; which was borne, until quite lately, by his latest descendant. This was surely a sort of heraldry above the common, and a very different kind of cognizance from that which Cobbett justly stigmatised as 'a couple of jackasses fighting for a piece of gilt gingerbread.'

A more agreeable journal-writer than Mr Horace Marryat we have rarely met with, although the people that he would call 'serious,' would perhaps denominate him 'flippant.' He certainly seems to have a very Harold-Skimpolish antipathy to manufactories, and could only be got to look at one of them in all his travels—a paper *Fabrik*—in which he was
ably surprised. 'No rampageous machinery
itself to pieces, but quiet sedate cylinders
noiselessly along, in company with running-
He can be grave enough, however, upon occa
when he voyaged to Draxholm (Dragon's Island
the bad Earl of Bothwell, Mary's husband, aft
fitful fever, sleeping well. He lies in the little
church of Faareveile, almost out of the world.
raise a folding trap in the chancel, and des
ladder into the vault below; on the right, is a
wooden coffin, encased for protection in an out
The lid is removed, a sheet withdrawn, and th
the mummy-corpse of Scotland's proudest ea
has been for centuries known by sacristan and
as Grev Bodvell's tomb. 'When the wooden
was first opened, the body was found envelo
the finest linen, the head reposing on a pillow o
There was no inscription. The body is t
a man about the middle height; and to ju
his hair, red mixed with gray, of about fifty
of age. The forehead is not expansive; th
of the head wide behind, denoting bad quali
which Bothwell, as we all know, possessed p
high cheek-bones; remarkably prominent,
hooked nose, somewhat depressed towards t
(this may have been the effect of emaciation)
mouth; hands and feet small, well shaped, tho
high-bred man. I have examined the records
Scottish parliament, caused researches to be m
the British Museum—the copy of his *Hue and*
not forthcoming: no description of Bothwell
save that of Brantôme, who saw him on his
Paris, where he first met Mary during the life
King Francis, and he describes him as the "
and awkwardest of men." Concerning His G
can say nothing, but I do not think his corpse be
description of the French historian. And no
satisfied with the inspection, having first sev
lock of his red and silver hair as a souvenir,
close the coffin-lid, and again mounted the st
Bothwell's life was a troubled one; but had he s
a site in all Christendom for quiet and repose in
he could have found none more peaceful, mo
and calm, than the village church of Faareveile.

Of 'the Peninsula of Jutland, and the isla
Zealand aud Funen,' most readers know lit
nothing beyond what the geographies told t
their infancies; and we can very honestly reco
Mr Horace Marryat's volume to their attentio
very pleasant elucidation of those mysteries.

THE CHERRY-TIME.

On the whitest plumes of the Mayflower-tree,
The black-bird loves to sing;
There he prunes his breast with his golden be
And ruffles his glossy black wing.
Or he creeps to the sweet tree's innermost hea
And jugs with his mellow pipe;
He whistles and flutes to the apple-flowers:
'The cherry will soon be ripe.'

He sings to the rose-cloud over his head,
To the blossoms, and leaves, and buds;
To the rainbow drops of the April rain,
And the shower that brightens and scuds;
Then nestles close to the May-tree's heart,
And sings of the brave year's prime,
Of the crimson joy that cannot cloy,
In the coming cherry-time. W.

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INDIAN GRASS WIDOWERS.

I MADE one of a party of eight gentlemen who sat down to a set tiffin in India some twelve months ago. We were all Benedicts; but I was the only husband present whose wife was not ten thousand miles away. Seven of the party had each his wife in England; they were, to use the ordinary phrase of Indian society—grass widowers. In the majority of the cases, the inexorable decree of the family doctor had caused the painful separation; he may have gone so far, in some instances, as to have declared that the next hot or wet season would prove fatal to the wife, if she remained to meet it. In such circumstances, of course, the husband must make up his mind to subside into the loneliness of grass widowerhood; the wife, to hazard her weakened frame and shattered health by the trials of an overland journey to England. If she has children, they must accompany her; for although, up to the age of four years, India has often been found favourable to the health and growth of a child, after that period a reaction takes place, and the climate insidiously undoes the good services previously performed. Grass widowerhood is the greatest cost at which a good appointment in India can be purchased. Separated from every prized and valued friend, and from every association connected with our past years and their reminiscences, there is yet some comfort in the presence of her who has borne the same separations for your sake; but even this is denied; grass widowerhood is as general in India, especially in the metropolis, as it is unnatural, and when I next took wine with some of the seven who had made up our tiffin-party, I had become one of themselves—a married man, but without a wife.

It very frequently happens that a young man, possessing a wife of proportionate age, and of a naturally delicate and frail constitution, accepts his appointment in India, or goes there without a permanent engagement, and arrives with his wife in the month of April, or one of the six months which follow. When they left England, the snow was possibly on the ground. Over the Channel, through the straits of Gibraltar, and as far as Malta in the Mediterranean, the voyage is accomplished in a sharp, crisp, bracing air. They land at Alexandria in an insufferable blaze of scorching sunshine; but the heat is as yet a novelty, and may be borne without complaint. Egypt lies baked and reeking—a mosaic, with gaping fissures between its component parts. Suez is one of the hottest places in the world. Already has that frightful temperature begun to tell upon the constitution of the wife, and as the steamer sails through the gulf towards the scene of Pharaoh's host's calamity, even the sense of the overshadowing presence of Mount Sinai does not serve to quell her repining and discontent. Henceforward, a staring Indian summer is what she must expect for many months, and the glass in the shade will be at 88, which, said poor Hood, 'is a great age.'

When she reaches her destination, it is but to part with the last English servants whose attendance she may enjoy, in the persons of the stewards and stewardesses of the steamer, and to begin to endure a catalogue of trials too many to mention. Such was my case, and should I survive this century by a hundred years, the memory of the 'first night in India' will still remain fresh and vivid in my recollection. We arrived in Calcutta in the noon of the day, to find the best hotels quite full, and so had to put up with what proved itself at the best a fourth-rate one, with, as I afterwards learned, the blight of bankruptcy upon it. It was a huge straggling tenement, and the chambers allotted to us seemed a Sabbath-day's journey from the room where the keeper of the domestic establishment was to be found, but a journey I had nevertheless to perform many times that weary day in positive quest of food. It became evident that no food was to be had until seven o'clock that evening, but we had a young child, for whom, in defiance of all India, I must procure some nourishment. We were starving in a land of untold plenty. I presented myself for the sixth time to the landlord, and, having appealed to his feelings as a parent, was enabled to hurry back to my young cub in half an hour, through a mile of passages and staircases, with some milky water, and some unwholesome-looking seedcake. This is not, though it may seem so, a digression, for to that night I ascribe certain influences which, acting in future months upon other influences and trials, made me what I am now—a grass widower. Night fell upon that melancholy scene, and with it came fresh horrors. An ayah, dark as Erebus, and unable to speak one word of English, was handed over to us for trial. My young wife undressed the son and heir, who, overcome by starvation as much as weariness, slowly dropped to sleep, and the ayah fastened on to him mechanically, took him into the adjoining bedchamber, and, lifting the mosquito-curtains, awarded to him his legitimate share of the bed. The silence of the abode was something awful, and the lamps, which were totally inadequate to illumine one tithe of the space of those colossal rooms, shone faint and sickly in the thick and hot atmosphere. Gloom hung like a funereal tapestry about the roofs and corners of the chambers, and the breathless stillness of the ayah in the bedroom, led my wife to form a deep-rooted belief that the sable hireling contemplated the frightful crime of infanticide. It became my duty, therefore, to steal furtively to the *purdah*, or door-curtain, which hung between the two apartments, and observe what the ayah was doing. She was squatted upon the floor, and seemed much more intent upon slumber than bloodshed. We were without a friend in India, but visions of scores of dear friends in England rose up before us, and the happy home which we had left without occasion, seemed suddenly possessed of a fore-finger, which it pointed tauntingly towards us.

So dreary did that apartment become, that we took refuge upon the staircase, making an impromptu throne of the top step. We 'took this step,' because it commanded a fine view of a hall-lamp which hung at the end of a chain about thirty feet long, and was quite a fiery meteor compared to the melancholy argand in our own room. We were hastily dislodged from our outpost by the appearance of a gentleman to whom I had brought a letter of introduction. Mr B—— was a grass widower, and having been in the country a few months, was able to make some suggestions, the first of which was, I well remember, to leave that establishment precipitately, and take quarters in one of the many respectable and almost homely boarding-houses in the city. 'Desperate diseases require desperate remedies;' and believing in this maxim, I left my wife by herself, and in company of my new friend, set out in search of a 'home.' It was not the season for strangers, and yet Calcutta seemed quite full of visitors, and it was only in the fifth house we visited that I obtained accommodation. The two rooms offered to me were not very inviting; but they were an improvement upon the old ones, and I decided to take them. The terms were L.25 a month for my wife and self; stable, servants, wines, &c., all being extra. I hurried back to the Cimmerian shades, where I found my son still unmurdered, but my wife plunged into still deeper melancholy.

Now, in this case there was a young lady who had been tutored to every domestic discipline; who knew the mysteries of the cookery-books, and could, after the hare was caught, cook it as well as Mrs Glass. She had been educated to be the greatest ornament a home can possess—an industrious housewife; but a few days sufficed to shew her that in India such attributes are not called for, and that the ordinary duties of the generality of wives in this country are to visit and be visited. The kitchen, as a rule, is never entered, sometimes never seen; but every rule has an exception, and I remember one married lady who came to India when she was a child, who used to superintend the construction of cunning devices in pastry, and who, throughout the whole of her sojourn here, some twenty-five years, enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and left lately for England with a Devonshire bloom upon her cheeks, streaked with four tears which she shed at leaving this abominable city. But there is no doubt that the climate disagrees with nine out of every twelve ladies who come to India, for the only exercise attainable is that which wearies but not invigorates. In short, there is but one means of exercise adopted—namely, horsemanship, which is too often a recreation requiring more exertion than the nature of the climate will permit. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that a life characterised by such extreme inactivity, perpetual lassitude, and no variety, should affect the health of young wives born and brought up in England? As may naturally happen, 'household gods' make their appearance upon the stage, and all mothers who read this article will understand the effects of such domestic occurrences.

It is thus by gradual stages that the evil tendencies of the climate develop themselves. You see your wife daily grow weaker, and Æsculapius then delivers the fiat with a solemn mien, and the passage home has to be taken. Notwithstanding all the experiences of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, I believe there is frequently an attachment between man and wife. It is tried here. The dreaded morning comes; the steamer is at Garden Reach, and at last wife, children, and baggage are arranged in the carriage; you breakfast on board ship without breaking fast; that which is in your mouth is—your heart. The bell rings; a feverish shake of the hand, a hurried kiss; a smile from your own child as you part with him; a hundred parting requests uttered by his mother, and a strange spell-bound feeling of grief, are a few of the acts and emotions which follow. The vessel steams off, and for long a handkerchief waves in the close sultry air; two frail arms hold up the child, the pledge of an affection which was never doubted; and you turn from the quay, with the knowledge that each day, for the next five weeks, will place a breach of two hundred and fifty miles between you and those from whom you have separated. You return home; and the pair of kid-gloves on the dressing-table, which *somebody* has forgotten, and which are so much smaller than the size you take yourself—and the tiny odd shoe, scarce three inches long, which has also been left behind unintentionally, are sufficient proof, if such were wanting, that you are a—grass widower. Under all circumstances, this state is to be deplored. The husband is very likely not in a position to return to England; Bengal is no longer the pactolian land it was a century ago; and he must either resign his position, where a moderate fortune, in the course of time, is certain, or finally consent to live separated from his wife for years.

There are other causes which help to break down the constitution of a woman in India besides the climate. The often-quoted patience of the revered Job would have been more severely tried by seven Indian servants than by seven diseases, however virulent. Van Amburgh tamed his animals, or rather reduced them to their sluggish, spiritless, unnatural condition by so continually provoking their irritability of temper, that finally they seemed to have no temper left, and yielded up their liberties in silent resignation. It is precisely this ordeal through which a young wife, fresh from her English home, has to pass. She cannot do it unscathed like Shadrach and his two friends in their ordeal, but is prone to give a loose rein to her indignation, which, the servants perceiving, manage, by additional deceit and roguery, to provoke still further. All these trials assist the climate to effect its unhappy purpose, and once commenced, the consummation rapidly arrives.

With the few women whose strength is on a par with that of the Carthaginian damsels who served the catapults in the Punic war, everything is different. They are able to parade their domestic establishment—the keys of its storerooms, its wine-cellars, and bottle-connahs, hanging from their waist-girdle—before they have dressed to receive visitors. No distaste for the country acts with an evil influence upon them. They pay periodical visits of inquiry to the several bazaars where the head table-servant procures the necessaries of life, and upon their return cut and hack that gentleman's bill as Dr Russell's friend did his khansamar's at Simla, or as Mrs Browning recently discovered the great god Pan cutting and hewing the reeds 'down in the reeds by the river.'

But now to behold and survey the grass widowers from a different point of view. Providence undoubtedly tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and after the first, often heartrending scene of separation is over, a singular spirit of hilarity takes possession, in many cases, of the unhappy grass widower. He becomes the life and centre of every jocund and convivial assembly, gives festive dinners to local wits and musical bachelors, and becomes generally

ted by his extended acquaintance as a really
sensible, and well-intentioned fellow.

a little villa at Croydon or Sydenham sits the
f his bosom, vividly picturing to herself the
; condition of her husband in his companion-
ome in the East; and although in his letters,
n with religious regularity to that cottage,
llusion to his jovial banquets is omitted, it
erely from forgetfulness. For my own part,
I a wag, or a charming singer, or an ingenious
giver, or an individual of lively accomplish-
, I should never refuse an invitation to sit at
ahogany of a grass widower, whose friends were
same genus as himself. That I am occasionally
h merry parties, I have unwittingly confessed;
ing a grass widower of the genuine sort, whose
is daily approaching breakage, I am not *one of*
though I am with them. Thus, in my reflective
s, I have had opportunities of studying my
r-banqueteers. I have been uncharitable enough
agine sometimes that grass widowerhood was *not*
ial to Mr Jones or Mr Smith which Mrs Jones
Mrs Smith, in England, suppose it to be. For
ce, Mr Jones never could be prevailed upon,
his wife was here, to sing *The Old English*
man, albeit he knew it well, and it suited his

Now, it is impossible either to speak or sing
Mr Jones is present, for he will have it all to
f. As for Mr Smith, the change that has
ver him is tremendous, contrasted with his quiet
y habits when Mrs Smith was with him. He
t a decayed suit of clothes, which he takes out
him, and in which he sings, 'in character,' *Billy*
w, introducing impromptu verses, playfully
ng to his host and host's friends. But there
o drawing Smith out when he was not a grass
wer. He was positively unsociable; and had it
een for the pleasant and homely manners of
Smith, I believe I should have dropped his
intance.

s widowers are very clever in organising
s in the cold weather; and the manner of their
g with the prettiest girls who grace the rural
amments borders closely on delirium. If they
on this occurrence in their letters home, Smith

'Jones plagued me for days to join the party,
t last I consented, much to my regret. I did
njoy myself, and my heart was with *you* all the

Jones says: 'I have been literally besieged
bored about this abominable picnic, and flatly
d for several days to go—how different had you
here, my love!—but at two o'clock Brown and
son called for me, forced me into their gharry,
wo members of a press-gang, and I was dragged
place, where I passed six miserable hours.'

w, both Jones and Smith are getting up a
and bachelors' ball at the present moment, and
torming me with invitations to share the
sea. Not I! And though I should not like it
n in public, Mr Jones gave Miss M—— an
-guinea Cashmere shawl the other day, and
thstanding that he wrote his wife a long letter
xt morning, the little matter of that Cashmere
quite escaped his recollection.

DR SCORESBY.

nstances of those who have raised themselves in
cratic England not only to wealth and the
deration consequent upon it, but to reputation,
y no means rare. Still, every new biography of
a who

> Breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star,

is interesting to his fellows, who, whether he 'lives to clutch the golden keys' or not, admire with reason the force that makes his merit known. Many of these get so torn and trampled on in the beginning of their battle of life, that they are marked for evermore, and made discernible among the smooth and polished class wherein they have won a place, at the first glance; others seem to have received their wounds *within*, and as if unable to forgive the world that gave them, remain lone-minded and austere for all their lives; some few, with just so much of individuality left as gives them piquancy, are able to take up their new position naturally, without embarrassment and without antagonism. Of this last kind—in spite, too, of certain peculiar obstacles, which one would have supposed to be insurmountable—was the late Dr Scoresby.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a boyhood passed among rougher trials and more disadvantageous circumstances than was his. The son of a Greenland whaler of Whitby, who, at the period when the subject of this paper* came into the world—namely, 1789—was earning but ten pounds a year, as seaman, boat-steerer, harpooner, or what not, it may be imagined that the infant William was not cradled in luxury. Even at nine years of age, and when his father had attained to somewhat better circumstances, we find him under such a schoolmaster (!) as this:

'He not only had recourse to the ordinary means of punishment, such as the cane or the ferule—both of which he was in the habit of applying with terror-awakening dexterity, and they were of unusual magnitude—but he also was in the habit of locking the offending boys in the school, and keeping them several hours in darkness after the rest of the scholars had departed—of strapping the little culprits to a bench, and keeping them immovably fixed for half a day together—and, at other times, of fastening a cord to their thumbs, an inquisition-like torture, and then passing it through a pulley above them, hoisted them up so as to leave only their toes on the ground. In this cruel posture, with their arms above their heads, and with their thumbs almost disjointed, he was known to detain those who seriously offended him during the absence of the school at dinner!'

It is no wonder that William was delighted to exchange the society of such a ruffian as this even for the hardships of a Greenland voyage. When ten years old, he secreted himself on board his father's ship, and although discovered, was permitted to accompany him on the expedition—the youngest mariner, perhaps, that ever went a-whaling. After this, he made many voyages to very high latitudes, and at sixteen was so experienced, that he was appointed chief officer under the captain.

So enamoured of the sea he was, that when the Danish fleet was captured at Copenhagen, he was among those sailors who answered the call of government to assist in bringing the prizes into a British port. It was his example, indeed, that caused the men of Whitby to volunteer for that duty, who, until they saw his name given in, were under the impression that it was but a scheme for impressing them. Of the Danish capital, after its bombardment, he gives a curious sketch:

'Here, I was told, a respectable householder, neglecting the cautions of his more timid neighbours, hoped to make his house his castle and defence; but an irresistible shot penetrated the wall, struck the too secure inmate, and put a period to his life. There, pointing to the site of the church, I was informed, a number of the outcast inhabitants, whose houses had been demolished and their property buried in the ruins, took refuge, trusting that in the house of their God they should not only obtain shelter from the elements, but sanctuary from the destructive effects of the missiles of war. But their hopes were vain, and their confidence proved their destruction. A shot, as if directed by the demon of battle, struck an arch of the tower, and dislodged one of the stones; immediately the proud cross of the mighty edifice, owing to the loss of balance, sank through the interior of the building with a tremendous crash, and crushed in its fall those who sought refuge in its shelter! Turning my eyes from the desolate and ghastly spectacle of smouldering ruins, I expected to find in every countenance I met that woful and mourning expression of which I experienced the lively sympathy, and that the justly indignant patriot would wear on his brow the marks of determined and revengeful hatred towards the authors of these calamities. But my surmises were not well founded; the prevailing physiognomy indicated rather gaiety, carelessness, or phlegmatic indifference. Everything I saw seemed to express insensibility. The shops were filled with customers, the portals of the exchange were invitingly open, the quays bore the marks of business, and the taverns were filled with the gay and the mirthful; and if, after all, there might be a doubt remaining as to the singular apathy of the Danes at a period of national calamity, I may mention, in further proof, that I saw in the very heart of the city the drawing of a lottery in the public street.'

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* *The Life of William Scoresby, D.D.* By his Nephew. Nelson and Sons.

After seven weeks' occupation of the Copenhagen waters, the whole of the (late) enemy's fleet was rigged, provisioned, manned, and in a condition for service; while such ships as were building, or not sufficiently advanced to be removed, were destroyed, together with the floating-batteries and other disposable apparatus for war. 'One ship, a seventy-four, that was completely timbered and well advanced, was cut in the keel in several places, in the floorings and beams, and then all the shores, or supports, on one side being removed, it was hauled over and destroyed. I witnessed this extraordinary launch: the noise of the cracking materials was equal to the loudest thunder I ever heard.'

Mr Scoresby, although only a volunteer seaman, was put in command of a Danish gun-boat, which, however, in common with vessels of its class of that period, was totally unfit for navigating the open sea. He and his crew consequently underwent fearful hardships on their way home. Afterwards transferred to another man-of-war, he became witness to the abominable tyrannies practised in those days by persons calling themselves officers and gentlemen.

'Lieutenant —— usurped an arbitrary and unjust authority in the daily exercise of an unfeeling, nay, a barbarous disposition. Men were flogged without a specific fault—some, without the shadow of a crime. One man received three dozen lashes, because a rope in his hand *ran foul*—another two dozen because he could not lie out on the topsail-yard without being thrown off by the top-sail, which was not properly secured—and a third was flogged in three successive weeks, because the men under his charge, but over whom he could exercise no control, were not active in their duty! In the latter case, the punishment was so aggravated that the man became indifferent about his life—he told his messmates that his life was a burden to him; and shortly after his last punishment, which I myself witnessed, he fell from the foretop on the deck (through carelessness, if not by design), and was killed on the spot.'

The hideous blasphemies indulged in by all classes of naval men in those times, filled Mr Scoresby's mind with especial horror. His disposition was essentially pious, and he had been trained to a high veneration for the Sabbath. As a boy, he says, he would scarcely dare to pick up, on Sunday, any article in the street he might find without an owner; and comparatively late in life, we find him refusing to dine with Sir Walter Scott upon that day—with a courtesy, however, that is by no means always found to accompany similar convictions. 'I fear,' writes he, 'I cannot have the honour of waiting upon you on Sunday at dinner, agreeable to the arrangement you were so kind and polite as to propose. For some years, indeed, I have declined visiting on that day of the week; though I readily and honestly acknowledge that in this instance the privation is greater than on any occasion that ever before occurred.' In all his Greenland voyages, he absolutely forbade his men to join in any pursuit of the whale—no matter how tempting the prey—upon the Sabbath; and he seems to have been convinced, that he was suffered to lose nothing of material success by this diminution of his opportunities by one-seventh. During the whole of his career as a sailor, he was storing his mind with knowledge, and training himself to habits of scientific observation. He was only about twenty-eight, when, in 1820, he published with great success his work upon the *Arctic Regions*—among the earliest of those stirring narratives of adventure in the polar seas, of which Kane's and M'Clintock's are the latest, and the text-book for all succeeding scientific explorers of those dreary shores.

The combination which Mr Scoresby's mind afforded of patient study and practical energy is rare indeed. During the most delicate magnetic experiments, and the most assiduous watching of the mysteries of nature, he never neglected his duties as a whaling captain, but even drew up a code of regulations for harpooners, the diffusion of which he 'trusts may be eminently useful.' He could not, however, prevent the accidents which are inseparable from that perilous pursuit—a trade more 'dreadful' far than samphire-gathering. A whale once led a boat of his into a vast shoal of the same species. 'They were indeed so numerous, that their "blowing" was incessant; and the men believed they could not have seen less than a hundred. Fearful of alarming them without striking any, they remained for some time motionless, watching for a favourable opportunity to commence an attack. One of them at length arose so near the boat of which William Carr was harpooner, that he ventured to pull towards it, though it was meeting him, and afforded but an indifferent chance of success. He, however, fatally for himself, succeeded in harpooning it. The boat and fish passing each other with great rapidity after the stroke, the line was jerked out of its place, and, instead of "running" over the stern, was thrown over the gunwale; its pressure in this unfavourable position so careened the boat, that the side sank below the water, and it began to fill. In this emergency the harpooner, who was a fine active fellow, seized the bight of the line, and attempted to relieve the boat by restoring it to its place; but by some singular circumstance which could not be accounted for, a turn of the line flew over his arm, in an instant dragged him overboard, and plunged him under water to rise no more! So sudden was the accident, that only one man, who had his eye upon him at the time, was aware of what had happened; so that when the boat righted, which it immediately did, though half full of water, they all at once, on looking round at an exclamation from the man who had seen him launched overboard, inquired what had got Carr! It is scarcely possible to imagine a death more awfully sudden and unexpected. The velocity of the whale, on its first descent, is usually (as I have proved by experiment) about eight or nine miles per hour, or thirteen to fifteen feet per second. Now, as this unfortunate man was occupied in adjusting the line at the very water's edge, when it must have been perfectly tight, in consequence of the obstruction to its running out of the boat, the interval between the fastening of the line about him and his disappearance could not have exceeded the third part of a second of time; for in one second only he must have been dragged to the depth of ten or twelve feet! The accident was indeed so instantaneous, that he had not time for the least exclamation; and the person who witnessed his extraordinary removal observed, that it was so exceedingly quick, that although his eye was upon him at the instant, he could scarcely distinguish the object as it disappeared.'

Wearied at length of this laborious and exciting life, and actuated by strong religious feelings, Mr Scoresby relinquished the Greenland trade, and determined to take orders as a minister of the Church of England. He was first made curate of Bessingby; next appointed to the Mariners' Floating Church at Liverpool—for which he was of course peculiarly adapted by his previous calling—and afterwards served several other churches. He was, however, far from neglecting his scientific investigations. In 1847, he undertook a voyage to America; and having, by great good-fortune, met with a tempest, managed upon his way to settle the question of the altitude and rate of motion of the Atlantic waves. The phrase 'mountain-high,' so often applied to them, seems to be a considerable exaggeration. He found that the highest waves of the Atlantic average 43 feet; that the mean distance between each wave is 559 feet; that the width from crest to crest is 600 feet; that the interval of time between each wave is 16 seconds; and that the velocity of each wave per hour is 32½ miles.

Finally, we read that this indefatigable Mariner, Divine, and Savant, set out, at the age of sixty-five, to cross the world in search of certain scientific facts connected with polarity. He was attracted, we may say, from Liverpool to Melbourne by magnetism. The leading propositions which he wished to confirm by this visit to the antipodes were these:

'1. That ships built of iron must not only be strongly magnetic, because of the vast body of this metal which is subjected to the action of terrestrial induction, but that by reason of the elaborate system of hammering, as well as from the bending of plates and bars during the progress of construction, there must be *an extremely high* development of the quality of *retentive magnetism.*

'2. That each iron ship has a special individuality of the magnetic distribution, depending essentially on the position of the keel and head whilst building.'

The results of this voyage were highly confirmatory of Dr Scoresby's scientific convictions. He had stated that a ship, when at Melbourne, would have her magnetic conditions turned upside down; that her upper part, which in England has always southern polarity, and attracts the north pole of the compass, would in Melbourne have northern polarity, and repel it. 'The first opportunity of trying this was in entering Port Phillip, when I found that the upper part of the ship had changed its polarity, and was now northern. On going down the vessel, I found the polarity diminished until, in the middle, there was no polarity. I subsequently found that the longitudinal line of non-polarity was not straight, but waved. Above this line, the north pole was repelled; below, it was attracted. My theory was verified. Everything that in Liverpool was northern, was now southern. This went so far that the pillars, anchor-stocks, and standards of the upper parts, instead of having southern polarity, had in every case northern polarity. Every principle I had asserted was completely verified. The compasses were adjusted on the very ingenious principle of the Astronomer-royal, the errors being compensated by antagonistic magnets in England. Exactly as I had said before the British Association in 1846, these compasses not exactly ceased to be useful, but they actually went further wrong, than any others on board. Every principle of a compass aloft, as the only means of a safe guidance, was fully established. If he cannot combat with an enemy, a wise general gets as far away from him as he can. In our compass aloft, we had our perfect guide and standard of reference at all times. We always knew what course the vessel was steering, and never had the slightest doubt, notwithstanding the changes going on in other parts of the ship.'

Dr Scoresby died at Torquay in 1857, leaving a good reputation behind him in very different and even somewhat antagonistic circles. The religious and scientific 'worlds' both lost in him a highly valued member. He seems to have mixed with all classes and degrees of men, without much loss of personal characteristics. Among his varied social experiences, perhaps none was more singular than the following, extracted from his diary while in Paris in 1824: 'In the evening, attended a conversazione at the house of M. Arago, where it was my privilege to be introduced to M. Cailliot, who travelled with the Pacha of Egypt towards the source of the Nile; to M. Simonoff, who has visited the Antarctic Circle beyond the *ne plus ultra* of Cook, General Beaoy, M. Poisson, &c., &c. It was remarkable that the person who had been nearest to the south pole; myself the nearest to the north pole; Humboldt, who had been higher than any man upon a mountain, and deeper than any man in the earth; and M. Cailliot, who had approached nearest to the source of the Nile—should all meet together in one party.'

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

When Mrs Benjamin Arbour had been buried, in such a manner as did no discredit to that respectable firm to which she had the honour of being allied by marriage, there was still another solemnity to be held in Golden Square upon that same afternoon. The actors in it were the entire Arbour family—Adolphus, Maria, Johnnie, Margaret, and Uncle Ingram, with Dick added—as the race-cards say of any extraneous matter. He had come that morning from Mr Mickleham's house at Kensington, by express invitation, to attend his mother's funeral, but neither his uncle nor his other relatives had so much as taken his hand in theirs, with the exception of Sister Maggie. She had never set eyes on him since that happy day on the river long ago; new experiences of life had altered his looks and made a man of him in the meantime, but her heart seemed to know no change, but beat responsive as of old to his in a long embrace of love.

'She bade me give you this, and this!' she whispered, kissing him tenderly; 'whatever is said of poor mamma to-day, Richard, and whoever says it, remember, if it be a word of rebuke for *you*, that it is not true.' Maggie knew what pangs of self-reproach were rankling in the boy, for Lucy Mickleham had written to her every day about him, while her father had even paid a visit to Golden Square in person in the vain hope of moving Mr Arbour's heart towards the prodigal.

Luncheon was laid out upon the sideboard of the dining-room when the gentlemen came home, and its place upon the huge mahogany table was occupied by the family Bible. Uncle Ingram having assembled the family and closed the door, seated himself opposite to the volume, as though it were a ledger, and selecting a broad-nibbed pen from the standish, filled it carefully with ink.

'Richard Arbour,' said he, 'it is not my purpose to embitter the feeling which I am told you are beginning—tardily enough—to entertain regarding the wicked undutifulness of your past life by any remarks of mine. When I was in the position of your natural protector, and was paying for your support and education, I sometimes thought it my duty to remonstrate with you upon your misbehaviour; but as, from this date, I give up all charge concerning you, and wash my hands of you and your future actions altogether, I spare you further censure. I say nothing of the manner in which you have resolutely opposed yourself to every plan for your own prosperity and well-doing. I say nothing of the wrong you have done to those whose greatest weakness has been a blind attachment to an unworthy object—yourself; nor of the serious pecuniary expense that I have been put to for your maintenance up to this time. Your share of your mother's property, who would probably but for you have been living now'——

'Uncle, uncle!' appealed Margaret passionately.

'Well, then, to carry out my intention strictly, and not to hint at what has been done or undone, your fortune of L.600, sir, lies in that pocket-book, and you may take it away with you when you leave this house.'

'Keep it, sir, and pay yourself out of it!' replied Richard doggedly; 'I will never accept one farthing of it from such a hand.'

'It will be paid into my banker's to your name, then,' returned the merchant coolly, 'to be spent when you please and how you please, which, if we may judge from the company you have been recently keeping, will be disreputably enough; but mind, when that is gone, you never have one guinea more from me; no, not one shilling to rub against another'——

'I do not want to rub one of your shillings against another,' interrupted Dick, maddened by the contemptuous malice that sat upon the countenances of his eldest brother and sister, as much as by his uncle's cruel scorn. 'What have I done?' cried he, turning so sharply round upon Adolphus that that gentleman drew in his legs with great rapidity—which before were luxuriating at utmost length, as the legs of one who is seeing justice done upon the wicked at no personal risk—and put himself into a posture of self-defence; 'what have I done that I should be treated thus vilely by you all? I have stood it often for the sake of her who is gone, and whose loss not one of you, save Maggie yonder, has a single tear for; but I am not going to stand it now.'

'He is about to butcher his eldest brother,' observed Maria with acrimonious distinctness; 'he is nothing less than a second Cain.'

'Ay, and he is Able, too,' returned Dick with epigrammatic ferocity, and excited, as usual, to frenzy by that sisterly voice.

'Silence, Maria; do not touch him, Adolphus,' exclaimed Mr Arbour sternly; 'you have done with him from henceforth as well as myself. You ask what you have done, sir, do you, to deserve this treatment? I will tell you, then. You have killed your mother'——

'That is a lie,' replied Dick furiously; 'and there is none who knows it better than yourself!'

The corners of Mr Ingram Arbour's mouth gave a twitch at this, the resultant of two forces—anger at his nephew's insult, and consciousness of having been really somewhat hard upon the deceased lady. 'You have killed your mother,' he continued, 'or at least have shortened her life by your undutiful ways; you have associated with conspirators, and—and—hair-cutters; you have voluntarily abandoned, I say, that station of life into which, as your catechism very properly remarks, it has pleased Heaven to call you, and connected yourself with a set of'——: here Mr Ingram Arbour, whose indignation had caused him to rashly leave the safe current of speech-prepared-beforehand, for the eddies of extemporaneous discourse, grounded heavily upon a sand-bar.

'A set of bloodthirsty assassins!' suggested sister Maria.

'Yes, a set of bloodthirsty and continental assassins,' repeated Uncle Ingram, making the remark his own by extension of epithet.

'That is not true, sir,' returned the hardy Dick, as he thought of kind Mr de Crespigny.

'You have been in the hands of the police, and narrowly escaped from the imputation of murder; our name has been hawked about the streets, through you, in connection with a capital crime; you are a disgrace to the family, sir, and you belong to it from this moment no longer.'

And with that Uncle Ingram drew the broad-nibbed pen through the name of Richard Arbour, which was written on the fly-leaf of the book before him, whose mission was to preach forgiveness of all injuries. That name had been inscribed there with faltering fingers by the poor lad's father, when he lay a-dying, some sixteen years ago, whose own name also stood above it, written in the heyday of his life, when he and his Leety were but newly married.

Richard did not ask himself whether the deed was just, or if so, whether his uncle had the right to execute it; he only felt as though some terrible and inexorable excommunication had been pronounced against him, which he had not the power to despise, or set at nought. The occurrences of his short life which had led to such a scene, and especially those tremendous ones that had thronged the last few days of it, whirled through his brain so fast, that he could scarcely hear what was passing. He knew that Maggie was interceding for him, and that Mr Arbour was replying to her, obdurately, and that was all.

'It is of no use, uncle,' at last he heard her say; 'for flesh and blood is stronger than pen and ink.'

'We will see,' he answered more bitterly than he was accustomed to speak to his favourite niece; 'we will put that to the test at once. You, Adolphus—I begin with you, my eldest nephew and my heir, although all who are here present, save one, will have no reason when I die to complain that I have left them unprovided for. Are you prepared to forget your relationship to this fellow here; to neither speak nor write to him; to treat him as though he had met with that fate which the law has been within a little of awarding him? Will you swear upon this sacred book, I say, to abjure him as one of the family, and so to express your sanction of the act of justice which has just now been done by me?'

The look which, in the capacity of Head of the Family, Adolphus assumed upon this solemn adjuration, was a sight to see; he appeared to have borrowed half of it from the rôle of Brutus in the act of sacrificing his sons for the commonwealth, while the other half (which was his own), bore a strong resemblance to that more modern hero of the drama—Tartuffe.

'It is a very painful duty, Uncle Ingram, but it *is* my duty, and being so, I should be wrong to shrink from it. Brother Richard,' continued he, 'as after I have taken this oath our intercourse will cease, I ask of you if you have any final observation to make before I do so.'

This hypocritical address acted upon Dick's prostrate condition like a cordial dram; he felt the embers of indignation kindle once more within him, and had a difficulty in suppressing an impudent twinkle of his downcast eyes, as he replied: 'I have one thing to say, Adolphus, but it should not be said here.'

'I have no secrets with such as you,' responded the other loftily; 'whatever you have to speak must be spoken here, and in my uncle's presence. If I can carry out any last wish of yours, sir, consistent with duty, with honesty, and with proper feeling, I shall be happy to do so.' The mantle, or toga, of Brutus here seemed to forsake the shoulders of Mr Adolphus Arbour, and his air resembled greatly that of Mr Calcraft, the hangman, when demanding of a gentleman about to be artistically dealt with, whether there is anything which, after the ceremony, he can have the pleasure of doing for him.

'There is one thing, Brother Adolphus,' returned Dick in a confidential whisper which could be heard all over the room—'there is one thing consistent with the virtues you have mentioned, that I do think you ought to do: you should keep your word with your uncle's maid, poor Betsy, and marry her at your very earliest convenience.'

'I swear!' exclaimed Adolphus, viciously, missing in his blind fury the volume which he would have struck with his clenched fist, and overturning the ink-bottle.

'That's right,' remarked Dick drily; 'I'm glad you've sworn it; and now I do hope you'll get the bans published as soon as possible.'

'Maria!' cried Mr Ingram Arbour, pallid with rage at this introduction of the comic element into a scene which was intended to have been profoundly grave, 'you have heard what I have said to your elder brother; are you likewise prepared to give up this ribald boy, and to forget that he ever bore our family name to its disgrace?'

'I am,' returned that young lady, regarding the outcast biliously; 'and it would have been better, in my judgment, if this thing had been done before.'

'Swear away,' observed Dick with cheerfulness. 'I can only regret, Maria, that I can get nobody to promise to marry you.'

Maria's yellow countenance was shot with scarlet, like some inferior silk, as she abandoned the lad as her brother for ever and ever, but she did not venture upon expressing her indignation in words again.

'And you, John, are you, too, prepared to let all connection cease between this fellow and yourself?'

Johnnie Arbour had no absolute malignity in his nature, and would not willingly have hurt a fly, unless the act had been of manifest benefit to him—in which case, however, he would have sacrificed the entire human family without the least internal struggle. He did not 'see the good' of a domestic condemnation such as the present, wherein, moreover, as far as words went, the proposed victim was clearly getting the best of it; and he walked up to the table with much such misgivings as some Tory voter who approaches the polling-booth secure indeed of the final triumph of his candidate, but also aware that there are rotten eggs and cabbage-stalks to be got from the unrepresented democracy who wait outside the threshold.

'Brother John,' cried Dick, arresting him in the act of ostracism, 'as you have the Bible there, will you swear upon it that it was not yourself who cut Bill Dempsey's eye out with a snow-ball, years ago, and laid the blame on me?'

'I swear,' exclaimed Johnnie hastily, turning pale as death, and tottering to his seat, as though he had just been struck off the roll of practising attorneys.

'You may here perceive,' remarked Dick, with the air of a showman exhibiting a wax-work ruffian in some 'Room of Horrors'—'you may here perceive how a young man looks, from head to foot, who has just committed a perjury.'

'My dear Margaret,' observed Mr Ingram Arbour, 'it is now your turn to do *your* duty. You have learned from his own mouth within the last few minutes—if you entertained any doubt of it before—what sort of character this young man really is; how insolent, how malignant, how wanting in all self-respect as well as in respect to others! You will not, I trust, be backward to ratify that conclusion to which myself and all other members of the family have come to—that it is necessary that this fellow be cut off from it, and take his own evil way alone.'

'My dear uncle,' returned Margaret quietly, 'I am sorry that I cannot obey you in this matter; I am not unmindful, believe me, of the benefits which you have so long conferred upon one and all of us, but I cannot, even to please *you*, perform an act which I believe to be both unjust and uncalled for.'

'And yet you were by your mother's bedside when she died,' returned the merchant sternly.

'It is because I was with her then and at all times, and know the wishes of her loving soul so well, that I would not now desert this boy of hers although his weaknesses were ingrained vices (which they are not), and his follies crimes.'

'I do not wish to be angry with you, Margaret,' returned the old man firmly; 'but I must be obeyed by you as well as by others. Whoever of you, from this day forth, holds intercourse with that boy yonder, whether by speech or letter, will derive no benefit from what I have to leave behind: their name, so help me Heaven, shall never so much as be written in my will.'

'My own dear Sister Maggie,' cried Dick suddenly, 'do not cross your uncle in this matter for the sake of me, I pray. I should—indeed I should—be far more wretched in the thought that I had been the cause of your being left unprovided for, of any wrong being done to you, than even in the knowledge that we were never more to meet in this world. This man cannot prevent my loving you; he can hinder our *hands* from clasping, but that is all.'

Maggie heard him with a proud smile of love and triumph, but when he ended, only shook her golden hair for answer to him.

'And think you, Uncle Ingram,' exclaimed she, 'that I would barter such a love as that—one single kiss, one hand-clasp, one kind word—for the being set down in a dead man's will?'

So scornfully the girl's eyes flashed upon him that the old man did not care to meet them with his own, but kept his face averted, and with his fingers tore the pen that had crossed Richard's name out into fragments.

'I did not think so, Margaret,' answered he in suppressed tones, and with some effort; 'and I meant to use no threat, or at least not only threats. Have I earned nothing at your hands, niece? Have I not ever been kind and true to you? Have I ever refused a request in reason? Have I not shewn my love in a thousand ways?'

'You have, uncle; and far oftener than I have deserved. If some of that kindness, some of that consideration, some of that love, had been shewn to that poor boy yonder'——

'Silence, girl!' cried Mr Arbour fiercely; 'do not dictate to me what I should have done, or what I should have left undone. I have humbled myself too much already to you, and now, as I perceive, to little purpose. I was but recapitulating what I have felt towards you, in order to let you know, that while remembering it—that in despite of it—I was prepared to punish your disobedience as it deserved. We have had talk enough, and I waste my words no longer about this matter. As sure as I stand here a living man, if you abjure not the companionship of that boy, now and for ever, you will find yourself portionless, penniless, or with only that miserable pittance between yourself and beggary as lies here now between him and the jail which will receive him when it is spent.—That is well, Margaret,' continued the old man in a triumphant tone as the girl rose, while he spoke, and with pallid lips laid her hand upon the still open Bible; 'that is well, child, and you will swear while there is yet time, I know.'

'I swear,' exclaimed Margaret firmly, 'in the presence, for all that I can tell, of the sainted soul of that lad's mother, who was buried this day, that I will never desert him, or forget that he is her son and my own brother, from this day forth until the day I die!'

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG FRIENDS.

The domestic shell having thus exploded without altogether confining itself to the direction intended by the astonished bombardier, there was Chaos enough in that respectable Golden Square dining-room without the discordant element of Dick's presence. He wisely concluded that he would only be making matters worse by remaining, and so he unceremoniously left the room at once. Mrs Trimming, suspiciously near the door, was in the hall to receive him, to fold him in her substantial arms, to drop upon his exiled brow her sympathetic tears.

'It 's a sin and shame, Master Dick; but it 's along of that young Mr Adolphus, who misleads your uncle: it done my heart good to see you a sticking up to him. My Richard—Mr Jones, I mean—always told me as how it would come to that. "Some day or another," says he—but I am glad you did not touch him, for you should never lay hand upon your own flesh and blood—"it will be Dick *versus* Dolly with a vengeance." Here 's a note for you from him, which I was to be very particular to put into your own hand. God bless you, my dear boy; and if ever a five-pound note, or, for the matter of that, a ten—— Heaven preserve us, here 's my master!'

The young outlaw seized the handle of the front door, and hastened with considerable asperity to place that visible barrier between himself and his sometime relative; but the next moment his hat, weighty with its trappings of woe, brought to mind the sorrow which had only been in abeyance during the preceding scene, and he took his homeward way, weeping and despondent—not because he had been disinherited, but because he had been bereaved and orphaned.

The little villa at Kensington, to which he was now returning, had been for the last week a home indeed to him. Mr Mickleham had never alluded to any of the circumstances which had brought him there, save when he himself had evinced a wish to speak of them, but had treated him with the courtesy of a host as well as the interest of a father. Lucy was never tired of talking with him of his Sister Maggie, and now and then, when she saw he was more than commonly depressed, of his dead mother; for she also had known what that loss is, and how far better it is to speak of such a grief than to shut it up in the lonely heart which is its prey. Now and then, too, in gayer moments, she would slily advert to the deterioration of her hair, which, she persisted, had never recovered the injury it had received at the hands of a certain incompetent person.

'It was only one little, little curl,' remonstrated Dick, imagining at first that she had discovered the loss of her missing ringlet. 'I stole it, I confess, but who would not have been a thief and picked a lock under such temptation?'

'You don't mean to say that you have stolen a lock of my hair, you wicked, wicked boy!' cried the girl blushing; but it is probable that she would not have sent him across the seas for that offence, if it had lain in her power, nor, indeed, to any great distance from Kensington. She was always persuading him to go back to Darkendim Street, and be reconciled to his uncle—incited thereto by her papa—and built up considerable hopes of his turning out a sort of Industrious Apprentice, to be eventually a lord mayor of London, after all. Dick was born to be misunderstood by his friends as well as to be condemned by his enemies.

There was another person in the little Kensington household, too, who helped to make it a paradise for the young rogue, deserving though he was of altogether different quarters. Mr Mickleham had a son William, about ten years older than Dick, and after that lad's own heart. Not that Mr William was irreclaimable, erratic, vagabondish, or any one of those many adjectives which yoke so harmoniously with the word Scapegrace, but he had a tenderness for those that were. All literary men—I speak it to their honour—with the exception of a few of the heavier sort, the sumpter-mules of the profession, who carry all the classical quotations for us, have an eye of pity and an open hand for the poor *mauvais sujets* to whom Society presents quite another portion of her person, or even her clenched fist (for in spite of her fine-lady airs and assumptions of indifference, she can shew herself a considerable virago where she thinks it safe to do so), and Mr William Mickleham was to some extent 'a literary man:' not openly and avowedly so, indeed—for such a confession would have shocked his father into an apoplexy—but he mitigated the rigours of a government clerkship by an occasional flirtation with the Muse, and regarded her clandestine offspring with that affection, the depth of which no man, who has not similarly sinned himself, can ever plumb. He was not a poet in any high sense of the term, of course; Heaven is not so superfluous as to permit people in the enjoyment of government situations to be also great geniuses; but he had a deeper knowledge of human nature than is possessed by most persons. In particular, he had an insight of appreciation denied to many a one of keener intellect. Where a mere man of the world beheld a mental deformity, William Mickleham detected the latent cause of its outgrowth, and found it not always a weakness. Other men in his office could 'spot' their companions with equal accuracy—an expressive metaphor, though borrowed, I believe, from the billiard-table—but *he* knew what they were fit for, not only what they couldn't do: he understood more than that the round hole was unsuited to them, and could sometimes indicate the polygon which should be dug for their especial accommodation. It was abundantly clear to him that the hole in Darkendim Street, wherein his father had found himself so comfortable for so many years, was of far too exact proportions ever to suit that very irregular figure, Master Richard Arbour.

'If you were my son, Dick,' remarked Mr Mickleham, junior, with relation to this matter, on the third night of the lad's acquaintance with him—by which time he had gained his confidence as easily as ever Jesuit mastered that of woman—'if you were my son, I tell you honestly, you should go to sea to-morrow.'

'Say the day after,' replied Dick flippantly: 'to-morrow's a Friday;' for the subject of his future prospects had got by this time to be rather an exacerbating one to the young gentleman.

'It's wonderful how constant the symptoms of your disease are in every case,' remarked the philosopher musingly, puffing at a long churchwarden pipe, with its bowl half-way up the chimney, in order that the smell of tobacco might not pervade the house: 'it's impossible to touch upon the question of the future fortunes of any of you Scapegraces, without getting an impudent reply for one's pains.'

'I did not mean to be impudent,' returned Dick penitently.

'Of course not, my dear sir,' answered the other; 'I know you didn't. You are impudent by natural constitution. You can no more prevent it, than you can prevent your hair curling, or your nose turning up. I suppose, too, you have been a good deal bullied already about what is to become of you?'

'Ah, I just have,' replied Dick with a deep-drawn sigh. 'I remember that Maria used to tell me that I would never get salt to my porridge, to encourage me to set about it, I suppose, when I was so young that I did not know what porridge meant; then Adolphus was always impressing upon me that if I lived to be a hundred, I should never make anything of business, and at the same time pitching into me for *not* making something of it; while, as for Uncle Ingram—Ah! the things I have had said to me about what I was to be, and what I was not to be, make me perspire to think of them.'

'*I* know,' returned the philosopher, nodding; 'and there was "an old friend of your father's," or two, wasn't there, who remembered you when you were "so high," and prophesied that you would never grow up to be such a man as he? They asked you what you were going to be, didn't they, as though you were a chrysalis about to astonish them by some extraordinary transformation; and when you said you didn't

emarked it was high time you did; and when
know, and told them, they objected to it?
ends of one's father *are* oppressive. There
be a funeral-pyre upon which the whole of his
poraries should be sacrificed, without distinc-
sex or age; indeed I think the women are the

y *are*,' returned the young gentleman, not
a shudder of reminiscence—'they are, and no
.'

why won't you be a sailor, Dick, eh? What,
blushing! You must certainly have some
of which you ought by no means to be
d. The Scapegrace never blushes, so far as I
bserved, unless when in the act of being
ed by some good motive.'

ad blushed more than ever, as he replied, that
ther had once obtained a promise from him—
not know with what intention, but it was
e Sunday before he came up to London for the
me—that he would never, under any circum-
, go to sea.

philosopher patted the young man's head
ngly. 'A dead mother's wish is the best of
, lad,' observed he. 'You must, however, set
nd to something or other; since you are not in
sition of life wherein people enjoy the reputa-
being able to do anything you choose without
; and besides, there is the vulgar necessity of
food. Ah, Dick, Dick, what a shiver that
Was the remark I made too coarse a one, then?
hint, ever so remotely, that you had not a
of your own, and were living at another man's
How strange it is that Providence should have
much of the Sensitive Plant to natures that
r more need of the Prickly Cactus! Is there,
o more active line of life adapted for you than
sitting to a photographer? The professions are
your reach, the trades disgust you; what
ou, then, of the pen? Can you write, my
l?'

es,' replied Dick briskly; 'I can write a very
e hand, and even do flourishes with a steel
vans, and all that—but I can't say much for
lling.'

vas referring to authorship,' returned Mr
Mickleham, involuntarily setting back his
m his classical forehead. 'There is little or no
for poetry of a high order in the present day,
ose, I understand, gets its value, or at least its
I should think you might try your hand with
rospect of success at the ephem—that is to say,
arkling Style, which is now so universally
. They say, it is true, that a good many of
scriptive pieces are turned off by machinery
he same pattern woven in, but they can
have dispensed altogether with brain-work,
I think rather that that school of writers must
scovered some ingenious adaptation of natural
whereby they produce their extraordinary
I am not sure but that before describing
n or object, they invert themselves, and in
sition imbibe some effervescent mixture. *You*
nd on your head, my boy, I'm sure. Well,
ou next have a leisure twenty minutes, do it;
ake one of my Seidlitz powders yonder, and
your ideas in writing of the tool-house at the
the back-garden. It will not be very accurate,
will be lively and just like enough for many
to discern what is intended, whereby their
nplacency will be aroused and flattered—which,
know, is the object of the sparkling writer, and
s his popularity. What! you don't think you
vercome the physical difficulties? Why, there
hors of twenty years' standing—standing on
eads, I mean—who (apparently) suffer from it
slightest inconvenience. At your age, such an
on is serious indeed. You must be bilious, Dick. In that case, the Bilious School will be just the thing for you. Its disciples are moody, witheringly sarcastic, and suspicious to an extraordinary degree. According to these, the most frightful tragedies are in the course of being enacted in every family, quite unknown to the Detective Police. We all wish each other dead, or, at the best, don't care about the matter either way. One's wife is in love with her music-master, and over the piano, the pair interchange the most dangerous sentiments in Italian, a language we know nothing about; the money which our dead father had especially laid aside for our instruction in that tongue, having been dissipated by his widow in the travelling expenses of her second honeymoon. There is also the Mutual Improvement School—all serious condescension and personal advice, with intimate relations established with the reader whether he will or no—which I will not insult you by recommending to your notice.'

Thus, half in banter, half in earnest, did Mr William Mickleham suggest this and that line of life to the impracticable youth, without any very great faith in his own recommendations. He concluded, rightly, that this was a case where that oyster the world must be opened after the operator's own manner, and with what instrument he would; and for the present, Mr William Mickleham, like his father and sister, had fallen back upon vague anticipation of good resulting to the lad from the interview he needs must have with his uncle at the funeral of Mrs Arbour. He was therefore disappointed scarcely less than they when he learned how that interview had terminated. The L.600 which was forwarded to Dick by Mr Ingram Arbour on the following day that young gentleman could not be persuaded to make use of, and it was suffered to lie in his name at his uncle's bankers, where the old gentleman had placed it.

There came, too, an affectionate letter from Maggie, assuring him of her wellbeing, and representing herself on the same footing with her uncle as before, except that he would not permit Richard's name to be mentioned. 'You may stay with me, Niece Margaret, so long as I live, as usual,' he had said, 'but when I die, you will find that my oath of disinheritance has been kept to the letter.' The girl, however, did not write that latter part of his determination to her brother. She was not only one who was careful for others rather than for herself, but of that still rarer sort—and rarest in the female sex perhaps—who are not solicitous to be known as sufferers even by the being in whose cause they have sacrificed themselves. All she stipulated for was, that whatever course Dick decided upon, he would let her know it; and so concluded with her prayerful wishes for his good. There was a postscript however—for Maggie was woman as well as angel—which alarmed the lad not a little. 'I do not come to you as I long to do, since it would only enrage my uncle; you, I am sure, would be the very last person to desire to expose others to his wrath, whose only crime is their tenderness for you.'

Mr Mickleham had been in unusually low spirits that afternoon, so that Dick did not like to speak of any annoying subject in his presence; but as soon as that gentleman was enjoying his customary nap after dinner, and he found himself alone with Mr William, he determined to make a confidant of that gentleman, of whose sagacity he had formed a high opinion, and get that same uncomfortable postscript of Sister Maggie's explained.

'Well,' observed his mentor, when he had perused the letter, 'I have never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Margaret Arbour, and rather mistrust one young lady's ecstasies about the virtues of another; but I now believe that all the good I have heard of her from my sister falls short of her real merits.'

'She is the very greatest brick!' observed Dick enthusiastically, and with his cheeks glowing as they always did when his theme was Maggie's virtues;

'she never mentions herself, you see, nor hints at the loss to which she has subjected herself on my account. She even tries—God bless her!—to make it appear that her uncle has forgiven her, though I know the old'——

'Never mind,' interpolated the philosopher, 'you may omit the adjectives.'

'Well, I know him a great deal too well to think that possible,' continued Dick; 'it is for that very reason that I am so puzzled about this postscript, Mr William. She is not afraid on her own account, of course; who, then, are those others whom she warns me not to expose to my uncle's anger?'

'Perhaps Mr Ingram Arbour is about to impeach the magistrate, who directed the inspector, who ordered the peeler, who called a cab, and thereby effected your discharge from custody. These vindictive uncles will run through the whole *House that Jack built* in revenge upon every portion of it that has chanced to stand between them and their victim. I have known it to occur myself a hundred times—upon the stage. It is, without doubt, the magistrate of Poplar who is going to catch it.'

'You are sure, sir,' inquired the boy appealingly, 'that nothing within your own knowledge has taken place between—— Yes, I see there has—— O Mr William! pray do not deceive me. Has your dear father, my kind friend, suffered any annoyance from my uncle upon my account?'

'Well, Dick, the fact is, I think there has been a sort of a row in Darkendim Street to-day. Your brother, I fancy, indulged in some strong language about harbouring ruffians in defiance of the express wishes of the head of the firm; and, you see, my father is a commercial man—in short, he's been a good deal more cut up about it than *I* should have been; but he would be angry enough, mind you, if he thought that I had whispered it to you. I daresay Mr Adolphus told your sister what pleasant things he was about to say, as junior partner—for he has been taken into the firm, I hear—to the managing-clerk; and she means to put you on your guard lest you should unwittingly hurt us. But, bless your heart, we are not so easily hurt, Dick; and you shall not be turned out of our house to please Twangfo himself, the offspring of the sun and moon, and first-cousin to the planetary sytem, and far less for any pigheaded young china-merchant, such as Mr Adolphus Arbour.'

Dick could not trust himself to speak, but gratefully wringing the philosopher's hand, rushed up into his own chamber, and locked the door. His conscience reproached him more bitterly than it had ever done, save when his mother lay a-dying—in that he had given no thought to the possibility of what he had just been told, but had been so ready to say all was well, so long as he was enjoying present ease. He determined that that day should be the last on which he would run the chance of bringing down the lightning of his uncle's wrath upon any human being, even though he should have to beg his bread through the world. He would not even risk a call upon good Mrs Trimming for the loan she had offered. But what, by the by, was that letter which she had given him from her son, and which had lain unopened until now in the coat-pocket whither his haste had thrust it on leaving his uncle's house? He took it out with some vague hope of help, and as he read it, his clouded face began to brighten, and his eyes to dance as the eyes of the poor man will at the sight of a five-pound note, so long as the Bank of England standeth. There was good news besides the note, too, upon that rather dingy piece of paper, and in that other than fashionable female hand.

'Bless her kind heart!' murmured Dick, kissing the soiled and vulgar sheet of paper, which was not from Mr Jones at all, except the superscription; and then, as though the action had reminded the young dog of who was in the back-garden, he ran down towards that arbour which Mr William Mickleham—with that offensive depreciation of things pertaining to himself, which is the affectation of other philosophers—would persist in calling a tool-house. A tool-house! Say rather a bower of roses by Bendemere's stream; or the pleasure-house in Xanadu—although it was Kensington—where Alph the sacred river ran, through caverns measureless to man; for did not Lucy Mickleham take her Berlin-work there upon summer evenings, and the pure stream of Dick's first love flow round it fathomless?

IN THE COAL-PIT CABIN.

As a rule, we do not find colliers so well informed as factory operatives; but, on the other hand, they are a quieter and more tractable set. They hardly seem to know fear; but still, the darkness in which they labour, and the many dangers surrounding them in their cavernous abode, appear to imperceptibly affect their general character. Though, from better application of mechanical power, and a more scientific regulation of the currents of air in our larger coal-mines, accidents have become less numerous, they will, from the nature of the work, always be rather frequent; and the collier, on descending the shaft to his daily task, if reflective, must be keenly alive to impending danger. In walking through the coal-district about the time the men leave off work, it is amusing to watch the different bands of men emerging from the pit's mouth, having been quickly wound up by the powerful machinery from the regions of darkness into the welcome light of day. Many of them are as wild and frolicsome as a pack of boys let out from school; and as soon as they can free themselves from the chains, in which they have been hanging like a large bunch of smutty grapes—the youngsters in the middle for greater safety—they run capering and shouting from the bank, making the most of their liberty, and dispelling, by their boisterous mirth, any false notions of pity we may have been entertaining for their hard lot. In winter certainly, during their working-days, they never see the sun, for those of them who labour the whole of the day, commence before it is light, and do not leave off until it is dark, being underground nearly from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. The Monday following the reckoning Saturday is mostly a play-day with these men; and, if wages are good, not unfrequently the Tuesday also, though on these occasions they will frequently assemble at the pit at the customary time, and then, from some trivial excuse—easily found by men unwilling to work—or at the direct instigation of one of the youngest hands, they will return home again. It takes but little, on ordinary occasions, to make a whole pit's company 'play.' Should the engineman be but a few minutes behind time in the morning, and cause a slight delay, when they are ready to go down the shaft, they will often refuse to work; and should any unforeseen occurrence prevent the whole day's work being done, they can seldom or never be persuaded to begin later in the day, and do three-quarters or half a day's work instead.

Though individually the colliers do not care much for a few wounds and bruises, priding themselves upon their hardy endurance of suffering, yet, if one of their company is slightly hurt in any way, so as to be compelled to leave his post, they will in general all desist from working, regardless of consequences. We cannot give them, as a class, great credit for being provident; but there are many exceptions; and in visiting their homes, we find that where there is a shelf for a few books, a little store is also laid by, in the proverbial *stocking-foot* or in the savings-bank, against the 'rainy day.' At present, literary societies and mechanics' institutes have signally failed in reaching the *bulk* of these men, though free lectures, in populous places, and other means of social entertainment, appear to be attended with good effects.

For religious instruction, a great portion of them are indebted to the Wesleyan connection, and—as coming nearer still down to their level—to the Primitive Methodists, or 'Ranters,' as they are vulgarly called. In the prayer-meetings of these dissenters, there is a degree of energy and enthusiasm exhibited which in most cases accords better with the colliers' taste than the more formal church-service. Another inducement is, that many of their own number take the lead at these religious meetings, and, with exemplary zeal and striking enthusiasm, strive, as far as their ability permits, to inculcate the doctrines of Christianity. There are many who will listen to the exhortation of a 'butty collier,' whom nothing would persuade to attend the ministration of a duly ordained clergyman.

In travelling about the neighbourhood of the pits, I frequently have opportunities of talking to the colliers about their work, or other topics, and have found occasionally, under a swarthy cloak of flannel and dirt, a degree of intelligence that much surprised me. On a cold or rainy day, I have sometimes entered one of their cabins by the pits, sure of finding shelter and a good fire. If you have never been in one of these places, you may enter with me this evening, and see and hear what is going on. A capacious fireplace, on which a barrowful or two of coal would be lost, occupies nearly the whole of one side. There is no neat cast-iron grate, but some long bars, or old pit rails, are stretched across a wide cavity in the wall, forming an ample receptacle for the fire. Rods of iron, or sometimes strong rope-lines, are stretched across the cabin in front of the fireplace, for the men to dry their wet clothes upon, when they have been working in places troubled with water. Various interstices are seen round the unplastered walls, handy for putting dinner basins and cans in, or for stowing away other odds and ends; and in one of the corners furthest from the fire, a rude cupboard is generally found, where powder, safety-lamps, fuse and cartridge bags for blasting rocks, candles and other stores, can be put under lock and key. Round the walls are fixed some short butts of trees, across which are placed rough slabs for the men to sit upon, by whom a large bottle of ale is often discussed, when for some extra work they have had what they call a 'fetching' from the nearest public-house. Without running into any excess, there is a sort of untrammelled enjoyment about these free-and-easy sittings in the cabin that many of the pitmen have a strong relish for. The 'fetching' does not always consist only of beer; solids, such as bread and cheese, and ham are often added; and many a royal banquet has passed off with less sterling enjoyment than is realised by these jolly colliers around their huge fire, after some heavy task is done.

Sitting thus, some of them with eyes half closed, drawing at a short black pipe, they recount to each other scenes of danger they have passed through, difficulties they have encountered, extraordinary seams of coal they have helped to get, and other wonderful experiences. The first that speaks to-night is an old man, upwards of sixty, short and stiff, of the true collier build. His legs are bowed a little, but firm under him yet; and you can see that the bridge of his Roman nose has been broken, for a dark-blue line stretches across it, shewing where a lump of coal or other black substance has fallen upon it. (You will frequently see colliers with many of these blue seams upon their face, and other uncovered parts of their body, for wherever coal cuts deep into the flesh, it brands a man for ever.)

'It was better than forty years ago,' he began, 'in "Bony's" time, when I was a lad "drawing dans," and doing work such as you youngsters know nothing about now-a-days. There had been a bad harvest, I remember, and the wheat was so bad that the bread made of it would hardly hold together, it was so wet and soft; and my old woman often scooped the middle of the loaf out with a spoon, and put it in cans for the children to eat with treacle, like pudding. I have seen surly tempered chaps throw a lump of their bread against the wall, where it would stick like mortar. Potatoes went up to a great price, and were hardly ever seen in our pit; and often there has been a scrambling fight to get a taste, if the young men saw a few in somebody's dinner-basin. Well, there was a lot of us driving a "head" through some faulty ground, with a bad roof, and I was drawing out in dans what little coal they met with while pushing through. I had to go about forty yards through the uneven way they were making, back into another road, where a second lad met me with an empty dan-basket to go back with. At middle-day, this lad brought our dinners, and I took them to the end of the head, but we had barely sat down to eat them, when we heard a loud rumbling noise near at hand. "Now we are in for it," said one of the men; "the head we have been driving has fallen in, and we are shut up!"

Creeping warily along, they found it even as he had said; for about half the length of the way, the roof had fallen in, completely blocking up the passage. The hardiest collier looked pale, which, with the dirt, I remember, gave some of them a strange leaden look, as though they were numbed with cold and fright. We did not feel any more appetite for the dinner now, so it was carefully laid by, for, as one of them said, "We shall want it bad enough by and by." The men did not spend much time in useless grief; but putting out all our candles except one, for we had not more than half-a-dozen in all, they began resolutely to work to clear out the road again. It went on slow and toilsome, for having no timber to prop it up, the roof was continually giving way, now that it was once broken. Candle after candle burned away, and though the sweat ran off them, they could not make much progress in clearing the road. When half the candles were gone, they had not gained above a couple of yards in length; still they kept manfully at it, being all thoroughly aroused to the impending danger of being left with little air and no light. We could now hear men working at the other end of the head, and knocking, as colliers do when they wish to signal to one another, being too far away to be heard by shouting, and this revived our courage very much, for though we could tell that the head had fallen in for a considerable length, we knew every effort would be made to get at us. I carried the last candle to them, and had to wipe it carefully before giving it them, for, almost unknowingly, tears had been dropping on it as I hurried along. I told the man I gave it to, that it was the only one left; he said nothing, but sticking it in a bit of clay against a large rock, worked on in silence with more vigour than before. I dragged away with all my strength at the rocks they got out, to clear their way a little, stealing now and then a furtive glance at the small candle fast melting away. When it was almost burned down, one of them proposed that we had better see after our dinners, and put them where we could conveniently find them in the dark. We did so, and then tried to cut up one of the hack helves into splinters, to give light a little longer; but it was old and tough, and would not, after all, give any light to work by. Bits of tobacco-paper and other scraps made a spill or two, to eke out a flame for a few minutes, and then we were left in total darkness.

'Judging by the time the candles would last, we had now been blocked up for six or eight hours, and I, for one, began to want something to eat badly, though ashamed to say so to the rest. Now we were in the dark, however, the oldest man proposed we should sit down and eat a small portion of our dinners, and think over what we could do for the best. Oh, how good the soft bread was now! I wondered how I could ever have disliked it before, and could hardly deny myself from eating it all. But as I heard the men whispering to each other, that it may be a day and a night before we could be got out, I laid a portion by for another little meal, nor did I quite empty my can of beer. Trying to work again in the dark, one of the three men got hurt in the back by a rock falling upon him, so that we were compelled to give over, lest some of us should get killed. We knocked occasionally, for them to hear and answer us, but the sounds did not seem to come much nearer. How slow the time passed away! Our little store of food, though we divided it into small portions, was soon gone, and now thirst began to be felt more than hunger. After we had been shut up about twenty-four hours, as near as we could tell, the air began to feel very close and oppressive, and it made the men feel so weak, that they could not have worked even if we had had candles. One of the colliers had been used to attend prayer-meetings, and getting us all to kneel down together, he prayed earnestly, and encouraged us all to do the same. I cannot remember much longer myself, for they told me I had been insensible for some time before the road was open; but at length the way was cleared, and we were carried out all but lifeless. It had taken more than forty-eight hours to get to us, for the rock fell in so continually that timber had to be set all along to support the roof over the narrow way.'

When the gray-headed old collier had finished, he refilled his pipe, and wanted to know if 'nobody else had got nothing to say.' There was a lusty little fellow in one corner whom they called 'Jerry,' who gave us an account of how one day he was pulled up the pit without his leave. It appears he was what they call a 'hooker-on,' or one that connected the carriages of coal to the pit-chain, when ready for being wound up the shaft, and unhooked those which came down empty; and, if the pit's company were all at work, was continually kept close to the bottom of the shaft. It appears that one day as he was connecting a carriage of coal to the main chain, the engine started rather sooner than he expected; and just as he was slipping the hook into the large link, his thumb got fastened, by the snatch of the engine, between the two, and before he was well aware of it, he found himself a good many yards up the shaft. They pause slightly a short distance up the shaft, to steady the weight; but he said he was unable to shout, and consequently was pulled up in that manner to the top of the shaft, his hand and arm completely numbed by the pain and tension.

Practical jokes occur, it seems, even in coal-mines; and one that had nearly proved fatal to the parties engaged was now related. In some pits, otherwise well ventilated, small quantities of carburetted hydrogen gas collect in nooks and crevices of the roof, especially in corners partly out of the current of air which runs through the various workings. To frighten a novice, a reckless fellow will put a naked candle up into one of these places, causing a miniature explosion of fire-damp, just sufficient to terrify any inexperienced person, but what an old hand would consider a mere bagatelle. It appears a stranger had been down one of the pits, who seemed very forward with his remarks, and altogether sceptical as to danger; indeed, the man said 'he gave himself important airs, and knew all about everything a great deal better than us poor colliers.' So when they came to a part of the pit by an old road, that had not been used for some time, a sly rogue among them directed this savant's attention to some tarry matter oozing out from the coal in the roof, close to the air-door leading into the old road. Adjusting his spectacles, the opinionated wiseacre put up his candle to the place, to note well the phenomenon, saying at the same time that it was nothing new to *him;* but he had scarcely uttered this self-conceited remark, when the gas caught fire from his candle, which he had been poking all about, and a scorching flame passed over and almost blinded them. They instantly fell down flat, as is usually the safest plan in cases of fire, and he, imitating their example, did the same. It was well they did so, for almost in an instant a loud explosion fairly shook the ground, blowing the air-door, close to them, into fragments over their heads. The flame, they said, must have passed through a crevice close to the door, and ignited a large quantity of inflammable gas in the old disused road. Fortunately, they escaped without any very serious injury, though the learned theorist's practical experience was of a painful character, such as he would not wish repeated, for his eyebrows and whiskers were singed off, and his clothes bore sure testimony that 'the smell of the fire had passed over them.'

The introduction of flat chains into the collieries, though combated against by the men at first, as most new things are, has been the means of saving much loss of life. It was not a very uncommon thing, before, to hear of a hempen rope breaking, and dropping a whole band-full of men. Such an accident seldom or never occurs where good three-link chains are used, for as one of the chains is able to bear more than is generally trusted to all three, and as they are all joined fast together at every alternate link by a wooden 'key,' driven tightly in, and held there by stout little nails called stubbs, it is possible that all three chains may be broken in separate places, and the weight still be sustained, by the intervention of many keys between the broken parts. An old charter-master—who contracts for raising the coal at so much per ton—told us how terribly frightened he had been once by two links breaking together. He was coming up the pit on the top of a loaded coal 'skip,' or basket, and when near the top he heard something snap, and looking up saw that one of the links had broken, and of the two remaining links, one appeared rather slack. By and by, he could plainly see that the one link which appeared to bear all the weight, was parting in two. It was an old engine, which wound but slowly, and the short time taken in being pulled up the last few yards seemed, he said, like an age. As the link parted and stretched a little, of course the other chain tightened up, and had come to its bearing before actual severance had taken place. It was impossible, he said, to describe the intensity of his feelings for the few remaining seconds as his eyes glared at the single whole link left, on which his life depended. He wasn't a praying man then, he said, but his heart offered up an earnest ejaculatory petition, almost without his knowing it, and his companions stared with astonishment as he fell on his knees upon the 'tacking,' or platform covering the top of the pit, and returned hearty thanks for his safe deliverance as soon as he was safely landed and out of peril.

Colliers are rather inclined to be superstitious, perhaps owing to their work being so frequently done in the dark, or with such a light as only makes darkness visible. They are generally too willing to believe in a special Providence averting danger and death. Where there are so many accidents, instances of what appear to be miraculous escapes are not uncommon. Several cases have occurred of persons falling down shafts some forty or fifty yards deep, and sustaining no serious injury; and though science may assert that the parachutical inflation of the man's stiff flannel shirt, or the woman's voluminous skirts, broke their fall, the collier finds it easier and pleasanter to believe that Providence interfered in a direct manner. It is an old assertion of the pitmen, that the roads fall in more when all is quiet, at night, than during the daytime, when men and horses are continually employed in them; and they often have to clear away in the morning large masses of rock which could not have fallen during working-hours without causing loss of life.

The sexagenarian here recounted some of the narrow escapes he had undergone, of which I can only remember one or two. He had finished earlier than usual one day, and was coming up the shaft in company with another man clandestinely, as employers object to one or two coming up by themselves, and expect them to wait until the customary number (eight or nine) are all ready together. He was not sure whether they shouted to the banksman or not when near the top, for him to signal to the engineman that men were coming up; but either accidentally or otherwise, he pulled them about a yard too high, and they came in contact with the pulley, just as the tacking was being pulled over the pit. His companion fell out, and dropped on the very edge of the tacking overhanging the pit, escaping wonderfully with only a few bruises, while he himself clung to the rim of the pulley, against which he was pulled, and was gently lowered again unhurt.

Another time he was ascending the pit with eight or nine more colliers after their usual day's work. They were singing away on coming towards the pit-mouth, as they often do; the engineman pulled them up exactly to the right place; the banksman leisurely pushed the tacking over the pit, when instantly the large hook they were hanging by snapped in two, and dropped them all on to the tacking, just ready to receive them. Had the hook broken a second or so before, they would all have been precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, some six hundred feet, and consequently have been dashed to pieces. The old man said, that he frequently thought of that time when death was so near; and often when he and his family had been but badly off, when wages were low and work scarce, he gratefully trusted that the same watchful Providence would help them through their difficulties.

The big fire having burned low, and their several pipes gone out, the story-tellers, after placing a large piece of coal—which a London needlewoman would think a liberal week's allowance—on the fire, to keep it in till next morning, all wend their way homeward.

Though surrounded by many dangers, a collier, unless from compulsion, seldom leaves the pit for other employment. The young strong men, when working by measure, can often do their day's work by dinner-time, or soon after, which leaves a large portion of the day at their own disposal. When wages are good, of course play-days are numerous, and in many other employments these holidays never occur; and a collier lad is dearly fond of a *loose end*, as he terms it—an expression derived from their sometimes having the measure they are working *fast* at one end, in the solid stratum, and *loose* at the other, from a head having been driven in it previously. Besides the Field Club, to provide against colliery accidents, they often join another club or provident society, so that, in case of illness or accident, they may be well provided for support and medical attendance. The collieries being now under the immediate inspection of government, no serious accident can occur without a thorough investigation taking place; and if adequate protection is not given to men's lives by efficient machinery and good ventilation, compulsory measures are resorted to, by the imposition of fines upon the proprietors. The master in a colliery often retains that title only by courtesy, for when the men are master of their position, they do not scruple to shew their independence, and will work or play just as they please, without letting the interest of their employer interfere much in their proceedings. With healthy homes to live in, a moderate education given to them, and recreation free from vicious contamination placed within their reach, these hardy fellows would all become worthy and well-behaved members of society.

SNOW-BOUND ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

'THERE goes the bell of the Tron Church,' cried I; 'the mail is in at last. Come along, sir; there is no time to lose, for the return-coach is to start in an hour.'

Thus I spoke on a December morning some thirty years ago, to my good uncle (now with the saints, I trust), at the Thistle Inn, in Glasgow, where we two Southerners had been delayed already nearly a week by the incessant snow. No mail from the south had arrived throughout that period, and the reports that poured in from all sides of the state of the roads were evil indeed. Never had such a winter been known within the memory of even the men of the wintry north; never had the drifts lain so deeply upon the king's highway before. Along the roads of lesser traffic, not only cattle but men were 'smoored' continually; and close outside the city, the snow had drawn its icy shroud over more than one victim. Nothing was thought of, or at least talked of, *except* the snow, which had completely cut off all commerce depending upon correspondence or communication with north or south, and even within the town, had made the streets impassable for vehicles; while in the warehouses it had turned day into night by heaping itself against the windows and upon the skylights, so that scarce a ray from the dull blood-red sun could struggle through them.

Few whose presence at any distant place could be dispensed with, dreamed of hazarding a journey just then, even snug inside the coaches, with six strong horses to draw them; and many of those who made the trial, had to return again, having been dug out during their first or second stage. The government rule was this, that those in charge of the mails should convey them upon wheels as far as possible, and then upon horseback until they stuck fast, when they were at liberty to give it up, and go back again to the nearest post-house—if they could. This was not a pleasant arrangement for the officials, but it was infinitely worse for the passengers who might patronise the coach; and even I myself, at that time as plucky a lad of twenty as Manchester could boast of, did not look forward to my journey homewards without some misgivings. Nevertheless, I was 'due' at Cottonopolis; and young though I was, was not the man to let difficulties stand between me and business until I had myself proved them to be insurmountable.

As to my uncle, the case with him was different, and when I reiterated: 'Come along, sir; the south mail starts in an hour,' he only said: 'Does it, Tom?' and drew his chair in closer to the parlour fire. At his time of life, he went on to observe calmly, the external air, when impregnated with snow-flakes, was hurtful to the constitution; whereas to youth, upon the contrary, it was one of the finest tonics possible. I might have his inside place—his room—and welcome, but not his company. He had some further business to transact in Glasgow; he was expecting advices from the north; he must really consult a medical man about a pulmonary symptom that he had lately detected in his method of breathing; and, in short, when the moment came for starting, my uncle—who had made extraordinarily light of snow-drifts up to that time—would stop where he was, and refused to cross the comfortable threshold of the Thistle upon any account. I therefore handed to him all the money of which I was in charge, reserving (very luckily, as it afterwards turned out) some five-and-twenty pounds, to pay for incidental expenses; and took my place, well clad, upon the outside of the mail-coach *Rover* for Manchester—or any intermediate place beyond which we might not be able to get. The coach was full, both inside and out—there being many an applicant for my uncle's vacant seat, in consequence of the long interruption of the communication—and this, of course, gave us a less chance of pulling through.

'We shall soon have you all back again,' grinned the hostler, as he twitched the cloth off the horses' backs.

'Not if I can help it,' answered the coachman cheerily; but he turned round to me, who happened to be immediately behind him, and whispered, with a shake of the head: 'I am afraid that Jem will be right.'

Nevertheless, all that started upon that December morning had their sufficient reasons for doing so, and fully intended to persevere if they could. A young fellow, of about my own age, whom I will call Trueman, bound for London upon some important bank-business, sat next to me, and we soon struck up an acquaintance. On my other side was a good-looking servant-girl, belonging to an Irish captain and his lady, inside, and I gave her a part of my rug—not in those days called a railway-rug—and a wing of my ample cloak, for she was not properly equipped for such an expedition.

The snow was not then actually falling from above, but a north-east wind was driving the frozen particles against us from the bank of snow upon our left, and they stung our cheeks as though with little whips. Almost continually we travelled on as through a railway cutting, with a large white wall upon either side, while underneath, the snow lay two or three feet deep, through which, if we could, we *cantered*—the postilion, who rode on one of the leading horses, the extra pair, having by no means a sinecure office. If we stopped for ever so short a space, the driving snow began to accumulate upon the coach, so as to hide the eastern side of it in a few seconds; and thus with whipping and shouting, and now and then with the guard's shoulder to the hind wheel, we managed to accomplish a few stages, until we arrived at a post-house, which I will call Maidsham Bars. There were already standing in the courtyard a couple of coaches, whose departure southward from Glasgow I had myself witnessed several days ago; and their detention shewed us that the obstacles we had hitherto met with were but insignificant in comparison with those which were to come.

The landlord—one Donald Campbell—had his house far fuller than he wished of present company, who chancing to be for the most part of a poorer sort than we new-comers, had spent all their ready money, and were already living on credit. He was therefore desirous that these should be sent on by our coach, while we remained, who were at the commencement of our journey, and must needs therefore have our purses pretty full. With much eloquence, he urged the claim of these poor *détenus* to be conveyed by the *Rover*, assuring them, on the one hand, that it was but their rightful due, and privately informing us, on the other, that they would be perfectly certain to stick on the moor which lay between his house and the next, while we should be snugly provided for at Maidsham Bars. As to taking such moneyless folks again into *his* quarters, he would see them starve on their seats first, as he did not scruple to tell me, as he overheard me jingling my guineas. I informed him, in return for this confidence, that he was just the sort of innkeeper whom I should like to see strung up to his own sign; and from that moment I saw there was to be war between us, and no compromise. While at dinner at this place—where I wonder we did not get 'hocussed,' so as to be sent to sleep while the *Rover* started—the landlord entered, and once more stated his cool proposition for the transference of passengers. He asserted—and indeed he had every reason to believe it—that no coach could possibly make its way through the fourteen miles of moor in its present state, and announced his solemn intention of admitting none of the present company within his doors who should persist in departing, and be forced to turn back again.

On this, a certain Northern divine of reputation, who was an inside passenger, insisted upon the positive necessity of going on, in his own case. He was engaged to preach in Liverpool upon the next Sabbath, and there would be a congregation hungering for his presence, with no other minister competent to fill his place. Had it been a matter of temporal concern, added the reverend gentleman, he would have given in to circumstances; but, as it was, Mr Donald Campbell must perceive that the call was imperative.

'Then you will just dee on the muir, doctor,' replied the innkeeper grimly; 'and how will the congregation be any the better for that, in respect of their sermon?'

At this the good doctor looked out of the window upon the vast expanse of sheeted moor that stretched away on all sides to the horizon, and murmuring something about submission to inexorable decrees, ordered his luggage up to a bedroom.

A panic, I perceived, was spreading among our little party, so, having obtained Trueman's promise to stand by me, I got upon my legs, and announced my intention of proceeding, as well as the private opinion I entertained of the landlord's veracity. A school-boy of fifteen or so, upon his way home for the Christmas vacation, made a third in our party of Progress; while the Irish captain announced coolly that, for his part, he had taken his place for London, and not for Maidsham Bars. In a few minutes, we were all in our places again, with the exception of the reverend doctor, whose place was occupied by one of the previous *détenus*; but it was nearly a quarter of an hour—a long delay for those old punctual coaching-days—before we got fairly started. The landlord, almost beside himself with fury, swore that we should not go, and even insisted upon two of his men getting up to drag me, the ringleader, from off the coach-roof; whereupon myself and Trueman announced, that we would cast down the first that touched us headlong, in the expectation of breaking his neck—a thing which we would most certainly have done. My fellow-passengers, generally, taking my part too, and resenting this insult to one of their body, the attempt was not made; but Mr Donald Campbell saddled his bay-mare, protesting, with fearful oaths, that he would accompany us till the coach stuck fast, and then order back the horses, which were his own property, leaving us to shift as we could. Never did I see man wear a more malignant face than did that same innkeeper, riding now behind and now alongside of us, as we bore through the snow upon that desolate moor, like a mighty auger upon wheels. At every enforced halt

—and there were many—he cried out in a tone of fiendish triumph: 'Take my horses out!' and the sullen scowl would settle again upon his brows, as, with whipping, and spurring, and shouting, we managed to urge the poor creatures once more upon their way. At length, about midway between Maidsham Bars and the Duke of Cumberland's Head, and seven miles from each, we fairly came to a stand-still. It was late in the afternoon, and growing dusk, and the north-easter was roaring at us with greater fury than ever. The prospect of remaining in such a place on the top of a horseless coach, and in such circumstances, was by no means cheerful.

'Take my horses out!' roared once more the remorseless innkeeper; and this time the postilion, who saw that further progress was impossible, set about undoing the traces.

Then the coachman turned round to me, and whispered gravely: 'Now, look you, young sir; *we* are this man's servants, so far as his horses are concerned, and must do his bidding; but if I were *you*, or any other passenger, I would not submit to be left here to *die*—as die every one of you will, before morning, as sure as my name is Jack Harrison.'

I was down—up to my middle in the snow—and at the door of the coach in half a second. 'Captain,' cried I, as I threw it open, 'this blackguard innkeeper is taking the horses out, and will leave us to perish.'

It was a full minute, and a very agonising one to me, before I could waken the Irishman and put him in possession of the state of the case; but directly he did understand it, he leaped out, and waded to the front where the postilion was already hitching up the traces of the released animals. 'Stop!' roared the captain, 'or, by the holy poker, you will never ride another stage in this world! If you mane to obey a murtherer, you shall take your choice between a couple of them—your master and me. I will put a bullet from this pistol (touching his breast-pocket) through your skull, if you don't just set the horses to the coach this moment, as they were before.'

'They are *my* horses,' roared the innkeeper; 'and they shall be taken out.'

'At the Duke of Cumberland's Head, by all manes,' returned the Irishman coolly; 'but not in the middle of Maidsham Moor, I do assure you. You will just let us have the loan of them for a few more hours; and begorra, if you lay a finger on one of them, they will be yours no longer, for you will be a dead man, and they will belong to your executors.'

Whether the captain had a pistol in his pocket or not, I do not know; but I do know that Mr Donald Campbell prudently remained on his bay-mare, and did not oppose himself from that moment to our renewed endeavours to proceed.

Every male, except the driver, was ordered down from the coach, and the females all placed inside; and each man put his hand to a wheel, and so the thus lightened vehicle was enabled to make a start, which was of course a great matter. When we were not pushing—though the snow was always above our waists, and sometimes up to our necks—it was forbidden to take hold, and I well remember the exception that was made, and why it was made. All of a sudden, a piercing cry rang through the dusky air from the poor school-boy, whose strength had failed him, and who having fallen behind but a few paces, imagined, and with a good deal of reason, that he was about to be left to perish. If we had not heard that cry, indeed it would have so happened, for in the darkness and confusion we had not missed him. Some of us of course went back for him; and as a great favour, and because there was no help for it, the exhausted boy was permitted to hold on to the back-seat. The man on the bay-mare still followed us—for although he knew his designs were discomfited, he did not dare go back alone—and hung about our rear, like a vulture upon the retreat of a drooping army. And so, at last, about midnight, and after the most exhausting exertions, we came in sight of the Duke of Cumberland's Head.

To find an Inn, as we had got to learn by this time, was, however, by no means to find a welcome; the moon, which had now shone down upon us for some hours, revealed no less than *five* North and South coaches, the outsides and insides of which were all involuntary lodgers at the posting-house. To our repeated and noisy summons at the door, we for a long time obtained no reply; but at length an upper window was raised, and a portly but determined-looking female held parley with us—the besieged with the besiegers.

'I have more than thirty folk in my house already,' quoth the dame, 'and it is useless your attempting to get in. You must just go on to the Blowing Stone, a mile and a half only along the muir.'

'We have famales with us, my good lady,' appealed the Irish captain; 'tinder and dalicat famales, and they are well-nigh frozen to death.'

'It may be ye have, and it may be ye have not,' returned the landlady; 'but if they 're inside passengers, they canna be frozen; at all events, a mile and a half further canna mak them much waur.'

'And we 've a poor young fellow here,' continued the captain, 'a mere child, who has fainted twice already (drop on your knees, you little blaiguard, and pretend to be a-dying, can't you!), and sure it is not your purty self who will put in peril the life of an infant.'

'Nay, if the poor child be ailing, I will even come down and open the door,' cried the good woman; 'but I give you fair warning, there 's neither bit nor sup for the rest of you, or even the corner of a bed.'

Ingress having been thus obtained, and a glimpse of the kitchen fire, it would have taken a taller woman than Widow Robertson, and, indeed, a very considerable male force, to have turned *me* out of the Duke of Cumberland's Head, for one. In vain she threatened and entreated; the horses were put in the stable, and all our company established themselves in front of the blazing hearth.

'Hark!' exclaimed the widow, upon a sudden, in the midst of a most solemn declaration that all her provisions were consumed, and her cellar empty—'there 's a coach-horn tooting, and another mail coming up from the South. You shall eat and drink of the best, if you 'll keep *them* out, laddies; as you should not have got in yoursels, but that all my ain company is fou, and will not put forth a finger to help a poor lone woman.' In a few moments, the door was barricaded, and we had armed ourselves with broom-handles, and whatever else we could lay hold of, including the long iron spit, which fell to my own share.

The same sort of interview was held with the new-comers as had passed between Dame Robertson and us, and they were earnestly requested to retrace their steps a mile and a half to the Blowing Stone. This they not only positively refused to do, but imagining the fortress to be undefended, at once proceeded to assault it by force of arms. Then it was that we volunteers revealed our strength by a united shout; and I myself, from the upper window, did so harass, with my tremendous weapon, the foe attempting to beat in the door, that they at length desisted, and turned their horses' heads, with many curses, southward. To illustrate how selfish human nature becomes in cases where there is a chance of provisions getting scarce, I may mention that my friend Trueman recognised a near relative among the invaders, without his determination to resist them softening in the least. After this, we had a glorious supper upon moor-game, and retired—no, lay down to sleep, *four in a bed*—with the exception of Mr Donald Campbell. In the beginning of our repast, it was suddenly observed that that would-be murderer had ventured to seat himself at table, but the shout of execration that burst forth from all of us, as from a single throat, drove him from the board, and even forced him to take up his lodging for the night in one of the stables.

The life we led at that snowed-up inn, where we all remained for more than a week, was most extraordinary. The place was used as a shooting-box by some nobleman, and he kept a private stock of the choicest port-wine there. When we had exhausted the landlady's own slender cellar, we broke in upon this, and lived entirely upon port-wine, spirits, and moor-game. The spirits, in huge stone bottles, were removed every night at eleven o'clock, and placed for security—when the guests were supposed to have had as much as was good for them—under Mrs Robertson's bed; and the moor-game were replaced daily by means of the sportsmen of our party, the poor, half-starved birds being almost as tame and easily slaughtered as poultry. It was astonishing how rapidly demoralised we got—being, as we were, for the most part, business or professional men—under these unwonted circumstances, just as Defoe tells us the Londoners became in the plague-time. We played cards and drank all day, and in the front of the house we cleared the snow away to form a 'pit,' and sending out to the villages round, procured a number of game-cocks, to fight in that arena. The period which I spent after this fashion stands out in my memory as distinct and strange as though it were a nightmare, and not a portion of my own real life; and yet, so far from exaggerating the facts, I have even softened them, in order not to offend a generation of somewhat more delicate stomach than the last.

My money was nearly all gone, when we once more started southward; and I besought the coachman and guard, whom I had made my friends, on no account to leave me, but if we were snowed up again, to take me on with them, even on horseback. We *were* snowed up again at the posting-house upon Shap Fells. On the next morning, I was awakened early by a trampling under my windows, and lo and behold! there were the faithless officials mounted on two of the coach-horses, and a kind of sumpter-horse behind, laden with the mails, about, if possible, to force a passage over the hill. I shouted to them, and they waited for me while I got on my things, excusing themselves for their breach of promise on account of the peril of the undertaking, which they themselves were bound to attempt, although without much hope of success. However, they took the mails, and gave me the sumpter-horse, which was caparisoned with a milk-saddle—for Shap Fells is a dairy district—without stirrups, but with a great number of little hooks; and so, through the sleet, and in teeth of the never weary wind, we cantered forth. The animal bore me bravely, though plunging up to the saddle-girths in the snow at every stride. I remember my chief misery was the fear of being suffocated, the wind blowing back my cloak, and pressing the fastening of it against my throat until I was black in the face, while my hands were so numb with cold, that I could do nothing to help myself. We did, nevertheless, contrive to get over the hill—'You would never have guessed,' said the guard, 'that your horse was stone-blind, young gentleman;' but so it was—and we found the coach for the north snowed up at the inn on *that* side. So we took her on at once, exchanging mails, to Kendal, where some friends of mine were living. I took nothing but a great draught of ale, and was placed inside, just as I was, in my wet things; and I remember, when we arrived at the end of the stage, that the people of the inn imagined the coach to be on fire, on account of the volumes of steam that came forth from the windows. But this was merely the evaporation from your humble servant, who was lifted out, and put into a comfortable bed by himself, for the first time since he had left Glasgow.

I have never felt in the least the worse for it, but my readers will agree with me in thinking it probable that I shall not easily forget that Christmas coach-journey.

INTERESTS REAL AND SUPPOSED.

A metropolitan journalist, adverting to Louis Napoleon's speech to his legislature, on the 4th of February, in which his imperial majesty talked of his recent doings as designed for the 'interests of France,' and crowned by 'the inexorable logic of facts,' proceeds to write as follows: 'The emperor may yet discover, when it is too late to retrace his steps, that he has overlooked or despised higher interests than those of which he is the worshipper, and that there is an "inexorable logic of facts" to which he has paid no regard. We wish he would turn his mind to the study of history. He would there discover that justice, and truth, and honour are the weightiest interests of the nations of the earth; and that avarice, revenge, and ambition dig the graves and weave the shrouds of peoples otherwise prosperous and strong. National existence ought not to be preferred to honour. National conscience is nobler than material wealth. Glory is lost when justice is violated, or goodness persecuted, or wrong inflicted. Athens sunk into a village, Carthage buried in the sands, Babylon represented by a few molten bricks, Egypt perpetuated in its gigantic pyramidal tombs, Venice with its palatial steps covered by the sea-weeds—Naples, and Rome, and Vienna, all speak one "inexorable fact," that the vital element of national greatness is moral, not material; and that every attempt to reverse this great law has recoiled on the experimentalist in ruin and remorse. The mark of decadence is visible where many trumpets once sounded forth prophecies of immortality. Names that shook the world are forgotten. Genoa was once a powerful and wealthy republic; it is now a memory, and little more. The free cities of Flanders are cities of the dead. The phalanx of the Macedonian, the legions of Rome, the guards of Napoleon, did nothing to perpetuate, and much to overturn the empires to which they belonged. The foundations of empires are composed of better and more lasting materials. Prosperity and progress are developed under the shadow of a throne on which other and sublimer interests are thought of. It would be well did our imperial ally see these "interests of France," and accept "this inexorable logic of facts."'

As we consider these sentences worthy to be written in letters of gold, or incised in marble, and put up in the most public places of the world, it would be unjust to conceal that they are from the weekly paper, entitled *The London Review*.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet to wander in the early year,
When March has entered with his visage bold,
When bleat of early lamb from distant fold,
And voice of missel-thrush, tell Spring is near;
When elder-buds in high-banked lanes appear,
And in the wood the snowdrops white unfold,
And through the cottage-garden's opening mould
The crocus flames upon dead winter's bier.
O sweet it is to find the violet fair
And early primrose in the mossy lane,
Where freshening ivy-wreaths and alehoof twine
Around the starry flowers of celandine,
While in the rear of dark retiring rain
The rainbow melts into the sunny air.

C.

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BUY PRETTY POLLY!

u know the great Liverpool thoroughfares; roaring streets with their endless processions ing, rocking, rolling wagons, piled high and as if with the wealth of half a world? Do you their pavements, down which the tide of life strangely mingled; where men of all nations ce to face; where the returned convict jostles chant-prince, and tawdriness and rags flutter he gay dress of the merchant's wife and ers? Will the women of the wealthy classes in rgrown manufacturing towns ever find out, by , how much better a simple style of dress, er colours, would suit dingy streets and tall ys? At present, it seems to be the rule, that ore smoky a town, the more conspicuous ies will make their outdoor toilet.

e remarks Mrs B. and I were exchanging, ce, in respect of a bevy of fair Lancastrians wy dresses, pink bonnets, and light gloves, ke ourselves, were waiting at the top of one principal streets in Liverpool for the chance fe crossing, when the request which heads per—Buy Pretty Polly!—screamed out close us, put an end to our criticisms. It came he beak of a gray parrot in a cage over a oor—much like a little old man with a head and a gray satin doublet, and just ed my wife that she had always wished parrot—that I had promised to buy one, I didn't at all remember—that there wasn't a place for the purchase than Liverpool, and we leaving to-day, and might never be there facts not in my power to gainsay; so the was, that we found ourselves in the shop the inute. The place looked more like a warehan a shop; it was lined with cages from the to the floor—a complete Noah's ark of feathered Nobody seemed to be guarding them, and for inutes we stood watching the caged crowd screeching, whistling, fluttering, singing, in contrast, and yet not without a certain likeness perambulating crowd without. Here, too, was of notes and voices; here was the strut, the r; here were beaks like hooked noses, both by birds of prey; hard, cruel eyes—eyes ive, melancholy, bright, restless, treacherous, us, shy. Furry owls blinked out from one with the air of well-to-do fathers of families; u might have sworn the monkeys, peering h their cages on the ground, were own cousins street-boys.

had ragged suits—fowls roughly used by the world; others wore respectable black, brown, gray, like their fellow-creatures without; and how that scarlet macaw, and those lories, put to shame the finest feathers of the finest birds outside! The longer I looked at the feathered people round me, the stronger the likeness grew to my own species; and I don't know what point it would have reached, if the master of the shop had not started up from somewhere—a little dry old man, with a bright eye and fluffy yellow hair, standing nearly upright, own brother he looked to the cockatoo winking on its perch behind him. Our negotiations, which had to be carried on at the extreme top of our voices, and eked out by dumb show, so deafening was the din about us, ended in the old man offering me my choice among fifty young parrots for a sovereign. I picked out the youngest of them, a shy, quiet bird, not fully fledged, and about six months old. Just as the old man was putting it into the travelling-cage, I said in a tone meant to be highly impressive: 'Now, mind, you warrant that bird free from all defects; and if he dies as soon as we get him home, I shall look to you to make it good.'

'I dunno about that,' replied the seller, eyeing me over his shoulder more like a cockatoo than ever. '*Ye* look healthy, and like to live, both of ye, and so does Polly; but *ye* may be gone to-morrow, and so may she. We mun all go, men and birds. Na, I don't promise to make her good.'

What could mortal man find to say against this rejoinder? not made impertinently or doggedly, but simply, as if it were the most natural thing to say. I retreated somewhat discomfited, and felt more than usually disposed to buy insurance-tickets when we got to the Lime Street Station that morning.

I had sundry good reasons for not choosing our acquaintance at the shop-door: first, in consideration of many accomplishments, his price was five pounds; second, I had a curiosity to watch a young bird grow up to full-grown parrot's estate under my own eye; and lastly, that highly educated fowl might very likely have some words in his vocabulary which Mrs B. would not like to listen to. That such things have been, we could both bear witness. Though the thing took place years ago, yet could anybody who was present at that confirmation-luncheon at Waterwold vicarage, forget what happened then? Our vicar, the Rev. Arthur Simpson, had not long been transferred from a curacy to Waterwold, and his wife who, with a large family and small means, had not often played the hostess, felt this entertainment, to which a number of guests were to be asked to meet the bishop, a very nervous affair. In her perplexity, Mrs Simpson consulted Mrs

B., who prides herself on being *au fait* in such important matters. Ye gods! what solemn discussions went on between those two ladies about the game, and the fowls, and the waiting, and the creams, for a week beforehand. I knew every dish, and could have mapped the whole table out on paper. By dint of hearing so much about the luncheon, I naturally came to take a deep interest in its success, so that when on the great day we were ushered into the vicarage dining-room, I was, as Mr Pepys says, 'mighty pleased that the table did look so handsome,' and shared my wife's satisfaction on observing that the great jelly-lion—for a long time a refractory beast, bent upon coming out of its mould minus its head—had been melted down into submission, and shook the terrors of its mane, every hair complete, in full view of the bishop. He was a grave but genial man. The party proved particularly pleasant; and poor Mrs Simpson, towards the middle of the luncheon, found leisure to think how well it was going off, when his lordship took notice of a parrot which, swinging in his cage suspended from a hook in the ceiling by the window, looked down on us all with a sort of vindictive surprise.

'You have a fine bird there, Mr Simpson,' said the prelate; 'I keep one myself at Fulford. Does yours talk much?'

'No, my lord. I've taught him every day myself for the three weeks I've had him, but he won't say anything.'

'Indeed!' (The bishop looked benignly at the bird through his spectacles.) 'Why, Coco, can't you talk? Haven't you anything to say to me, Coco?'

At the sound of 'Coco,' his own name, which he had not heard at the vicarage, the bird set up all his feathers; perhaps he was excited, too, by the sight of so much company and good cheer; perhaps he felt bound to answer when addressed by a bishop. Opening his beak with a scream which made everybody jump, he burst into the heartiest commination service a bishop ever had the luck to listen to. You may imagine, though I can't describe, the commotion. The ladies held their ears, the best thing they could do; the servants could not reach the cage to get it down; and how that bird went on while the steps were being brought, and our host, very red and nervous, unhooked and hustled him out of the room at last! The vicar came back in a minute or two, with his finger and thumb bitten, I believe in an attempt to wring the creature's neck. Nothing short of such a measure could have stopped the bird, and this had not succeeded, for all the rest of the luncheon, though everybody tried hard to seem as if they didn't hear it, there was a perpetual grinding growl, the exact voice of the Irish sailor, Coco's previous owner, issuing from the dark closet under the stairs, to which he had been consigned. Of course, we all felt what very naughty words the bird was saying, and the conversation flagged forthwith; somehow, it wasn't easy to keep up church-talk, and school-talk, and religious societies' talk with the accompaniment of a swearing parrot in the background. After such an experience, you may suppose I should avoid the purchase of a bird which might, like Coco, talk 'not wisely, but too well.'

For those who have any curiosity in observing the steps by which an animal grows perfect in its little round of experiences and actions, a young parrot is a most interesting study. A bird of six months is a quiet little thing, two-thirds of its full size, sitting stupidly on its perch all day long. Besides getting its full feathers, and growing a fine red tail, it has to accomplish a great deal in the way of education. Of course, in the case of a solitary individual, where instinct is not helped on by the imitative faculty, the process is much more slow and difficult. Its natural note—not a pleasant one, half plaint and half chirp—has to be changed through the range of inarticulate sounds from the first faint gabble up to perfect human speech. That its beak is an anchor, a lever, and a means of transport, as well as of mastication, the creature has yet to find out; and it must learn this before it can perform its monkey feats of climbing,[*] swinging, and suspending itself head downwards, precisely like a bird hanging in a larder. And, finally, it has to arrive at the knowledge which seems to come last of all—that his claw is a prehensile organ.

Have parrots any notion of the sense of words? A question which has been often mooted, and most writers, with Pope at their head, give a verdict against the bird's intelligence. To some extent, they do know what they say; attaching, like cats and dogs, certain meanings to certain sounds. My parrot, for instance, knows his own name—Coco; and that the words 'Pussy,' 'Scamp,' represent the cat and dog, the meaning of some words of praise and blame. He gives their respective names also to inmates of the house. He goes a step beyond even, for when a pet-robin walks in at the window for his daily dole, Coco calls out patronisingly: 'Pretty bird—pretty little bird!' and addresses the house-canary in the same way. Here he shews a power of generalisation; he has an idea that a creature with beak and feathers is a bird like himself. 'Kiss Coco,' and 'Coco pecks,' are also phrases understood, for he suits the action to the word. When he calls for food, he calls intelligently; and if shewn apples, nuts, &c., of which he is fond—the name at the same time being repeated, he soon picks up the word, and attaches it to the object. It is plain, therefore, that the bird is more or less intelligent in respect of words which represent an object or action perfectly familiar to him; beyond this, his speech becomes mere imitation of sound. A very sagacious parrot of my acquaintance offers a good example. Its master will peep into the room where Polly is, who calls out instanter: 'Ah, there you are, Mr Clarke!' If another gentleman looks in the same way through the half-open door, Polly cries: 'Ah, there you are, Mr'——, and always stops—it knows the name is not 'Clarke.' But this same Polly was the property of a sailor, who must have been a bit of a coward in a stiff nor'-wester; and when the wind blows hard, the bird will cry by the hour together in the most distressed and supplicatory tones: 'Lord have mercy on Bob Barnard!' attaching, of course, just as little meaning to its words as one of its kind in Antwerp, which repeats the Paternoster and Ave Maria exactly as if it were saying a rosary—a pious accomplishment it acquired from being, like the famous Vert-vert, pet-parrot to a convent.

The facility with which my pretty Polly picks up inarticulate sounds is really astonishing. Distant street-cries, conversations with great variety of voice and tone, yet without any articulate utterance, the creaking of a gate, the rolling gravel with a garden-roller, running-water, coughing, sneezing, &c.—all these, and many others, will be faithfully given by our bird-ventriloquist, and the more discordant, the better they seem to please it. If the reader is an F.R.S., the name of my friend Caleb Forncett, and his learned treatise on Methylethylanrylophenylammonium, will be familiar to him; if he is not, and ignorantly supposes this little word to be coined out of Polly's inarticulate sounds, I beg to refer him to *Philosophical Transactions*, 1851, p. 380. Forncett lives principally at Waterwold, for the sake of the quiet, he says, in a small house, and mostly shut up in a small study; a pale-faced, nervous bachelor, who makes his housekeeper go about in list-shoes, and would make the cat do so also, had not nature, in consideration of Mr Forncett's nerves, given her a pair of velvet of her own. About a month back, as I was getting out of a railway-carriage at our little station, who should I see but Caleb Forncett getting into one! After we had shaken hands, he in the carriage, I standing on the platform, and he had told me that he was off to London for a fortnight, he exclaimed: 'Oh B., we 've got a parrot, and Morris doesn't know how to feed it. She gave it some of her supper last night—bread and cheese and beer. Will you tell us what they ought to have?'

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[*] Owing to the peculiar conformation of the genus *Psittacus*, they cannot climb by aid of the claws alone.

'Of course. But how came you by such a thing? Why, I should have thought you the last man in the world to buy a parrot.'

'I didn't buy him,' explained Forncett. 'The canary died on Tuesday; and when Mr Smith, of Yelverton, called that afternoon, he said he would send me a bird I should like instead. I was quite surprised when the parrot came in a great cage by the Yelverton carrier yesterday. Such a quiet bird, I think I shall like him. But what are you laughing at, B.?'

'Laughing? Why, at the notion of a parrot supping off cheese and beer, to be sure. I'll look in, and tell the housekeeper what to give him. I hope he 'll amuse you when you come back. Good-bye.'

Off went the train with a tremendous whistle, and off went my friend, holding his ears very hard. I finished my laugh as I walked up from the station. The idea of poor Forncett and his prize was really too ridiculous. I knew the bird well; the noisiest vixen that ever sat in a cage. The Smiths were blest with a large little family, and it had all the nursery uproar at its tongue's end. They found the bird intolerable at last, and had generously given it away half-a-dozen times; but it always came back, like a bad sovereign, to its owners.

That day-fortnight, when Caleb Forncett stood at the door of his house, he could scarcely believe it was his own. It might have been appropriated as a foundling-hospital during his absence: out of every door and window, as if the little dwelling were bursting with sound, there poured volumes of nursery-cries, slaps, screams, scoldings, vociferations all in one breath. As the housekeeper answered the door, shrieks of 'Mamma, mamma!' rang through the passage. Had quiet bachelor ever such a welcome home before!

'Morris, what does this—this infernal clamour mean?' asked her master in a shaky voice, intended to be stern.

'Mean, sir!' shouted Morris, coming out that she might hear herself speak. 'Why, don't you know it's that bird of yours, sir? He 's got the woices of all them little Miss and Master Smiths; and ever since Tuesday was a week, he begun, and has been going on like that. I'—— Cough, cough, whoop, whoop, whoop, till the house rang again. 'There! now he's in the hooping-cough; the little Smiths had it in the autumn.'

'Good Heavens, what shall I do?' cried Caleb aghast.

'I know what *I* shall do, sir, now you're come back—I shall speak my mind, which is, that me or that bird packs off this very afternoon!'

I need not add that Forncett caught eagerly at the suggestion, and that the parrot went back, as he came, by the carrier that day.

Common report says that Polly, like the phœnix, sees out its century; but from fifty to eighty years is the term of its natural life. Le Vaillant, the celebrated naturalist, describes an octogenarian gray parrot he saw at Amsterdam; it was decrepit and doting like a very old man, had lost both sight and memory, and was kept alive with biscuit dipped in Madeira. After sixty, its memory began to fail, and it lost its words by degrees, returning to its native jackdaw note. At sixty-five, its moult became irregular; the tail feathers dwindled, and were replaced by dull yellow instead of red. After this change, the bird never renewed its plumage. Three conditions are essential to Polly's health and comfort—warmth, proper food, and cleanliness. The diseases to which these birds, when in captivity, become subject, are brought upon them through ignorance or neglect, for when properly treated, they are perhaps the healthiest of all our feathered prisoners. How often a bird may be seen shivering at an open window, or out of doors, in a cold wind; and when he drops dead from his perch, or wastes away, nobody supposes his being set out in 'that beautiful sunshine' had anything to do with the misfortune.

Again, no creatures suffer more from improper diet. When you see a parrot sitting sullenly, its head drawn into its neck, the plumage dull and harsh-looking, you may be sure poor Polly is a martyr to dyspepsia, and feels quite as cross and no-howish as human bipeds do under similar torments. All birds in captivity should be fed as nearly as possible as they feed themselves in freedom. Now, the Psittacidæ are strict vegetarians: young shoots, pulpy fruits, grain, and almonds, make up their bill of fare. To keep your bird in full health and beauty—which is the visible sign of health—you must confine him to bread soaked in water (no milk, remember), hemp-seed, or hemp and canary mixed; a bit of hard biscuit, or crust dried in the oven, is healthful; dates, nuts; in fact, any dry or ripe fresh fruit in moderation. He has Paddy's taste for a good boiled potato, which may be indulged. His favourite part of an apple is the core, from which he picks out the pips with evident relish, undaunted by Sir Fitzroy Kelly's opinion. For orange and lemon pips, also, he has a penchant, even for those of the Seville orange, which we might suppose too bitter for any living thing to eat. Never give your bird animal food in any form, and you will not find him suffer from dysentery, lose his feathers in patches, or pluck them out, as parrots often will, in the uneasiness produced by a vitiated state of the blood consequent on improper diet. The last point, and a very important one, is cleanliness. Both perch and cage must be duly attended to, or our favourite is apt to suffer from sore feet, or to be attacked by insects. A bath regularly given, daily in summer, twice a week in winter, with the chill just off the water, adds much to his comfort and appearance. They don't like it at first, but they soon enjoy the fun of being well splashed, and are always noisier after it. These rules, which were given me by a dealer in foreign birds in Paris, who has long been noted for the health and beauty of his parrots, apply to cockatoos, macaws, lories, and all birds of this genus. When carefully kept, the gray parrot (*Psitt. cinereus*) might be reckoned a beautiful creature even without the embellishment of his bright pomegranate tail. The feathers, which lie lightly, yet firmly, over each other, their edges forming deeper and lighter undulations of tint, have a smooth, satiny lustre; and an efflorescence like fine white powder, perpetually renewed, is to his plumage much what its bloom is to the plum. Have you ever lifted the ear-coverts, to look at the large curious ear, and observed how different from the close, short, round feathers which thatch the head are these?—long slender plumes they shew through a magnifying-glass—slightly curved over the opening, so as to protect it without intercepting sound. There are two varieties of the ash-coloured parrot—one with a dash of red on each wing (*Psitt. G. alis rubris*), and another (*Psitt. G. rubro varius*), the gray groundwork of whose plumage is varied all over with red.

The ash-coloured parrot was not known in Europe until some time after the discovery of the Cape by Vasco da Gama, 1496. It is common in most African regions, lives in large communities, but keeps in pairs. The thought comes strangely enough, that 'the coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,' sitting demurely at our fireside, has looked down from a far different perch on herds of buffaloes and elephants, and seen troops of scared antelopes flying from the lion. Ah, Polly, you would talk to some purpose if you could tell us the wonders of your home in the primeval forests of South Africa, of the giant evergreen trees, thick interlaced with gorgeous creepers, and the jungle beneath, a wilderness of glowing blossoms! Perhaps in the forests which climb half-way up the skirts of the Zeireberg, has Pretty Polly chattered and swung with thousands of companions, while the morning shadows lay black in the ravines, and the mists rolled, purple, amber, and gray, down the mountain-heights as the sun struck the topmost crags with flame, and the great diapason of the forest, from all its myriad forms of life, upswelled to greet him! What comfort can these children of the sun take from the sight of our trim gardens, and our pale summer sunshine? We have freed the black population of Africa—why shouldn't some zealous philanthropist, in want of what he calls 'a cause to advocate,' take up that of her gray forest-people, kept slaves to our pleasure in a solitary dwindled-down existence? Let us hear what the bird himself, as the party most concerned, has to say on this matter. Coco, swinging away as if there was nothing else to be done in the world, opens his beak: 'What have you got for Coco? Coco is going to be married to the cat. Ha, ha, ha!' Decidedly, we need waste no pity on our little gray friend; like a true philosopher, he doesn't trouble his head about the past, but looks out for his advantage in the present, and amuses himself with plans for the future.

THE COAL-FIELDS OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

'How long will our coal-fields last?' is a question of great importance, especially in connection with whatever may serve greatly to increase the consumption of coal. It is necessary we should be put in possession of such facts as may enable us at least to approximate to a correct notion on the subject, and the valuable work of Mr Hull is in this respect of much service; he has had large means of information at his disposal, and he has made good use of them.

It is difficult to ascertain much concerning the earliest attempts at coal-mining, which must have been of a very humble nature, and regarded for long as unworthy a place in the chronicles of history; and even when at last they obtain any mention, the notices are of a very scanty nature. The coal spoken of in Scripture is no doubt charcoal, for coal is not to be found in the Holy Land or Arabia, and none nearer than the shores of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. Theophrastus, a Greek, who wrote about 238 years before Christ, briefly speaks of the nature of coal, and tells us how it was used by smiths in his day: he says it was found in Liguria, and in Elis on the road to Olympias over the mountains. In our own island, so especially abounding in coal strata, there can be no doubt that at a very early period coal had begun to be used. A flint axe, stuck into a bed of coal, was lately discovered in Monmouthshire; and when we remember that flint weapons denote the earliest stage of civilisation, in which neither iron nor even bronze implements were made, we may infer the early age at which coal was turned to account. A few years since, some miners, near Stanley in Derbyshire, while engaged in driving a heading through the Rilburn coal, broke into some very old excavations, in which they found axes or picks formed of solid oak. Implements which appear to have belonged to an equally early period, are stated, to have been found in old coal-workings near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, consisting of stone hammer-heads, wedges of flint, and wheels of solid wood. We have, therefore, sufficient evidence that our coal-mines were worked to some extent long before the invasion of the Romans. After this period, no doubt coal would be more frequently used, for the Romans had many stations close to the outcrop of valuable coal-seams, and cinders have been found amongst the ruins of Roman towns and villas. In his history of Manchester, Whittaker tells us that at Castle Field, among other Roman remains turned up about a century ago, cinders and scoriæ were discovered in several places, as well as the actual refuse of some considerable coal-fire. He also relates that, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near North Brierley, a quantity of Roman coins, the very best indices of dates, were found carefully reposited amid many beds of coal-cinders heaped up in the adjacent fields.

After the time of the Romans, and when we enter upon the Anglo-Saxon period, traces of the clearest kind may be gleaned from documentary evidence. In the Saxon chronicle of the Abbey of Peterborough, dated 852 A.D., we read that the Abbot Ceolred let to hand the land of Sempringham to Wulfred, who was to send each year to the monastery, among other things that are specified, sixty loads of wood, twelve loads of coal, and six loads of peat. It is certain, therefore, that at this early period coal was becoming an article of household consumption. The fact should be noticed also, that the word *coal* is of Saxon origin, and must at this time have become nationalised, for it to take so deep and firm a hold in the language of the country. We see no mention of coal in the *Domesday-Book* of William the Conqueror; but this is not surprising, since mineral productions of every kind are left unnoticed, and the commissioners evidently confined their investigations to the extent, rights, and ownership of the surface-land, together with the classification of the inhabitants. But in the *Boldon Book*, published in the reign of Henry II., containing the census of portions of the northern counties, we find references to coal in connection with smiths' work. In the year 1259, Henry III. granted a charter to the freemen of Newcastle-on-Tyne for liberty to dig coal; and under the term sea-coal, a considerable export trade was established with London, where it speedily became an article of consumption, especially amongst the various manufacturers. At first, much prejudice arose against the use of coal, on the ground that its smoke contaminated the atmosphere, and injured the public health; and in 1306, the outcry became so general, that the Lords and Commons presented a petition to King Edward I., who issued a proclamation forbidding the use of coal, and authorising the destruction of all furnaces and kilns in which it was burned. The proclamation was afterwards repealed, and we may notice how, in the face of opposition, there was a steady increase in the consumption of coal. Historical records are still extant recording the opening of collieries during the fourteenth century in various parts of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. Campbell, in his *Political Survey of Britain*, published in 1774, states that although coal was employed in manufactures for several hundred years, it did not come into general use till the reign of Charles I., and was then sold for seventeen shillings a chaldron. In 1670, about 200,000 chaldrons, in 1690, upwards of 300,000, and in 1760, double that quantity, were annually consumed in Britain. From that time to the present, the consumption of coal has gone on steadily increasing, so that the average quantity of coal raised annually in Great Britain at present is about sixty millions of tons.

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* *The Coal-fields of Great Britain: their History, Structure, and Duration, with Notices of the Coal-fields of other Parts of the World.* By Edward Hull, B.A., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and Fellow of the Geological Society. E. Stanford, Charing Cross, London.

Considering how much the manufactures and prosperity of England depend on the still continued supply of coal to at least its present extent, a knowledge of our resources in this respect, based upon calculations worked out with the utmost care, becomes of the utmost importance; and hence the value of Mr Hull's present volume. The consumption of coal in our country is at least three times greater than the combined produce of all the remaining coal-fields in the world. But the supply cannot be unlimited, and hence we shall do well to endeavour to ascertain what are our probable resources.

Just at this point, geology comes to our aid in enabling us to make surveys both comprehensive and to be relied upon. As if with full foresight of the future use of coal, a provision was made by the Creator on such a stupendous scale as should for thousands of years supply the whole world with fuel. For countless ages was the earth covered with gigantic trees, and a thick undergrowth of plants from pole to pole. Forests of huge pines, tree-ferns, reed-like calamites, sculptured sigillaria, and the hirsute lepidodendron, were everywhere to be seen, while a rank and luxuriant herbage cumbered the swamps below. At that time, no arctic regions, bound with ice and snow, checked the growth of vegetation, and limited its advance, but one uniform climate of fostering heat, with abundant moisture, prevailed over the whole globe. This is inferred from the vegetation of the coal period, displaying as it does the same genera, and most of the same species, throughout the whole of Europe and of North America, from the arctic regions as far south as the thirtieth parallel of north latitude. Also, this uniformity of vegetation is continued vertically, the same species ranging throughout the whole series of strata, amounting in some instances to a thickness of 10,000 feet, shewing that a similar uniform climate prevailed over the whole globe for a long succession of ages.

It was the observation of Sir William Logan twenty years ago, and since abundantly confirmed, that every coal-seam lies on a bed of clay. These under-clays, which formed the soil on which the coal-forming plants grew, are distinctly stratified, shewing that they have been deposited under water; and all recent investigations strengthen the probability that this water was not fresh, but marine. It is not unlikely that the coal-plants were fitted to grow either partially submerged or at the sea-level. The great swamps at the estuary of the Mississippi, along the coasts of Louisiana, and the tropical lagoons of the African coast, though not strictly analogous, furnish us with the nearest representation of the nature of those forests that have produced our coal-beds. The strata associated with coal consist of sandstones and shales. The sandstones, which were once sand, are frequently rippled, and contain fragments of drifted plants; the shales have generally been deposited tranquilly, and are sometimes so highly carbonaceous as to be nearly black, forming impure coal called *bass*. We may comprehend the formation of a bed of coal by supposing a low-lying tract, subject to inundations from the sea, thickly covered with trees, plants, and herbage. After a time, a slow subsidence of this tract takes place, and then the brackish waters of the estuary, and the salt waters from the ocean, carrying dark mud in suspension, gradually submerge the whole. The deposit increases until it covers in one uniform sheet the accumulated growth of centuries. After the subsidence has ceased, and the soil increased to a sufficient elevation, a fresh growth of vegetation takes place, and is continued for a long period of years. Generations of trees, ferns, and grasses spring up and die, till the pulpy mass attains a thickness of 20, 50, or 100 feet. Another subsidence takes place as before, and the whole bed of vegetable matter is subject to chemical and mechanical forces, till what was once a forest becomes eventually a mass of coal. By a repetition of this process, coal-seams are formed one above another—in some cases, above fifty in number—comprising a vertical thickness of several thousand feet of shales, clays, and sandstones. Ages roll on; the strata are moved from their foundations: upheaved from the sea-bottom, the breakers and currents sweep away a portion of the covering, and the mineral treasures are brought within the reach of mining industry.

The coal-field of South Wales is the largest in England, and, with the exception of that of Nova Scotia, contains a greater vertical thickness of strata than any coal-field in the world, amounting to upwards of ten thousand feet. It is separated by Caermarthen Bay into two unequal portions: the larger portion, that to the east, stretching to Pontypool, a distance of fifty-six miles; the smaller, to the west, extending seventeen miles to St Bride's Bay—the greatest transverse diameter, at Neath, being sixteen miles. The average annual produce is about eight millions of tons, and at this rate the supply will last two thousand years.

The extreme length of the Bristol and Somersetshire coal-field—from its northern apex, at Cromhall, to the northern flanks of the Mendip Hills—is about twenty-five miles. In this coal-field, the strata among the hills are much disturbed; and those along the northern borders plunge so rapidly towards the centre of the basin, that many of the coal-seams are buried to the depth of four or five thousand feet beneath Pennant grit: hence much of the coal is not available. The annual produce of this field is about six hundred thousand tons, and at this rate would not be exhausted under three thousand years.

The Forest of Dean coal-field, Gloucestershire, forms a more perfect basin than any other coal-field in England, as, with a slight exception, the strata everywhere dip from the margin towards the centre. Its area is about thirty-four miles. The coal is being gradually worked from the margin of the basin where it crops out, towards the centre, where it is deep. At the present rate of annual production, five hundred thousand tons, the yield will last above a thousand years.

The coal-field of Colebrook-dale, Shropshire, has a triangular form, its base being in the valley of the Severn, and its northern apex at Newport. Over a very large portion of this field, the coal has been nearly exhausted, as may be seen from the Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury Railway, where, for a long distance, dismantled engine-houses meet the eye, and enormous piles of refuse from abandoned coal and iron mines may be seen. At the present rate of consumption, this coal-field will be exhausted in about twenty years.

The Denbighshire coal-field, beginning about three miles south of Oswestry, extends northward, about eighteen miles in length, and four in breadth at Wrexham. The yearly production is now above five hundred thousand tons, and at this rate it would last nearly a thousand years. But as collieries are now being erected along the Chester Railway, the production will probably be doubled.

The Flintshire coal-field extends along the western side of the estuary of the Dee to Point of Ayr, a distance of fifteen miles. Throughout a considerable part of its range the productive portion is very narrow, and greatly broken by faults. As the greater part of the coal lies near the surface, it has been so much exhausted that probably not more than one-half remains for future use, and therefore the supply will scarcely extend to fifty years.

The South Staffordshire coal-field extends from the Clent Hills on the south to Brereton, near Rugeley, on the north, a distance of twenty-one miles, and is of an average breadth of seven miles. The proximity to Birmingham, Dudley, and Wolverhampton has brought its resources into full play. From Dudley Castle, the centre of the coal-field, the country in every direction, for five or six miles, is overspread by collieries, iron-foundries, and blast-furnaces. About five million tons of coal were raised from this field in 1858, and at this rate it may be exhausted in about two hundred years.

The North Staffordshire coal-field, though of smaller area than that of South Staffordshire, has vastly greater capabilities, with twice the thickness of workable coal. This field is a triangle, with its apex to the north, at the base of Congleton Edge; the eastern side is formed of millstone grit, and the westerly of New Red Sandstone or Permian strata, close to the Potteries. In 1857, it yielded 1,295,000 tons of coal, and will not be exhausted for twelve hundred and seventy years.

The great coal-field of Lancashire is very irregular in outline, and consequently difficult to describe. Its extreme length from Bickerstaffe to Staley Bridge is thirty-two miles, and its average breadth six miles. Smaller isolated coal-fields occur at Croxtette Park, Manchester, and Burnley. Calculating the annual production at nine millions of tons, there is sufficient coal to last for four hundred and forty-five years.

The length of the Cumberland coal-field is about twenty miles, and its greatest width at Workington about five miles. Between Maryport on the north, and St Bee's Head on the south, it stretches along the coast of the Irish Sea, and extends inward for a distance of five miles, in which direction the beds rise and crop out. At the rate of a million of tons a year, the coal will last for about a hundred years.

The Warwickshire coal-field is small but rich, extending from near Tamworth in a constantly narrowing band, by Atherston and Nuneaton, to near Wyken, a distance of fifteen miles. At the present rate of consumption, three hundred and thirty-five thousand tons, it will last for twelve hundred and forty-four years.

The Leicestershire coal-field, inextensive but valuable, occupies an irregularly shaped district south of the Valley of the Trent. In the main coal-field of Moira, at a depth of 593 feet, salt water, beautifully clear, trickles down from the fissures where the coal is being extracted. The present yield of coal is six hundred and ninety-nine thousand tons, and, at the same rate, will last about two hundred and fifteen years.

The Derbyshire and Yorkshire coal-field underlies, in part, the counties of Derby, Nottingham, and York, and is the largest coal-field in England. Twelve and a half millions of tons were extracted from it in 1857, and, at the same rate, it will last for more than seven hundred years.

The great northern coal-field of Durham and Northumberland extends from Staindrop, near the north bank of the Tees, on the south, to the mouth of the Coquet, where it enters Alnmouth Bay on the north, the distance being nearly fifty miles. Its greatest diameter is near the centre, along the course of the Tyne, which forms the great highway for the export of coal to the London market. The North Sea from the Coquet to the Tyne forms on that side the limits of the coal-field. Its annual yield is about sixteen millions of tons, and it will last, at this rate, for four hundred and sixty-six years.

The great coal-field of Scotland forms one of the geological bands crossing the country from south-west to north-east, and stretches from Kirkcudbrightshire to Berwick. The extreme length from the coast of Ayr to Fife-ness is ninety-four miles; the average breadth, twenty-five miles. The quantity of coal raised in Scotland is about nine millions of tons, and some of it exceedingly valuable for gas.

There are geological grounds for believing, that two-thirds of Ireland was once covered by coal-beds; but the carboniferous limestone, which in other countries is uniformly surmounted by coal-measures, has at some remote period been swept clear of them in Ireland, with the exception of a few isolated tracts in Kerry, Cork, and Waterford, and at Tyrone, Ballycastle, and some few other places in the north.

The extent of the coal-bearing strata in our Indian empire is large, though not very productive, while the coal is of inferior quality. There is coal in Australia; but in New Zealand the coal strata are exceedingly valuable. While there is much coal in the United States, there is none whatever in Canada. The coal-fields of British North America are at Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia. The coal-field of Cape Breton contains erect stems of fossil-trees, and gives evidence of at least fifty-nine forests buried in succession. Some of the beds shew casts of rain-prints, worm-tracks, sun-cracks, and ripple-marks.

In the foregoing calculations as to available coal in this country, Mr Hull has excluded what lies beyond 4000 feet from the surface, and for this he gives important reasons. The lower we descend, the more we have to contend with increased temperature and pressure. Arago, after actual experiment, gives us the following results: In an artesian well at Paris, there was found an increase of one degree for every sixty feet of depth; at Saltzwerk, in Westphalia, it was one degree for every fifty-four feet; near Geneva, it was one degree for every fifty-five feet; and at Mondorff, in the grand duchy of Luxemburg, it was one degree for every fifty-seven feet. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Art. 'Mines and Mining'), in the Tresavean mine, Cornwall, the temperature at the depth of 2112 feet ranges between 90 and 100 degrees Fahrenheit; and some of the water from the deep levels of the united mines stands at 106 to 108 degrees Fahrenheit, which would give an increase of one degree for every fifty-six and a half feet. The observations of Professor Phillips, at the Monkwearmouth Colliery, shew an increase of one degree for every sixty feet. According to thermometrical observations between 1848 and 1859, in the colliery at Dukinfield, Cheshire, it was found that, at the depth of seventeen feet, 51 degrees Fahrenheit is the invariable temperature throughout the year; also, that there is an increase of one degree for every eighty-three feet of depth in that mine. Perhaps some peculiarities of strata may account for this unusually slow increase of temperature. Striking an average between the two extremes afforded us by the experiments above noticed, we get an increase of one degree for about every seventy feet, which will generally be correct. Now, since it has been found that at a depth varying from fifteen to fifty feet, the temperature remains the same all the year round—that is, about the mean annual temperature of the air—we may adopt 50 degrees Fahrenheit as the average standard of departure from that depth. Calculating the increased density of the air at one degree for every 300 feet of depth, and combining this with the increase of temperature, we find that at 2500 feet the temperature is 94 degrees Fahrenheit, or almost that of the tropics; while at the depth of 4000 feet the temperature will be 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Now, against this some allowance must be made for the effect produced by a good system of ventilation. By this means, it was found that in the Shireoak Colliery, at the depth of 1530 feet, the temperature could be lowered 10 degrees. Also, it is not unlikely that in winter, and during severe frosts, the temperature may be reduced still further. But Mr Hull considers that, in the face of the two obstacles, increasing pressure and temperature, it would be impossible to work coal-mines at a greater depth than 4000 feet. The following is a recapitulation of the results to which he has arrived: That there are coal-deposits in England and Wales at all depths to 10,000 feet; that mining is possible to a depth of 4000 feet, because the temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit at that depth is capable of considerable reduction by means of ventilation; and that, adopting 4000 feet as the limit to deep mining, there is still a sufficient stock of coal in England and Wales to supply for one thousand years sixty millions of tons annually, the present rate of production.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXI.—OUT OF TOWN.

At seventeen, and with a five-pound note in one's pocket, who is there that needs 'to call the Lord Mayor his uncle?'—an expression, ladies, borrowed from the classics of the lower classes, and signifying, generally, the advantages of any high social connection. With elastic youth upon our side, and so much money as puts the immediate future out of base consideration, whom, indeed, need we envy? Not the hoary duke, whose span of existence even our five pounds, discreetly expended, may see the end of, and whose manner of life—if we may believe the popular novelist—has not been such as to afford him entire serenity in its contemplation. Nay, scarcely any old gentleman, we may say, in any however eminent social position, but would be glad to change places with us, and barter all his honours and riches for the privilege granted to Hezekiah of old. Remember *that*, O unfriended weary young tramp, plodding with scanty wallet upon Life's crowded highway, and may it be a comfort to your murmuring spirit! The third of those who recline in the splendid chariots whose wheels cover you with dust, are by no means to be envied; nay, not even he in the bishop's coach yonder, who has worn his purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, since that vicarious hour when he married the dangerous girl betrothed to his patron's heir, and left his own sorrowing Katie to wear the willow.

It is possible that poverty-stricken Youth does comfort itself in this fashion, and it is certainly observable that it does not promote or lead revolutions (as one might well expect it to do) in the same proportion as unprosperous Middleage—that period which despises both the hopes of the Young and the regrets of the Old, and estimates to an extreme degree mere loaves and fishes.

It was probably most excellent natural spirits, however, rather than the above reflections, which made Richard Arbour whistle and sing so blithely as he trod the leafy lanes of Devonshire, on the third day from that on which we parted from him at Kensington. He had during that interview in the arbour prepared Miss Lucy's mind for his immediate departure, setting forth the positive necessity of it so vividly, as to silence all her eloquent love-battery except a sigh or two. He did not confide to her the precise nature of the employment he had in view, nor was her trustful nature solicitous to discover what he whom she loved would fain conceal; nor did he reveal it more particularly to her brother, or to Maggie, with both of whom he communicated by letter, after he had left London. By letter, too, he had expressed his profound gratitude to Mr Mickleham, and the hopes which he entertained of getting an honest livelihood, and of not shaming his generous protector by any future conduct; and by letter he had informed Lucidora that her advice, in case of the worst, had been followed, and that he accepted her five pounds with the most heartfelt thanks, as a loan which he trusted would be but temporary.

Having thus performed his literary duties—which were always somewhat irksome to him—and set himself right with all his friends—which was a novel as well as satisfactory position to find himself in—Dick had travelled along merrily by coach and railway to within a little of the town of Salterleigh, in North Devon, which he was now approaching on foot. The noontide light fell green and golden through the shadowing branches that almost met above his head, and lit up the red sandstone banks that walled him in on either side. Walking amid a rainbow of colours that seemed rather to belong to air than earth, and conscious of the unseen summer influences in his heart and brain, it was no wonder that he thought of Darkendim Street, and its smell of mouldy straw, with a sort of pleasant scorn. There is no man so closely wedded to Town, but that on some days in every year he acknowledges to himself that his marriage was one of convenience, and that the Country is his true and natural consort, after all. To the Young especially, just emancipated from the din and toil of a city-life, a day among green fields is the Revival epoch of the earliest and freshest aspirations, when Nature once more makes us that offer of communion—faint though it be grown with much rejection—which she pressed upon us when we were lads and lasses long ago. Dick's step had an elasticity which it had never felt on the road from Golden Square to the city, although he had already walked five times that distance, and the young blood leaped in his veins like sparkling wine.

Presently, the lane—which was a wide enough road, however—seemed to end abruptly, and to lead to the verge of a blood-red cliff beneath which lay the gleaming sea. Dick had seen blue glimpses of the ocean, here and there, before, for his way had lain along a range of elevated moorland for miles by coach; but this sudden revelation of the great deep, literally at his very feet, almost took his breath away with admiration. He had beheld the Tower of London and St Paul's without experiencing those tremendous sensations which had been expected of him by Mr Mickleham—who had taken him thither when he first came up to town—and had regarded even the commerce-bearing Thames, with its crowded Pool, with considerable equanimity; but the scene now before him affected him to an extreme degree. He sat down upon the lane-side, and taking his knapsack from his back, drank in the gorgeous vision with that thirst which more lads feel for the sights of nature than dare to own it; for even in youth we soon learn to hold it weakness to be subject to impressions produced merely by the works of the Creator, as having little or no practical bearing. The long broken line of gray which marked the opposite coast had indescribable charms for Dick; it might be Wales upon the map perhaps, but to him it was Fairyland. The stately vessels, so far off, that, notwithstanding their white wings, they appeared motionless, were floating mysteries; the steam-ships, whose black pennants trailing through the sky proclaimed their course, outward or homeward bound, had each for him its story.

The hues of earth, and sea, and sky had changed, the noonday insect monotone had ceased, the air came cooler from the stream close by, which ever hurried o'er the cliff to meet the sea, when Dick took up his worldly goods again, and pursued his way once more; for the road did really turn, though almost at right angles, a few yards short of the precipice, and immediately at the foot of the winding hill lay Salterleigh.

It was a large village, hid in a beautiful ravine, apparently closed up to eastward by a thick wood, amid which could be seen a stream of silver, which was the water-fall for which the spot was famous; southward, however, another hill, as steep as that which Dick was descending, afforded egress, in the strange case of any one wishing to quit so fair a residence; and westward was the one broad street that led to the harbour and the little pier. As the lad neared the high gray bridge which crossed the ravine, and gave access to the town, a mighty red and yellow placard, stuck on a fallen oak-tree, like a vulgar libel on a dead hero's fame, arrested his attention.

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TREDGOLD'S, late TRIMMING'S, Travelling Caravan.

Come Early.

'That's well,' said Dick to himself; 'and I seem to have hit the place in the very nick of time.' He took out Lucidora's note once more, to make himself quite certain.

'MY DEAR YOUNG SIR—Here is the five-pound note which I forgot to leave when I went to see you at the police-station. I also send, in case of nothing better turning up, a few lines to the head of an old travelling company. A living can at least be picked up in it, although, of course, not a very good one. Mr Tredgold will take you on, I think, for the sake of me and of old times. I would not venture to propose such a thing, but that I hear your uncle means to turn you adrift in the world. I remember how fond, too, you always were of animals. The show is going through Devonshire just now, I see. Bridgewater, 17th (that was last week); Salterleigh, 24th; Barnstaple, 26th; Exeter, 28th. I wish I could help you to anything better, dear lad.—Yours, LUCIDORA.'

Salterleigh is never a very populous town—not even in the fashionable season, for it lies twenty miles from any railway, and the hills which lead thither from all sides are what nervous persons would call precipices—but on the present occasion it seemed to Dick to have been recently devastated by some plague. There was one old man, however, looking out of window in the High Street, horizontally, so as to convey the idea of his being in bed at the same time—which indeed he was—who informed the stranger that everybody was away to see the Beasteses, and that he himself, the speaker, could from his present elevated position catch a sight of the pictures in front of the principal caravan.

Following the direction of the eyes of this enthusiast, Dick presently came upon the only level spot which Salterleigh could boast of, situated in a romantic hollow of the gorge, usually dedicated to cricket, once a year to the wrestling which formed the principal attraction of the village fair, and on this particular day—unexampled in Salterleigh annals—to the menagerie aforesaid; whose twenty gigantic caravans, arranged in an oblong, and covered over with tarpaulin, presented a material Paradise to so much of the population as could not raise the shilling demanded for admittance. These unhappy persons, some threescore in number, had been standing in front of the gigantic picture and the little flight of steps—that was a Jacob's ladder to them, upon which a more favoured race ascended and descended, from noon to eve—and even now evinced no signs of weariness. Besides the barest possibilities of good-fortune—such as that of some caravan more top-heavy than its fellows falling sideways, and so revealing some hid treasure of natural history; or that more hopeless chance of the vinegar-faced woman, who sat in the shrine upon the platform, beckoning them up into the sacred place gratuitously, out of mere good-nature—there was enough even outside the show to repay any reasonable expectations.

There were, in the first place, to be seen no less than thirteen beef-eaters, and royal beef-eaters too, unless faith is to be denied to golden letters encircling black velvet caps—and in that case, where is Scepticism to cry halt? Each of these persons had some mighty instrument of music, constructed, as it seemed, out of the trunks of golden elephants, cunningly fitting one into the other, and producing in combination a volume of sound which might well be designated imperial quarto. Once every two hours, these gorgeous persons took outside places upon the stage, and discoursed much eloquent wind-music; they were accustomed so to do in thickly populated cities, and were apparently unaware that they had long ago attracted every inhabitant of Salterleigh. Now and then, too, a stout and melancholy-looking gentleman, with a massive watchguard, who was rightly whispered to be the great Tredgold himself, would come to the front, and exclaim, in a sonorous voice: 'Walk up, ladies and gentlemen'—at which the threescore would most passionately cheer—'and inspect the greatest wonder of the age. This is the only opportunity which will be afforded in this town, in consequence of the pressure of engagements, and on account of her Majesty Queen Victoria having bespoke the exhibition at Windsor Castle for the 14th of next month.' Then he would converse with the vinegar-faced woman in the shrine, as to the advisability, it was fondly conjectured, of lowering the price of admittance, for it was observed that she always shook her head malevolently, and nothing came of it.

Lastly, there were sounds to be heard, nay, sights to be seen, even by outsiders, in connection with the animals themselves. The camel—or so said the village-schoolmaster's son, who ought to know, if anybody did—was heard to sneeze distinctly, and the elephant—the same authority settled it—to trumpet; although there were certain ignorant and stubborn persons who held this latter noise to be only Mr Tredgold yawning. That gentleman did yawn pretty loudly, it must be confessed, as the evening drew on, and he still beheld the same patient band standing in front of his own, and not 'walking up' with a single shilling. The striped legs of the female hyena had been caught sight of—rather indelicately—by one fortunate outsider through a cranny, which had instantly been stopped up from within on his indiscreetly expressing his gratification; and one of the workhouse-lads protested that he had beheld the jackal peering round the corner of the platform itself: upon cross-examination, however, this testimony broke down, the witness confessing that he was not prepared to swear it was not a specimen of the *canis communis* after all—the village-clergyman's own dog, which, with a rash reliance upon its master's sacred character, had accompanied him into the show, from which it subsequently emerged howling, and leaving a quarter of an inch of its curly tail in the possession of the racoon.

Dick elbowed his way through this shillingless crowd, whom he sincerely pitied, and ascended the steps amid a tempest of welcome from the band. The vinegar-faced woman smiled acidly upon him from her shrine, as saints both in and out of niches sometimes do, and her skinny hand closed like a snap-purse upon the expected coin. Dick hesitated a moment, doubtful as to whether it would be better to enter as a spectator, and make his observations in that unprejudiced character, or to make known his desire of joining the company at once. Mrs Tredgold, however, upon whose practical mind the lad's dusty clothes and scanty knapsack had in a few seconds made their impression, decided this matter for him by calling out: 'Now, young man, be alive, if *you* please, and don't *per*went the nobility and gentry obtaining haccess to the exhibition.'

Nature had given to this lady a voice sufficiently shrill, but she generally intensified it by speaking over the edge of a small key, belonging to the cash-box, and held up to her withered lips whenever she was performing her pecuniary duties upon the platform. Her tone did not strike Dick as betokening a propitious frame of mind for welcoming an addition to the staff, and therefore he walked on and into the show without reply.

CHAPTER XXII.

A LECTURE UPON NATURAL HISTORY.

The menagerie of Tredgold, late Trimming, was really a fine collection of animals in good condition, and something very different from those melancholy exhibitions made up of a few mangy camels and shuffling elephants, which was all the natural history that travelled in the days of our fathers. There were eight caravans on either side the oblong, and a couple at both ends. Some of these were divided into two, three, or even four compartments; the female Hyena, for instance (whose legs had been so shamefully espied), occupying the ground-floor—which, however, was of course the height of the caravan-wheel from the ground—and the Jackal the floor above; and a rather trying overhead lodger he must have been, in case that lady was nervous; for he spent the whole of his days and most of his nights in pacing to and fro like a sea-captain; and that not only upon the floor of his scanty chamber, but half-way up the walls thereof—either through not being able to stop himself (for he was always in a state of great impetuosity, and as though he had just recollected some very particular appointment which must be kept immediately), or from some other reason known only to Buffon and his own mind. On the second floor resided a Badger of an evil odour, who, being very much ashamed of himself, as he well might be, was always endeavouring to conceal his person from the public eye in a very insufficient quantity of straw. It was a painful position for any animal, aggravated in his particular case by the conduct of a couple of wild-cats in the attics or third floor, who never ceased to express their disapprobation by hissing and pretending to expectorate. On the other hand, the next compartment was what is called in Edinburgh a self-contained house—without flats—the whole of which was in the occupation of a Rhinoceros, whose horn had been exalted in a manner totally unconnected with the Eastern metaphor; for, having moulted or dropped off, or been knocked off the animal's nose (which retained merely a small knob, as if to mark the locality of the missing ornament), it was hung up on the top bars of his cage, to the wonder of the public, and the distress (as is but too probable) of its original possessor. Mental anxiety of some sort was at all events depicted upon his leathery countenance; while his hide bore unmistakable testimony, in its superfluous folds and excrescences, that it had been made for him to order (unless it was procured at second hand, which seems unlikely) at a period when he was a fatter and more prosperous beast.

By the time Dick's observations had extended thus far, the sagacious elephant Ninus (so called from there having been eight elephants before him under the Tredgold dynasty, of whom two yet remained) rang a mighty bell with his trunk, and the chief exhibitor exhorted the spectators to follow him round the establishment, and listen to his illustrated treatise upon the brute creation. The Salterleigh audience, who had done this five times already—for each of the performances was repeated every hour, with the view of edifying the fresh arrivals that were supposed to be pouring into the exhibition momently—obeyed the summons with an alacrity which must have been gratifying indeed, one would have thought, to the feelings of any lecturer; but the gentleman in question, who had sent round his hat after the last four performances with its little appeal to the generosity of the public entirely unresponded to, took up his pole of reference as though it had been a pilgrim's staff, and as if he could willingly have delegated the privilege of dilating upon the affairs of the animal world to anybody else. His quick eye lit upon the only new face among the staring eyes and expanding mouths of his listeners, and to Dick he principally addressed his remarks, as to one who knew how to recompense as well as to appreciate instruction.

'Of all the pursuits calculated to ennoble and refine the human mind, that of the study of natural history, when accompanied by living specimens, it has been agreed upon all hands, is the most advantageous; this is full of wonderful and interesting phenomenons—such as what they will touch, and what they will not touch in the way of food, who are their natural enemies, how obedient they are to the eye of man (in this exhibition, entirely unassisted by the whip), and so on, from the gigantic elephant, three beautiful specimens of which are now before us, down to the *ridiculus mus*, or dormouse, so familiar to those around me, and doubtless kept in a lozenge-box, or other warm receptacle, by many of them in their early childhood. Ninus, acquaint this gentleman with the knapsack, who is perhaps an artist, and wishes to take your picture, that you are very glad to see him. What! you won't say a word, my friend! That is very rude. You *are* glad to see him, I hope, at all events.'

Ninus, being thus invoked, emitted a most awful sound, the reverberation whereof it doubtless was that had so gratified the outdoor spectators, and which Mr Mopes (the exhibitor) explained was the affirmative of the animal—the elephantine 'Yes.'

'And you don't want him to go away again just yet,' continued he, 'not till he has heard the lecture, and seen the Earthman and the Earthwoman, and beheld the Lion-hunt conducted by the Invincible Tickerocandua?'

Ninus being again called upon to reply, and feeling, as many other great personages feel in presence of the public, that he had no observation to make beyond that to which he had already given utterance, repeated the same.

'That is well, Ninus,' observed the exhibitor with hardihood. 'He now says "No," you see; he does not want this young gentleman to go away. Give him a cake, Jeeheeboy, *and mind* (whispered he to the attendant black) *it's one of the cayenne-pepper ones;*

the haggravating brute!—Cakes and nuts, gentlemen, may be procured, as stated in the bills, of his keeper only, which he will pick up with his trunk, or having opened his mouth at the word of command—— Young man,' observed the lecturer, suddenly interrupting himself, and addressing one of the more youthful of his hearers, 'don't let me see you a-doing that again, or you leave this exhibition directly minute; and I recommend you not to get into the way of that 'ere elephant, neither, any time this ten years. Hoysters indeed! A pretty thing to be offering an hoyster to a poor animal like that, who has not got even fingers to open it. Respect other persons' tastes, sir. How would *you* like half-a-dozen Abernethies and two quarts of nuts, with their shells on, chucked down *your* throat, I wonder? And I'm sure you're opening your mouth wide enough anyway.——The elephant, gentlemen and ladies, is sometimes called the whale of *terra firma;* and indeed he can exist for a considerable period under water by means of his trunk, which he elevates above the surface, as in the ordinary diving-bell: when the stream is not deep enough for total immersion, the ingenious animal converts this member into a garden-engine, and cools his body by spouting upon it volumes of water. These animals were made use of by Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, in his wars against the Romans; and that monarch had so high an opinion of their docility and right feeling, that he was on one occasion heard to observe, that it was easier to turn the sun from its course than any of those from the path of honour. The mahout, or elephant-driver, in India is armed with a steel weapon, which, being driven with considerable violence into its neck, the sagacious beast will immediately quicken its pace. Ninus and his two consorts—polygamy being permitted among this gigantic race—will presently go through the singular and interesting performance of standing on their own heads, and placing themselves in other classical attitudes.'

Through the whole of this eulogium, the three elephants kept nodding their heads, as though in the gravest corroboration, and officiously presenting their trunks to each of the company (to the manifest perturbation of the Devonshire mind), as though they were touting for some advertising establishment with invisible cards.

'The Nylghau,' observed Mr Mopes, addressing his remarks to the animal so designated, who seemed to have been unable to make up his mind whether he should be an ox or an ass, and to have been punished for the indecision pretty severely by having had the hump of the dromedary clapped upon him—'is one of the most vicious of the natives of India. When meditating an attack, this insidious quadruped will fall upon his knees in a devotional attitude, shuffle on obsequiously a few paces, and then darting forward with a powerful spring, rarely fails to annihilate the astonished spectator.

'The Cămēlŏpărd and her young. This quadruped has justly been called the gentlest of animals, as well as being by far the tallest and most useless. The young one before you, which has only been ushered into the world a few days ago, is upwards of nine feet high, without which bountiful provision of nature in respect to altitude he would be unable to partake of that refreshment which his tender age demands. His amble is very peculiar, and may be likened to the knight's move in chess, or the spectacle which might be afforded by a camp-stool in active motion. This creature commonly culls its food from the upper branches of tall trees, thus interfering with the requirements of no other animal; when reduced to crop the herbage of the ground, it has to set its forelegs exceedingly wide apart, in order to bring its mouth sufficiently low; and from that absurd position it surveys the landscape—being gifted with the attribute of looking backwards—from between its own hind-legs. When erect, it can, on any moderately level ground, observe the approach of an enemy from the other side, or nearly so, of the horizon, and can then make off—though unfortunately only up-hill—at considerable speed.

'The Llama, which is sometimes designated the Camel of the West, in consequence of its being able to go for a lengthened period without water—and, of course, all other liquid refreshments—is good to eat, and also excellent for *paletots* or overcoats. Too easily attracted by curiosity, alas! the hunter has only to lie on his back, with his heels in the air, and these confiding creatures will flock round him, as the boys of our country will surround a street-exhibition; when even the discharge of his fatal weapon is considered (by the survivors) to form a part of the interesting performance. They are extensively used by the Peruvians as beasts of burden; but from the circumstance of their being very weak, excessively slow, and obstinate beyond belief by persons who have been only accustomed to mules, there is little probability of their superseding the horse amongst ourselves. The Llama is a native of South America, but it is occasionally found in Tibet, where it is held in the greatest veneration, and even worship—probably on account of its rarity.'

It was a characteristic of Mr Mopes' lectures, which Dick, of course, did not get acquainted with till afterwards, that on days when the company were numerous, and their donations liberal, his accounts of the animals he described were eulogistic, and even flattering; whereas on unsatisfactory occasions, such as the present, when Mr Mopes' mind was soured by a lack of appreciation, they were detractory and even calumnious.

'The Brown Bear, in common with the rest of his species, has the power of sitting, and even walking, in an erect position, as well as that of climbing trees; but he doesn't do any of it well. It is said that he will not attack a person sleeping; but this, I think, from what *I* know of him, must mean when the bear is sleeping, and not the man. He is a fierce and remorseless animal, and we keepers, who have to venture into his compartment, risk our lives for a comparatively trifling consideration. Observe his claws, gentlemen and ladies, and how he stuffs his fore-paws into his mouth, as though for want of a human sacrifice. It looks like toothache, but it's nothing of that sort, I do assure you.

'This animal, with the partially shaved countenance, and the inadequate white shirt, is the Guereza Monkey, a native of Africa, the climate of which can alone excuse such insufficiency of clothing. From the bush-like termination of its tail, which commonly forms its cushion, combined with the contemplative expression of its countenance, it is sometimes confused with the fabled Rumtumfoozleum, so familiar to many of my hearers as the animal who "sits upon the tip of his tail a-wondering at the ordinances of nature;" but this is not the case.'

Mr Mopes' harangue became wearisome enough to Dick by this time, who, from much acquaintance with the Zoological Gardens, knew almost as much about the subject as did the lecturer; but he was too astute a lad to disgust one who would probably be his future companion, by exhibiting the indifference he really felt. He therefore accompanied him in his tour round the four quarters of the globe, and his researches into earth and sky with laudable attention, laughing only when Mr Mopes laughed, which was seldom, and not during the delivery of his more eloquent passages, where the fun was not so obvious to the narrator as to his hearers—a rule that it is well to observe at lectures of a more scientific character.

The most interesting of all the animals, in Dick's eyes, although those about which Mr Mopes had least to say, were the lions and tigers, who occupied three contiguous dens—the lions by themselves, the tigers by themselves, and in the third den a lion and a tigress together. What a contrast was there between the appearance of the king of beasts—extended at full length, slumbrous and resigned, but far from torpid, with his calm earnest eyes half open, conscious alike of strength and of captivity—and that of his fellow-prisoner, whose eye seemed to speak fire against every created creature, during that noiseless but impatient pacing to and fro, and whose awful throat to send forth from time to time the very name of the author of her woes, and the object on which her revengeful heart was brooding—Man, Man! With what care, too, despite her wrath, when her rapid stride led her across the lion's extended paws, did she pick her way, cautious not to offend the powerful; and what a murderous sneer she wore at sight of the exhibitor, whose approach she awaited poised upon three legs, a monument of ferocious beauty, as though the hour of her deliverance was at last at hand, and he who was about to confer the benefit should be the first to rue it!

'Did Tickerocandua enter that very cage?' was Dick's inquiry.

'Certainly,' returned Mr Mopes; 'leastways when there was any encouragement afforded by the spectators, he did so. Under present circumstances, which were humiliating to him as a Briton and a believer in the perfectibility of the human race, such a course was out of the question; but even now the Lion-tamer of Central Africa would go through his astounding performances with the three lions and four lionesses in the neighbouring compartment, as advertised in the bills. Whether folks were real gentry, or merely rubbish,' added Mr Mopes with meaning, 'word is always kept with the public in every case.'

'And does the Lion-hunter venture among those tigers?' inquired Dick with interest, and pointing to that far from Happy Family of *Felinæ* in question, who, ceaselessly winding in and out, and over and under one another, seemed to be treading some terrible tiger-measure to a running accompaniment of snarls and growls.

'Does he go in among *them* tender-hearted critturs?' echoed Mr Mopes with derisive scorn; 'why, not if he knows it; no.' By which that gentleman did not mean to convey the impression that Tickerocandua ever visited them unconsciously, as in his sleep, but that if he were so rash as to do such a thing at all, the performance would not be repeated.

'The Earthman and the Earthwoman will now make their appearance,' exclaimed the lecturer; and as he spoke, the pair alluded to descended a small ladder leading from one of the two caravans occupied as dwelling-houses, and made their bows to the company. Little akin to humanity as this couple were, they illustrated the poet's statement, that 'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long,' by their respective garments, which seemed to be entirely formed of strings of shells, and which, as they moved, made a pleasant tinkling like that of sheep-bells; they could hardly have been put on, however, for a similar purpose, since the wearers were not of a character to become lost or indistinguishable among any amount of their fellow-creatures. The Earthman and the Earthwoman had a certain (perhaps) earthy odour about them, which, independently of the shells, made you aware of their presence at a considerable distance: their hue was an unhealthy brown, relieved by red and yellow spots, wherewith they tattooed themselves precisely as the peripatetic cake-dealers of the humbler sort are wont to sprinkle their gingerbread. Round their waists and arms, they wore German-silver rings of a mighty thickness, which gave them the appearance of having just been released from personal confinement, in order to go through their 'characteristic war-dance;' and the only vocabulary of which they were possessed consisted, or seemed to do so, of two words—*Woggadaboo*, signifying 'How do you do?' and *Wiggidy*, which was Earthen for 'Thank you, sir.'

It is to be hoped, that as they were unable to speak the English tongue, so were they mercifully debarred from understanding it when spoken by their exhibitor. 'This is the Earthman and the Earthwoman, *gentlemen* and *ladies*,' exclaimed Mr Mopes, dexterously insinuating, by emphasis, the immense difference that lay between barbarism and civilisation, 'and it is supposed that they are the lowest of created human beings. It has been conjectured by some, that they are more akin to the orang-outang, or wild man of the woods, whose acquaintance we have just been cultivating, than to the human; but this is easily disproved by the inspection of the toes or fingers; and, moreover, the interesting specimens now before us live where there are no woods, but in holes of the earth, after the manner of the rabbit or cony, and hence their name. The taller one is, of course, the male, who is, however, kept under strict control, and sometimes even beaten by the female, which, again, materially strengthens their position as being allied to the human family. They will perform their characteristic war-dance, accompanied by singing; after which they will go round the company, and wish them "good-bye," by shaking hands, an accomplishment they have been recently taught with infinite pains and trouble: the mode of salutation among themselves—that of rubbing each other's noses briskly together for several seconds—having been found almost ineradicable.'

At the conclusion of this eulogium, the Earthman and Earthwoman began to jump about in their characteristic, but rather alarming manner, at the same time uttering a war-cry compounded of the words Woggadaboo and Wiggidy; after which they pervaded the spectators, who pressed as eagerly forward for a clasp of their clammy hands as though they were monarchs (which, indeed, they were said to be, in Earthland), and touching for the king's-evil.

These ceremonies being ended, and the elephants having duly stood, according to the programme, 'upon their own heads'—which, indeed, if they must needs stand on any, it was quite as well they should have done—and placed themselves in other 'classical attitudes,' Mr Mopes announced that 'the performance would now conclude with the unique exhibition of Tickerocandua the Invincible, in his tremendous character of the Lion-hunter of Central Africa; the only tamer of the Monarch of the Forest now travelling, who could be relied upon with confidence for not having his head bitten off, or other unpleasant accident occurring, which but too often turned, what the public had expected to be a harmless exhibition, into a most distressing spectacle.—It was usual at this stage of the proceedings, for those who were satisfied with the lecturer, to bestow upon him some small pecuniary trifle, the amount of which was left to the ladies and gentlemen themselves.'

At these words, the attention of all Salterleigh became at once engrossed by things which had had no sort of previous interest for them; such as the wood-work and bars of the caravans, the tarpaulin that roofed the exhibition, their clergyman's dog, and, in short, every object which they could admire without laying themselves under an obligation to Mr Mopes; who, on his part, smiled sardonically, and inquired audibly of Dick, as he flipped that young gentleman's sixpence perpendicularly in air, whether he had ever seen such a heap of mean ones out of Devonshire. The question would have been rather an embarrassing one to answer without offence to either party; but luckily, at that moment, Tickerocandua the Invincible was seen descending the ladder of the same caravan which had already sent forth the Earthman and his consort, and Mr Mopes turned upon his heel, with the air of a monarch who feels indeed that the hour of deposition has arrived, but who, for his part, scorns to bow his regal knee to the coming usurper.

COTTON COUNTRIES.

It is little to the credit of the magnates of the manufacturing world, that the Cotton Supply Association should have reason to complain that 'the cotton-brokers and mill-owners most directly affected by the short supply of cotton, and most likely to be first benefited by the exertions of the Association, have withheld that measure of support which was naturally expected at their hands.' It is true that whenever the failure of the American crop necessitated short time or closed mills, the voices of the manufacturers were loud enough in appealing to government to encourage the cultivation of cotton in India; but the danger tided over, they quickly relapsed into apathy, and turned away indifferently from those to whom they had cried for help. Such selfish and short-sighted policy is sure to work its own retribution, and in this instance it has done so with little warning. The 'irrepressible conflict' between North and South threatens not only to destroy the great republican confederation, but to bring down heavy punishment on those who have permitted the daily bread of four millions of their countrymen to depend upon the prosperity of the cotton-fields of the United States.

Cotton requires a peculiar combination of heat and moisture, and an even and uniform temperature; extreme dryness impoverishes the plant and stunts its growth, while an excess the other way produces abundance of leaves and very little wool. It is also subject to the attacks of the army-worm, boll-worm, cotton-bug, and chenille, who at times commit great devastation in the plantations. But notwithstanding these obstacles in the way of cultivating cotton with certainty and profit, it will not be difficult to prove that our dependence upon a single source for its supply is as unnecessary as it is dangerous and unwise.

England and France, whose cotton goods are to be found in every known market, grow no cotton at all, although Napoleon the Great once entertained hopes of raising cotton in the latter country. Sicily, Naples, and Malta produce between twenty and forty thousand pounds annually; Sardinia and Spain also yield a small quantity—too small to be worth calculating; and there ends the brief list of the European producers of the raw material, which is the foundation of the most gigantic trade the world has yet seen.

Asia takes more kindly to the great staple. Less than a hundred years ago, 25 per cent. of the cotton imported into England came from Asiatic Turkey, which now sends us some 300,000 pounds—one-twentieth of the quantity it supplied in 1787. This great change is to be accounted for by the great increase in the home consumption, and the demands of the French consumers, who secure nine-tenths of what remains for exportation. In Syria, cotton has been grown for ages; but through careless cultivation, and want of artificial irrigation, the quality of the produce has gradually degenerated, till it has no chance in competition with its rivals in the European markets. The country itself is well adapted for raising cotton. The valley of Baalbec, the banks of the Orontes and Euphrates, and many other districts, abound in extensive tracts of fertile, well-watered land where it might readily be grown, if it were not for the maladministration of the government, the opposition of the farmers of the state revenue, the apathy of the population, and the want of roads. These difficulties overcome, there is no reason why the cotton of Syria should not compare as advantageously with that of America as its silk does with the produce of Italy and France. The Chinese grow a considerable quantity of cotton, but not nearly enough for their own use; they look to India for aid—that mine of undeveloped wealth, to which the eyes of Englishmen turn in so many emergencies.

More than two thousand years before European industry was employed in the manufacture of cotton fabrics, a system of spinning, weaving, and dyeing had been brought to maturity in Hindustan. But while the commerce of Europe has expanded so wonderfully in this direction, that of India has remained stationary, or nearly so. The first recorded exportation of Indian cotton to Great Britain took place in 1783, and from that year to 1792, it averaged 65,550 pounds. In 1788, the East India Company were incited to exert themselves in endeavouring to effect some improvement as regarded both the quality and quantity raised; and the exports in 1793 had increased to 729,643 pounds. By 1800, they rose to 6,629,822 pounds. New cleaning-machinery was introduced, and owing to a falling off in the American supplies, the exports of Indian cotton rose for a time to 24,000,000 pounds; after suffering a relapse, they again recovered, and since 1831 have gone on increasing, the average for the years 1851—1856 being 166,981,883 pounds. This, however, gives but a faint idea of the actual quantity of cotton produced in the peninsula. The Chinese trade, taken into account, raises the annual exports to 300,000,000 pounds, while the home-consumption is enormous. Not only is cotton made into clothing, but it is used for beds, pillows, cushions, awnings, canopies, ceilings, curtains, carpets, ropes, halters, and padding of every description—in fact, for every purpose to which we apply hemp or wool. It has been calculated that the native manufacturers thus consume not less than 3,000,000,000 pounds of cotton per annum—a calculation speaking volumes for the productive powers of the country.

These powers have not a fair chance of developing themselves. The want of leasehold, copyhold, or freehold tenures prevents the cultivator feeling any interest in the crop he raises. No person can hold a single acre of land by fee-simple, but is liable to be dispossessed directly he fails to meet all demands of his landlord—the government. These demands, in the shape of land-tax, vary according to circumstances; they amount, on the average, to 20 per cent. of the value of the total yield of the land, but in some cases reach even to 75 per cent., leaving the ryot barely enough for his subsistence. With so little to encourage him, it is no wonder that Indian cotton is so carelessly cultivated and prepared for the market that it cannot compete with the clean staples of America, one-fourth of it consisting of sand, dirt, leaves, and other extraneous matter. When the process called 'cleaning' is going on, the cotton is left exposed to the dews of night, and carefully turned over once or twice, that it may absorb them as freely as possible; the good and bad is then mixed intimately together, and a sprinkling of seed added to each bale. This disgraceful system does not end here, for after the cotton is fairly shipped, the boatmen purloin it, and make up the deficiency in weight by saturating each bale with salt water!

One great difficulty in the way of the cotton culture of India, is the want of water; but the noble rivers afford ample means for a perfect system of irrigation, if the work was undertaken earnestly and energetically. The Mohammedan conquerors of the country have left behind them lasting proofs of the spirit with which they laboured to supply this great desideratum. The East India Company are certainly chargeable with neglect in this matter: till the latter days of their rule, not only were new works not constructed, but even those already existing were suffered to decay. And yet no public works ever proved more profitable to a government. Thirty-nine constructed in the presidency of Madras at an expenditure of

L.54,000 brought an increase in the revenue, amounting to L.415,500; indeed, all such investments fully justified the outlay, the average increase in the production of the soil consequent upon artificial irrigation being at the rate of 300 per cent.

But, supposing all other difficulties removed, before India can take her proper rank as a cotton-producing country, it will be necessary to open fresh communications between the interior and the coast. The only good roads, or at least the majority of them, have been constructed for military purposes, and run north and south, whereas, for commercial purposes, they should run from east to west. The existing roads are up and down hill, and inclined at all angles; one wheel of a vehicle being twelve or eighteen inches higher than the other, or both are buried so deeply in the ruts as scarcely to allow of the axle passing over the main road. Convenient harbours are equally scarce. At Broach, 'the bales are first rolled down the bank to the verge of the mud, into which they sometimes plunge from the impetuosity of their descent. Each bale is placed on the shoulders of six men, who stagger under it up to their waists, or at least their knees, to the boat.' Such, we are assured, is a fair picture of the usual provision for the shipment of the produce of Hindustan. Even in Bombay itself, there is not decent dock accommodation. Unfortunately, the state of the Indian exchequer gives little hope of the government being able to do much for removing these various obstacles to the development of the resources of our magnificent Eastern empire; it remains to be seen whether private capital and enterprise will be encouraged to attempt the task.

At a fortnight's steaming distance from Liverpool, Great Britain possesses the beautiful islands of Jamaica, Barbadoes, Dominica, and their satellites, which in 1786 supplied one-third of the raw material for her cotton manufactures. The famous sea-island cotton is indigenous to the West India Islands, and takes its botanical name (*Gossypium Barbadense*) from one of them. At the commencement of the present century, cotton stood second in importance among the exports of Jamaica, sugar ranking first; and at that time, no less than five different sorts were cultivated there—namely, the Sea-island, Brown-bearded, Nankeen, French, and Brazilian. From 1801, the production declined, till it did not amount to a tenth part of the yield in that year. Misgovernment, protection, and want of enterprise had no little to do with this sad falling off, but the chief cause was the difficulty of obtaining cheap labour after the extinction of slavery. Since that period, the planters have had to depend upon the Creole and Portuguese settlers, and the coolie immigrants. The latter are engaged for five years; and at the expiration of their term, are entitled to a free passage home. By working moderately, they soon become independent, and avail themselves of the terms of the contract to return to India. A body of 315 coolies have been known to take home with them five thousand pounds in hard cash, besides a large amount of wealth in the shape of armlets and rings. The recent treaty with China promises, if some of the colonial restrictions are removed, to provide these fertile isles with the labour so much needed; while the incubus of debt weighing down the planters will soon cease to exercise its malevolent influence, if Jamaica and Barbadoes follow the example of Tobago, St Vincent, and the larger islands, by putting the Encumbered Estates Act into operation. There are no less than six million acres of alluvial soil suitable for the cultivation of cotton in the West Indies and British Guiana; and if a sufficient number of coolies can be induced to bring their labour to the market, we may rest satisfied with the people of Demerara that 'British energy, British capital, and British pluck will accomplish all the rest.'

The French government, duly impressed with the importance of encouraging the planters of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Guiana, to grow cotton—of which they now produce about three millions of pounds per annum—has not only repealed the import-duty, and offered prizes for the best specimens, but in some instances has even remitted five years' taxation to those engaged in raising the desired staple. Dutch Guiana occasionally sends England a small quantity of Surinam cotton. Cuba is also a producer, but to such a limited extent, that the total amount exported in the three years ending in 1855 only amounted to 187,896 pounds.

The hopes of those interested in 'fresh fields and pastures new' may find encouragement in the reflection, that it is only seventy-six years since seventy-one bags of cotton, shipped from America to England, were seized by the custom-house authorities at Liverpool, on the ground, that that continent could not produce so much! Two kinds are grown in the United States. The upland cotton, which forms the large proportion of the crop, is a short staple, and with such difficulty separated from the seed, that while that operation was performed by hand, the yield was inconsiderable; but after the introduction, in 1793, of Eli Whitney's machine—by which three cwts. were cleansed in a day instead of one pound, as by the old process—the production increased with extraordinary rapidity. The sowing, if the weather be favourable, begins in March or April. The ground is well ploughed, and cast into ridges, along the centre of which the seed is sown in holes from fifteen to eighteen inches apart, several seeds being placed in each hole. In five or six days, the plants appear above ground; and as soon as they can boast the possession of three leaves, undergo thinning—an operation repeated later in the season, when only a single plant is left in each hole, and that is topped for an inch or two, to promote the development of the side branches. Blooming takes place about seventy days after the planting, and the earlier the bloom appears, the larger is the crop, which depends upon the longer or shorter period intervening between the spring and autumn frosts. When the cotton is ripe, it is gathered by women and children; it is then separated from the seed and cleansed, and afterwards packed into bales for the market. Sea-island cotton, the finest imported into England, is raised on the small sandy islands, and along the low shores of South Carolina and Virginia. It is long in the staple, silky in texture, and easily separable by means of rollers driven by horse, water, or steam power. Its growth, however, seems dependent upon the presence of certain saline constituents in the soil and atmosphere, as it only flourishes in the vicinity of the sea; consequently, the supply has for many years been stationary, and forms but a hundredth part of the total crop of cotton raised in the United States.

A hundred and thirty years before the revolution, the English government attempted to force the cultivation of cotton on the planters of Virginia; out of this contest arose the acts which prohibited the receipt or export of any European commodities in other than British-built vessels. In 1786, cotton was raised on the east shores of Chesapeake Bay. The first successful crop of sea-island was grown by Mr Elliot on Hilton Head, Beaufort, in 1790, and fetched 10½d. per pound. In 1806, American cotton was worth from 1s. 3d. to 2s. per pound at Liverpool; in 1820, from 11d. to 1s. 5d.; by 1830, the value had fallen to 7d., and in 1848, actually declined so low as 4¼d., since which it has gradually risen; in 1857, the market value being a fraction above 9d. per pound—a price leaving a good margin of profit, the cost to the planter being estimated at 3¼d.

The states of Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina are the greatest producers of cotton, their respective yields averaging twenty-three, twenty, nineteen, and twelve millions of pounds. Rather more than six millions of acres are under cultivation in the Southern States, engaging one-fourth of the African population. In regard to fertility, the new states naturally rank first, Texas producing 750 pounds of seed-cotton to the acre; Arkansas, 700; Mississippi, 650; Louisiana, 550; Alabama, 525; Georgia, 500; South Carolina, 320; Tennessee, 300; and Florida, 250—each 1000 pounds of seed-cotton producing from four to five hundred pounds of wool.

The proportion of the American crop taken by Great Britain has decreased since 1851 from 58·72 to 46·74 per cent.; the exportation to the north of Europe having increased, while more has been retained for home-consumption, the latter having risen 4 per cent. in the last seven years. Since 1845, indeed, consumption has been gaining ground upon production; and the process of cultivation having apparently reached perfection, while the want of labour prevents the opening up of fresh ground, it seems probable that the production of cotton in the United States has for some time reached its maximum, furnishing an additional reason for the anxiety of those concerned in the manufacture of cotton fabrics.

American planters would fain have the world believe, that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of Brazil becoming a dangerous competitor with Uncle Sam. The English consul at Bahia, however, reports that on the banks of the St Francisco, an unlimited supply of cotton equal to sea-island may be raised, no rain, frost, or blight coming unseasonably to prevent the fruit attaining maturity, or to hinder its being gathered when ripe. The cultivation is neglected, because, from want of roads, the planter has no means of conveying his produce to the coast; but a railway is now being constructed, which will obviate this difficulty. A greater one lies in the paucity of labour, which has caused the production of cotton to retrograde since the suppression of the external slave-trade. In 1858, Brazil exported 18,617,872 pounds to England. Mexico, Peru, New Granada, and the other republics of South America, are well adapted, so far as climate and soil are concerned, for the cultivation of cotton, but the chronic state of anarchy existing in them precludes any hope of their turning their capabilities to any use.

Previous to the year 1820, sufficient cotton was raised in Egypt to suffice for the wants of the native manufacturers; but it was a cotton peculiar to the country, short in staple, of inferior quality, and possessing a strong odour. In the above-named year, a M. Jumel paid a visit to Maho Bey, ex-governor of Dongola and Sennaar, who cultivated various Ethiopic plants in his garden at Cairo. The Frenchman, struck by the appearance of a cotton-tree of a species with which he was unacquainted, drew all the information he could from his unsuspecting host, and with it a packet of seed. M. Jumel's next step was to offer, upon payment of 20,000 dollars, to disclose to Mehemet Ali a method by which he might increase his revenue. The wily pacha agreed, provided the scheme proved successful. Operations were commenced on a small scale at Matereeyeh, the first-fruits—three bales—being sent to Europe for approval. The judgment proving favourable, cotton plantations were established throughout Lower Egypt. The fellahs objected strenuously to sacrifice their old crops for the new staple, but the scourge and the stick soon brought them round to acquiesce in the notions of their ruler; and by 1823, the exports of Jumel cotton amounted to 4,393,797 pounds, increased by the succeeding year to 32,472,434 pounds. Although the author of this prosperity had succeeded in his undertaking, he could not succeed in making his employer fulfil his promises, and died bankrupt and broken-hearted. The Jumel, or the Maho cotton, as the ungrateful pacha decreed it should be called, gradually drove the inferior native staple out of cultivation. Several sorts of seed were introduced into Egypt; the only kind that attained any success was the sea-island, of which 16,000 bales were exported in 1829; after that year, it deteriorated in quality, and has now all but disappeared from the exports of Egypt, in which cotton figures to the extent of 40,000,000 pounds per annum.

Stimulated by Mehemet Ali's success, the French commenced operations in Algeria, principally with the sea-island cotton. In five years' time, nine thousand acres were under culture; but in 1856 and 1857, a great falling off took place, which would have been greater still but for the bounties offered by the government; the experiment as yet has had but a dubious success, and the same may be said of the attempts to induce the people of Tunis and Morocco to try their fortune. Whatever doubt there may be respecting the cotton-producing capabilities of the north of Africa, there can be none whatever as to those of the interior. From latitude sixteen degrees to the equator, cotton has been cultivated from time immemorial. Not only are the inhabitants clothed in fabrics of their own manufacture, but they actually export cloths to the Brazils. Mr Campbell, consul at Lagos, estimated the exports of the Niger states in 1856 to amount to 72,000,000 pounds; but until the last few years, the natives were unacquainted with the best modes of cleaning and preparing the cotton for the European market, and ignorant of the value of the raw material as an export. Through the exertions of Mr Clegg, the chiefs of the various tribes were enlightened on this head, and several young Africans instructed in England in the preparation of the staple. The chiefs are anxious enough to trade, particularly with those white men 'who have hearts for the black men,' and labour is abundant; the African in his own land working willingly ten hours a day for a wage of fourpence. Dr Livingstone was struck with the waste of cotton in Africa, seeing the trees cut down as nuisances in Angola, and growing luxuriantly in the market-places from seed accidentally dropped on the ground. The Angolan women are universally spinsters, going to the fields laden with pots, hoes, and children, but spinning as they go, using the same implements as were in use in ancient Egypt. Roads to the coast are wanted to facilitate the transport of the produce, as everything has now to be carried upon the heads and shoulders of the natives. The slave-hunting king of Dahomey is the great bar to the development of the resources of Africa; however, he shews signs of hearkening to reason, although he refuses to treat with any but the British government. His majesty offers to give up man-hunting, providing a revenue equal to that which he derives from the sale of his victims be secured to him. The British government has not hesitated to declare it is to Africa we must look for cotton; and therefore every effort will doubtless be made by it to open the country and encourage the cultivation.

Cotton of good quality has been produced at Port Natal, but the dislike of the Caffres to labour presents an insuperable bar to making this colony of much service to Manchester. The numerous groups of islands in the Pacific have soils and climates suited for the cultivation; and in the Navigator's Islands, the cotton-plant is perennial, and assumes the form of a tree from two to twelve feet high, bearing bolls of the size of a goose-egg. Australia likewise is a competitor; and some authorities do not hesitate to say that, with a supply of coolie labour, she could send cotton to Liverpool at a cheaper rate than the United States. In the experiments made at Moreton Bay, the yield of seed-cotton was about one thousand pounds per acre, being 25 per cent. above the Texan product; and the rich alluvial soil upon which the experiment was made extends one hundred miles into the interior, and three hundred along the coast.

Whatever may be the result of the dissensions in America, with so many resources open, we ought not to lack as much cotton as our mills can consume.

LOST!

A PARTING glance round the office, to assure himself all desks, closets, and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk looks up, and prepares for home. With coat buttoned to the throat, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps towards Islington, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him, as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to receive the same answer—'Full.' But Mark makes no trouble of these outdoor inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well-covered tea-table, bright fire, and, best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return. The picture is so pleasant, that he cheerily breaks forth into a line of *Home, sweet home*, as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own trim little domicile.

Mrs Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and has the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

'What a night for you, love!' says the little matron, brushing the rain-drops from his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately; 'and how late you are!'

Edwards looks up at the clock as he struggles out of his dripping coat: 'I am late indeed,' he answers; 'but Mr Pleadwell has started on his trip to the Lakes this afternoon, and there were a great many things to attend to before he went. And look here, Fanny—this packet contains some valuable deeds and securities, which will be called for by the owner in a few days; in the meanwhile, I have to copy one of them, but don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with safety?'

Fanny suggests his desk, but that is the first article a burglar would be likely to meddle with. The wife's cheek pales at the idea of such a visitor, and she considers. 'That old escritoire in the spare bedroom, will not that do?'

Mark still hesitates. 'I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them go out of my own possession, that I am afraid of even that.'

Fanny reminds him that there is a secret drawer in it. 'Don't you remember,' she asks, 'what trouble we had to find it?'

'Ha! the very place!' So his wife carries the candle for him, and the valuable packet is deposited in this hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly scented letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, the which, Fanny laughing and blushing, confesses are Mr Mark Edwards's love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to bear witness against him when he becomes cold and cross.

Perhaps it was a restless night and unpleasant dreams which made the clerk so uneasy—even in the hurry of the next day's work—knowing that he had not visited the escritoire before leaving home in the morning, to ascertain with his own eyes the safety of the papers in his charge. He pooh-poohs the idea as it presents itself, remembering that *one* key is in his own possession, and the other on his wife's housekeeping bunch; but it returns so often, that it is with a feeling of relief that he hears the signal for closing, and feels he is at liberty to return home.

How is it his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits seem depressed, and her eyes look as if they had been clouded with tears.

'Have you had any visitors to-day?' her husband carelessly inquires as he sips his tea.

The hesitating 'No' is so faintly pronounced that the young man, hitherto preoccupied with business, looks up.

'That "No" sounded like "Yes!" Who has been here?'

'Only my brother George,' Fanny answers in a low voice, and Mark, frowning, turns away, and takes up a book.

'My brother George' is his *aversion*, and the torment and trouble of his wife's family; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape than rushing headlong into another, sometimes invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relatives able or willing to assist him. Mark has seriously contemplated forbidding his visits; but then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although *he* knows where his wife's brooch went, and why she wears that old velvet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind by her coming so softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her lips to his forehead, but neither of them say anything, and Mark leisurely prepares for his task of copying. While he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle, and ensconces herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she does so that her 'poor boy' must be bored with this odious writing when he ought to be resting. However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three at a time, to ask, rather angrily, why she has moved his packet without mentioning it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bedroom, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place. The old escritoire stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with, nor was the secret drawer open; and there, undisturbed, lie the love-letters; but the small brown-paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal, is gone!

The husband, suspecting he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.

'Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I cannot produce these papers, I am a ruined man! It would be worse than the loss of money; *that* I might replace, these I cannot. Tell me at once where they are.'

'Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself. They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer.'

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked; hammer and chisel are soon fetched, and the back of the escritoire is knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has not been out of her possession. Has she been out? No. Is she quite sure of that? Quite; besides, as she ventures to remind him, the locks have not been forced, nor is aught else missing, as would have been the case if thieves had entered the house. In uncontrollable agitation, the bewildered young man paces the room, while Fanny, unable to proffer advice, or assist him with any reasonable conjecture, watches him in trembling silence.

Suspicions are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts's brother, and regrets uttered, even in his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr Edwards should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife, and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and yet her voice falters, for she is forced to own that it was the want of money. 'And you told him I had those papers in the house,' Mark cries accusingly. With a crimson face, she angrily denies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Is it likely she would do so? Or if she did, would George, poor foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home? Ridiculous! Impossible!

'Impossible,' Mark retorts, 'without he possessed the key.'

'It has not been out of my pocket,' sobs Fanny.

'Then where,' asks Mark, 'are the missing papers?' Their little servant-maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's own confession, but this young man. Where are the papers?

Receiving for reply a torrent of tears and protestations, he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves to the consequences of this extraordinary loss. Meanwhile, Fanny goes and institutes an unavailing search in every box, and cupboard, and drawer where it could be possible to find such a parcel, although it would puzzle her to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At last she returns to the parlour in despair. The packet must have been stolen. But how? When? By whom? Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at the door announces a visitor, and that visitor proves to be her father.

To him the mysterious affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the papers, or give any clue which might lead to their recovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit, and her half-made endeavour to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affection for her husband, tell all she knows.

But now the father interposes. To tamely hear both his children accused of such a crime, is more than his rather irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter-accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself. Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened by this championship, and she weeps so bitterly, and pleads so earnestly with both, that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself in his chamber. After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up the stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head, and still sits by his side, leaning her head on his shoulder, and feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? And what will become of her, if he persists in believing her guilty?

Equally bewildered, and almost as unhappy as his daughter, Mr Roberts tries to soothe her with promises, not only to seek George, and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's hasty speeches, and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So, at last, Fanny begins to feel more comforted, and to wish her father to leave her; but, tired as he confesses himself, he cannot quit her in such trouble, and they continue to occupy the same position by the fire till night has long given place to morning, and Mr Roberts's eyes close involuntarily.

A footstep overhead startles them. 'It is only Mark,' says Fanny after a moment's listening. 'Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer.'

In the modern six-roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and they hear him enter the chamber where stands the now shattered escritoire. After a short pause, he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his wife raises herself from her reclining position, and smoothes her disordered hair.

As he enters the room, Mr Roberts lays his hand on his daughter's arm. 'Look, child, look!' he whispers; and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love-letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well-filled bookcase, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the *History of England*, which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance; lays the old love-letters quite at the back of all, replaces the odd numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf, carefully putting them even, locks the glass-doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him, snatches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, and wondering, he sees her eager fingers dragging Hume and Smollett from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the hearth-rug and in the fender; the once treasured *Belle Assemblées* are scattered in all directions; the highly prized love-letters receive similar usage; and then, from behind all the rest, Fanny triumphantly takes out the small brown-paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal. Crying and laughing in one breath, the happy little wife is the next moment in her husband's arms, kissing and being kissed *ad libitum*.

Little explanation was needed. The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously rising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding-place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home the preceding evening.

How many times he has asked forgiveness is not recorded, but Fanny is a true woman, quick to resent, but easily appeased; and Mark has taken George and George's affairs in hand so heartily, that the young scapegrace is actually improving, and there is even some hope of Fanny's belief in his total reformation being realised.

BITTERNESS.

We sat among the ripe wheat sheaves;
The western skies were golden red:
We had a book; we turned the leaves;
But not a word we said.

A sudden lull; a thrilling pause;
We seemed at once one thought to have.
We little could divine the cause
That such a moment gave.

A minute that comes once and goes;
That must be snatched at once or lost:
O foolish heart!—but something rose
In me. Our Fate was crossed.

We rose up from the shining sheaf;
We looked back at the setting sun;
We scarcely spoke; we seemed to grieve
The golden day was done.

And on the morrow I was gone,
Who could not speak for paltry fear.
The morrows will go gliding on,
And we find each a bitter one,
Nor meet for many a year.

T. A.

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SECOND-CLASS PASSENGERS.

When more motives than one can be attributed to conduct upon any occasion, the world has clearly made up its mind to select the most obvious, without regard to the chance of its being also the coarsest and least agreeable; and more especially is this evident when anything like a pecuniary element is contained in the question. It hardly avails, therefore, to be at the trouble of placing upon record any plea to the effect, that principles of a subtle and recondite nature really lie at the root of our behaviour. If Brown in the boxes beholds me in the pit, I am simply wasting perhaps valuable time when I endeavour to convince him that I infinitely prefer my seat to the situation he occupies (peradventure by means of a free admission); that I can see the performances very much better; that I am spared the necessity of assuming a ceremonial costume; that the pit has been, time out of mind, the critic's place; and so on. Brown says abruptly: 'Yes—and it's cheaper;' and is content to think that he has pierced through a cloud of specious arguments, and arrived exactly at the matter-of-fact motive of my conduct. So if, while he is enjoying that superb sedative of a cigar, the size of a small rolling-pin, he detects me, in the retirement of my own smoking-room, with a pipe in my hand, he can recognise only one reason for my indulgence in the same bad habit in a less expensive form: and if I journey upon a railway in a second-class carriage, I am only making myself absurd if I presume to explain that I prefer the greater ventilation; that I like a hard seat, or so forth. Brown is satisfied with knowing that I save money by it; and anything further said upon the subject, so far as he is concerned, is clearly surplusage and waste.

Now, I am not going to deprecate this system of ideas. I presume it to be inevitable in a commercial country that all sorts of things should come to be tested by a commercial standard. I don't claim myself to be exempt from often arriving at the same judgment by the same means. I know that we *do* wink at each other, and that somehow we can't help it, when our dear friends assure us of their great admiration for the nutty flavour of South Africa's sherry, and of their preference for it, over the vintage of any other country. I say we wink at this, and cannot for the lives of us forget the marked difference in the market quotations of the wines. I simply desire that the thing should be understood and recognised. I am sure much pain and trouble would be thereby obviated. After this, when I proceed to state that I constantly travel in second-class carriages, it is palpable that I must content myself with stating that fact, and permit the reader, if he will, to agree with Brown as to the motives which induce me to do so. Upon my own shewing, it is vain to struggle against certain conclusions—it is hopeless to parade arguments none will attend to. It must be so, then; I ride in second-class carriages, because the fare is cheaper than that of the first-class.

There are people who walk up and down the platform of the railway station for a long time, before they can make up their minds which of the carriages they will enter. They dodge the guard who unlocks the doors, and hurry past him. They count the number of carriage-lengths they will be from the engine, and from the luggage-van at the end; and enter upon a difficult calculation, given their situation in various parts of the train, as to the effects upon them of a catastrophe. They examine the carriages critically, as with the view of ascertaining their age and powers of endurance in the event of a collision or an upset; but I believe their choice is ultimately determined by the ringing of the bell, and their being forced hurriedly into the nearest seat vacant.

I confess I never bewilder myself in this ingenious manner. I enter anywhere, provided that two persons do not occupy the carriage. Every train carries two persons whom I particularly desire not to meet.

The first is the man who always tells me, 'that the weather is seasonable' or 'unseasonable;' I don't know exactly which, and I'm sure he doesn't, and it never matters. Why does this man go about pronouncing upon the weather in this way? holding an assize upon the seasons? What is it to him, after all? This man may be very excellent in other respects: I am quite prepared to believe that in his capacities of husband, parent, and friend, he is all that can be desired. If he would only let the weather alone! But he won't. He is a good-natured man, with a broad fat face, and a neat oasis of whisker on an ample plain of cheek, clean shaved and white-collared, with a strange infatuation for having everything much too tight for him. His hat is so small for him, that it really looks as though he had had part of his forehead cut away to get it on; and his coat, which, with a determination to inconvenience himself to the uttermost, he *will* button, compresses him so closely that his stoutness obtrudes between button and button in ridges all round him, like the thread of a screw. He sits patting his knees kindly, as though they were the heads of his children, and glances urbanely round to see if any of his co-travellers will encourage him to proceed with his favourite topic. I believe that the proverbial taciturnity of the British traveller is entirely attributable to this man. There is a prevalent dread, that may be morbid in its intensity, but which is founded upon entirely natural causes, that every traveller may be this 'weather' man in disguise. Hence the Englishman in the railway carriage looks out of the window, contemplates the ceiling, studies the floor, or wraps himself in his newspaper—anything rather than give the person sitting opposite to him a chance of talking about seasonableness and unseasonableness; and the formal introduction which Englishmen insist upon having before they will interchange words, is merely a sort of social guarantee that neither of them will talk too much about the weather. For this man, I look carefully about before I enter a railway carriage. If he gets in after me, I get out, and seek a seat elsewhere. In some carriages, I am sure I see him; in others, I suspect his presence journeying *incog.*, and under an assumed name: for he is too much for me this man. I admit that this may in a measure arise from my gross ignorance of his staple subject of conversation; compared to him, I feel that I am an absolute dunce about the weather. I know when it is hot, when cold, when it rains, when it shines; but further than this, I don't busy myself, and I am not prepared to go. This man, however, is informed on the subject: he knows about the moon, and the exact age and state of that luminary, and believes, of course, that it affects the weather. For my part, I don't see why it should, and I don't believe it does, but then I have never studied the matter. He knows the precise quarter from which the wind is blowing, and from which it was blowing last night or yesterday morning, and has strong opinions as to the quarter from which it will be blowing to-morrow and the day after that. I believe that he could even perform that singular nautical feat known as 'boxing the compass,' if he were once thoroughly put upon his mettle; he has theories about hot summers and cold summers, and long and short winters, and droughts and wet seasons; and remembers heavy thunder-storms and sharp frosts, during which I don't know where the thermometer didn't fall to, but when people must have been as nervous about it as one sometimes feels when a bass-singer touches the deepest depth of his compass, and seems to totter on that awful note, doubtful if he will ever be able to rise from it again. I believe him to be the man for whose express reading those newspaper romances are compiled about the shower of frogs, and the preposterous gooseberry, and the man who cut a summer-cabbage from his garden on Christmas-day—'a remarkable instance of the unprecedented clemency of the season.' He is the man who is always provided with goloshes and umbrella on those sudden wet days which catch us unweatherwise-people unprepared, and drench us accordingly; and he enjoys his triumph over us immensely, with a sort of chuckling pity for our poverty of intelligence and ignorance of the great weather question. He is certainly a man to avoid, and one of the people I wish I had never met.

The second man is little more, perhaps, than a variation of the first. He is an older and a thinner man, but equally affable and importunate. He begins by proffering his snuff-box. 'Do you ever do this?' he says, and opens a small coffin full of brown rappee. It is hard to refuse a courtesy of this sort, because the man has evidently quite made up his mind that you will accept, and has indeed set his heart upon it. So, at the risk, perhaps, of making yourself intensely uncomfortable, you choke up your nose under the ridiculous pretext of clearing your head, and then go nearly mad between a passionate longing to sneeze and an imbecile inability to accomplish that effort; and for this troublesome pinch of snuff, you have sold to the man opposite to you the absolute right of persecuting you. He puts away his box, buttons his coat, folds his arms over his buttons, and observes with a malignant deliberation: 'Wonderful thing, sir, steam!'

Now, I have met this man so often—he has made the same remark so often—I have agreed with him so often—that I begin to doubt at last; and I believe I shall end by positively disputing the question with him. If steam be really so wonderful a thing, surely it can afford by this time to rest upon its own merits; it cannot want all this backing-up, and patronising, and pampering. Only this man is an abject impostor. The other fellow did know something about the weather—at least I am willing to believe that he did—but this one knows nothing whatever about *his* topic. He knows that the great marvellous piece of machinery at the head of the train shrieks when it enters tunnels like a frightened child—and pants, and heaves, and puffs during a long run—and snorts angrily when it has to put back—and occasionally emits streaming clouds of steam, at once so white and light, and yet so apparently substantial, that it would seem to be a good material for the fabrication of ladies' ball-dresses. He knows the outside surface notion of steam-power, but nothing about it deeply, or really, or wholly; a sham propounder of a philosophy he does not himself comprehend, though he will stab at every one with his remark in exchange for his gift of rappee. In his lowest form, this being affects a humour of a really disgraceful character; having exhausted his wonder at steam, and wrung from every one their wonder, and exhausted *that*, he goes on to make-believe that the train is drawn by horses, and tells the guard to 'drive on,' and 'hit 'em up;' and when we pause at stations, declares that we do so 'to water the nags;' and so on. The reader will perceive the lively vein of facetiæ open to a creature who will be funny in this way, and thus insult the understandings of a carriageful of travellers. Why cannot he let steam alone? Why can't the other man let the weather alone? though positively I begin to think that the weather-man is the preferable companion of the two.

Well, I avoid these gentlemen, and I go on to other parts of the train where they are not. I find a carriage, the only tenant of which is an elderly lady in black silk, with black velvet on her forehead, and black curls in her eyes, her loosely black-gloved hands tightly clutching her ample umbrella. I recognise her at once—she is quite harmless. There is another old lady very like her, only much calmer and severer, who wears mittens, and puts on silver-rimmed spectacles, and then with a mild air presents all her co-travellers with a fierce denunciatory tract. I admit I am rather afraid of *that* elderly lady. The other elderly lady I have no objection to whatever, and I therefore enter the carriage in which she is sitting. She glances at me in a scared way, and then abruptly jerks her head from me. She is the elderly lady doomed by an inexorable fate to travel on railways, and who, notwithstanding, has never been able to overcome her extreme objections to that mode of conveyance. She is in a state of acute panic during the whole period of her occupancy of the carriage; she is suffering a perfect nightmare of fear—a phantasmagoria of railway horrors passes before her during her journey. She never speaks: I think fright has made her nearly speechless. Occasionally, she looks round her with terrified eyes, and compressed lips; her black curls tremble as the train oscillates, and she clutches her umbrella with the vigour of despair. There is no pacifying her; no amount of argument or expostulation would remove her alarms: they are too deep seated to be reached. She has made up her mind to a railway accident, and has in anticipation suffered its worst results a hundred times over.

The train moves on. We pass acres of house-tops—we hurry through many cubic feet of bad smells—much *déshabillé* in respect to back-gardens is revealed to us—squalor and rags, and brimming gutters and doubtful drainage, and children very happy, and comfortable, and numerous, notwithstanding these disadvantages, nursing smaller children, or playing with battle-doors or whipping-tops, and each other's legs. Then out among the marshes and the cabbage-fields, and the common with the white clothes ballooning about. Then trees at last—plenty of them—and a little brook so clear, the pebbles shine like jewels at its bed, and it reflects the blue sky with a mirror's fidelity and brilliance, and is dense black in its shade, where the shrubs gather round it, and bend over, and try to hide it from the light, and keep it cool. Now we pass groups of pretty white villas, looking so spick and span, crisp and trim, and so small from the distance, that they seem like children's toys—the little Gothic churches, with their neat pointed spires, seeming extra-pretty toys for especially good children; then the hills cross-barred with hedges, and with yellow freckles on them, which are the sheep browsing placidly after their manner; and we pause at so comfortable a station, so decked with rosebuds, and with the gravel-walks of its adjoining garden so smooth and spruce, and with such a dexterous edging of shells and white stones, that I begin to think the station-master must have rather an easy time of it, and to wish that I were he.

Of course, the sight of the pleasant country we had passed through had in no way pacified the elderly lady, my fellow-traveller; nothing could do that short of safe arrival at her own house again, and sitting down once more on her own sofa, miles away from the railway. We had more passengers now—a corporal and private of the 900th Regiment of Foot (Royal Cheshire). They were equipped as for a journey—heavy-marching order, I suppose, would be the correct term. They had haversacks and knapsacks, and carried their muskets. It seemed to me that these military travellers rather excited the further alarm of the elderly lady than appeased it; perhaps adding to her contemplations the terrors of war, and combining them with the horrors of railway accident.

The corporal was evidently a cheerful man. He took off his shako, and wiped his forehead; he fell to examining certain documents; he then produced a short pipe, and looked at me significantly. I nodded: he understood me. He turned to the elderly lady, waving his pipe elegantly before her. 'Object to smoking, mum?'

The elderly lady gave a wild glare, clutched her umbrella convulsively, and murmured inarticulately. It seemed to me that she purposed to convey that they might do what they listed, so long as they spared her life. The corporal understood acquiescence.

'You may light up, Mike, if you like,' he said to his companion.

Mike was a short, savage-looking man, with eyebrows that joined in a tuft over a coarse upturned nose. He had wild black eyes, and a very dark complexion, covered with still darker freckles. He took no apparent notice of the corporal's remark.

'He's a "Connut" man, he is,' said the corporal to me, pointing with his pipe to his companion, as though he were shewing me a specimen in a museum. The 'Connut' man did not manifest the slightest interest in the proceeding.

'I'm Shropshire myself,' the corporal continued; 'born at Wellington, I was. What's your county, sir, if I may ask?'

I informed him, whether rightly or wrongly, I hardly know now; I had not been in the habit of laying stress upon such matters, or keeping them constantly before me, as it seemed to be the corporal's plan to do. However, he was satisfied with my answer; and all our counties being stated and settled, there seemed to be no further ceremonial of introduction necessary, and we fell to talking generally; that is, the corporal and I did. The 'Connut' man confined himself to frowning severely at the elderly lady, as though she had injured him in some unaccountable way. The corporal was shrewd and pleasant, with a sort of rigid freedom of limb about him which I have observed in the military, who acquire by their drill a muscularity which can only be in a measure confined by the general tightness and discomfort of their clothes. He was attired in the dirty red with the dirty buff-facings, and the pipe-clayed cross-belts peculiar to the regiments of the line.

'Yes,' said the corporal, in answer to some inquiry of mine, 'a little job on, after a deserter;' and he produced a pair of glittering handcuffs.

There is something fearful about the look of handcuffs, and the sharp click with which they fasten round the wrists. I looked at them curiously, for I had never before enjoyed so near an inspection. They seemed to me strangely suggestive of felony, and prisoners' bars, and convicts' cells. I had a fancy at one time for putting them on, but I confess I shrunk from doing so after the feel of the cold metal round one wrist.

'Yes, a pretty thing is a 'andcuff,' quoth the corporal; 'neat and pretty I say, and a fellow can't easily get his 'ands away again, neither. *Darbies* they calls 'em sometimes, but I don't know why. Yes, me and Mike's after him; and we know where to find him, don't we, Mike?'

But Mike made no reply. He was a short man, and by sitting far on the seat, could swing his feet about without touching the floor. He was amusing himself by thus doing, staring meanwhile at the panic-stricken elderly lady.

'Yes,' the corporal went on, 'it's a great pity, but it can't be helped. I'm very sorry about it myself. And it isn't as if he was a skulker, because he isn't. A good soldier, that's what he is; and he'd have been doing very well by this time if it hadn't have been for himself. A good soldier. Me and him was in the trenches at Sebasto*pole*, and eat our Chrismas-dinner together, such as it were—a lump of snow and a pipe—that's all we had. He'd have been all right but for this;' and the corporal pantomimed drinking: 'he gets the grog aboard, and then, as you may say, it's *u p* with him; he loses his 'ed. He's done it before, you know. Twice the men have found him, and watched him, and brought him back, and the thing wasn't known hardly. He gets crying and melancholy that much, that he says suddenly, says he: "I'll go home and see how old mother is!" and off he goes straight to his mother's, without another word. She lives out Portsmouth-way, you know; they've had to find him there before, and bring him back. The old lady's a rum sort. She's very glad to see him first of all, and thinks it's all right, and makes much of him; then, when she finds it all out, she fires up like, does the old lady. She's a very respectable woman—a widder woman—takes in washing and that. "Go back," says she, "you scoundrel; I hate a runaway!"

That's what she says. Poor old Joe Piper, he'll get it this time, and no mistake—court-martial and that—and there's been so many runaways of late; and they won't hear talk of previous good conduct now. It's a bad job for Joe. Mike, old man, we might go and look up Tom Bowerbank at Portsmouth, and see how *he*'s getting on.'

The 'Connut' man turned and frowned what might have been an assent or a threat, or indeed anything; as a companion, the 'Connut' man was certainly as deficient and undesirable as one could well imagine. The strange moroseness of his manner struck me so forcibly, that I could not help looking interrogatively towards the corporal.

'*He*'s all right!' he said in a low whisper. 'It's a way he's got, that's all; one of the smartest soldiers in the depôt is Mike.'

He might have been a smart soldier, but he certainly did not appear to be a very agreeable man.

We had other passengers soon. A gentleman in the commercial interest travelled with us a short stage, and incommoded everybody's legs by the number of his boxes held together by a strap. I imagine them to have contained specimens of the articles in regard to which he sought orders. He was a large man, and had the largest whiskers I think I ever saw. He was proud of these, and nursed, and coaxed, and twisted, and pulled them out; it might be to shew the diamond-ring on his finger, but hardly, I should think, to exhibit his nails, for they did not bear close inspection. He despised us all, I fancied, by his manner, for our want of connection with commerce—hummed tunes and whistled, notwithstanding Mike's defiant glare at him, and quitted us when the train stopped again, distressing our legs anew by the abrupt removal of his boxes. We had a navigator in then, who had been repairing the roadway somewhere, a rough brawny gentleman in a red night-cap. He had a sturdy way of chopping on the floor with a very sharp spade, which made one feel nervous about the safety of one's feet. I think the 'Connut' man was making up his mind, whether it would or not be a dereliction of military duty and smart soldiership if he were to offer to fight the 'navvy' then and there, when he suddenly struck up an acquaintance with the corporal, after a satisfactory, mutual interrogation as to counties, upon the strength of their both being acquainted with one Bill Somebody, a Dorsetshire man. To this hour, I have not been able to satisfy myself as to whether the corporal really knew Bill Somebody, or whether he was merely affecting to do so out of his undeniable cheerfulness and sociability. After this, Mike abandoned the subject of the fight, though he had moistened the palms of his hands in a scientific way, to be prepared for an emergency or any sudden call that might be made upon his combativeness.

After this, we had another passenger, a short stout man with a scarlet face, and a purple plush waistcoat. He was panting for breath, and seemed to be almost steaming, he was so hot. The lady looked towards him with an agonised air; surely there had been an accident or something horrid.

'Had a run for it?' the corporal inquired cheerily, wondering, perhaps, mentally, as to the county of the new-comer.

'I never saw such a thing in all my life,' gasped the man in the plush waistcoat.

'An accident!' the lady looked.

'A fight!' Mike looked. They neither spoke.

'I never did, no, never. There—though at one time it bade fair to be the nearest thing I ever see—near as a toucher. There, nearer by a good bit.'

We all turned to plush waistcoat. What did he mean? What was all that excitement about? Was the man mad?

'I'd have laid any money upon Pawkins. I'd have bet a crown-piece—there—that Pawkins would have won.'

He gesticulated violently, and the perspiration trickled down his face. Won what? Who was Pawkins?

'Never saw anything like it, never. Couldn't have thought it possible! I'd have backed him to any amount.'

Curiosity was surging up into exasperation. The 'Connut' man was seriously affected; at one time, I thought he would have fallen upon plush waistcoat, and despatched him straight. Still, he went on about Pawkins, and his not winning, and how he would have backed him to any amount.

It was no longer to be borne.

'Tell us all about it.' I think even the lady joined in this entreaty; I know Mike did, though he fell to kicking about his feet afterwards, as though to conceal his having spoken.

'Well, you see,' said the plush waistcoat, rather quieted, now he had formally to relate the cause of his excitement—'I've been up at the *Admiral Sceppd*, the public yonder, and there's been a match on—sparrer-shooting; and Pawkins made splendid play at first—splendid he did; blazed away, and brought down all his birds, and I'd have backed him to win to any amount. Well, when his turn came again, blessed if he didn't go all wrong; never saw such a thing, forgot hisself, didn't know where he was, banged away anyhow, missed everything, and was beat—dead. Never saw such a thing in all my life; and I'd have laid any money upon Pawkins.'

I fancy we were of opinion, all of us, even to Mike, that the excitement was rather in excess of the cause.

And now we stop at my station, and I say good-morning, and so an end of the corporal, and the Connut' man, and Joe Piper, and Pawkins. The elderly lady, I know, I shall meet again, and I fear also the 'weather' man and the 'steam' man among future fellow second-class passengers—unless I exercise great caution in the selection of my carriage.

HOW THE MONEY WEARS.

Of the way in which money 'burns a hole in the pocket,' it is unnecessary to speak; but there is a more imperceptible vanishing than this, of which none of us are aware of while it is going on, and which can only be detected by cumulative results. Whenever one coin rubs against another, a small portion of metal leaves each; we can never find, in our pockets, purses, or hands the minute fragments thus abraded, but *there they are*, whether we can see them or not. They do wear away, and they will wear, though the action is too slow to attract our notice. It is not an important point in our everyday-life. A pound is a pound, a shilling is a shilling, so long as it will pass for a pound's worth or shilling's worth; nor does it matter to us whether the coin, when we part with it, weighs a few grains less than when we obtained it. But when the Bank of England, as is the case now and then, finds it expedient to weigh all the gold taken over its counter, and to deduct something for the sin of 'light gold,' then we obtain an idea of the practical depreciation of the rubbing process.

The first occasion on which the attention of the Bank authorities was directed to this subject appears to have been in 1787. The silver coins were then in a wretched state, battered, crooked, thin, and their devices almost illegible. Taking some of the specimens at random, it was found that one troy pound of shillings required 78 to turn the balance, whereas a pound of new shillings numbered only 62. A pound weight of sixpences, in a similar way, required 194 instead of 124—thus shewing how very large a quantity of silver had gone, somewhere or other, from each coin. The loss in the sixpences was greater than in the shillings, partly because those coins were thinner, and because they changed hands more frequently in the operations of retail commerce. The crowns and half-crowns, being less in use, had suffered less; the former had lost, on an average, about 1 in 30, and the latter 1 in 14; whereas the shillings had lost weight in the ratio of 1 in 5, and the sixpences 1 in 3. The coins were allowed to run their usual course, changing hands in the wonderfully rapid way which English commerce illustrates, for a further period of eleven years. Large quantities, taken promiscuously, were weighed in 1798. It was now found that the shillings had suffered in the usual way from this hard work; 83 of them were needed to make up a troy pound, instead of 78, as at the former weighing; while 201 sixpences were required, instead of 194. The crowns and half-crowns had also suffered, though in a smaller degree. Taking into account the whole amount of diminution since the first issue of the bright new coins, it was found that the crowns had, on an average, lost 3 per cent. of their weight, the half-crowns 10 per cent., the shillings 24 per cent., and the sixpences 38 per cent.

It must not be inferred that the whole of this loss was due to legitimate wear and tear; in fact, the Bank directors knew that it was not; and one of the objects they had in view was, to determine in how large a degree they and the people were robbed by knavery. Such things are not so much done now; but in those days the current coin of the realm was clipped and 'sweated' in an audacious way. It was punched through the middle, scraped round the edge, and otherwise shorn of its proper dimensions and value. There were many reasons for wishing to know how much of the lessening in weight was due to such causes, and how much to legitimate wear and tear. A committee was appointed by the Privy Council, 'to take into consideration the state of the coins of this kingdom; having, among other circumstances, remarked the considerable loss which the gold coin appears to have sustained by wear within certain periods; and being desirous to ascertain whether this loss was occasioned by any defect, either in the quality of the standard gold, or in the figure or impression of the coins.' The committee, whose labours were confined to the gold coinage only, invited the co-operation of Mr Cavendish and Mr Hatchett, two distinguished fellows of the Royal Society; and those *savants* were engaged on the inquiry from 1798 to 1801.

The first problem undertaken for solution was this—Does very soft and ductile gold, or gold made as hard as is compatible with the processes of coining, suffer the most by wear, under the various circumstances of friction to which coin is subjected in the course of circulation? The two philosophers prepared a very large series of alloys of gold with baser metals. Arsenic, antimony, zinc, cobalt, nickel, manganese, bismuth, lead, tin, iron, platinum, copper, silver—all were tried, combined in various proportions with the precious metal. They next exposed these alloys to all kinds of vicissitudes, to find which bore themselves most bravely. Some of the metals evaporated too much when heated; some were badly coloured; some too brittle; some too soft. The worst of all the alloys were found to be those in which the gold was combined with bismuth, lead, or antimony; while the best of all was that which the united opinions of the governments of Europe had already determined as the most appropriate—namely, a small admixture of silver with the pure gold. The philosophers rubbed away for months, to see which alloy bore the ordeal most unflinchingly. They fixed twenty-eight pieces in a frame, and rubbed them with twenty-eight similar pieces fixed in another frame. This rubbing was continued for the enormous number of *half a million times*, with pieces or discs made of the several kinds of alloy above enumerated. The result was, that standard gold, consisting of twenty-two of pure gold to two of silver, suffered less by the abrasion than any other alloy, and also less than pure gold itself—a satisfactory result, shewing that accumulated experience had taught the right thing to the money-makers. Lest it should have happened that this systematic sort of rubbing failed to imitate the various kinds of friction to which coin is usually exposed, the philosophers resolved to toss about their experimental pieces more indiscriminately. They prepared a box, so adjusted upon a pivot that it could be rotated. Into this box they put forty blanks of pure gold, forty of standard gold, forty in which the alloy was copper, and forty in which the gold was alloyed both with silver and copper—all the pieces having been first carefully weighed. The box was then rotated more than seventy thousand times, causing the pieces to rub against each other in every possible direction. The result confirmed that which had before been arrived at—the standard gold suffered less by the friction than any other combination.

In 1807, the authorities at the Mint, satisfied as to the fitness of the standard, recurred to the subject of wear and tear, and sought to inquire how much the coin had really been depreciated in value during its busy course in the scenes of commerce. One thousand guineas, taken from a banker's, were found on an average to be 19s. per L.100 short in value. Of one hundred guineas obtained from a retail tradesman, the average deficiency was 23s. per L.100. Of six hundred half-guineas, it was 42s.; but on three hundred seven-shilling pieces—a coin very little in use—it was only 17s. per L.100. Mr Jacob, a great authority on all matters relating to the precious metals, was of opinion that the gold coins thus examined had been in average circulation about ten years; and from further considering the proportion which the half-guineas bore to the guineas, and the relative wear of each, he stated his belief that the average *annual* loss of the coins by abrasion, consequent on the usual commercial dealings, was about $\frac{1}{950}$th part of the whole.

Many years elapsed before any further inquiry took place into this curious matter. In 1826, the Mint authorities wished to ascertain how much loss by abrasion had been occasioned in gold and silver coined subsequent to 1816. One odd result of weighing was, that the *dirt* on three hundred pieces of money amounted to 7 grains if the coins were half-sovereigns; to 22 grains, if they were half-crowns; and to intermediate amounts if other coins were experimented on. It was next found that gold coined in 1817 had lost about 5s. per cent. on an average of sovereigns and half-sovereigns; while that coined in 1825 had suffered an average loss of 2s. per cent. Mr Jacob, commenting on these results, expressed a belief that the coins had been in use about two years and a half on the average, and that they indicated a wear of $\frac{1}{800}$th part per annum. This was a greater ratio than that ($\frac{1}{950}$th) which he had before observed; but he accounted for it thus—that the annual average wear for two years and a half is greater than that for ten years; because it has been found that sovereigns lose more in the first than in any subsequent year, probably on account of the numerous sharp projecting points of the device. The shillings had lost from 5s. to 46s. per cent. in value, according as they had been one year or ten years in circulation. The sixpences had lost more than this, the half-crowns less. Mr Jacob, not choosing to be beaten by the complexity of the subject, examined all the results which had been obtained on all the coins, and in all the years; and he arrived at a conclusion that, under the usual conditions of English commerce, *silver* coins depreciate $\frac{1}{200}$th part every year; that is, four or five times as much as *gold* coins. Some persons believe the loss to be still higher, but Mr Jacob was very careful in his calculations. All agree that silver coins wear more than gold, because the same degree of friction will produce a greater diminution in weight, and because silver coins are more incessantly in circulation than those of gold.

Nothing further, so far as we are aware, occurred in relation to this subject until the year 1859, when, in accordance with a wish expressed by the governor of the Bank of England, Mr W. Miller, first-assistant cashier, and Mr J. Miller of the Gold Weighing Office, made an investigation into the condition of the gold and silver coinage, so far as concerned loss of weight by wear and tear. In order to test this matter carefully, it was considered desirable to select coins issued in a particular year, that each year's work of destruction might be duly measured. Mr J. Miller collected, from parcels sent to the Bank on different days and from different places, one hundred sovereigns of the date 1820, all of which had therefore been knocking about the world for nearly forty years; he found the loss of weight by rubbing, estimated in money, to be L.1, 6s. 7d.—somewhat more than threepence per sovereign on an average. Mr W. Miller made a very elaborate series of experiments on two kinds of gold coin, and three of silver. He collected a large number coined between the years 1817 and 1825, and considered that 1822 would present about the average date of the whole. They had thus been in use somewhat more than thirty-six years. Then he determined how much weight of each denomination of coin was equivalent to L.100 at the time of coining, and how much weight was equivalent to the same sum in 1859, from whence he easily deduced the amount of loss. The reader would not thank us for overloading the page with figures; but there is a mode of stating the matter which will appeal to the eye and the judgment at once. Mr Miller said, in effect: 'These coins have been playing their part in commerce during a period of thirty-six years; if they continued wearing at the same rate for a whole century, how much would they lose in value?' He answered his own problem thus: L.100 worth of sovereigns would lose about L.3, 10s. in value and weight; of half-sovereigns, L.6, 12s.; of half-crowns, L.13, 12s.; of shillings, L.36, 14s.; and of sixpences, L.50, 19s.—that is to say, these last would be a little less than half their proper weight, after passing from hand to hand for a hundred years.

In a letter addressed by Mr W. Miller to the deputy-governor of the Bank towards the close of 1859, the following interesting remarks occur touching the coinage generally: 'Sovereigns issued from the Mint in different reigns, or at different times, do not wear equally well. They wear more or less, according to the difference in the alloy, in the impression, or in the temper of the metal. The sovereigns of George III. were much better than those of subsequent reigns, from their being alloyed with silver [without any copper?] When the impression is simple, without many minute prominences, which soon rub off, the coin wears much better. The milling, too, round the rim, loses much by wear; a plain rim, with letters round it, would wear better. If the metal of a coinage should happen to be more soft or brittle than usual, the coins would not wear so well. The first coinage of a new reign will, after a long period, be found in better condition than one of two or three years subsequent, from the fact of many coins of the former being hoarded as curiosities. The wear of the coin depends on the manner in which it is used in circulation. A sovereign passed at the west end of London meets with better usage in such shops as jewellers' or milliners', than it does when rung with a strong arm on the counter of a potato-salesman, where it would be rubbed by the sand. In commercial towns, the coin becomes light sooner than in other places, not only from its greater circulation, but in consequence of the rough usage it undergoes in being so often thrown into bankers' scales and drawers. During a time of great commercial activity, as the coin would be used more, of course its wear would be greater than at other times. It is probable that the coin issued during the last ten years has become light more quickly than that issued in the preceding ten years, and it might perhaps be found that our coin becomes light more rapidly than the coin of other countries. I do not know whether the old process of sweating the coin by shaking it in a bag be ever practised now; but we have constant evidence of the sovereigns being reduced by acid, and also by being filed in many ingenious ways.'

This is how the money wears!

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE LION TAMER.

The personal aspect of the Lion Tamer of Central Africa was certainly impressive in a very high degree. His actual height could scarcely have been less than six feet two, while it was artificially raised by a circlet of eagle feathers set in a coronet, which the majority of enraptured beholders believed to be constructed of virgin-gold. A leopard-skin, worn somewhat after the manner of a Scotch plaid, set off a jerkin of green leather, while his legs were encased in a pair of huge jack-boots. Such was the costume in which Tickerocandua's proprietors would have it supposed that he pursued the King of Beasts in the arid plains of his native land, armed only with an ordinary-looking carter's whip, which he carried, however, with an air as though it had been the sceptre of Timbuctoo.

He was undeniably a magnificent-looking fellow, to whom not even the luxuriant tresses which were swept back from his forehead in the style *Acrobatique*, could impart a touch of effeminacy; and as he trod the floor with abstracted air, he looked every inch as much a king as any playactor, and, it is probable, a vast deal more so than any actual occupant of a throne. Gazing neither to the right hand nor to the left, he gravely approached the cage where the lions were awaiting him, by no means as though he were an article of consumption, especially decorated for their table (as would have been *my* feeling, or yours, brave reader, in such a case), but rather as though he had 'a crow to pick,' as the expression runs, with one of them—an account which it distressed him, as their ruler and natural protector, to have to settle. In execution of this painful duty, therefore, as soon as he had deliberately opened the cage-door, just wide enough to admit himself, and bolted it on the inside, he applied his whip with considerable energy to that monarch of the desert who happened to be making the greatest roaring of the seven; then seizing him by a great handful of mane, he forced him to stand upon his hind legs, and rest his massive forepaws upon his own breast, in which position he stood for a minute or two, the lion looking straight into his face with the eye of an epicure regarding his first morsel, and Tickerocandua looking at the lion as though he would like to see him at it. Then disentangling himself of the King of Beasts by the simple process of throwing him backwards, he took up an exceedingly small wooden hoop, and requested, in ceremonious dumb show—as though he were conferring the Order of the Garter upon some distinguished courtier—that the largest quadruped there present should leap through it without the previous precaution (which seemed absolutely necessary) of taking off his head and shoulders; the thing appeared only one degree less preposterous than a request that the camel over the way should attempt the eye of a needle; but at the second crack of the whip, and after a single groan of remonstrance from the lion, the creature darted through it, fitting it closely indeed as a bullet its barrel, but with all that shaggy amplitude of mane shrunk down to nothing—laid back like the ears of a vicious horse on the one side of the hoop, and reasserting itself on the other like the quills of an exceedingly fretful porcupine.

In addition to this example of what the professional lion hunter (as well as the lion) has to go through in Central Africa, Tickerocandua now inserted a couple of ridiculously narrow shelves in the back of the cage for the accommodation of a pair of lionesses; and arranging the remaining five animals in the form of a sleeping-couch, he reclined upon them in a luxurious attitude, while those dangerous-looking cherubs watched over him from their exalted position. Finally, having received a carbine from the hands of Mr Mopes, and compelled the whole of the animals to leap many times over his head and shoulders at full gallop, he drove the seven into a corner, snarling and growling, and discharged among them, from his deadly weapon, a penny-worth of powder—a ceremony which concluded the representation of the method of conducting lion-hunts.

During the whole of this spectacle Dick was transported with delight; he had never imagined such a mastery over the fierce creatures he had so often admired and dreaded was attainable, and he looked upon him who had achieved it, as the bravest, and perhaps the best of men. There was so undisguised an expression of worship in his countenance, that Tickerocandua himself, accustomed as he was to the incense of public adoration, bowed to the lad in a stately manner as he passed through the crowd; and when he reached his caravan, and felt Dick's hand laid reverently upon his tiger-skin, he observed, in a voice less regal than might have been expected, and even a little thick, 'Well, what is it, young un? Would you like to make your living among wild beasteses like me?'

Dick replied respectfully that such was not only his wish, but his settled intention.

'Why, bless my liver,' replied Tickerocandua, whose name, in private life, by the by, was Robinson, and whose knowledge of Central Africa was derived from oral tradition rather than from personal experience, or from books, 'Why, bless my liver, I never seed a young fellow of your age bit so—never! Boys, ay, and sometimes gals too, I *have* seen bit; but a young man like you—— Lord love you, go away home to your mother, do, for the hexhibition's closing!'

'I am going to belong to your company,' returned Dick earnestly. 'I have got a letter from Mr Trimming, who used to have the show, or at least from Mrs Trimming, to Mr Tredgold, to ask him to take me on here.'

'Eh, what? Mrs Trimming!' ejaculated the Beast-tamer; 'a young ooman with dark hair and eyes, as was Lion Queen here for a little time, only nothing would ever induce her to go in among the hanimals, and her name is Lucidora?'

'Ay, that's her,' replied Dick.

'Come up along with me then,' returned Tickerocandua, as he led the way up the steps of the caravan; 'we have plenty of time for a little chat together about old friends, for master and missus are at supper at present, and hates to be disturbed over their wittles as much as the beasteses.'

The caravan was of polished deal, and consisted of three apartments—one devoted to the Lion Hunter of Central Africa, one to the Earthwoman and her consort, and one to the purposes of a common sitting-room. The privacy of each apartment, however, was not so great as these arrangements implied, the partitions being by no means sound-proof; and, indeed, throughout the subsequent conversation which was held in Tickerocandua's sleeping-apartment, the words Woggadaboo and Wiggidy made themselves distinctly heard through the single plank which intervened between Dick and his new friend and the two aborigines from the Mountains of the Moon. The convenience, however, if not the seclusion of the arrangements, was undeniable; the furniture was good if not plentiful; while every article of it had some use beside that which its outward appearance indicated. Not only was 'the bed by night a chest-of-drawers by day,' but one of the chairs hung down perpendicularly from the wall, until it was wanted, and the other turned over (sometimes when it was *not* wanted) and became a washing-stand. There were little cupboards, too, like rabbit-hutches, for the keeping of all sorts of properties, hanging round the room in default of pictures, and one of them was the cellar, wherefrom Tickerocandua produced a bottle of spirits, and drank Dick's health out of it straightway, without the intervention of a glass.

'I always find that's good for me,' exclaimed he, 'whenever I get away from those precious lions.'

To this Dick responded, 'Ah!' merely, like a prudent lad; but he thought within himself, that if the Lion Hunter of Central Africa performed that beneficial ceremony, after each of his representations, and the representations took place every hour, he must get through a good deal of Hollands in the course of the day.

Could it be possible, then, that Tickerocandua stood in need of Dutch courage? That he was acting a part that he was not equal to; and that, when the play was over for the time, such a stimulant was necessary to recover him from subsequent reaction? As Tickerocandua took off his crown of eagle feathers, and passed his hand over his brow, with something like a sigh, it seemed to the lad that such indeed might be the case. The tone of the Beast-tamer, however, was blithe and jovial enough, as he asked after his old acquaintance, Richard Trimming—just such a careless self-congratulatory tone, in short, as that in which men usually do ask after one who has been a boon-companion to them for some little way on the road of life, but since then, it is likely, may have taken a wrong turning.

'Well,' answered the lad laughing, 'he lives by photography, just at present.'

'I was afraid that 'ud be it,' observed the other gravely, 'and I'm sorry for it. An honest livelihood is the best, be it ever so hard a one.'

'Oh, it's honest enough,' explained Dick hastily, 'as far as that goes; he lives by taking other people's faces, that's all.'

'Dear, dear! so poor Dick has got to that, has he? We always said there was need to hold one's hat on with both hands in his company, and that even then he would be sure to pick one's pockets. Such a clever fellow, too, and not to make anything of his chances after all! Why this ere Travelling Hexhibition must have been worth at least twenty pounds a week to him. There was a yellow-throated Sloth in it at that time as was five hundred pounds to begin with in any man's purse—always a throwing itself upon its back, and requestin' of the public to come on if they dared for a scratch-match: and yet they do say Trimming lost the whole biling of it at three card loo in six months. He was an awful gambler, was Dick; the best card-player, billiard-player, skittle-player, and what not, as was to be looked on; but nothing ever comes of that worth speaking of; it's light come, light go; or else there's somebody else as is always just a point or two beyond you; that's where it is. Did Dick ever tell you how he did the Yankees over the water?'

'He told me some queer things of his own doings, but I don't think he ever told me that,' replied the lad.

'Well, it was in the days of Trimming's luck, and he had some six hundred pounds to the good about him, so what does he do but goes to New York and loses a little of it in the best of the public billiard-rooms, and then by rail and coach to the far West, stopping at every big place to lose some more; and dropping here a little and there a little all the way as though it were a paper-chase, with dollar notes. When he got to Buffalor, or some such wild-beast sort of a name, he had but twelve pounds belonging to him to bring him back to England, and then he began to calkilate that it was about time to think of making his fortune. So he played a little better at Buffalor, and commenced to win instead of lose; and then a good deal better at each of the places at which he had been defeated—"picked up," as the saying is—on his way West. Those who had found him an easy victory before, could scarcely understand how a man's play could so improve in ten days' time, and were riled thereby most uncommon, but of course they had to pay when they lost. When he got back to New York itself, he put the pot on to a very considerable extent, and won a heap of dollars nightly; he told me that he did not get less than a couple of thousand pounds, in all, out of that same room; and he would have made more, only one night an accident happened which might have been rather serious. He perceived, by the behaviour of some of the players, that he had been "blown upon"—got found out, in fact—and by their savage looks and whispers among themselves, that a quarrel was going to be picked with him, after which, as he well knew, he would have to take one of Colonel Colt's lead-pills, or become a sheath for a bowie-knife. He saw he would never be permitted to get clear away from them rooms again, and yet he had every farthing of money he possessed in the world at that moment about his person. He had won three or four hundred dollars already that very evening, and he placed the notes ostentatiously upon the mantel-piece as he went on with his game; then having contrived to cut his hand with the brass rim of a pocket so as to make it bleed, he left the room under pretence of going to wash it, in his shirt-sleeves, indeed, but with a whole skin. He never came back either for his coat or his money, but went right away, and put himself under the protection of the police, until the steamer started for England.'

'And did he get safe home with all the rest he had won?' inquired Dick, who could scarcely reconcile such a fact with the sky-parlour and modest manner of life affected by the gentleman in question, since he had had the advantage of his acquaintance.

'Ay that he did, and lived like a fighting-cock upon it for six months or so, by which time it was all gone and more with it; he was reduced, indeed, so low on that particular occasion, I remember, that he had to take to the Dumby Dodge.'

'The Dumby Dodge?' remarked Dick interrogatively; 'I never heard of that, I think.'

Well, my boy, it's a profession that few people take up with for choice, and until most other trades have failed. You go about to sporting public-houses—them in the dog-line principally—and stick pins into yourself for the gratification of the nobility and gentry; that's what is called the Dumby Dodge—because, I suppose, you don't holler out when they hurt you. Dick Trimming had great natural gifts in that way, and had no more feeling in his arms than if they had been stuffed with saw-dust; while his lips in particular, might have been orange-peel for all that they cared about pins. But he had his tender pints, of course, and suffered accordingly. For my part, I should not like to see it done, a bit better than to make a pincushion of my own carcass, but different persons are differently constituted; and for the matter of that, it 'taint a usual thing to lock one's self up with half-a-dozen lions and lionesses, ten times a-day, for the enjoyment of one's fellow-creatures.'

'That's true,' returned Dick, 'I never expected to see you come out of that cage alive to-day.'

'Well, I've done that same trick,' remarked Tickerocandus coolly, and entering a figure in his note-book, 'exactly three thousand times in the last four years; I keep account of it, so that when my time does come, my successor may know exactly what he has to look to. Except Newcomo, the lion-tamer belonging to Edmonds' concern, that was Wombwell's—and is the largest hexhibition as travels, for all what our advertising-bill says—I gives in to no man for pluck and steadiness; but it's a bad trade—a dangerous game, young man'—(here Mr Robinson took another pull at the gin-bottle, as if to conceal a passing shudder)—'and I should never advise you, nor nobody else, to take to it, if half the money, ay, or a quarter of it, is to be made by other means. The man who was here as lion-tamer just before me, was a black man, and would have been safe, one would have thought—to look at him—from any animal that hadn't a very depraved happetite, indeed; and yet that ere tigress in the fourth caravan from this'——

'The beautiful creature that is in the same cage with the lion?' interrupted Dick; 'I saw her lying down to rest as soon as she found she was not wanted, and sleeping through all the noise and tumult of the hunt next door, as though she were in her native jungle.'

'Sleeping!' exclaimed Tickerocandus contemptuously, 'that striped devil never sleeps. She does nothing but shut her eyes, and think of human flesh; that's *my* belief. She made but one bite at that poor darkey, it's true, but you might have put your head in the hole a'most.'

'Has that tigress eaten a man, then?' demanded Dick with horror.

'She has *killed* a man, and eaten as much as she could of him,' returned the Beast-tamer. I was telegraphed for from London, and took his place within twenty-four hours afterwards. People ain't picked up in every town that'll accept such appointments as this, you see, and particularly after these little accidents. I had been bred up to the work all my life, and was well worth my salary, high as it is, as Tredgold very well knew. Why, it was I who introduced the lion hunt into this shop. I am the man that draws the company. If there wasn't a chance of seeing me eaten up alive ten times a-day, why, how would this show be filled I should like to know? Do you suppose they'd stand a-gaping at them elephants all day if there wasn't something startling to follow? Don't they get tired enough of that fool Mopes's talk about the creetur's intelligence—and the beasts are sharp enough, it's true—and affectionate docility, and so forth. Oh Lor! just you ask Doll Jeeheeboy about *that!* He knows something about their gentlenesses, he does; he could have shewn you, one day, five smashed-in ribs and a broken arm in proof of it. I shall never forget him a-lying under that angelic-tempered Ninus, who had his off-forefoot lifted up to finish him with, nor the voice in which he cried out, "Oh Niney, Niney, what are you a-doing on?" as though he would expostulate with the terrible creetur.'

'But he did spare him, did he not?' returned Dick, 'or how comes it that the poor fellow is alive?'

'Oh yes, he spared him, just as the cat spares the mouse when he is tired of torturing it, for a little, being always certain of his victim. The beast would let none of us go into the den and drag Doll out; however, one of the visitors went in—a parson he was, and as milksoppy a chap to look at as ever you saw; but he was a brave gentleman. He said as how the same Power as saved Daniel from the lions would help him then in doing a good action. That was what I call bringing the Scriptures home to a fellow, that is; and, for my part, I wish I could feel like him when I put on my boots and feathers every morning.'

'You are not afraid, however,' said Dick; 'I am sure of that.'

'Afraid!' returned the other scornfully; 'well, *I* should think not; what made you put such a question to *me*, I'd like to know? I flatter myself that none of *my* feathers are white ones. No, no; but let the pitcher go to the well no matter how *often*,' added the Beast-tamer gravely, 'it must needs come to smash at last. It's risky, you see; the thing *is* risky after all—there, that's my last pull at the bottle for this evening;' and with those words Tickerocandua replaced the tempter in its pigeon-hole.

'But how did you pluck up courage to go in among the creatures for the first time?' persisted Dick. 'I can fancy custom reconciling a man even to such a trade as yours; but the apprenticeship seems the wonder.'

'Well, you see, there were only two—a lion and a lioness—when I first came, for the tigress I would then have nothing to do with; and I could keep my eye on both of them at once; and when I got to be straight with them, the others were added, one by one, and seeing the old stagers behaving civilly to me, they did the same; for all the world like human beings. They are jealous and suspicious of one another, too, and don't know how to pull together, thank Heaven; beside which, they are afraid of the whip.'

'I should have thought they could have scarcely felt such a thing as that,' observed Dick, pointing to the weapon in question; 'why, the thong is scarcely so thick as that of an ordinary carter's whip!'

'Lift the other end,' replied Tickerocandua grimly; 'and then tell me what you think of it.'

'Why, it's loaded,' cried the astonished lad; 'it's nothing less than a tremendous life-preserver.'

'Just so,' returned the other coolly; 'but it is unnecessary to mention it to the general public. They would not be half so pleased if they thought I could defend myself. One tap on the right place from that there seeming bit of leather, and not a lion living but must go down before it, like a pin in a skittle-alley.'

'You'd hit him on the head, I suppose?' inquired Dick with interest.

'Well, you see, you're an outsider at present, young man, and these things are secrets of the profession; but I don't mind telling you this much, that you might beat one of them lions about the head for half-an-hour, with that there loaded handle, and he wouldn't know but what you were only killing his fleas for him. And speaking of fleas—of which there are a great many in this here shop, although they are never mentioned among the Collection in the bills—do you know that it is about time to turn in, for we keep early hours; Mr and Mrs T., too, must have done their supper this long time. You can have that mattress yonder for to-night, if they will give you leave, but afterwards you must sleep out in lodgings. Nobody but me and that Earthenware lot, as I calls them'—and Mr Robinson pointed with his thumb to the apartment occupied by the lady and gentleman from the Mountains of the Moon—'being permitted to have quarters in the Hexibition at night.'

'Then to whom does that beautiful caravan next door belong?' inquired Dick.

'To the master and mistress, of course,' replied Tickerocandua, with an air such as a sentry at Buckingham Palace might assume, if he were asked who resided *there*. 'It ain't far for you to walk; only take care of the steps, which are steepish; and if you went a cropper down them, you might pitch on to the glass-box full of serpents, which aint a pleasant family to break in upon unexpected, I can tell you.'

With this friendly piece of parting advice, the Lion-tamer of Central Africa set up his bed, which was exactly like the flap of a dinner-table, and proceeded to divest himself of his jack-boots and tiger-skin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR AND MRS TREDGOLD.

Taking exceeding care not to disturb the great family of *ophidia*, snugly reposing in their blankets of many folds, Mr Richard Arbour once more descended into the exhibition. The place was quite deserted of human occupants, all the duties of the company in connection with the brute creation having been fulfilled. Only a stifled bark from the jackal proclaimed his sense of wrong at not being let out to the graveyards upon so beautiful a summer-night, and a disappointed cry from the cheetah, intimated that he was hunting in his dreams, and had just missed his spring at a phantom antelope. The horned owl, indeed, was wide awake, with his ears unnecessarily erect, and his eyes exceedingly like a pair of policeman's lanterns, fixed suspiciously on nothing particular; but, as he was never known to be otherwise, it is not necessary to except either him, or the weazel, from the general drowsiness. The stork, with a misdirected economy, was husbanding one of her spindle legs as usual, by making the other do double duty, and had wrapped her wing carefully about her head, as a servant-girl carries her prayer-book in her pocket-handkerchief. A monkey or two, swung by their tails, like pendulums, as if anxious to take note of time even while they slept; and the porcupines were huddled together in a manner to make a thin-skinned spectator shudder, and with a natural affection overcoming circumstance greater than that their brethren of the quill, the Poets, ever described in song.

The rap which Dick administered with the highly-polished knocker upon the highly-polished door of Mr Tredgold's residence, did resound amid the general silence rather alarmingly; but he was not prepared to hear the bolt shot with great sharpness upon the other side, and a tremulous voice demanding through the keyhole what was the matter, and in particular, whether that confounded alligator was about again.

This interesting quadruped, as Dick subsequently learned, was a recent addition to the collection, and the bane of its proprietor's existence. That benevolent gentleman had caused a mighty bath to be prepared for it, and had let it out, upon one occasion, for the express purpose of its taking its natural refreshment therein; but instead of doing so, the animal had snapped at the company generally, and pursued his keeper round the show for upwards of an hour, with his mouth open, to the estimated extent of thirteen feet. Spare iron bars from the cages had been plunged into that dreadful vacuum, only to be snapped in pieces like slate-pencils; and he was only captured at last by means of a casting-net, in which an experienced fisherman entangled the amphibious beast, after a chase which lasted for an entire afternoon.

'What is loose, then, if it aint the alligator?' demanded the voice again in tones a little reassured; 'it isn't that there abominable nylghau I do hope, nor yet the puma?'

'No, sir,' replied Dick, half-suffocated with laughter; 'it's only me; and I've got a letter for you.'

At these words the door was opened slowly and cautiously, as though Mr Tredgold were yet unsatisfied that they might not be the ruse of some subtle animal devised to put him off his guard, and gain admittance into the caravan. 'And who are you, sir?' demanded the proprietor fiercely, as soon as he saw how little formidable his visitor really was. 'Who the deuce are you, sir, and who is your letter from?'

'My name is Richard Arbour, who is seeking employment in your service, sir; and the letter is from Mrs, or at least from the young woman that'——

'From *whom?*' cried a voice so shrill that it almost set Dick's teeth on edge, and so close to his ear that he could hardly think a plank, however thin, interposed between him and the speaker. 'Bring it in directly, Mr Tredgold: I *insist* upon knowing who it comes from.'

'You may fetch it yourself, madam, if you feel so excessively anxious about it,' replied that gentleman, winking wickedly at Dick, and by rapid pantomimic action making him aware that Mrs T. had her night-cap on, and was not in costume suitable for her appearance before a stranger.

'It's a business letter, my love, respecting the taking on of an additional hand into the establishment, and has nothing to do with you whatever.'

There was a rustling sound as though somebody were getting into a silk dress in a very excited manner, and in another moment the mistress of the caravan was in the apartment, thinner, and so to speak, skimpier than ever, in consequence probably of some deficiency of under-garment, and wearing a bonnet over what was most certainly never intended to be a bonnet-cap.

'Let me look at that note this instant, sir!'

Mr Tredgold was a particularly stout person, and as he held the letter on high with one hand, and waved that lady spare away with the other, Dick bethought him how glad Mr Sunstroke would have been to get them both upon a slide, as an allegory of Plenty defying Famine.

'Who is it, Mr Tredgold? I insist upon being told. What is the name, boy, of this young female, who ventures to address a letter to my husband?'

'Don't tell her,' ejaculated the proprietor, 'or you shall have no place in my service.'

'You shall never put foot inside this establishment, unless you do,' responded the lady.

Here was a dilemma which threatened to defy all Dick's powers of conciliation and finesse, had not Mrs T. herself put an end to it, by catching sight of the signature of the missive as it fluttered tantalisingly above her head. 'You wicked, base, abominable man,' cried she; 'how dare you flaunt such a name as that before my very eyes, and under my own roof-tree! *This* is why you have been so short, and short, and short of money is it, for this—I don't know how long! Lucidora, forsooth! What, that trapesing wanton baggage as went away with Trimming, is it? Oh you're a nice respectable sort of married man, *you* are! I suppose she acknowledges your last twenty-pound note, or so, and wants another, I'll be bound.'

'You are a pig-headed old she-unicorn!' responded Mr Tredgold with some rudeness; 'and you may read the letter, and answer it too, yourself, for all I care.'

The unicorn was a term of severe reproach among Mr Tredgold's company, from the circumstance of its forming a constant subject of complaint from the visitors; the more simple of whom perceiving it advertised in the bills, were induced to expect its appearance among the animals, and were apt to be dissatisfied with the substitution of the rhinoceros in its stead, and the information from Mr Mopes, that that comparatively familiar quadruped was supposed to be the Unicorn of the Ancients. Nevertheless, Mrs Tredgold's curiosity overcame her indignation, and she applied herself to Lucidora's communication without reply.

'*My dear Mr Tredgold* ('*Her* dear Mr Tredgold, indeed! hoity, toity, well I like that: Oh you infamous woman!' and the lady shook a bony finger at space, as though it were a female of unprincipled character.) *As an old friend* ('Ay, old enough to know better, goodness knows; Miss Lucidora was no chicken when she came here, for all she pretended to be so childish and timorsome'), *and for the sake of old times* ('Very pretty, upon my word and honour, I wonder what she is going to say next!') *I want you to grant me privately a little request.* ('Heavens, Mr Tredgold! am I to read any more of this abominable communication? I feel my ears tingling from top to toe with shame already.' Mr Tredgold muttered something about his being unaware that her ears had any toes, and even that it would do some people's ears good if they were made to tingle after another fashion.) *This is, that you will admit the young gentleman, who is the bearer of this letter, and in whom I take a very great interest* ('Oh, indeed, you then, child, are a victim of this—this disrespectable hussy likewise, are you?') *into your company as exhibitor, or in some other remunerative office for which he may be fitted. Mr Trimming desires his best regards to Mrs Tredgold* ('impudent fellow!') *and yourself; and believe me to be yours faithfully'*—('Hers *what?* Oh the brazen-faced creature! Faithfully, forsooth! Do you hear *that*, Mr Tredgold?')

'Hear it!' echoed that gentleman; 'no, I don't hear it: hearing is no name for being pierced by such a cracked penny-trumpet; you will split the drum of my ear.'

'*Yours faithfully, Lucidora*,' gasped Mrs Tredgold, without seeming to notice the observations of her irritated consort, but with a certain mitigation in the ferocity of her manner, too. 'So you thought to ingratiate yourself with me, young man, did you, by bringing the recommendation of such a female, the disgraceful companion'——

'Madam,' interrupted Dick with firmness, 'the person you allude to has been very kind to me; if you have no place for me in your establishment, I must try my fortune elsewhere, but I cannot stand by and hear her spoken of in this manner.'

'You are right, lad,' observed Mr Tredgold decisively, 'and I like you for defending your friend: he is quite right, I say, woman, and do you be quiet. I regret that we have no suitable occupation to offer you in the present juncture of circumstances (which was Mr Tredgold's favourite pleonasm for 'now'), but Mr Mopes suits us very well as chief exhibitor, and Mr Taper is good enough in his absence. We have nothing, absolutely nothing, at our disposal.'

'Except the part of second Butcher,' interposed Mrs Tredgold sardonically; 'Bairman declares he cannot do his work much longer without an assistant; you may help *him*, if you like, at ten shillings a-week, young man; but that place, I suppose, would hardly suit such a fine gentleman as yourself.'

At this unpromising proposal, Dick looked up without much rapture; but perceiving Mr Tredgold telegraphing over his wife's shoulder that he should accept the situation, he replied meekly: 'Any place, madam, however humble, in *your* establishment, must needs be a respectable position for one in my circumstances. With your good leave I will enter upon my duties to-morrow morning.'

Mrs Tredgold had expected her proposition would have choked off the youth, and his humility disarmed her indignation. Her heart, too, was not without the soft place in it peculiar to females of every age, and Dick's good-looks, despite the disadvantages of candle-light and dusty raiment, had made some way with her. Moreover, she knew that to retract her offer would aggravate her husband beyond judicious limits. She had her way in all domestic matters, and was permitted a considerable freedom of language and choice of epithet, but Mr Tredgold was master in his own caravan, after all. She knew how far she could venture in vituperation, to an adjective, and could detect the notices of danger in her husband's answers, as though she were a railway engine-driver and he a flag-policeman. When he used the expression, 'you pig-headed old she-unicorn,' it was the signal for 'caution,' and her express-tongue slackened accordingly; but when he said, 'woman, be quiet,' it was a warning to shut off steam immediately, or at least to shunt off upon a siding, and there confine herself to smashing coal-trucks and bullock vans—in other words, to rebuke her inferiors, and not her husband.

'And where will you sleep to-night, young man?' inquired she, pointing to his knapsack: 'it is rather late to be looking after lodgings in the town, I doubt.'

A man of less conjugal experience than Mr Tredgold, would have here suggested that accommodation might have been given to the lad at once in the caravan itself; but that sagacious gentleman held his tongue, and left the proposal to the lady.

'It *is* late,' replied Dick, 'and if you would kindly permit me'——

'You *shall*,' interrupted Mrs Tredgold, with emphatic condescension, and not perhaps without a wish to be beforehand with her husband in the proffer of hospitality; 'you shall lie in that corner yonder for to-night; but mind that you take off your boots, or else you 'll scratch the boards.'

This apprehension lest Dick should employ himself like the Cock-lane Ghost, arose from the fact that the floor, the walls, and indeed almost every article of furniture in the room, were of the most highly-polished mahogany, wherein Mrs Tredgold took a great and not unreasonable pride. It was evidently a vast relief to her mind when Dick explained that the Lion-tamer of Central Africa had already offered him an asylum for that evening, if they would permit him to accept it; and when her husband asked the lad to remain and smoke a pipe with him before retiring to rest, she offered no objection, but withdrew graciously into her own apartment, like any Lucretia, Griselda, or other obedient consort of antiquity.

'She 'll be listening,' observed Mr Tredgold to his guest in a muffled voice, 'so you had better not say anything that's very particular, you know. And what about Trimming?' added he aloud; 'he was proprietor here when I was chief exhibitor; but he made a regular mess of the business.'

Dick imparted what he knew concerning Mr Jones's manner of life, as he had already done at the request of Tickerocandua.

'A clever fellow, and yet a fool!' remarked Mr Tredgold, by way of corollary, when he had finished. 'He had a genius, too, after a certain fashion. He netted upwards of four hundred pounds in one day by old Mossyface.'

'A race-horse?' observed Dick interrogatively.

'No, sir, a lion. Many years ago, the elder Wombwell made a great deal of money by getting up a fight between dogs and lions, and Trimming resolved to do the same. There was a man named Jonathan, who had four couple of bull-dogs, which he offered to back against anything that could be brought against them, and a match was easily arranged between them and Mossyface. We dared not advertise, as Wombwell did of old, in the papers, but we sent out notices to all the sporting nobility and monied swells who were in the neighbourhood, and put the tickets up at two guineas a head. The match itself was for five hundred pounds, and the betting, which was in favour of the dogs, was something tremendous. The fight lasted three-quarters of an hour, at the expiration of which, there being only four dogs able to hold on (the rest having been wiped out by the paws of Mossyface), Jonathan cried out: "I have lost, but spare my bull-dogs!" Had the dogs got the better, it was arranged beforehand that the exclamation should have been: "I have lost, but spare my lion!" for, indeed, both dogs and lion were Trimming's own property, while Jonathan was no other than our present animated lecturer, Mr Mopes, who will tell you all about it. It was a fine conception of Trimming's; but when the matter of the double ownership got to be known, it is said to have given some dissatisfaction.'

'He seemed to me to be a high-spirited, good-tempered fellow,' remarked Dick apologetically.

'Very much so,' remarked Mr Tredgold drily; 'very much so indeed, so long as he was pleased; but when otherwise, he was rather the reverse. I give you my word of honour, that he was once upon the point of committing a cold-blooded and atrocious murder upon the very person who is now addressing you. Because I refused to approach within a dangerous proximity of the animals in the course of my interesting lectures, he chose to be disappointed and offended; and on one occasion, being inflamed with liquor, absolutely shut me up for forty minutes in company with the emu. I was in the same cage with that formidable bird, sir, during the whole of that period—which seemed to me to extend over several weeks—while Mr Trimming and a brutal confederate (dismissed, I need not say, within the same hour in which the establishment passed into my hands) sat cross-legged outside the bars, enjoying the horrors of my situation. The emu, you may not be aware, is almost as big as an ostrich, and has a particularly sharp beak. I have got impressions of it on more than one portion of my person at this moment, and shall probably carry them to my grave. No, Mr Trimming's temper was by no means always equable. How does he behave,' added Mr Tredgold, sinking his voice to a whisper, 'to the young woman? How does he treat poor Lucidora?'

'Pretty well,' replied Dick sorrowfully; 'almost always very well; but not quite always.'

'Drinks, eh?' interrogated the other. 'Ah, poor girl, if she had only known what was best for her, and who could have'——

'You are keeping me awake with your chattering!' exclaimed the shrill-toned voice of Mrs Tredgold through the panel, and her husband shuddered at it like a guilty ghost at cockcrow; 'it is high time, young man, that you took yourself off next door. We keep early hours here, sir, night and morning, and Mr Bairman will be glad of your assistance between six and seven.'

'Ten shillings a week, then, and your keep,' observed Mr Tredgold audibly, and as though he were concluding some foregoing conversation; 'and lodgings you must of course find in future where you can.'

The conditions of the bargain thus concluded were not very advantageous, nor was the nature of the service he had engaged to perform by any means attractive; but the frankness with which he had been treated by his new master was refreshing to Dick after the solemn reticence of the Darkendim Street government, and the companionship of Tickerocandua promised to be congenial and interesting to him in a very high degree.

That redoubtable hunter had fallen into so sound a slumber, that all the lad's efforts to induce him to open the door were fruitless; and he was at last admitted by the Earthman in a costume scantier still than that in which he was wont to appear in public, and with a box of flint-headed arrows in his hand, wherewith he unmistakably threatened our hero with instant death, in spite of many 'How-do-you-dos' and 'Thank-you-sirs,' delivered with even more than customary enthusiasm.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

It is the compensation of all men who die young, that they are recorded by the generation that survives them as of great promise. Envy no longer attends *them;* and their renown is a convenient and unanswerable missile with which to crush a living aspirant after the laurel. 'Verses, my good friend? Ah, pretty enough; but you should have seen poor Jones's lines upon the same subject. *He* had the real divine faculty, sir, had Jones. If he had but lived—but it was not to be so—there is no knowing what pinnacle he would not have reached. The broken column in the churchyard fitly tells his tale. You were too young to know him as we knew him; but enough to say that he was king of us all.'

Who has not heard some vague eulogium of this sort, delivered by one not usually given to panegyric, over a dead contemporary of his youth? Without some evidence beyond the *ipse dixit* of such a speaker, we might well doubt the genuineness of his assertion; and, indeed, most hearsay reputations, used for the purposes of suppression and detraction, may be set down as by no means really formidable. A generous-natured man, too, will undesignedly magnify the talents of a departed genial spirit.

You might have won the Poet's name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gained a laurel for your brow,
Of sounder leaf than I can claim,

says our greatest living poet of his dear dead friend; but we don't believe him, nor would he perhaps be better pleased if we did. The past will always win a glory from its *being* far, and orb into the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein, as he himself confesses.

On the other hand, it is certain that, now and then, at college or elsewhere, a young man will outstrip in many things the whole of his contemporaries in a very surprising manner; will coruscate and glitter in their firmament after a fashion impossible to a more middle-aged 'body,' however luminous, and then die; leaving perhaps nothing behind him save a shining track in the sky, discernible only by the eyes which beheld his living course. The generation that knew him perceive it, but not the next.

Thus was it especially with the late Winthrop Mackworth Praed. When a mere boy at Eton, he edited the school-magazine (*The Etonian*), and wrote poems in it such as were scarcely to be found in the most ambitious of the grown-up periodicals of that day. At Cambridge, where he obtained an unprecedented number of classical prizes, he was the most brilliant debater at the *Union* save one, and the very best writer of epigram. Moultrie, Sydney Walker, and Babington Macaulay, were contemporaries with him, and Praed was their favourite and their chief. It was there that he began to write (in *Knight's Quarterly*) those *vers de société* which have placed him at the head of all 'fashionable' poets, and with no rival within sight; verses that not only deserve to occupy the space filled by the Hon. W. Spencer in the cyclopædias, but which may dispute for precedence with far greater names. Macaulay and he were of adverse politics, and in their Songs of the Civil Wars they, of course, took opposite sides. One of Praed's subjects was *Marston Moor:*

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word 'Glory' in the gay and glancing thread;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said: 'It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!'

'It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride
'Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldier's shout, "For God and for the King!"'

'Tis soon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight:
'The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night.'

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout:
'For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!'
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,
'Down, down,' they cry, 'with Belial! down with him to the dust!'
'I would,' quoth grim old Oliver, 'that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!'

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired warder watches from the castle's topmost tower;
'What news? what news, old Hubert?'—'The battle's lost and won:
The royal troops are melting, like mists before the sun!
And a wounded man approaches—I'm blind, and cannot see,
Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's step must be!'

'I've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for minstrel's lay!
Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor quantum suff.
I'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!

'Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance:
For if the worst befall me, why, better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!'

This has the true clank of the war-ballad, and breathes, through fiery nostril, the true Cavalier spirit, but it is no shame to our author to say, that it is scarce a match for his friend's *Naseby*. Where Praed was not to be approached by any one, before or since, was in graceful humour, as in *The Belle of the Ball:*

Years—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise and witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;

Years, years ago, while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And when she danced—O heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle;
I wondered where she 'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of daggers or of dancing-bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frowned; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second-cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketched: the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading.
She botanised: I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading.
She warbled Handel: it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous.
She touched the organ: I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories:
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes of elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle-dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished.
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly Not Yet,' upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted: months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs—Something—Rogers.

Praed could write fairly, and even freshly upon any subject, and when, at the university, some ladies sent him this inexplicable jargon,

A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart,

for the text of a poem, he produced two charming cantos upon it, called *Lillian*. After such a feat as that, it is not likely that he would fail when he had real flesh and blood to paint from, nor did he. Among his *Everyday Characters*—who, however, are, alas! by no means too often met with—his *Quince* will ever stand forth to combine the truthfulness of Crabbe with the wit and pathos of Thomas Hood.

The *Vicar* is quite as excellent a portrait, but that also is too full-length for hanging here, and besides, has not wise Miss Mitford already embalmed it in her own amber? * She dug Praed's poems forth from the old American edition, as we are now doing from the new,† two loosely compiled and ill-edited volumes, some of the errors of which are, however, unavoidable. It is a shameful thing that no Englishman has been ever intrusted with the task of collecting these 'remains,' scattered over the periodicals of twenty years ago, and under a multitude of pseudonyms, but each to be recognised without much difficulty by a genial and true critic. As it is, the work has been unsatisfactorily done: there should have been one volume instead of two; the juvenile and local poems should have been left out; and every first sketch of an afterwards finished poem (for, like Macaulay, Praed often wholly rewrote his compositions) should, in common fairness, be expunged. We are thankful, however, for much good ripe grain, notwithstanding the chaff among which it lies. *Josephine* is a bold and original poem, upon a subject, however, which we wonder to behold in modest American type. *Schools and*

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* *Recollections of a Literary Life.* By Miss Mitford.

† *The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed.* New and enlarged edition. New York.

School-fellows is at least as good as Hood's *Ode to Clapham Academy:*

Where are my friends ?—I am alone.
No playmate shares my beaker—
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
Without the fear of Sessions;
Charles Medler loathed false quantities,
As much as false professions.
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medler's feet repose, unscanned,
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

The reference to those 'before the Speaker' would apply to Praed himself. He was at various periods member for St Germain in Cornwall, for Great Yarmouth, and for Aylesbury; and in 1835 he was Secretary of the Board of Control. In 1839, he died of consumption, at the age of thirty-seven.

The *Red Fisherman*, one of the best of Praed's serious pieces, makes us lament its length—as no reader of it ever did—since that precludes its quotation; and the same may be said of the *Chant of the Brazen Head*, from which, however, we must cull two verses:

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many fagots;
I think while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.

* * *

I think that Love is like a play
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended;
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough;
Like trade, exposed to losses;
And like a Highland plaid, all stuff,
And very full of crosses.

How many of Praed's excellent poems are known to our readers? Some half-a-dozen, perhaps, to some of them, but to the great majority, none. Even that simple song of his, beginning, 'I remember, I remember how my childhood fleeted by,' sung by so many young ladies in white muslin, is not awarded to its legitimate owner. Praed, who has long been a favourite author with the educated American public, is, in short, only known in his own country as the best poetical charade writer of his day, and as that, perhaps, only because Sir Walter Scott pronounced him to be so. With a very beautiful effort of that kind—although it is mere waste of wealth—we will therefore conclude this paper; nor, since it is very easy to be guessed, will we insult our readers, as is the manner of some periodicals, by promising 'the answer in our next.'

Come from my First, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second, toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

PORTLAND PRISON.

The clock struck twelve just as we drove up to the prison-gate. There was a noise of steps coming out at that hour of universal release; they were not, however, those of prisoners, as you may suppose, but of the guard, going on duty. These men, mostly Crimean heroes, now half-policemen, half-soldiers, surround the prison and quarries, armed with cutlass and rifle; a formidable outer check to any poor fellow who may have escaped lock, warder, and wall.

On entering the yard with an official, who most courteously conducted us round the place, we were first shewn, as a curiosity, a large stone-coffin, dug up hard by, and now set in the midst of the entrance-court—an apt, but probably unintentional emblem of the place it decorates.

The chapel was the first building we entered. It is an oblong, cheerless place, with two recesses, which perhaps might entitle it to be called cruciform. One of these shallow transepts contained the communion-table; the other, pews for the families of the officers, where they worship unseen and uncontaminated. We went up into the gallery, and looked down into the chapel. It is filled with groups of forms, screwed to the ground, without backs. Each group is dominated, as our neighbours say, by a high seat, the post of a warder during service. When the men are all assembled, he looks like a mower up to his waist in a heavy crop of corn. The chapel is used for a school-room. While we looked down, five or six of the clusters of seats were filled with convicts in dust-coloured dresses and short hair, reading Bibles to schoolmasters perched high up on the warders' seats. The dull uninterested hum of the readers was the only sound in the building, when a brisk official, dressed in police-clothes, walked in, evidently on business. There was a harmonium in the middle, covered up. This was stripped and opened; a file of prisoners was marched in; our policeman sat down to the instrument, while a fellow-constable read out, as if it had been an indictment, without more ado, the first verse of a hymn. The moment I heard it I could not help saying to myself: 'How unfortunate a choice!' However, the constable knew his duty, and read it up—'Come let us join our cheerful songs,' &c. and then the file joined in song, the policeman playing—but it was *not* cheerful.

We walked down into the body of the building, and stood by one of the reading-classes. Each Bible had printed on its cover, in large letters, P. P.—that is, Portland Prison; so that while looking on the book of pardon, the scholar was still reminded of his punishment. The convicts cannot attend school much, as they are wanted in the workshops and quarries; moreover, as the classes are large—the one next to us containing thirty men—some time elapses before each has his turn at a verse. The men were very irreverent, and poked as much sly fun at one another as they dared.

From the chapel, we went into the library, containing several thousand instructive volumes, which are lent to the men at leisure hours. Besides these, there was a roomful of small parcels of books which belonged to the prisoners themselves, either bought with spare money, or sent in by friends. Of course, there is a strict censorship exercised over these. I was curious to know the favourite author, and said: 'I suppose you have several Robinson Crusoes?'

'No,' he replied, 'very few. I really think the book most prized is Buchan's *Domestic Medicine.*'

A convict, kept in health by exercise, regular diet, and temperance perforce, has, I suppose, a malicious pleasure in reading of the miseries which torment the free world, especially when it doctors itself.

Next, we visited the prison proper, and were conducted over three large halls, each with three tiers of cells, approached by light iron galleries running round the sides. At the end of each, in the middle, where the clock is generally placed in a London church, is a seat with a desk before it, in which a warder sits when the men are within doors. The convicts take all their meals in the halls, but invisibly. When the guests are assembled, you cannot see one. Suppose it dinner-time. A body of three hundred men marches into one of the halls, two abreast. As they pass along the galleries, each turns into his hole, depositing as he enters a tin-plate and mug outside his door, which is then closed. Thus the column melts away, until the hall appears empty, except of the rows of platters, and is silent, for none are allowed to speak. Then comes dinner, cut up into rations. Following the food, which is quickly dabbed into the platters, walks a warder, who unlocks three doors at a time; three hungry hands are stretched out, and draw in the dinner. The doors shut with a sharp snap, like teeth, and three more are unlocked. Thus the meal is gradually absorbed, first into the cell, and then into the stomach within it; and the silence is broken only by muffled sounds of mastication and short breath. The cells are narrow, and seven feet long, lined with tin, or rather sheet-iron. In these the prisoners eat, drink, sleep, and read Buchan's *Domestic Medicine.* Each of these feats is performed in a draught, for at the further end of the cell is a grating which opens into the outer air, and the door is purposely an inch or so shorter than the doorway. Formerly, each prisoner had a bell-pull in his cell, to summon the warders; but they rang so inconsiderately—especially one fellow, who had been a footman, and was the ring-leader of the malcontents—that the bells were condemned, and the doors clipped. Now the prisoners are obliged to shove a brush or platter under the door when they want to be waited on. This answers the purpose of attracting notice, and saves the nerves of the warders from the effects of continuous tintinnabulation.

Complaints have been made that the convicts live too well—not that *they* grumbled, but innocent hard-working men outside. I was therefore the more interested when our conductor asked whether we would visit the commissariat department. We went into the kitchen and bakery, heard the bill of fare, and tasted the bread. It was not particularly nice, or nasty, but abundant and wholesome, as was also the meat. Indeed, it must be so, for the greater number of the prisoners are engaged in stone-quarrying, which is hard work, and consumes much flesh and sinew. When, therefore, I smelt the savoury meat, and went into the store, heaped high with thousands of loaves, I saw that this plenty was only the Portland breakwater in the early stage of its growth. The nation does not feed these men well in order to make criminals comfortable, but, if possible, to lessen the terrible expense of crime, and, moreover, do something towards the revival of self-respect among the felons, by employing them at a great and useful work, which they may see grow under their hands. But the necessity for having so many ton of stone quarried and cast into the sea, brings with it a liberal diet for those who have to do the hardest part of the work. Pea-soup may mortify the soul, and yet fill the body of a transgressor, but it never would provide a harbour of refuge for the navy of Great Britain.

Leaving the kitchens, we went into the work-shops, which exhibited all the ordinary trades. So ennobling is labour, that it was difficult to realise the fact of all those carpenters and blacksmiths being convicted felons, and then under punishment for their offences. It seemed, however, very possible, since we knew the fact, to detect the convict face. The dress was of course an assistance to the power of discrimination. The men have their numbers, character, and other reference to their jail position, printed on their coat-sleeves, something after the manner of the marks on sheep; so that any one able to read prison hieroglyphics could tell at a glance more of the character of any man than he would care to have known. It must be very disagreeable to carry one's biography about on one's sleeve, for police-constables to peck at.

It was sad to think how many of the convicts must have been intelligent mechanics, who either used their skill to rob instead of labour, or perhaps, willing to do work, became desperate because they could not find it. A few men were pointed out as of superior education; one, the ideal of a respectable citizen, with ruddy cheeks and 'fair round belly,' though not now 'with capon lined,' had been the governor of a jail. When he came to Portland as a prisoner, he was recognised by several who had been under his charge. His crime was embezzlement; and there, being ready at accounts, his employment is to keep such books as he can be trusted with. What a perfect Nemesis! Another man, we were told, was a most accomplished musician and linguist. In an evil hour, he had obtained some instruments under false pretences, and sold them to raise cash. He also was compelled to make himself useful at such work as his good education best fitted him to perform. The bulk of the men, though, were as evil-looking, unintellectual a set as could be conceived; and when we saw them all assembled in the evening at chapel, the contrast between the noble words of the service and the down-looking, and, in very many instances, stubbornly inattentive countenances of the congregation, made one's flesh creep.

To return to the work-shops. The men were busiest and brightest there; but still there was a ticket-of-leavish smack about the place. When standing hard by a forge in the blacksmith's department, I could not help thinking how easily a reckless felon might avenge himself. Three men were wielding a huge white-hot crow-bar which was hung from the roof by a chain, like a battering-ram; a warder stood in the front civilly describing the operation; one united vigorous thrust, and the horrible instrument might have been sent hissing through his inside, like Ulysses's stake in the brain of Polyphemus. When I beheld the crowd of men with edged-tools and heavy hammers in their grasp, I confess I rather wondered some hopeless, long-sentenced criminal did not run a muck that would be certain to be illustrious.

The quarries were next visited. Here is the principal scene of the convicts' labour. The breakwater is the work of the jail; the prisoners raise the stone, and load it in the trucks, which then pass on to free-workmen, who see them safe to their destination. There are always two trains in motion on the sloping line which descends from the quarry to the breakwater—the one going down full pulls up the other empty. We were shewn an ingenious method of registering the weight of stones sent down the incline to the breakwater. Each loaded wagon is detached for a moment as it passes over a platform. This sinks with the weight, and turns by machinery a large metal drum. The drum is covered with white paper, which is touched lightly by a black-lead pencil, set in a handle. When a load comes on the platform, the drum begins to turn, and the pencil to draw a mark upon it till it stops; then the load passes on, the platform rises, the drum returns to its first position, and the apparatus is ready for another load; the pencil being hitched a quarter of an inch to mark the line measuring the next weight: thus an exact register is kept of the stone excavated.

Owing to the large and irregular space over which the prisoners are scattered while at work, attempts at escape are not unfrequent; and not long ago, a mutiny was nearly effected. Ordinary endeavours to get out are so often made, that one warder told me he had himself had the good-fortune—so he expressed it—to catch seven truants. Sometimes, however, a Jack Sheppard manages to give them the slip. But it must be hard to get clear away from that barren place; not only is the ring of riflemen to be passed—soldiers—but the mainland cannot be reached without traversing a long bare neck of shingle, at the end of which is a turnpike. One fellow failed for want of twopence. He made himself a suit of clothes out of his sheets, completing the cap with a piece of leather he picked up when at work. Having rubbed the whole over with bits of tallow, and blackened it artistically with smut, so as to make it look like the greasy canvas working-dress of one of the engineers, he concealed and carried it about his person till a chance should turn up. At last it did; he escaped notice for a minute or two behind a stone, changed his dress, walked out quietly through the gang in which a moment before he had been at work, through the prison-yards, past officers, warders, and the sentry at the outer-gate. He met no check, being taken, as he intended, for one of the engineers about the place. There was nothing hurried or strange in his manner; he walked on through the village of Portland, along the wearisome straight road, the whole distance of the shingle neck, without suspicion. Had he run, he would most probably have been stopped and questioned. Arrived at the road's end, he came to the turnpike. He had not calculated on this 'Tuppence, please.' He hadn't got tuppence; he hadn't thought; he didn't know of the charge. Well, he was going into the town, and had forgot; he would bring change when he returned to his work the next day. No, it would not do. The pikeman stood with his hands in his pockets, full of change. What wouldn't Jack have given for one handful out of that jingling pouch! 'No trust,' said the gate; 'No trust,' repeated its keeper. Meanwhile another passenger walked up. Stooping for a moment by Jack's side, he lifted up an inch of his trousers; yes, there was the plague-spot—the prison stocking, with its fatal P. P. and felon-marking bicolor. The inquisitive traveller was a constable in plain clothes, as yet only searching for the scent. The jail-suit had been found behind the stone. Poor Jack must put it on again, with maybe the addition of an iron bracelet, and an uncomplimentary line to the biographical monogram on his sleeve.

Nothing, however, could surpass the air of quiet strength in the manner and conversation of the officials. They spoke kindly both of and to the prisoners, without any affectation of philanthropy, and seemed all to be engaged in their work like men who felt for men, but did not forget that they were in charge of felons.

A LESSON FROM THE ANCIENTS.

The following curious narrative from Herodotus (lib. 1, cap. 157) is very applicable to the present state of things in America, in reference to the claim set up for the fugitive slaves: 'Pactyas, having heard that the army which had marched against him was close at hand, in consternation fled for refuge to Cumæ. Magares therefore despatched messengers to Cumæ, commanding them to deliver up Pactyas; but the Cumæans, after deliberation, decided on making reference to the god in Branchidæ—for there was an oracle there, established of old time, which all the Ionians and Æolians were in the habit of consulting. (Now this place is in Milesia, northward of the haven Panormus.) The Cumæans, then, having sent deputies to Branchidæ, asked what they should do about Pactyas, so as to please the gods. To this question of theirs, the response of the oracle was, "To give up Pactyas to the Persians." When the Cumæans heard this repeated, they eagerly set themselves to deliver him up; but though the multitude was eagerly set upon this, Aristodicus, the son of Heraclides, discrediting the oracle, or thinking that the deputies were not telling the truth, prevented the Cumæans from doing this thing, until, at least, other deputies should go to put the question about Pactyas a second time, and Aristodicus was one of them. On their arrival at Branchidæ, Aristodicus, in the name of all, consulted the god, submitting the question in these terms: "O king, there came to us a suppliant, Pactyas, the Lydian, fleeing from a violent death at the hands of the Persians, and they demand him from us (for torture), requiring us to deliver him up; and we, though affrighted by the power of the Persians, have not hitherto dared to give him up until it be expressly declared to us by thee what we should do." On these words, he submitted the question, and the god again gave the same answer, commanding them to give up Pactyas to the Persians. Thereupon, Aristodicus, of forethought, acted in this manner. Walking round about the temple, he drove out the sparrows and all the other kinds of birds which had built their nests in the temple; and while he was doing this, it is said that a voice issued from the innermost shrine, addressing Aristodicus, and in these words: "Most impious of men, how darest thou to do these things? Tearest thou my suppliants out of the temple?" And Aristodicus, without being at a loss for a moment, thereupon said: "O king, dost thou flee to the rescue of thy suppliants, and at the same time command the Cumæans to give up this suppliant?" And that he (the god) again replied in these words: "Yes, I do command it, in order that, having done the impious deed, ye might the sooner be destroyed, so as never more to come to the oracle about the giving up of suppliants." '

THE MONEY-SPINNER SPIDER.

In my chair, supinely seated,
Thinking of fond hopes defeated;
From the ceiling there descended
One who with my musings blended,
Close before my weary head:
Held by one slight silver thread.
As I watched him swaying, wreathing,
In the current of my breathing,
Steadily with lengthened cable,
He approached unto the table,
Firmly there the end appending,
Rapidly again ascending,
Steadily by one cord clinging:
Now no longer loosely swinging,
From point to point he safely spread
The weavings wide, of glistening thread:
Until, a broad, well-chosen space
Was filled with light and graceful lace.
His task complete, he hidden lies,
Sure of his well-deservèd prize.
Thou hast taught me, airy rider,
Patient, persevering spider,
That in the end, men best succeed
By one straight line of thought and deed.

CHARLES EDE.

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LAST NEWS FROM DR LIVINGSTONE.*

On the 10th March 1858, the expedition to the Zambesi, under the command of Dr Livingstone, left Liverpool in the screw-steamer *Pearl*, of 200 tons burden, commanded by Captain Duncan, bound for Ceylon, but which had engaged to put us ashore at the mouth of the Zambesi. Our expedition consisted of Dr Livingstone, Charles Livingstone, Dr Kirk, Commander Bedingfield, R.N., Thomas Baines, Richard Thornden, and myself, the engineer. We were accompanied by Mrs Livingstone and her youngest child, a fine boy of six years of age. On the deck of the *Pearl* was securely placed our little steam-launch, in three compartments, all fitted and in readiness to be bolted together on our arrival at the mouth of the Zambesi. We arrived all safely at the Cape of Good Hope, towards the end of April; but having, on my late voyage home, been shipwrecked, and lost my journal, I cannot now be certain of the correct dates. At the Cape, Mrs Livingstone and her son left us, for the purpose of going with her father, the Rev. Mr Moffat, to the missionary station at Kuraman. We left Simon's Bay on the 1st of May, and on the 15th, reached the mouth of the Zambesi, in lat. 18 degrees, long. 36 degrees, on the south-eastern coast, having steamed all the way.

My duties now commenced, and I immediately proceeded to get our launch out. This was a most anxious period for Dr Livingstone; but as I had been planning during the whole voyage how we should get the launch over the ship's side, we lost no time, but at once erected a derrick, and succeeded in getting her safely into the water; and on the third day after, had steam up, and started in search of a navigable channel to the Zambesi.

Our first attempt was up the west Luabo, a distance of about fifty miles, which it took us three days to accomplish; and this apparent river terminated in a reedy marsh, where the mosquitoes were so plentiful and so hungry, that both my eyes were completely closed up in the morning; so we had nothing for it but about ship, and return to the *Pearl*. On reporting to Dr Livingstone the failure of our search, he requested Captain Duncan to recross the bar, and attempt the Kongone. The *Pearl* then departed, leaving us in the launch, where we remained one week, until the arrival, outside the bar, of H.M.S. *Hermes*, Captain Gordon, which signalled us to come out, and enter the Kongone, where we found the *Pearl* lying at anchor inside the bar.

On communicating with the *Pearl*, we found that Dr Livingstone and Mr Skede had gone up the Kongone in the *Hermes's* cutter. Next morning, we started in the launch, and after steaming about thirty miles up the river, met the cutter coming down, they having succeeded in finding a good navigable channel. We returned in company to the *Pearl*, which then proceeded up the river a distance of about forty miles; and finding she could not with safety proceed further, on account of the shallowness of the water, we started again in our launch in search of a suitable island—of which there are many—on which to erect our store-house. After mature consideration, our commander decided upon one about thirty miles above where we had left the *Pearl*, and which was named Expedition Island. And now we proceeded to erect an iron house, which we had brought with us for the purpose of serving as a depôt for our stores. It took us about four weeks to get all our stores safely conveyed up to the island and deposited in our store-house.

The *Pearl* then left us to our own resources, and proceeded on her voyage to Ceylon. Afterwards, our first step was to make out Mazoro, a Portuguese settlement, about fifteen miles further up the river. On arriving at this place, we found the natives at war with the Portuguese. They took us also in our launch for Portuguese, and were threatening to fire upon us, when Dr Livingstone, without hesitation, at once went on shore, and having told them who we were, completely disarmed them, and made them our fast friends.

Dr Livingstone being now certain that we were in the right river, and that there were no insurmountable obstacles between us and Tette, we returned to Expedition Island for a load of stores, which we purposed taking on to Sanna, a Portuguese town, situated about fifty miles above Mazoro. On our way up to Sanna, when about one mile above Mazoro, the morning being very thick and foggy, we were steaming along as usual, when it suddenly cleared up, and we saw the dead bodies of several natives, half-eaten by alligators, which are here very numerous and large. We called Dr Livingstone's attention to this, and he said there must have been fighting going on; and immediately afterwards, on winding a sharp angle of the river, we came in view of a large encampment of the Portuguese, who had taken the field to quell a rebellion of the natives of the surrounding districts. Being hailed by the Portuguese officers, who had heard of our being in the river, and knew who we were, we drew close inshore, and were informed by them that their governor, who was commanding in person, was very sick of fever. They wished Dr Livingstone to come on shore to see him, who at once consented, and accompanied them to the governor's quarters, whom he found very ill and much reduced. Dr Livingstone proposed that he would remove him in the launch to Supanga, a distance of about thirty-five miles further up, on the opposite or right bank of the river. During this time, the fighting had recommenced, and great numbers of the Portuguese slaves were flying before the rebels, and tried to force their way on board of us, but were kept off by our own hands, principally Kroomen, armed with cutlasses, as, if they had got on board, they would undoubtedly have swamped us. Finding they could not get on board of us, they swam off for an island about a mile from the shore, and I here saw a Portuguese sergeant shooting at them while they were swimming. Several of the shots seemed to take effect, as some of the heads disappeared.

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* This report of Dr Livingstone's new expedition is from the pen of his engineer, Mr Rae, who recently returned to England. We have concluded that, though but a sketch, it will gratify curiosity intermediately, without prejudice to the ampler accounts which may in time be looked for from the venerated chief of the enterprise.

Becoming alarmed for the safety of Dr Livingstone, I took my rifle, and went ashore, and on reaching the top of the bank, about 150 yards from the launch, saw Dr Livingstone at the distance of half a mile assisting the governor towards the launch. I immediately sang out to our firemen to get up steam. The bullets were flying around them in all directions. The doctor, however, kept steadily on, and was enabled to reach us in safety, bringing with him his patient, who was so tall that while one half of him was on the doctor's back, the other half was trailing on the ground. As soon as we got under cover of the bank, the doctor said: 'I am glad we have got this length, Rae, for I don't like those bullets whistling past my ears.'

Steam being now up, we started at once for Supanga, where we arrived in safety about 5 P.M., and learned afterwards that the Portuguese had that day been defeated, losing all their stores. We now made several trips to and from Expedition Island, and got the most of our stores removed to Supanga, Sanna, and Tette; but our vessel being small and slow, much valuable time was lost in these journeys. Dr Livingstone was very anxious to get all this work over, and worked himself night and day in order to get us all out of the lower part of the river, where fevers are so common; and this he happily accomplished about the end of September, when we arrived for the first time at Tette, and Dr Livingstone met the Makolo, whom he had left there two years before, and who had all remained there, in the firm belief that he would return.

The meeting was truly a happy one—the men rushing into the water up to their very necks in their eagerness once more to see their white father. Their joy was perfectly frantic. They seized the boat, and nearly upset it, and fairly carried the doctor ashore, singing all the time that their white father was alive again, their faith in whom was quite unshaken. On inquiry, we found that thirty of them had died from small-pox, and six had been murdered by a drunken chief. They told us that they did not mourn for the thirty who had died, but that their hearts were bleeding for those who were murdered.

Up to this time, all the natives we had seen were slaves to Portuguese owners, with the exceptions of Dr Livingstone's Makolo men, and the rebel party formerly mentioned, who were mostly runaway slaves fighting for their liberty under a chief named Mariana; and I have little doubt they would have succeeded in establishing their independence, had they been better provided with ammunition. I have since learned, from reliable sources, that about six hundred male and female prisoners, afterwards taken by the Portuguese, were by them sold as slaves to some other markets; and I myself saw a large party of them, seemingly from 400 to 600, on their way to the coast to be shipped.

After this, having with enormous labour and difficulty got our goods and stores into places of safety, and having found that our launch was insufficient for the purpose of further ascending the Zambesi, and Dr Livingstone having written to her Majesty's government, urging upon them to send out a more powerful steamer, he thought, while waiting replies from home, that instead of remaining idle, he would push up the Shire, which comes from the north, and joins the Zambesi about forty miles below Sanna. From this attempt, the Portuguese endeavoured to dissuade us, stating that we would find it impassable, on account of the vast quantities of duck-weed with which they said it was covered. For a very short distance above its junction with the Zambesi we certainly met with considerable quantities, but not such as to stop us; and about three miles up the river became perfectly clear, and we proceeded onwards, where not even the Portuguese had ever been, they having spoken from report only; after steaming about forty to fifty miles up this noble river, finding never less than two fathoms' water, and the banks of the river very fertile land, we reached the base of a large mountain, called by the natives Moramballa, whose summit is nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The inhabitants of the country, from the mouth of the river up to this point, are the natives who acknowledge the leadership of Mariana, and who were most friendly to us. We stopped here one day, and a party of us ascended the mountain, and thence saw the Shire stretching far away northward, through a magnificent valley, nowhere under twenty miles in breadth, as far as the eye could reach.

Starting up the river next day to explore this great valley, we steamed about one hundred miles, which it took four days to accomplish, and reached a series of rapids, preventing further progress in that direction; these rapids Dr Livingstone named the Murchison Falls. We landed at several villages each day, and found the natives very friendly to us, and living in the enjoyment of their own liberties, and perfectly uncontaminated by the slave-trade. At first, they were rather afraid that we meant to fight for the purpose of subjecting them to our power, but Dr Livingstone soon obtained their entire confidence. We were told by them that the Shire flowed out of a lake named by them the Shirwa, but we could not at that time proceed further. Returning again to Tette, for the purpose of refitting, but with the intention of returning to endeavour to reach Lake Shirwa, we found our comrades all well, and rejoiced to see us.

After remaining at Tette for two or three weeks, I erected the small sugar-mill, saw-mill, and stationary steam-engine, which we brought from Glasgow, and got all ready for a start in the sugar-making and wood-cutting lines. Having been supplied with a quantity of sugar-canes by Major Sicard, we set to work expressing the juice, to the great delight of the natives. But the wonder of wonders was the steam-engine and saw-mill, cutting the timber.

We started for the Shire once more on the 10th March 1859, and proceeded again up to Murchison Falls, finding that the good character we had established on our former visit was now of very great service to us with the natives. This valley of the Shire we found abounding in cotton and large quantities of sugar-cane. The cotton the natives manufacture themselves into a coarse kind of cloth, and the sugar-cane they use as food, not knowing how to extract the sugar. We found also large numbers of the lignum-vitæ tree, of a great size, ebony and boaza trees. The bark of the last tree is of a fibrous nature, and is used by the natives for the manufacture of cordage. The river abounds in edible fish of various kinds, and hippopotami of a very large size frequent its banks. Ivory is very plentiful, and I have counted two hundred and two bull elephants in a single herd.

When we neared Murchison Falls, we met the head-chief of the valley, named Chibiesa, whom we had not seen on our former trip, but who now received us most kindly. He informed us that his favourite daughter had been stolen by the Portuguese about two years before our visit, and was, he understood, now living at Tette, in the house of the priest; he asked Dr Livingstone if he thought there was any possibility of recovering her from them, as her mother's heart was always bleeding for her child. Dr Livingstone replied, that provided he found her at Tette, he had little doubt of being able to procure her freedom and send her home. After Dr Livingstone's return from Lake Shirwa to the mouth of the Shire, as he himself was not going up to Tette, but down to the mouth of the Zambesi, he redeemed his promise by writing to Major Sicard to have this young girl, only fourteen years of age, set at liberty, and returned at his expense to her parents, which was accomplished, and she safely returned, to their great joy.

Dr Livingstone, accompanied by Dr Kirk, proceeded northward, and discovered Lake Shirwa; while I remained in charge of the launch and the hands at the bottom of the Falls. Chibiesa having sent some of his own men to accompany Dr Livingstone, he was everywhere kindly received and treated; but he found this Lake Shirwa not to be the source of the Shire, but a lake having no outlet, and consequently brackish: he was told by the natives that beyond Lake Shirwa there was another lake of immense extent, out of which Dr Livingstone conjectured the Shire to flow; but he could not at present undertake this journey, his party returning all in good health to the launch, after an absence of thirty-five days.

After a few days spent at Tette to refit, we started again towards the end of June, with intention of reaching the great lake. We arrived at Murchison Falls about the end of August 1859, and leaving the launch there, started on our journey. The exploring-party consisted of Dr Livingstone, Dr Kirk, Mr Livingstone, and myself, with about forty Makolo, accompanied by four of Chibiesa's men to act as our guides. They knowing the way, we experienced little difficulties, except those presented by an unknown country, and got along at about the rate of twelve miles a day. The Murchison Rapids extend about thirty-five miles, after which we found a deep navigable river all the way to Lake Nyassa. The river falls during these thirty-five miles about 1300 feet, the scenery being grand, and the valleys very fertile. Above the Falls, the valley again spreads out to about eighteen or twenty miles in width, and the country abounds with the cotton and indigo plants, and the same useful woods that we had met with below the Falls—ebony, lignum-vitæ, &c. We also fell in with a soft wood, which I believe would be good for carpenter-work in general. It is also a well-watered country, very healthy. We were forty nights sleeping in the open air, and suffered no inconvenience, nor experienced any evil effects afterwards.

About three days' journey from the head of the Falls, being on the left bank of the Shire, we began to meet with slave-parties, bound for the coast of Mozambique; and all the way up to the lake we met parties of slave-hunters, and found villages deserted, the inhabitants fleeing to the woods at our approach, supposing us to be on the like errand. On finding this, Dr Livingstone despatched two of Chibiesa's men in advance, to inform the natives we were Englishmen—the black man's friends—which had everywhere the desired effect of allaying their fears.

And here it may be well that I should give some account of the slave-hunters' usual mode of procedure when on a stealing expedition. The men who follow this nefarious trade are all half-caste Arabs, blackguard-looking fellows, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and generally on foot. The hunting-parties we met numbered from three to twenty or more, and were attended by a number of their own slaves. Stealing up during the night to some village marked as the scene of their depredations, they lurk about until morning, when the children and younger members of the community are beginning to move about; these they seize, one after the other, until they obtain a considerable number. The peaceful inhabitants having no firearms, are powerless either to defend or recover their stolen offspring. These are then secured by means of a long forked stick, the neck of the poor victim being placed between the prongs, and a piece of bamboo tied across in front of the throat. The slave-hunter then takes the extreme end of this cruel instrument of torture, and by means of it pushes them along, and should any of them prove refractory, a twist of his hand nearly strangles them. I have myself seen bands of them, four and five at a time—as we were told, newly captured—with their necks all chafed and bleeding, and their eyes streaming with tears, principally young men of ten to eighteen years of age, driven along in this inhuman manner. We also met a large party near Lake Nyassa on the 17th September 1859—the same day on which we discovered the lake—consisting of between four and five hundred poor creatures, being led off to slavery, and lately torn from their peaceful homes.

We were told by a native chief named Massasoweka, that this party was in his neighbourhood, and he was afraid they might do us harm. While he was yet speaking, five of the slave-hunters, having heard of our being there, came up to us, supposing us to be of the same profession, bringing with them six children, boys and girls, of six to eight years of age, wishing us to purchase them, and offered them to us for about a yard of calico apiece; but finding we were English, they at once decamped; and before daylight next morning the whole camp had disappeared, the mere mention of the English name being sufficient to put them all to flight. The slaves that we saw of this party were jaded and travel-worn, and some of them reduced to perfect skeletons.

From the information we obtained in the lake district, we understand that the country, from the sea-coast inland to the Shire and Lake Nyassa, is almost depopulated; and the slave-hunters are now crossing the Shire to the west, for the purpose of procuring additional supplies for the slave-trade along the coast from Quillimane to Zanzibar. Colonel Rigby, the English consul at Zanzibar, told me that 19,000 slaves per annum to his knowledge, besides great numbers that he cannot obtain proper account of, are brought from the district near Lake Nyassa. It is the opinion of Dr Livingstone and all our party—and in conversing with Colonel Rigby, he concurs with us—that a single steamer placed on Lake Nyassa, and manned by British subjects, would be sufficient to put an end to most of the traffic.

The first to set eyes on Lake Nyassa was Dr Livingstone himself, who shouted out: 'Our journey is ended! Hurrah, my boys!' His men had before this been anxious for a termination to their very arduous toils.

Arrived at the shores of the lake, observations were taken by Dr Livingstone, when he found we were in lat. 14° 25″ S. The lake is of immense extent, the Shire flowing out of it to the south; and the rise and fall of the river does not exceed two feet, according to observations made for two years, shewing that the lake must be of immense extent to maintain such an equal flow. The length of this piece of water we had no means of ascertaining; but on inquiring at Massasoweka, a very intelligent old chief, seemingly about a hundred years of age, how long we might take to travel to the head of the lake, his first answer was a derisive laugh, and said: 'You can never travel to the end of this large water. Neither we nor our forefathers, after travelling four moons, could find or hear of the end, so white men need not try it.'

The lake had every appearance of a great sea, for although the day was calm, there was a heavy deep swell setting in upon the shore. From all the information we could gather here and elsewhere, the whole of the slave-traffic from the west side of the Shire and Lake Nyassa to the Zanzibar and Mozambique coasts passes through between the northern end of Lake Shirwa and the southern end of Lake Nyassa, a space of only about ten or twelve miles broad; and a single steamer running from and to the Murchison Falls and on Lake Nyassa must cut off the entire traffic.

On the 18th September, we left the shores of Lake Nyassa, pleased and thankful that we had been the instruments in the hands of Providence to reveal to the civilised world this great and important country; and hoping that, ere long, we should be enabled to return to do something to advance civilisation, and check the horrid traffic in human beings that prevails to such an enormous extent, well knowing that this was the object nearest our great leader's heart. On our return-journey, we were everywhere treated with the greatest kindness by the natives; and when about thirty miles south of Lake Nyassa, on the eastern side of the Shire valley, arrived at Mount Zombo, one of a range of mountains many miles in length, which, although fatigued with our long journey, Dr Livingstone, Dr Kirk, and myself determined to ascend. This task we accomplished after great difficulty; and found by the aneroid the height of the mountain to be about 7000 feet above the sea. The view from the summit was grand beyond expression. Near the summit, winding through the ravines, we came upon a considerable river, as broad as the Leven above Dumbarton, and which seemed to flow into Lake Shirwa. The water we tasted, and found sweet and palatable. While resting on the top, we sent on two of our men to inform the chief of our being on his ground, and he immediately sent back an invitation to visit him; his messengers bringing with them a present for us, consisting of three goats, half-a-dozen fowls, three large wooden bowls filled with meal, and some vegetables, which were all acceptable. We were obliged, for the present, to decline his invitation, but promised to give him a call next time we were in his neighbourhood. His head-man assured us he had plenty of honey and milk, and wished to get the news from the sea. We found on the summit of this hill heath in bloom exactly the same in appearance as that found upon our Scottish mountains, and also wild-brambles having the same flavour and appearance as those at home, only being rather smaller. Dr Kirk, as botanist, examined both of them, and brought off specimens. Dr Livingstone also cut and brought off a pepper-stick to make a walking-staff. We remained upon the top of the hill all night, sleeping in the open air, and in the morning woke up to find it extremely cold until sunrise, although this was the hot season. This was the greatest degree of cold I felt in Africa. We descended shortly after daybreak, and joined our party, the same day, at a village about four miles from the bottom of the mountain.

We then proceeded onwards, meeting everywhere with a hearty welcome from the natives, until on the 8th of October we again got in safety to our launch, at the bottom of the Murchison Falls, having been absent forty days on this exploring-journey.

Dr Kirk being now deputed by Dr Livingstone to proceed overland from the Murchison Falls to Tette, I started with him on that journey on the 18th October, accompanied by thirty of the Makolo men. This being a part of the country never formerly traversed by Europeans, and very thinly inhabited, our journey proved to be the most toilsome and difficult that we had yet undertaken. Immediately upon leaving the valley of the Shire, we struck into the mountains lying to the south-west, and entered a barren country, through which we travelled three or four days without meeting any natives, or falling in with any of their villages, where we could purchase fowls or other food, so were entirely dependent upon the stock we carried with us, which consisted only of about a dozen pounds of salt pork. Water also was very scarce, we being sometimes a day and a half without getting any, and even what we procured was very salt and brackish, and in such very small quantities, that instead of quenching, it frequently only aggravated our thirst. On the fourth day, the man who carried our pork disappeared, having fallen behind our party, and we now experienced the pangs of hunger in earnest; but, most providentially, on the fifth day from leaving the Shire, towards midday, we reached a pretty large village where our wants were attended to, and where we remained the following night. In the morning, we purchased from these hospitable natives, a sheep—for which we paid about a fathom of calico; six or eight fowls, paying for them about a yard of calico; and some meal for our men, which cost us about ten of our glass-beads; and being once more provisioned, we again set out upon our journey, and found the same scarcity of water still prevailing; we occasionally met herds of antelopes, but could not get near enough to them for a shot. By this time, we were drawing near to the Portuguese territory, and food was more easily procured, the country being here more thickly inhabited; and on the eighth day from our leaving Murchison Falls, arrived at Tette, where, after procuring supplies of provisions, and also some materials much wanted for the repair of our steam-launch, which we purposed executing at the mouth of the Kongone, where we could beach her, we started in the pinnace, early in November, to go down the Zambesi; and after fifteen days' sailing, met our leader with the launch, at Kongone, where he had arrived nearly two weeks before us.

H.M.S. *Lynx*, Captain Barclay, was also lying off the bar, and with the assistance of her engineers, we got the launch patched up, and once more afloat; but after three days, had again to beach her, other leaks breaking out as fast as we could stop up old ones; so we now had no other resource but stop up her leaks with clay, finding it quite impossible to keep her afloat any other way. We once more started about the end of December, in the launch, for Tette, where we arrived after much difficulty and frequent stoppages to repair, about the beginning of February 1860. It having been now decided by Dr Livingstone that I should be sent home to procure a more powerful and portable steamer, to be specially adapted for the navigation of the river Shire above the Falls, and also Lake Nyassa, we left Tette for the mouth of the river on the 18th of February, where we expected to meet, according to appointment, one of her Majesty's ships, in which I was to return to England. But on our arrival at the bar, about the end of February, finding no ship due until the 15th of March, Dr Livingstone sent me round to Quillimane, where we expected to find some ship in which I could get a passage home; but I had to remain there until the middle of June.

As the launch had by this time become perfectly useless, Dr Livingstone, knowing that nothing could be done without a steamer, resolved to redeem his promise made to Seheletu on his former visit, by accompanying the Makolo men to their own country, a journey they of themselves could never have accomplished, on account of the dangers to which they would be exposed from neighbouring tribes; and while I remained at Quillimane, I had letters from him, dated 15th May, in which he stated that on the following day he purposed leaving Tette, where he then was, accompanied by Dr Kirk and Mr Charles Livingstone, for that purpose. I also had letters from Major Sicard, in which he stated that he had news from Dr Livingstone, then two days upon his upward journey, and that he had sent with him a number of natives to assist him in his progress. While I remained at Quillimane—as was to be expected from the low, marshy nature of the country—I had an attack of fever; and Dr Livingstone being far away, I felt very much the want of that skill and attention which he was so well qualified, and always willing to give. On the 14th of June, H.M.S. *Lyra*, Captain Oldfield, arrived at Quillimane. Captain Oldfield informed me that on the 2d he stood off the Kongone, and sent in two boats, expecting to find me there; and most unfortunately, when crossing the bar, one of the boats was swamped, and the pay-master drowned, a circumstance which gave me great grief. I was taken on board the *Lyra* on the 14th, which left Quillimane the same evening, and towards the end of the month reached the island of Johanna, where we fell in with a small schooner bound for the Mauritius, on board of which we shipped the cases of botanical specimens, and confided to the care of her captain Dr Livingstone's dispatches; but for want of room he could not give me a passage. Captain Oldfield, indeed, was very much opposed to my risking a voyage in such a small vessel. After this, I cruised about on this station in the *Lyra*, whose particular duty was the prevention of the slave-trade, and whose captain was a terror to all the slave-dealers on the coast, and I had the good-fortune to assist in the capture of a slaver of 300 tons, fitted up for 1000 slaves.

An American bark, the *Guide*, Captain M'Millan, having come into the port, bound for Aden, and as there was no prospect of my getting a passage to the Cape before December, I considered it the best way to carry out the wishes of Dr Livingstone, and for the good of the expedition, that I should embark in her for Aden, and thence, per Peninsular and Oriental Co.'s steamers, to England, which I calculated would land me there by the middle of September.

We sailed from Zanzibar on the 30th of August in the *Guide*, hailing from Salem. Our ship's company consisted, as nearly as I can now recollect, of twenty Americans, besides three Spanish ladies, passengers, and myself. On September 4, about midnight, the vessel struck, and went ashore at Rass Haffoon, near the Gulf of Aden. The boats were immediately lowered, the wind blowing fresh at the time, and we got biscuits and water put on board, and the passengers' private luggage, with the intention of pulling out to sea, so as to reach Aden; but the surf being very heavy, our boats were all swamped and knocked to pieces against the ship's sides, when we lost everything of which we were formerly possessed. With great difficulty, we again scrambled on to the ship's decks; and as daylight was now just beginning to break, we could see the land about two hundred yards' distant, the ship being forced ashore by the action of the surf. As daylight increased, the natives appeared in hundreds, and by eight A.M. they succeeded in boarding us. At first, they pretended to be friendly to us; but on seeing that we were perfectly helpless, and our boats all destroyed, they commenced plundering the passengers and ship, tearing the earrings from the ladies' ears, and flourishing their long knives, as if they intended to massacre the whole of us. We then dropped over the ship's side into the water, which was now a few feet deep, and escaped to the shore during the excitement consequent upon the plundering of the vessel, taking with us only the clothes in which we stood, and about 14,000 dollars in gold pieces, divided amongst us, for the purpose of aiding us to get away from the coast. We travelled along the shore towards the north-east, in search of water, and also to be out of the reach of ill-usage at the hands of the natives, who we now found were Sumalies with a mixture of Arabs, all well armed with asseghaies and long knives, and seemingly bent upon our destruction. On the first day we reached the rock of Rass Haffoon, where we wandered about for two days more, searching for water, and keeping a look-out, hoping to see some ship pass near us. On the evening of the third day from that of the wreck, five of the crew went off in search of water, which they expected to find near a green bush which we saw at a short distance. These men never returned, and we learned afterwards that they had all been murdered, and saw some of the natives wearing their clothes. Our sufferings at this time were indescribable, our tongues perfectly parched, and our voices so much altered, that we could scarcely understand what each other said. I scraped away the sand to fit my side, so that I might lie comfortably at night. On the third morning, Captain M'Millan and I started for the north side of the rock, in search of the men who had left us the preceding evening, and hoping also to fall in with fresh water. This, although only three miles distant, was, in our weakened condition, and with the hot glare of the sun reflected from the sand, a most painful and laborious journey; but our labour was in vain, as we could neither see nor hear of the missing men, found no water, and could see no ship.

On rejoining our companions in misfortune, despair was in every heart: six of the crew and the three ladies talked of destroying themselves by drowning. I was a few steps off when this was proposed. Captain M'Millan came to me, and said: 'What do you think of the proposal?' My answer was: 'I have not the slightest intention of doing so yet; as long as there is life, there is hope.' By this time, we were now approaching the others; the ladies had got to their feet, and were walking off to the water. Some of the crew then asked me: 'How long can we live, Rae, without food or water?' My reply was: 'At least eight or ten days; and if you remain here at rest, you may probably live longer.' The ladies stood still hearing this conversation, and wishing us all to go into the water and die together; but I opposed this, and said: 'Come, let us try and get to the wreck.' The men objected, saying: 'Although we go to the wreck, we will just be killed—better die here than be murdered.' I then said: 'There is a chance of us not being murdered; and if we get back to the ship, we are sure of a drink of water, and perhaps some food.'

The mate insisted that we should not go: 'We will not be long a-dying here; we will be dead by to-morrow night.' After some more argument and talking of the same sort, we all sat down, and it was now proposed to kill the captain's dog, which had accompanied us from the ship. The dog was instantly killed by a blow from an axe, and some of the crew ate a small part of the flesh. I put a small piece over my lips, to keep them moist, they being severely cracked and very painful.

After some further persuasion on the part of Captain M'Millan and I, they were all got upon their feet; but the ladies still insisted on destroying themselves, and walked towards the water. I followed, and caught hold of one of them, and carried her along; the others then turned, and followed, and we all proceeded in the direction of the wreck, lying about seven miles distant, several of the crew shewing symptoms of mental aberration.

To the best of my recollection, we reached the wreck on the fifth day, but from this time I lost all recollection of the days of the week or month. We went straight to the ship's side, and tried to scramble up, but in our weak state, only a few of us succeeded. By this time the natives were again around us, and stripped us of our clothes, allowing us to retain only the shirt and trousers. I walked up to a tent made of our sails, where a pleasant-looking old woman was standing at the door, from whom I begged as much water as would wet my lips. She handed me a skin-bottle nearly full of water, which I drained to the bottom, without removing it from my lips. The woman tried to seize it, but I turned round and avoided her. This draught of water revived me very much, and I again made for the ship's side, and attempted to scramble up, but fell back repeatedly into the water. On being observed by some of the crew who had got on board, they threw me a rope, and by their help I succeeded in reaching the deck of the ship, and found everything gone, except some pieces of salt pork kicking about the decks, and also a tank of fresh water, which the natives had not discovered.

By this time, we had all got on board, and soon got a fire lighted, and the pork ready for eating; and we now learned that one of the chief's headmen had arrived at the wreck from the interior. He inquired at one of the Spanish ladies if there were any English amongst us, on which she pointed to me, and said: 'There is one man belonging to the Queen of England; that man must be saved, and sent back; and we hope that on his account you will spare us all.' His reply was, that he had orders from his sultan, if there were any English, he was to protect them until the arrival of the chief. We lived for five days, with very little food, under his protection. After five or six days, the chief himself came on board, and asked for the man belonging to the Queen of England. I was immediately pointed out to him; and going up to him, he said in Arabic: 'You are English? To-night, I will send you a sheep.' I asked him, was there any chance of our ever getting away from this place. He replied that he would do his utmost to get me and the ladies sent off, and after a long delay, despatched us in an open boat, called in their language *dohw*, to Makullah, where we arrived on the 14th of October. We then went to the sultan, by whom we were received with great kindness. He gave us a house in which we all were to live, and provided us with food during our stay, and also sent cloth to make clothes for us.

On the 22d of October, having been provided with another dohw by the liberality of the sultan, we left Makullah, and on the 25th October 1860, arrived at the British settlement of Aden, and felt once more secure under the protection of the British flag. I then reported myself to Captain Playfair, the political agent at Aden, who told me he would send me second-class to Southampton as a distressed British subject; and accordingly, on the 29th October, I sailed in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Colombo* for Suez; thence overland to Alexandria; and home by the mail-steamer *Ceylon* to Southampton, where I arrived on the 17th of November, grateful to Providence for having so mercifully preserved me through so many dangers.

A DAY WITH THE DOUANE.

There are some monsters which take a deal of killing. Some have a Protean power of change, and baffle you by putting on some new form every time you lay hold of them; others are like the Nemæan Hydra, and for every head you cut off, up spring two in its place; but of all the monsters 'hated of gods and men,' for invulnerability and tenacity of life, commend us to the French custom-house.

If cats have nine lives, the douane must have ninety. It has been exposed, abused, shewn up in every broadsheet; proved to be worthless, unsound, and dishonest; an enemy to commerce and civilisation, a source of bitterness and strife, a delusion and a snare; and yet it still survives, and continues its audacious course of peculation and tyranny. So here's for another round with you, you despotic, arbitrary old humbug! Quake in your shoes, *vieux scélérat!* Yes, we owe you a grudge, you sneaking, tyrannical old bully! You call yourself the majesty of the law? Oh! the dirty tricks we've seen you guilty of! Perhaps you don't remember us. You don't remember robbing a little schoolboy of his cake and half-a-dozen oranges, which his poor mamma had put in his box when she sent him across the Channel to the tender mercies of the college of S. Cancan? We should like to know what became of that cake and those oranges. No; our turn was not come yet; we were not up to the freemasonry of the customs, and had neglected to purchase from the waiting-woman the cards representing the first numbers, which she had carefully kept in her pocket, while the rest were laid out for the unsuspecting to choose from.

We were first, or nearly so, in the custom-house, but no numeral below a nine could we see upon the cards; and we suspected, as we afterwards found out, that Madame Marie had the rest in her pocket; yes, she was taking care of number one and the rest of them, and sold them to those in the secret; and so it came to pass that while others walked one by one into the enclosed space behind the *grille*, we were left for some two hours the amused and interested spectators of the miseries of others.

We had had a tolerably fine passage on one occasion from Cæsarea (not Philippi), and had succeeded in bringing over our little family with all needful 'impedimenta,' of household gods and household furniture, intending to pass the summer in what is mythically called *La Belle France*. We had undergone the preliminary 'gentling' on board the steamer, and had put up with having our passport snatched rudely out of our hands with a calm and equable spirit; but eventually our feelings 'were one too many' for us. It was aggravating to see ladies' trunks opened before all the other passengers, their knickknacks, and ornaments, and dressing-cases, rudely handled; and all the hidden mysteries of female adorning exposed to the gaze of the profane vulgar. What right had that bullet-headed Jack-in-office to expose to view those new ball-dresses, and to joke upon the width of the skirts, and compare the slender waist with his own beef-eater's figure? And then to see all the sacred confidences of a lady's toilette violated—rough, dirty hands thrust into hidden recesses; garments, not to be spoken of even by Benedicts, dragged before the unblushing officials, the whole tossed recklessly back again into the box, which seemed a world too small to hold them all; and the unfortunate owner told to cord it up and be gone! Imagine the position of a lady, with all her pet garments and knickknacks thus tossed higgledy-piggledy in the presence of some twenty fellow-passengers and a dozen grinning *douaniers!* A capital joke, wasn't it, *Monsieur le Chef?*

Our attention was next called to the treatment which a respectable-looking English servant was undergoing at the hands of two female searchers, who insisted that she had something contraband concealed on her person. The article in question turned out to be an extra flannel petticoat, which was forthwith lugged off, and brought into the public-room for examination; and being found to contain more material than the *douanier's* wife generally wore, and being, moreover, new and unwashed, was forthwith confiscated to the use of the French government in general, and the aforesaid douanier's wife in particular. Several ladies' skirts were similarly confiscated, as being unworn and brought in with a fraudulent intention; and one brave British female battled long and bravely for the retention of a travelling plaid-shawl, which, if not old, was certainly not new, and was most unfairly classed amongst the prohibited articles.

But the fiercest battle took place between an elderly spinster, with an array of artificial curls, and a bullet-headed corpulent douanier, for the possession of a Britannia-metal tea-pot. The old lady had evidently a strong partiality for 'the cup that cheers;' and being aware of the non-drawing qualities of French porcelain, had provided herself with a tea-pot of home manufacture, and tried to pass it in her muff. She held fast to the handle, while the douanier held not less fast to the spout. She foamed at the mouth, and sputtered out volleys of bad French; while the douanier spat and swore, and raged in bad English. 'Laissez moi mon pot-de-thé!' said the spinster. 'What for you try to smoggle him?' retorted the officer; and so the battle went on, till the handle came off, and the douanier carried away the tea-pot in triumph; while the old lady, with scarcely less exultation, retained possession of the handle.

By the time our turn had arrived, the chef was anxious to get the business over in as little time as possible, and was content to take our word for the contents of most of our boxes, and the value of the articles liable to duty. But at the mention of the word 'books,' all his ire returned. 'Books, always books with the English! What need can they have for books? It was but a week ago that a monsieur was caught in the act of smuggling a box of revolutionary works, even the books of that *scélérat* Victor Hugo, into imperial France. No! every book must go to the prefecture to be examined.'

We had no objection to this; and only hoped that as most of them were religious works, with a sprinkling of Hebrew and Greek, the *préfet* would derive benefit and instruction from their perusal. 'What next?' demanded the chef. 'A little plate,' we replied modestly, 'but most of it in electro-plate.' 'It must all be examined and valued.' So out it came. 'Yes, it is all silver,' said the douanier, 'and must be paid for by the ounce.' In vain we protested that most of it was plated. 'It must go to the silversmith's to be tested.' So catching up a fork and spoon at random, he sent them off by an officer, who presently came back bearing the articles in question, each with a large stain burned through the silver-plating. 'Plated,' was the decision of the silversmith. 'Then they are *all* plated,' said the chef, and his word was law; and as we had nothing to pay, we were only too glad to acquiesce in his judgment. In the meantime, two gendarmes had got hold of our child's perambulator, and were taking it out to a select party on the quay. 'Look here,' quoth the portly limb of the law; 'this is a velocipede; this is the way to work it;' and suiting the action to the word, he seated himself astride on the poor little carriage, which bent and cracked under his weight, and worked himself along by his podgy legs, to the intense satisfaction of every one but ourselves. This performance being over, the unfortunate carriage was brought in to be valued. Some little doubt seemed to arise how to class it; but at last the sapient chef found its place in the category of carriages with springs. 'Look here,' said he; 'carriages with springs, on two wheels, fifteen per cent.; on four wheels, thirty per cent. *ad valorem.*' Yes; but we begged to observe that our carriage had three wheels; and demanded that it should be classed accordingly. In vain he ransacked his lists of articles prohibited and admissible: no existing provision could be find to meet the case of a three-wheeled carriage with springs, and so our perambulator passed through the ordeal triumphantly, except that one of the springs was hopelessly injured by the weight of the fat gendarme.

But he had not done with us yet. There were some culinary articles to be inspected, and their novel shape and purpose again aroused his suspicions. 'Name of names!' said he, 'what is this?' drawing forth a bottle-jack from the depths of a hamper.

'A roasting-machine,' we explained.

'Not at all. I believe it to be a kind of infernal machine,' said the chef: 'it closely resembles those of Orsini.'

Seeing he was so determined on its being an infernal machine, we could not help favouring the idea; and hanging it up to a nail, and placing a weight on the hook, we wound it up, and called out: 'Now look out, and you will see how it acts.'

As it began to revolve, they stared in wonder, and, at the first click, there was a general movement, and an evident desire among the officials to stand clear in case of an explosion; but the chef cut the matter short by commanding the instant seizure and confiscation of the machine, and it was forthwith carried by the boldest of the gendarmes, holding it at arms-length, into a place of safety.

Matters were beginning to look serious, especially as among our papers was found an advertisement of a travelling-dentist, with cuts of various instruments for filing and scaling the teeth, which Minos took it into his sapient noddle were nothing more or less than designs for revolutionary pikes and other lethal weapons; and we began to have serious doubts whether we should have all our goods and chattels confiscated, and pass the night in durance vile, when, to our great relief, the chief inquisitor discovered, among our effects, an official uniform, which at once convinced him that we had none but peaceable designs with regard to his sovereign lord the emperor.

A simultaneous find of several pipes shewed also that we were smokers, and likely to contribute something to the indirect taxation of the country; so, with many bows and grimaces, and something as near an apology as his dignity would allow him to make, we were permitted to pass all our goods with a nominal payment for the 'contributable' articles.

Nevertheless, we had scored several points to Mr Chef for his overbearing and capricious conduct, and we are happy to say we paid him, if not in full, at anyrate a handsome dividend.

The first instalment was on this wise. Seeing how the little packets of tea and cigars had been greedily seized on our first visit, the next time we travelled that way we prepared a tempting bait for Mr Jack-in-office. Ho, ho! Mr Chef, we hope you relished that half-pound of 'English tea' which you took away from us on our next trip. Would it not have added to the flavour to have known that it was part of a parcel of dried tea-leaves which was found in an old stocking in the straw of our French cook's bed, such being her ingenious and economical way of restoring the flavour and fragrance of the used-up contents of our tea-pot to their pristine state? Was the flavour rich and aromatic? Was there plenty of *force* and *délicatesse* in that cheering cup? Did the tohea or the bohea predominate in that *tohu* and *bohu*? We pause for a reply. And those fine cigars of *tabac étranger*, first quality, all the way from the Havannahs, for which we pleaded so earnestly, did they smoke well? Was ignorance bliss? Or would it have enhanced your enjoyment of those English cigars, if you had known that they were penny Pickwicks, imported direct from Houndsditch, and warranted made of decomposed cabbage-leaves, soaked in a mixture which shall be nameless? And that pot of *comfiture*, which we persuaded you to taste, as being excellent 'guava jelly,' did you like it, Monsieur Chef? Was it very good?—very fine to the taste? Or did you spit and splutter, and run out to rinse your mouth with brandy? Would it not have improved the flavour, if we had told you that it was not guava jelly at all, but a month's supply of lenitive electuary, which we were charged to bring over for an afflicted friend at S. Cancan? These delicate attentions we trust you will accept with our distinguished salutations; and we faithfully promise to pay off the remainder of our score on the first opportunity.

Such is our narrative of one day's experience at a French custom-house, and we doubt not that many of our readers could add their testimony to the general style of treatment which they have met with under similar circumstances. We could a tale unfold of ladies forcibly stripped for the discovery of lace supposed to be concealed about their persons, and of a hundred other instances of the caprice, tyranny, and ignorance displayed by the officials; but we leave it to other and abler advocates to take up our theme, and attack the infamous system which has excited our wrath and embittered our recollections of foreign travel.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXV.—A LODGING WITH A LIONESS.

As the full colonel of a regiment takes his ease and his annual stipend, leaving the conduct of affairs in the hands of his lieutenant-colonel; or as the head of a firm holds himself aloof from the working-members, and lets his junior partners perform the duties of the concern, while he himself leans rather towards the privileges; so did the first Butcher of the establishment of Tredgold late Trimming, depute most of the cares of his office to his newly-appointed assistant.

One especial duty, however, did Mr Bairman reserve to himself—namely, that of putting his four-footed victims to death with his own hands. Many men have a passion for slaughter by means of rifles and fowling-pieces, but Mr Bairman was enamoured of the pole-axe. As long as he had health and strength to wield that weapon, observed he, in something of a devotional and submissive tone, he would continue to do so, as he had done for thirty years or so: if ever he should find himself unequal to the task of finishing off any animal doomed for sacrifice, he was ready, from that moment, to put aside his sacrificial garment (blue) and the sacred axe; but in the meantime, he would exercise his gift so long as it was intrusted to him. It was a strange and not very pleasing fancy, but Mr Bairman was himself a strange and by no means very pleasing man. His face was as deadly white as that of the most aristocratic daughter of Fashion, so that it seemed as though he had spilled something of his own vital fluid with every act of bloodshed, while a cataract of sandy-coloured beard depended from it, whereon he was wont to wipe his gory hands—a habit which, even under less unpleasant circumstances, would be certainly reprobated in the best circles. Mr Bairman was not of that social disposition which generally characterised the company whereto he had the honour to belong; but if it had been otherwise, he would have had little opportunity for the display of geniality; they shrank from his society and conversation in rather a remarkable manner, considering that their own callings were, for the most part, the reverse of delicate, and demanded some strength of nerves. This gentleman was good enough to afford what he designated as a splendid spectacle to Dick upon the very first morning of his apprenticeship, in the slaying of an aged and decrepit horse. The fact of the poor animal's being blind did away with that necessity for fineness of treatment, upon which the artist particularly prided himself; but, even as it was, the spectator was so perfectly satisfied, that nothing could ever induce him to behold a repetition of such a performance. He would work with the barrow and the fork in the distribution of food to the wild animals, as in duty bound, but he would be witness to no more butcheries. Mr Bairman was hugely tickled by this determination of his young ally, which he declared to have been his own when he first took to the business, and assured him that within a week or so he would come to feel quite differently. In the meantime, however, Dick's breakfast was utterly spoiled, and the ardour with which he had regarded his new mode of life a good deal damped.

'Never you mind *him*,' remarked Tickerocandua, to whose ear the youth confided his sentiments respecting his immediate chief; 'he's a fine fellow in the shambles among tottering animals—a deuce of a fellow, as the saying is, among eggs with a stick—but put him in front of a little bit of a cat like the puma, and I believe, if he had a whole sheaf of pole-axes, he would not dare to strike a blow to save his life. Why, when I wanted to give Regulus his castor-oil the other day, poor fellow—that's the African lion, you know—and asked Bairman to lend me a hand, he made as much of it as though I had been going to administer *him*. The way is, you know, we tie his two fore-paws together, and bring him to the front of the cage; and then we get his mouth open, and put the oil down as easy as though he were a baby; yet, if you believe me, that fellow trembled so that he spilt half the bottle. He don't love me, I know, because I called him a funker; not as I think it any blame to one as hasn't pluck to be unable to shew it, only then he shouldn't go bragging about what he can do, and laughing at other people who ain't so fond of blood-letting. Nothing would give old Bairman greater pleasure than to see me eaten up alive, I know. Now, Mr Tredgold is quite as much afraid of the beasteses as he is; but then he's as tender-hearted as a chicken about others, too.'

Thus discoursed Tickerocandua, perched beside our hero on the lofty seat of the lion's caravan, and driving four horses in hand, which it was his pleasure rather than his duty to do; for the Hunter was especially excused from all the fatigues and duties of travel to which the rest of the company, without exception, were liable. Every other person was expected to make himself useful on the march, whether in running beside the leaders of the team of eight cream-coloured horses, that drew their band triumphantly through the towns, or in stopping the wheels of the giraffe-wagon as it toiled laboriously up the hills. There was no occasion to perform this office to the elephant's chariot, inasmuch as, like the Irish gentleman in the sedan-chair with the bottom out, that noble animal might, but for the look of the thing, have dispensed with his vehicle altogether; since, while seeming to be drawn, he really drew, as the more sagacious observers would sometimes discover, by catching sight of his feet underneath among the wheels.

The procession commonly started on its journeys very early, as soon as those creatures were fed whose turn it was to feed upon the morning in question, and travelled very slowly. When they reached their destination, there was the show to be made ready—a work of several hours—so as to be opened to the public, if possible, on that same evening; and then there were divers wants of the beasts to be attended to before bed could be thought of for themselves. Dick led no very easy life of it in Tredgold's late Trimming's establishment, it is certain; and if he had exchanged the China-trade for Lion-feeding, with the expectation of finding greater ease and leisure, he had made a mistake. Sunday was a day of rest to him which he had never before known how to properly appreciate, and we may be sure that he would not have spent one now, by way of holiday, in the Zoological Gardens. Nevertheless, except for the unpleasant character of his particular occupation, the young man was not dissatisfied with his mode of life, nor did he contemplate leaving it unless Mr Bairman's sinews should fail him, and the office of slaughterer devolve upon his own unambitious hands. Dick was a favourite among the whole company, except with the first Butcher, who was not in the habit of making favourites of anybody: even Mrs Tredgold gradually forgot that he had been once the *protégé* of so despicable a young person as Lucidora, and on one occasion of indisposition, even made him a motherly present of a couple of family-pills. Mr Tredgold was highly satisfied with him, and would consult him upon what was good for this or that of the larger animals, if Tickerocandua did not chance to be at hand. From the Beast-tamer, indeed, Dick soon learned all that that gentleman had to teach, as well as experiencing many practical kindnesses at his hands; among which was this, that the whole expense and trouble of procuring lodging was saved to him by being permitted to take up his permanent quarters in the Lion Hunter's house on wheels.

On a certain dreadful winter night, when the entire establishment was snowed up on a Yorkshire moor, and both domestic caravans were hospitably shared with the whole shivering company, Tickerocandua announced his intention of giving more room to others by making his own couch in the apartment of one of the lionesses, who had lately presented the proprietary with a couple of cubs. 'You may come too, if you like, Arbour,' said he, half in jest and half in earnest; and Dick answered on the instant, 'I will'—although he felt some undeniable qualms of terror as soon as the words had escaped his lips.

'You take your loaded whip, Robinson, I see, notwithstanding that you have not the slightest fear!' sneered Mr Bairman.

'Yes,' returned the Lion-tamer angrily, 'but it is because I am answerable for the life of the lad.'

'Ah, to be sure,' returned the other, 'the young man has not your determination of character; that is true.'

'I beg of you, my good friend,' observed Dick blushing, 'that you will use no extra precaution on my account; I shall feel quite safe with *you*, without your whip.'

There was a murmur of approbation among the company as Tickerocandua put the weapon aside, with, 'That's my brave boy, Dick; *you* would not dare to come, Butcher, though I took twenty whips!'

This statement being quite incontrovertible, Mr Bairman gave only a ghastly grin by way of reply, and the Beast-tamer, turning his back upon him contemptuously, bade Dick put on his great-coat and bring a railway-rug. 'The old lady herself will keep us warm enough,' said he; 'but you must lie in the far-corner, as she may not take kindly to a stranger. You may talk in her company as much as you like, but you must not sneeze, or make any unusual sound, for her ears are easily offended.'

The establishment of Tredgold late Trimming, as the two friends beheld it on that wintry midnight, presented a singular spectacle. A long line of vehicles, as huge as were ever seen—built for the accommodation of beast—since the Ark itself, cast their gigantic shadows upon the waste of snow; motionless under the cold clear moon they stood, like some embodiment of weird romance, disproportioned, unnatural, and such as might be begotten in the dreaming brain through reading Mr Edgar Poe's works, and after partaking of pork-chops for supper. The poor horses, released from the shafts as soon as locomotion became impossible, and huddled together in a circle that had with difficulty been cleared from snow for their accommodation, resembled some troop of phantom steeds in a spectral circus. The wintry blast that swept the moor was laden with sounds such as it had probably never borne before—the muffled outcries of wild beasts from every quarter of the globe, astonished at the novelty of their situation, and wondering why the show was not set up as usual, and the public eye rivetted upon them with its customary admiration. This melancholy scene would doubtless have had a greater effect upon Dick, just issued from the warm and crowded caravan, had not his mind been so engrossed by the gravity of the coming adventure. He heartily repented of that foolhardiness which had prompted him to accompany his friend in taking up such dangerous quarters, although the fear of Man was so far stronger than that of Beast, that he dared not now for shame shrink back from the undertaking.

'There is really not the slightest danger,' remarked Tickerocandua, reading perhaps his thoughts, 'if only you are pretty still. Only, in case of accident, be guided entirely by what I shall tell you.'

With these words the Beast-tamer undid one of the wooden shutters that was fastened immediately over the cage-door of the lioness, and without a moment of hesitation ascended by a little portable ladder into the den. Dick's heart beat loud and quick as he followed his leader, and almost leaped into his mouth as the animal gave a tremendous growl upon his unexpected appearance.

'Never mind her growling,' remarked Tickerocandua coolly: 'when the creeturs growl, it's safe enough; but when they walk round and round you, friendly-like, and shew their teeth without any noise, it is better to be upon the safe side of the bars. The tiger, indeed, will fawn upon you the very moment before he bites your head off. Poor old gal!' continued he, approaching the majestic female, and patting her on the head, 'your cubs are in perfect safety, I assure you; they are being kept warm by your master's fire, while Mr Tredgold, who will on no account keep company with them, is banished into the bedroom. There is a young gentleman come to see you, but he isn't good to eat, so you need not stretch your mouth so wide in that direction. Make yourself comfortable yonder, Dick; I shall lay my head here, upon my lady's hind-quarters, so that if she gets up, I shall be the first to know it.'

Whether Dick succeeded in making himself quite comfortable, is more than doubtful; but he rolled himself up submissively enough, and was silent. 'I will try,' said he to himself, '*not* to think of that confounded lioness, with all my might;' but he was quite unable to keep *her* might out of his thoughts for all that. He fell a wondering whether she would eat the railway-rug first, and him afterwards, or swallow the whole bundle as the elephant did his oranges, without troubling himself to take off the peel; and entertained a number of other ridiculous suppositions, which, however, were not the least less fearful in that they were absurd. At last, not being able to bear longer this lying awake with eyes and ears at stretch in silence and in darkness (for the shutter had been pulled to as soon as they were withinside), he suddenly demanded of Tickerocandua whether they were likely to have more snow on the morrow or not?

The Beast-tamer burst into a little roar at this, and the lioness into a great one; so that it was sometime before Dick could get an answer to his important question.

'I do not know, I am sure, my lad; but I know this, that you were not thinking very much of the weather when you asked about it.'

'No,' replied Dick frankly, 'I was thinking of that infernal animal; I can't get to sleep, and I shall go crazy unless you talk to me.'

'Poor lad!' exclaimed Tickerocandua pityingly, 'it was wrong of me to place you in such a situation; I will get up and let you out.'

'No,' replied Dick firmly, 'I will stay here whatever comes of it, and no matter how much I fear.'

'Bravo!' returned the Beast-tamer; 'that is to have far greater courage than not to fear at all. The old lady here, however, will never hurt us; although I own that now, when she has just had her cubs taken from her, I would not like to have her flying over me, as the others do, half-a-dozen times a day.'

'How is it, by the by, that your face is often bleeding when you come out from that?' asked Dick.

'They all snap at me as they leave my shoulder,' returned Tickerocandua; 'and sometimes a tooth will graze the flesh for all that I can do. That's nothing compared with the labour of shifting them away, so that they should not rest upon me more than momentarily; if they leaped off less slowly, I should sink under their weight, even though their claws did not do for me.'

'But does not the sight or taste of your blood make them dangerous?' demanded Dick. 'I have always understood that that would set even the best tamed of wild animals beyond control.'

'That is not so with *human* blood,' replied Tickerocandua; 'because, with the exception of the Bengal tiger yonder, our friends do not know how good it is; but if you came in from the slaughter-house. . . . But what is that moving about outside the caravan? The old lady is getting uneasy. Great Heaven!' ejaculated the Beast-tamer as the shutter was suddenly thrown back by an unseen hand, and a stick drawn rapidly across the bars of the cage-door, 'somebody wishes to murder us!'

A stifled roar burst forth from the lioness, making the lad's blood run cold, and the hair to rise upon his head, as if under the influence of the electric wheel. He felt that roar to be his death-knell; a prayer passed through his mind, which he had neither time nor power to utter; and before his eyes a glimpse of that dead mother's face, which he was perhaps about to see again, and for ever; and then the voice of Tickerocandua smote upon his ear, awaking him once more to life and action. It was not the Beast-tamer's ordinary tone, but the suppressed utterance of one engaged in some tremendous physical struggle who has no breath to lose. 'Rush to the door; undo the bolt, lad; that is the only way that our lives can now be saved!'

Dick had his fingers on the fastening before Tickerocandua had finished his sentence; as the iron bars swung swiftly back, there was a hurtling noise in the air behind him; and as he leaped a flying body came with tremendous force upon his back, and rolled with him over and over, out of the cage.

This was Tickerocandua, who had been sitting upon the head of the lioness until ejected from the position in that undignified manner. Dick and he would not have been safe yet, but that the enraged animal, in her furious spring after them, had well-nigh stunned herself by coming in contact with the iron-sheathed wall of the cage. Before she could perceive that the path of liberty lay open to her, the Beast-tamer had leaped up and closed it, whereupon the creature set up such a roar of baffled rage as brought half the company out of their sleeping-places, despite the bitterness of the night.

'Thank Heaven, you are safe!' cried they, when they beheld the two friends standing on the right side of the bars; 'we feared that Dido had devoured you. What on earth have you done to enrage her?'

Tickerocandua, whose colour had entirely left his cheeks, answered not a word. 'Fetch my whip, Dick—do not lose one moment!' cried he.

'You surely are not going to venture,' began the lad; but the expression of the Beast-tamer's countenance became so terrible, that he interrupted himself in the middle of his expostulation, and ran for the weapon without another word.

The lioness, with open mouth, was thrusting her forepaws through the bars, as though she would have torn his heart out, when Tickerocandua re-entered the cage, closing the gate behind him. She turned round with a short snarl, and sprang right at him, while the spectators shuddered at the horror which seemed inevitable; but the man lightly stepped aside, and bringing the butt-end of his weapon down upon her with no great force, as it seemed, the mighty beast, so instinct with strength and fury, lay in a moment motionless upon the floor of the den. He waited, with his foot upon her neck, till she recovered herself, when he beat her with the thong severely upon the back and legs; after which he stepped out of the cage with great deliberation, observing to Dick that he was sorry to have had to punish the old lady, but that if he had suffered her to imagine herself his conqueror, even for an hour, his life would have been sacrificed on the next occasion that he entered the den.

'There is one, however,' added the Beast-tamer, suddenly seizing upon Mr Bairman, who had been looking on with a very chagrined expression of countenance, 'to whom both you and I, Dick, owe a debt which I have much pleasure in settling.' And with that, before any one could interpose, he had administered a dozen cuts of the whip across the face of the first Butcher, whereby that malignant disturber of the sleeping lioness and her lodgers was marked like the zebra of the desert for months to come.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MAN OF BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

It was a singular proof of the tenacity with which the Human, however fallen, will still cling to the skirts of Respectability, that Mr Richard Arbour did not inform his friends, throughout this period, of the precise nature of his employment in Mr Tredgold's establishment. He was gaining an honest living by purveying their necessary aliment to God's creatures, and yet he was ashamed of it. If he had been butchering the same for his own pleasure, with the latest description of fowling-piece, he would have written of his occupation not without a glow of personal vanity; but as it was, he 'sank' the slaughter-house, and I am afraid rather led Miss Lucy Mickleham to understand that he was permanently engaged, under the indirect patronage of Royalty (and indeed V. R. always headed Mr Tredgold's posters) in certain scientific experiments in Natural History. Even Sister Maggie was cognizant of no more than that the outcast was bread-winning in some humble capacity connected with the animal world, and that being likely to better himself, he did not care to mention more particularly what his occupation was. Mr William Mickleham, while playfully announcing his belief that the Family Scapegrace was parading the south of England with a bear and a monkey, and would some day present himself at their gate to the sound of a tambourine or hand-organ, was quite unaware that in so saying he was in reality rather overestimating his young friend's social position. Nevertheless these three held many a council concerning the absent lad and his prospects; Lucy and Maggie, because they loved him; and William, because, as the scaffolding whereby an attachment (fast rising to the story of affection) had been built up between himself and Maggie, he owed him no little gratitude.

That Kensington cottage was indeed a holiday-house to the poor young lady, escaped for a while from the grim mansion in Golden Square, and the companionship of Adolphus and Maria, who, had they dared, would have treated her no better than Cinderella.

Uncle Ingram, however, did not lose his affection for her, and strove, as it seemed, to make amends for the future wrong that he contemplated by present indulgence. He took her into his confidence—which was, however, only a sort of mental counting-house, wherein he kept his business speculations—and threw open for her all the chambers of his heart; all, that is, save one—the Bluebeard Chamber, which it was forbidden for any to glance at, wherein he nursed his wrath and kept it warm against Nephew Dick. Perhaps the sense of justice, which was really strong within the old man, and could, now and then, even overcome a prejudice, reproached him with his hardness towards the boy—whom he always pictured to himself *as* a boy, impatient of control, and obstinate under punishment—and made the subject more hateful to him than it would else have been. At all events, Maria could change her uncle's mood of doting fondness for her sister at any time, to one of anxiety and suspicion, by dropping a casual word which should remind him of the intimacy, still unbroken, between Maggie and Dick. Mr Ingram Arbour's memory was waning upon many points but not upon this. He forgot some matters which had formerly been at least as familiar to him as his prayers; his judgment upon matters of business, in former days so uniformly clear and decisive, was now apt to vacillate; but he always remembered that there was one Dick Arbour who had turned out a disgrace to the family, and never wavered in his determination to separate it from him and him from it. The diligence and activity manifested by Adolphus in Darkendim Street, and the good reports of Lawyer Johnnie's assiduity in the country, contrasted strongly with the misconduct of their younger brother: he of course looked all the blacker by contrast; and it is possible that these whited sepulchres, on their parts, received an additional coat of purity by the comparison. It may have been the absence of that foil, perhaps, which prevented Adolphus from appearing so excellent a man of business in the eyes of Mr Mickleham as in those of his uncle. To the sagacious managing-clerk, it was evident that the steady but successful course pursued by the Head of the Firm for so many years was little relished by the junior-partner; and that though cautious and prudent enough by nature, the young man beheld with impatience the many chances of great gains which spring up in the path of every important commercial house, rejected for the comparatively insignificant profits of mere legitimate trading. This was especially apparent since the return of Mr Adolphus Arbour from a late business expedition to Paris, where he had picked up and brought back with him certain brittle opinions concerning the extension of the china trade, as well as a personal friend in one Mr Frederic Charlecot, who abetted him in the same.

This gentleman, who had laid him under some chance obligations at a café, by becoming his successful interpreter in a squabble with the waiter respecting his bill, was not himself a man of business. On that first occasion of their acquaintance, and while sipping the Johannisburg, which he had politely invited Adolphus to share with him, he had confessed, with regret, that his means having always been sufficient for his moderate wants, he had never embarked in any of those streams of enterprise which were the boast and life-blood of their common country. 'They interest me, they have a charm and an attraction for my intellect, such as it is,' observed he, 'but I have never been practically concerned with them. I have made other men's fortunes more than once, by suggesting this and that line of conduct, which recommended itself to my theoretic commercial judgment; it was doubtless assisted by that combination of chances which enters more or less into every speculation, but my friends were as grateful as though I had been their guardian angel throughout. I have felt, however, little ambition to incur the trouble and necessity of making money for myself. I am an idle dog, you see. I smoke—and if you care for cigars, I think you will like this Cabana as well as any you will meet with in Paris. I drink, although never to excess, for that would interfere with my intellectual pleasures, as well as disorganise my digestion; and I make friendships where I find any sensible long-headed fellow, like yourself, who is also a gentleman. My family is what would, I believe, be considered 'good,' even by the most exclusive; but through a too long residence in the everlasting atmosphere of Parisian saloons, they have become un-English, and too frivolous even for me. We often quarrel—my family and myself—concerning our Nation of Shopkeepers. They accuse me of being a democrat and a *sans culotte*, because I affirm that a merchant-prince is as good as a prince who is not a merchant. They would consider you, sir, if, as your name suggests, you are a connection of the great house of Arbour—in the light of a—upon my soul they would—of a mere tradesman!'

Mr Adolphus Arbour visibly blushed, though he replied with no little testiness: 'And why not, sir? Why in the world not, sir, I would like to know?'

'Exactly,' rejoined the exquisite, lighting a fresh Cabana; 'you have hit the very gist of the whole question. Why *not*, you should like to know? You don't deny it. Why *should* you? You are proud of it. You ask if my family are any better for not having their hands sullied—their very expression only the other day—their hands sullied by trade for the last three hundred years; and I answer you, upon the honour of a Charlecot, that they are *not* the better. All that I demand is, that commerce and good-manners should go hand in hand. I should not, I confess (so deep are the prejudices of birth), I should not have been thus intimate with you, Mr Arbour, had I not perceived that your commercial prosperity had been secured without the loss of an elegant refinement—if, in a word, you had fallen short of the perfect and polished gentleman.'

The insolent condescension of this address would have been redeemed to some persons by the simplicity and evident absence of a wish to offend, with which it was uttered; it was mitigated in the eyes of Adolphus Arbour, by the air and tone of the speaker, instinct with that easy assurance which only belongs to those who are set above the necessity of ingratiating themselves with their fellow-creatures, and by the fashionable, and even splendid attire in which the descendant of the Charlecots was clothed. Lounging in this or that unstudied, but never ungraceful attitude, the stranger looked indeed like one who sits above the thunder of this work-a-day world, and who only mixes with it from motives of curiosity or amusement. Mr Charlecot's expressed admiration of men of his companion's class was reciprocated by his new acquaintance, who, like many of his own order, reverenced none so much as those who themselves have neither need nor wish to work. A second bottle of Johannisburg was disposed of during a conversation in which his new friend astonished him beyond measure with his acquaintance with the details of the china trade, surpassing even as a matter of special knowledge, but perfectly wonderful, since forming only a branch of that information which Mr Frederic Charlecot professed to possess concerning all the various channels of British industry.

'You, Mr Arbour, have one of those practical minds, that I respect and admire above everything, and which are worth all the learning and knowledge in the world. *I* have unhappily done nothing—had nothing to do—save to read and think; to dream perhaps of undertakings promising enough indeed, but to which I was in no position to give effect; to tease myself with far-off visions of splendid successes, whose reality will be one day grasped by a less idle hand.' At these words, delivered very differently from his ordinary unenthusiastic and indolent tone, Mr Charlecot extended visibly a set of ladylike fingers glittering with gold and gems. 'You are laughing at me, Arbour; you think me a fool, I know—you practical men are such sceptics—but, upon my honour, I have such a bent for commerce, that I sometimes think there must be a bar-sinister somewhere interposing itself between me and the Charlecots. Here, waiter, is the money, and half a franc for your own pocket, but not a centime more. Any other member of my family would have given the man a whole one, but one of my peculiarities, is the most rigorous economy in matters of social expenditure. I enjoy myself, but do not pay a farthing more than it is necessary for a gentleman to do: while in my accounts with my tradesmen, I am even still more exact and particular. Man of pleasure that I unfortunately am, I am in my small way a man of business also. Our road, I see, lies together, sir, although not for very far, I fear.'

Mr Charlecot paused opposite an imposing mansion which has the credit of being the most splendidly appointed, as also the most expensive, in all Paris. 'We lodge here,' said he. 'Is it possible that it fortunately happens that you are staying at the

Hotel Gilbert also? Madame and I have rooms above the *entresol.*'

'Yes,' replied Adolphus hesitatingly, 'I do lodge here; but I am only come for a few days, you see. My room is a great deal higher up. Indeed, I thought the price of the first floors enormous.'

'Now, I like that,' replied Mr Charlecot admiringly; 'I do like that. You merchant-princes, who roll in wealth, are so eccentric about your expenditure. The Berlin Rothschild assured me himself, that he never put his foot in a cab except at a friend's expense. What is twenty guineas a week to a man who turns a million?'——

'My dear sir,' interrupted Adolphus with a gratified blush, 'we do nothing of that kind, I do assure you. We have, it is true, the use of a few thousands' . . . .

Mr Frederic Charlecot leaned up against one of the marble pillars of the entrance-hall, and indulged in what, for a person of his distinguished quality, was uproarious mirth. 'Now, I do like that now—that notion of a few thousands in connection with Arbour and Nephew! To underrate the gigantic character of your undertakings is *so* characteristic. The use of a few thousands! that is capital. I shall remember that for Tuffner—you know Tuffner, the Stock Exchange millionaire, of course you do?—that, and your room at the top of the house, are both excellent.'

'But you know,' replied Adolphus, who had begun to be not a little ashamed of being thought parsimonious, although a few hours previously he had been reproaching himself with living at the Hotel Gilbert at all, and wondering what the Head of the Firm would say to the bill—'but you know I am a bachelor; I am not a married man like you.'

'A married man!' replied Mr Charlecot in an offended tone; 'why, what on earth led you to suppose that I was a married man? Now, really, my dear Arbour, you have no sort of right to be so hard upon a fellow. I am not so young as I have been, I know; not so lively, brilliant, rattling a Don Juan as yourself; but, O ladies of Paris, I appeal with confidence to you against this accusation! *Do* I, *do* I look like a married man? a Paterfamilias? Heavens! an elderly person who pays ready-money for flannel and children's shoes.'

'I beg your pardon,' replied Adolphus clumsily; 'only I thought you said something about Madame.'

Again Mr Charlecot laughed, but this time like the tinkling of any silver bell. 'Good again, Arbour; upon my life, you are *very* good. That pretence of respectability is perfect, and *so* characteristic. For my part, when in France I do as the French do, and in Paris, you know, one marries without benefit of clergy. Does Madame receive?' asked the speaker of a female domestic on her way to the first floor.

'She does, sir; I go for chocolate,' returned the servant.

'For three, then,' replied Mr Charlecot. 'You will take a cup with us, Arbour, in a friendly way, and have a chat with Madame?'

The apartment in which Mr Adolphus Arbour found himself the next moment, was by far the most splendid in which he had ever set foot; French magnificence had outdone itself in the profusion of gilding, the immensity of the mirrors, and the gorgeous elegance of the draperies. The most beautiful flowers sent forth their fragrant perfumes from cornucopias of crystal and silver, while from without, the summer air came softly over banks of flowers in the balcony. In the centre of the shaded room was a fountain of alabaster, which diffused along with its pleasant music a sense of coolness inexpressibly refreshing to eyes just released from the heat and glare of a Parisian pavement. A piano stood in one corner of the saloon, with an open music-book spread out before it, while volumes of engravings, splendidly bound, lay on the tables along with the most recent of those French and English newspapers which principally record the transactions of commerce.

A desk stood near the window with drawing-materials, and a half-finished sketch upon it, and a moderate-sized circulating library lay strewed, half on the ottoman half on the floor, as though some literary epicure had been recently satiating himself, or herself, upon the tidbits of fiction to repletion. The whole aspect of the room proclaimed a matter-of-course and every-day luxury, which is unusual indeed in hotel drawing-rooms inhabited by English persons, except they be of very considerable wealth and position. Even our richer fellow-countrymen can rarely bring themselves to look upon hotels as their temporary houses, and are commonly, while resident within them, content to debar themselves from many of their ordinary comforts, from a perhaps somewhat fanciful notion of economy. If Uncle Ingram, for instance, had been so imprudent as to have taken up his quarters at the Hotel Gilbert —which his nephew did more for the sake of giving it as his address, and of consorting with fashionable company in its coffee-room, than because it suited with his habits—he would have certainly dispensed with his ordinary luncheons, or have gone out in the broiling sun for a biscuit, rather than have summoned one of its magnificent waiters and taken his mid-day meal off silver and damask. Mr Adolphus Arbour had an intellect keenly alive to these differences of social expenditure, and the air of his new friend's gorgeous dwelling-place filled his British soul with a reverent and sublime respect. If Mr Charlecot's victory over him seems to have been somewhat rapidly attained, it must be remembered that his movements were masterly and his masses—considering the weak nature of the opponent he had to deal with—overwhelming. He also began the contest on advantageous ground, and with the sun at his back. The being able, when among foreigners, to speak fluently in their tongue, which your compatriot cannot use, is to possess a superiority over him, quite inconceivable to one whose sober wishes have never led him to stray beyond his native land. The insolence so complained of in the manner of Englishmen abroad is, we believe, mainly attributable to their almost universal ignorance of any other language than their own. They travel more than other nations do, and with far fewer polyglottic accomplishments. How can they, then, fail to look stolid, and sulky, and discontented, when they cannot even ask for beer or complain of its absence so as to be understood; when people with bayonets jabber at them civilities which sound to their ears like threats; and when the whole continent of Europe seems to be inhabited by an idle and perverse population, who will not take the trouble to acquire even the rudiments of the English tongue. Then in periods of misgiving and pecuniary disputation—when we do not even comprehend the value of the coins we are disputing about—how pleasant is it to hear one speaking our mother-tongue in the strange land, and proffering the courteous offer of standing between us and the native extortioner! Thus it was that the butterfly, Mr Frederic Charlecot, obtained his first hold of the money-spinner, Mr Adolphus Arbour; and having that hold, he was not the man to let go again.

Of all the attractive objects with which that drawing-room in the Hotel Gilbert gleamed, Madame was the crown. Mr Arbour's limited experience had led him to expect, in a lady of such a more than doubtful social position, a coarse, however comely exterior, and a manner familiar and unrefined. Madame, on the contrary, could scarcely be called beautiful; but her air and manner were elegant and distinguished in a very high degree. An aristocratic languor seemed to pervade her limbs, and give a pathos to her tones; while her conversation had that naturalness which only belongs to the very best society, and to people who are not in society at all.

The latest queen of London fashion is said to have been seen sucking a chicken-bone, at a semi-royal supper-party, without the medium of a fork—an undeniably advantageous method of eating it, but one which you, fair reader, who are doubtless fashionable also, would rather die than adopt. She was famous, however, for a certain *persiflage* that occasionally culminated to coarseness. Madame, too, had a lively fancy, and was sometimes a little rude. She did not rise from her couch by the open window when the two gentlemen came in, but remained there with a book in her hand, sometimes reading it, and sometimes joining in the conversation.

'I am glad to see you, sir,' said she with a gracious smile, as Mr Arbour was introduced; 'I like to see an English face, and to hear the English tongue. Be so good as to eschew French while in my company.'

'I shall have the greatest pleasure in so doing,' returned Adolphus; 'the fact is, your—that is to say, I have even now been indebted to Mr Charlecot for getting me out of a difficulty caused by my indifferent knowledge of the language.'

'I daresay you speak it vilely: all Englishmen do.' As if to shew, at the same time, that this was not the case with Englishwomen, she rapidly uttered a few French words to Mr Charlecot in what seemed to Mr Arbour's ears the purest Parisian accent—but, then, he was not a very good judge.

'Madame acquaints me that there is a letter of importance awaiting me; be so kind, Mr Arbour, as to excuse me a moment while I look at it. I make no scruple, you see, of sacrificing the demands of hospitality itself to those of business.'

An open door at the end of the apartment disclosed a smaller room with a dining-table; a massive escritoire, contrasting by its plainness with the neighbouring splendours of a sumptuously appointed sideboard, stood in a corner, covered with papers, and before these Mr Charlecot sat himself down.

Madame conducted a languid conversation with the visitor, returning the homage of his eyes with looks of courteous forbearance, as though she would say: 'You are dull, sir; but observe, I do not yawn.' But when his gaze wandered elsewhere, regarding him with an intensity of expression that by no means conveyed good-wishes.

'You dine at the Tuilleries, I suppose,' said she; 'everybody does dine there.'

Mr Adolphus Arbour was obliged to confess that, if that were indeed the case, he was but a nobody.

'Well, then, at the Embassy, at all events; it is there you have met Mr Charlecot, I suppose.'

Mr Arbour replied that he had not met Mr Charlecot there, but in a tone whereby he wished to imply that that was singular too, considering the frequency of his own invitations to the house of her Majesty's representative in Paris.

'You must have seen De Crespigny often there—the man whom the government have taken up so strangely in order to appease the republicans. They say that there has been some sort of compromise effected, but that it will not last.'

Mr Adolphus Arbour had not had the happiness of meeting the Count de Crespigny, although he had often heard of him.

'That is singular, too: he spoke of you as if he knew you well. Did you not assist him once in some dangerous affair in London; but no, it must have been a younger man. Have you a brother Richard?'

Adolphus felt himself growing scarlet under the eyes that were now fixed steadily enough, although with apparent indifference, upon him.

'It is a mistake, Madame; we have no brother Richard.'

'Indeed! then I misunderstood the count,' returned the lady carelessly. 'Have you not finished, Frederic, with those horrid papers yet?—you are always at business.'

'I have finished, Madame,' returned Charlecot, coming forward; 'and the business has been a pleasure. Here is one of Tuffner's funny letters again. Whenever I put him up to a good thing, Mr Arbour—and he declares that my judgment is worth more than that of all the Bourse together—he always insists upon sending me what he calls "mental brokerage," payment for my raw material of advice. Here is his note for five thousand francs, you see; one per cent., I suppose, or so upon his gains on the whole transaction. A ridiculous bagatelle, of course, in the eyes of a man like you, but in my case very acceptable to defray any little extravagances. Do not take another cup of chocolate, but, if you have no better engagement, stay and sup with us in a friendly way. We have a *marchand dupé* for supper to-night, have we not, Madame?'

'I rather think we have,' replied the lady.

ALDERNEY.

In two consecutive numbers of a certain popular periodical, published, I believe, towards the end of 1855, there appeared two articles, headed, respectively, 'A Tight Little Island,' and 'A Very Tight Little Island'—the one being a description of Heligoland, and the other of Sark. It has since been a source of wonderment to me that their writer, whilst at the latter place, and apparently in search of some spot remarkable for its 'tightness,' should have omitted mention of Alderney, which it was my lot, for nearly two years, to inhabit.

Alderney, as most people know, is one of the four Channel Islands enumerated in the geographies as Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. It is situated about eight miles west of Cape La Hague, in France, and between fifty and sixty miles south of Weymouth, and is the most northerly of the insular group.

To spare my readers the error of imagining a beautiful little oasis, abounding in trees, green-sward, sweet hedges, and cream-coloured cows, I will commence at once by informing them that Alderney consists of a rock about three and a half miles long, by one and a half broad, at its broadest, and rising in some parts to a height of from 220 to 270 feet above the sea-level. This rock is almost destitute of trees, and contains only two rows of what in England would be called hedges.

The town of St Annes, which lies nearly in the middle and highest part of the island, contains two streets, Victoria Street and High Street, and several very dirty lanes. The former of the two streets obtained its name from the fact of Her Gracious Majesty having, on a visit to the place, stood at its foot, and looked up it as far as its curvature would permit; on the strength of which, the loyal islanders placed new pitching on the road, and a stone slab on the wall commemorating this act of their queen. It would have been a blessing to the town had her Majesty, on that occasion, made a royal progress through it, attended with like results to its roads. High Street is named from being on a hill, and by no means from the altitude of the houses composing it. These, with St Annes Square (a sort of trapezium that would puzzle Euclid), containing the mansions of the town-major, judge, and rector, with the addition of the before-mentioned lanes, constitute the capital of Alderney. Besides this, there are, along the north shore of the island, Craby, the watering-place; Bray, the old town; Newtoun, the navvy locality of the higher class; and Mauznez, that of the lower. On the south and west sides, the rocks are precipitous, and the beach, where any exists, unapproachable. The ground slopes down from this to the north and east, where there are several small bays with sandy beaches.

Alderney is enclosed between two remarkable currents well known to the mariner—the 'Swinge,' running about north-east on the north side of the island; and the 'Race,' in a more northerly direction on the south of it, both of which currents meet at the east end of it, and run past Cape La Hague.

The language of the natives is far from pure, being a compound of Norman 'patois' with certain English provincial dialects, imported from time to time by the immigrants and navvies from our own shores.

The current coin is of a similar adulterate description; the gold and silver being represented by French napoleons and francs; while the paper and copper are issued by the states of Guernsey, in the shape of thick and dirty one-pound notes, and coins called eight doubles—equal to one penny English.

The government of the island was originally vested in a family of the name of Le Mesurier, and descended from father to son in regular rotation, until some few years back, when the son of the last governor resigned for a 'consideration' the patent which had so long dignified his family. Alderney is now included in the military district of Guernsey, the lieutenant-governor of which is represented by one of his staff, who is located in the ancestral hall of the ancient lords.

Alderney possesses a large, handsome, and well-built church (the gift of the son of the last governor); a school-room licensed for public worship; and the usual proportion of Roman Catholic and dissenting chapels. I may here remark a point worthy of note in the construction of St Annes, the capital. Being in no part more than three-quarters of a mile from the sea on either side, there is not a house in it that has any better look-out than the opposite side of the street, a dunghill, or a haystack; and any houses that are newly constructed, are carefully protected, in default of any ready-made obstacle of this nature, by a carefully-built and lofty wall, utterly precluding a glimpse of anything but its inside face.

Alderney has of late years been the object of much attention on the part of her Majesty's government. The Admiralty set to work to make a harbour of refuge, and the inspector-general of fortifications, in consequence, to build forts to protect its mouth when completed. As the former, during the last ten years, have approved of and adopted no less than eight different designs for this harbour, each of course proposing a new site for the entrance, the skill of the royal engineers has been somewhat severely tested in its protection, for as soon as one fort was planned, and perhaps constructed, the mouth of the harbour was found to be designed for a different spot. They have, however, executed their task by placing forts and batteries to command every possible spot which their Admiralty brethren could select for an entrance to the harbour, besides adding a few more in various parts of the island, in case an enemy might prefer attempting a landing on some other spot. Thus Alderney now presents the imposing appearance of five square miles of rock garnished by fifteen or sixteen forts, barracks, and batteries, and garrisoned by two batteries of artillery, a wing of an infantry regiment, and half a company of royal engineers.

The forts, with two or three exceptions, bear the ancient Norman names of the rocks or promontories on which they are placed: Clonque, Tourgie, Platte Saline, Doyle, Grosnez, &c. The patronymics of the natives are few—Robilliard, Le Cocq, Sandford, and Tourtel comprising nearly all the families, and the magisterial bench of twenty containing, with scarce an exception, none but these names. Most of the aborigines are of independent means; their sires and grandsires probably never having lost sight of the main chance during the good old smuggling times, since the whole island would scarcely produce the incomes enjoyed by one or two old matrons at present residing in it.

Of cows, heifers, &c. approaching in breed the pure Alderney, there are in the island scarcely more than fifty, and these, by some miracle of nature, produce the '1000 pure Alderneys' that are annually imported into England 'by one dealer alone' (*vide Times'* advertisements). They give beautiful milk certainly, but this, like the butter, is very dear.

Alderney, from being near to France, and having no duty to pay on foreign wines, spirits, and tobacco, is the emporium of the vilest *vin ordinaire* under the name of claret, wretched imitations of port and sherry (the latter much adulterated with sulphuric acid), and the most unsmokable tobacco that is anywhere offered for sale. Shooting is allowed without a licence, which, considering that twelve brace of woodcock only, with two and a half of wild fowl, annually visit the island, is not a great boon to the sportsman.

The civil jurisdiction of the place is intrusted to a resident judge and six jurats, or magistrates, who are assisted by an inferior bench of twelve douzainers (the parliament or chamber of deputies), who are elected by the islanders. These, with an executive power of four constables, manage to keep the island in a state of tolerable quiet and order.

The waters around the island abound in almost every variety of fish—turbot, plaice, mackerel, bream, whiting, pollock, and red mullet being at the disposal of any one who takes the trouble to catch them—but no regular fishing is carried on. One day, mackerel may be purchased for 1s. a dozen, while two days after, and perhaps for a fortnight, a fish cannot be obtained for love or money.

On a fine day, the view from the highest part of the place is beautiful, comprising the adjacent coast of France, Guernsey and its cluster of little islets, Sark and Jersey; but the Channel fogs, proverbially so thick, generally preclude all chance for the exercise of a sketcher's abilities, limiting one's landscape to an area of fifty to sixty square yards. When this is not the case, the wind is frequently so violent that there is some risk of the observer being blown away.

For about six months, a company ran steamers from Weymouth to Cherbourg *viâ* Alderney, so that a regular communication with England and the continent was insured to the island; but finding that traffic was scarce (the natives preferring their old style of cutters), and their steamers having more than once to lie within half a mile of the shore, without seeing it for six hours, owing to fogs, they gave up their laudable enterprise, and the old system of communication resumed its sway. This consists of a small steamer, belonging to the Admiralty contractors, which plies to Guernsey whenever the weather and owners will permit; and of sundry little cutters, of from twenty to forty tons, that are venturesome enough to brave the winds and currents that prevail in this part of the world. I have known Alderney to be a fortnight without any mail-communication whatever, and at the end of that time, one or two bags only conveyed, at two shillings and sixpence a hundred letters, by one of the open cutters. In the summer-time, Alderney is the resort of many excursionists, who are enabled, in a two days' trip, to see *almost* blue water, the French coast, and genuine fortifications, to say nothing of the cows, which, probably, rather astonish some of those who have known the breed in England. But to a person confined to the island, as I have been, it is anything but a pleasant residence, owing to the absence of any resources of amusement, and to its delightful quality of 'tightness,' which equally prevents any individual leaving it who may desire to do so, or any news reaching those who are there.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The approach of spring, as usual, wakes up the artists; and photographers as well as painters are making, or preparing to make, the best use of the days of sunshine. Of course, some of the oft-mooted questions are again revived; and in the fact that more than 1200 pictures were sent in for exhibition to the British Institution, and that one-half were rejected for 'other reasons' than want of wall-space, some see a motive for increasing the number of exhibitions, and thereby giving a chance to every picture. There are some people who like bad pictures, and why should they not have opportunity to see a collection all at once? The scheme might be worth trying, if only for the sake of convincing a considerable number of 'artists' that they are much more likely to succeed as house-painters or furniture-decorators, than as rivals of Rubens or Claude. It may be said that we do *not* want more painters of pictures, but we *do* want more artists with a knowledge of those principles by which house-painting may be made harmonious in its details and effects; aspiring architects, too, may remember with advantage that they have ample scope for the exercise of real ability in the *building* of houses, in contradistinction to what is called running them up.

Of noticeable facts in photography, one is that the exhibition of the Photographic Society is remarkably good, and that a fac-simile copy of *Domesday Book* is about to be taken under the direction of Colonel Sir H. James in the Photographic Office of the Ordnance Department at Southampton. We mentioned some time ago the process by which these copies could be taken and multiplied, and would take leave to suggest that it should be applied to any of our national archives that shew signs of decay. We have seen copies of ancient documents which are under the care of the Master of the Rolls, differing in no respect from the originals, except that they are sound and fresh; and we may believe that Englishmen of the future who will look back on our times through as long a vista as we look back on the Conquest, will thank us for handing down to them a perfect image of William the Norman's wonderful book.

In a small work published at Paris, M. Testelin shews, while discussing the theory of the formation of the photographic image, that it is a physical, *not* a chemical effect, dependent on well-known physical laws which are recognisable in other phenomena. He considers 'electric polarity' to be the exciting cause, and thus puts forth the question to undergo discussion by those photographers who have most studied the effects produced on their interesting operations by cosmical or meteorological causes.

A subject which seems likely to have an important bearing in investigations of atmospheric phenomena, has been treated of by Dr Tyndall in lectures before the Royal Institution and Royal Society. Starting with some of the experiments made by the late Professor Melloni of Naples, he has examined the effects of heat-radiation, and obtained remarkable results demonstrative of the power possessed by certain transparent and impalpable media of absorbing or intercepting rays of heat. For instance, if olefiant gas be placed between the source of heat and the galvanometer by which the amount of heat is measured, an immediate check is observable, and scarcely a trace of heat passes. This result is the more surprising, because of the extreme transparency of the gas; and at first sight it appears hardly credible that the passage of heat should be stopped by something which is invisible. Similar results are obtained with sulphuric ether, and other kinds of gas, and Dr Tyndall has tabulated them as a basis for further experiment. It should be explained that the heat-rays here in question are derived from an obscure, not an illuminated source—from, in fact, a small cistern of water kept at a boiling temperature. It is thought that meteorologists and astronomers will be able to turn these results to account when studying the phenomena of our own atmosphere, or that of remote planets.

The discussion on the Origin of Species shews but little signs of abatement, for whatever may be the merits of Mr Darwin's theory, his book has, to use a popular phrase, supplied 'a want,' and set many intelligent minds thinking on a profoundly interesting subject. The discussion has extended to the continent, and crossed the Atlantic to New England, where it has been earnestly taken up, as may be read in the *Proceedings* of the Boston Academy of Sciences. According to Professor Gray, unity of origin is much more likely to be demonstrated in the case of plants than of animals, seeing that the former have such immense powers of multiplication to start with; but to insure a fair solution of the question, a wider and more accurate knowledge of palæontological botany than at present prevails is absolutely essential. 'It could be shewn,' said Agassiz, taking part in the discussion, 'that the present distribution of animals was linked with that of earlier periods in a manner which excluded the assumption of extensive migrations, or of a shifting of the floræ and faunæ from one area to another.' The fact is now well established, that many plants of the present era were in existence before the 'glacial period;' and the Vaudoise Society of Natural Sciences at Lausanne, having had an unusually large reindeer horn brought before them, which was found three feet below the surface in excavating for a railway, argue, that when ice prevailed from Lapland to Switzerland, the reindeer then existed contemporaneously with the cavern-bear and the mammoth; but when, by the change of climate, the plants needful for sustenance of the reindeer perished from the lowlands, the animal also perished, and left its bones to illustrate the history of geology.

The *Proceedings* of the American Geographical Society contain interesting particulars concerning the arctic expeditions which sailed last year from New London and Boston: Dr Hayes, whose object was to search for the open Polar Sea which has long been supposed to exist in the highest circumpolar latitudes, and which was seen by the Russian explorer, Admiral von Wrangell, in one of his adventurous journeys, had written from Upernavik that his prospects were encouraging, that he hoped to winter at Cape Frazer, Grinnell Land, latitude 79° 42′, and then carry forward his equipments and provisions as far towards the pole as possible, and there leave them, in readiness for travelling-parties in the spring of the present year, who are to push northwards, and, if possible, discover the mysterious sea. Possibly, they may have a chance of getting to the pole.

The other expedition is still more striking. Mr C. F. Hall, a printer of Cincinnati, a man of dauntless spirit, who has taken especial interest in recent arctic voyages, impressed by the notion that Sir Leopold M'Clintock has not exhausted the search for relics of Sir John Franklin's unhappy party, sailed last June in a whaleship for Davis' Strait, where he intended to pass the winter at Cumberland Inlet, in acclimatising himself, and acquiring, as far as possible, the habits and language of the Esquimaux. This accomplished, he purposed starting in the spring with a boat, convertible at pleasure into a sledge, accompanied by a few picked natives and a good pack of dogs, for King William Land; and having made certain explorations on the way, he will then devote himself to a careful and minute examination of the route taken by the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, including the mainland about the mouth of Great Fish River. By this means, employing two or three years if desirable, and sojourning, from time to time, among the natives, Mr Hall hopes to hear of or discover every trace and relic which may yet remain of the Franklin expedition; and we heartily wish him success. If, as we hope, he be alive and well, he is now probably thinking of his start, and making preparations. Excepting natives, he anticipated being quite alone, and he will need courage and endurance to carry him through his self-imposed task in so desolate a region, and to sustain him until he shall return to the shore of Davis' Strait, to watch for some whaler that will give him a voyage home. Should Mr Parker Snow persist in his intention of exploring the same country, he may now calculate on meeting with a companion.

The culture of the vine is becoming more and more an object of attention in North America: the Academy of Science at St Louis, Missouri, has published an able paper thereupon, in which it is shewn that there are, in the southern parts of that state, along the banks of the Osage, the Niangua, and in lands bordering on the Missouri river, 5,000,000 acres of soil excellent for vineyards. It is a limestone region, and bears wild-grapes of good quality, and if we may judge from a lithographic drawing, has a striking resemblance to the scenery of the Rhine. The author of the paper shews that this extent of acres equals that of the grape-bearing districts of France, and that if planted with vines, it would employ 2,000,000 people, and yield 1,000,000,000 gallons of wine annually, worth 500,000,000 dollars. Besides the money value, there might be a promotion of sobriety, by the substitution of pure grape-juice for the villainous compounds so largely sold in the States as wine and brandy.

Some of our readers will be interested in learning that agricultural improvement is not neglected in the United (or Dis-united) States, as appears from an official Report, which is published in the form of a stout octavo; the results are given of the operations carried on in the government experimental and propagating garden at Washington; fertilisers are treated of, breeds of sheep, plants used for food by man, the culture of vegetable fibre, and, for the benefit of the agricultural population, there is a well-written chapter on the best way of building farmhouses, and how to inhabit them without the slovenliness that too often appears in backwoods' dwellings. Acclimatisation of animals and breeding of fish are largely noticed; and we commend to the attention of our newly formed Acclimatisation Society, a passage concerning the golden-breasted agami of South America. 'It is a bird,' says St Hilaire, 'that has the instinct and the fidelity of the dog; it will lead a flock of poultry, or even a flock of sheep, by which it will make itself obeyed, although it is not larger than a chicken. It is not less useful in the poultry-yard than in the field; it maintains order there, protects the weak against the strong, stands by young chickens and ducks, and divides among them their food, from which it keeps away others, and which, itself will not even touch. No animal, perhaps, is more easily taught, or naturally more attached to man.' The Society might, moreover, inquire for that Siamese bean, named so-fao, which contains so much caseine that it can be made into cheese.

A paper read before the Society of Arts by a brother of the indefatigable Mr Ledger, to whom Australia is indebted for the alpaca, gives an interesting account of the habits of that animal, its breeding, and trade derived therefrom in Peru, and briefly, of Mr Ledger's toils and privations during the nine years that he was occupied in gathering a flock together, and driving them by tedious and roundabout ways, to evade the Peruvian authorities, until he at length arrived at Copiapo, and there shipped 322 of the valuable animals for Melbourne. We trust that no colonial jealousies will prevent his receiving his well-earned reward. At present, the flock is taken in charge by the government authorities of Victoria; and by a moderate calculation, it is shewn, that in fifty years hence the number of alpacas will be five million and a half, producing forty million pounds of wool every year, worth 2s. a pound.

Among lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, one by the Rev. A. D'Orsey of Cambridge, 'On the Study of the English Language as an essential Part of a University Course,' has been much talked of in literary and scholastic circles, because of the obvious truths which it enunciates. Many a graduate who can tell you to a fold what was the disposition of a Roman toga, is unable to write grammatical English, or even to spell correctly. It is a scandal that those who have to write, teach, or speak a language so rich and forcible as ours, should take so little pains to cultivate it. English oratory, to quote the lecturer's words, presents us with 'nominatives in vain search of missing verbs—verbs pursuing nominatives without success; plurals and singulars joined in ungrammatical wedlock; premises laid down from which no conclusions are drawn; and with conclusions with most vehement 'therefores' drawn from imaginary premises!'—Mr Faraday has given a lecture on platinum at the same place, exemplifying St Claire Deville's method of fusing that intractable metal in a lime-furnace, an important discovery which we noticed some months ago. Apart from its scientific details, this lecture was remarkable for the burst of emotion with which the audience received Mr Faraday's affecting intimation that his career as a lecturer is well-nigh ended.

ANSWER TO A STUDENT'S SKETCH OF A WIFE

'Not too witty, nor yet too wise;'
Instead of her tongue, she must speak with her eyes;
And this the beauteous eyes must say:
'I love thee, Georgius! night and day.'

Nought else, save, perhaps, that 'Bread has risen,'
And matters to which no man need listen;
For gossip's a sin, reflection a worse,
And knowledge you deem in a woman a curse.

She must love your person, admire your wit,
Revere your wisdom, and follow it;
In short, to be plain, thy wife must be,
In all things mental, a second to thee.

Ah me, ah me, alas for the soul!
That maketh itself a loved one's goal;
The Upas-tree *Ego* has spread itself there,
Blighting the flowers that else might be fair.

Ah me, ah me, alas for the wife!
Who yieldeth thus up her spirit-life,
With no wondering thoughts in her heart to hide
Of God, Love, Truth, or aught beside.

The man the centre, the wife the ring,
Drawn closer and closer by a human string—
Closer and closer, till they merge in one,
One atom of dust from the 'vile earth sprung;'

He the Sun, and she the Star,
With no counter-attraction to draw her afar—
Afar to the regions of light that lie
Beyond this world's material sky.

First withered, then scorched, then lost in the fire
That she fancied a Heaven, all life will expire—
And she'll lie on her husband's heart, a blot,
Instead of a halo, a darkening spot. ALPHA.

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THE MODERN INQUISITION.

I AM none of your bigots. I believe that the new times are better than the old. I do not think so poorly of the government of the world as to imagine its affairs to be more mismanaged, and its inhabitants worse off with each revolving year.

> I doubt not, through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Only there are victims I crave leave to pity. It is doubtless expedient that a gentleman should not receive his commission until he has cured himself of the habit of spelling it with a single 'm:' it is well that another should not become a divine until he gives a better answer to the question of 'What profession was Cornelius, the first Gentile convert?' than that time-hallowed one, 'A musician; because he was leader of the Italian band:' it is good that a public servant, before being appointed to any high official position in a colony, should be required to state, without resort to an atlas, in what quarter of the globe that favoured spot is placed: it is satisfactory that another proof of eligibility for the bar of England should be now demanded, than that of being able to eat certain dinners, insomuch as the brain and not the stomach is the thing by which one's fitness for that calling should be estimated: in a word—it is undeniably wise and right that Examinations should precede all appointments which demand trustworthiness or confer emolument. Only let me say a few words for the Examined.

I contend that whether these succeed or not, they are entitled to some pecuniary recompense for the ordeal they have had to go through.

> Oh, gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
> With yachts which you may spell y-a-t-c-h, an you please,

you enjoy a position *now*, which is indeed superior to that of your fellow-creatures; since, in a member for a county, or even in a foreign minister—as we have lately seen—neither grammar nor orthography is indispensable, and you sit secure above the thunder which echoes from a thousand *vivâ voce* Examinations. You do not know the miseries of them: you underrate the sufferings of your kindred—younger brothers and the like—who must needs undergo them.

> In your idle Lotos-land, you live and lie reclined
> On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind;
>
> You smile, you find a music centred in a doleful song
> Steaming up, a lamentation and a modern tale of wrong
> Chanted from an ill-used race of men of your own nation,
> Who cannot fill the humblest 'place' without Examination.

It is true that there are some geniuses for whom such things have no terrors; and some dullards who come up to them apathetically, as to a cannon's mouth, and with the same result—they are floored incontinently, but then they expected it for certain. The majority of competitors, however—as may have been observed by the public—are *not* geniuses, nor feel by any means confident of success; nor are there many blockheads so fortunate as to be perfectly assured of failure. For the most part, candidates, as their name implies, are in a state of apprehension (*candidati*, white with funk) for the whole time the ordeal lasts, and until its result is known; and of suspense that is only a little less painful than that of being *sus per col.* This statement may seem exaggerated, but I myself have been a candidate for all sorts of things, and well know what I am talking about; nor will a man easily be found to contradict me who has undergone the other operation more than once. I have known strong men tremble, red men grow pale, the eloquent turn stammerers, and the well-informed become little better than drivelling idiots, when in presence of 'a board;' while at the well-meant, 'Take time, take time, my good sir,' of a kindly examiner, I have personally experienced such a confusion of all time, that had I been asked whether Lord John Russell accepted the command of the Spanish Armada offered him by Sir Sydney Smith, I should have replied, 'Yes, sir,' with that sickly smile with which the candidate ever seeks to propitiate.

With some of my fellow-competitors, the result of an examination has, of course, been of paramount importance, and their nervousness has been intelligible enough; but with the majority (and I am thankful to say with myself) this has not been the case. It is the ordeal itself, and not the thought of the prospects it affects, which unhinges most of us, just as high-mettled horses will sweat profusely before starting in a race, without any reference to the stake they may be contending for. I have run a good second in several races in my time, and have never been utterly distanced, and yet, at the starting-post, I always find myself trembling in every limb.

My first examination was a military one, and the most trying (in appearance) that can be conceived. It is bad enough when the members of these unholy inquisitions are white-tied smooth-countenanced civilians, who lure us on with stereotyped smiles to our destruction, and receive, in a complacent and almost congratulatory manner, what even we ourselves know to be the most besotted and undesired replies. But when these men are all in uniform, hirsute, moustached, girt with swords, and sitting in a dreadful semicircle, as though upon court-martial, with one's self for the criminal, the horrors of the situation are much intensified. The knees of the candidate for military honours are loosened with dismay, as he enters their chamber, and he wishes from his heart (which is in his mouth) that he had made choice of civil engineering, the church, market-gardening, or any other profession, so long as it were one of peace. These cannibals, too, are choice in their eating. No victim is ever served up before them who has not previously undergone a medical examination, and been pronounced to be without spot or blemish; and that previous ordeal is not of a character to put a modest young gentleman (who was aware of being very short-sighted, perhaps, although it did escape the notice of the Æsculapius) entirely at his ease. It is true that the majority of the court may be 'dummies,' and know nothing whatever of the subjects required of the candidates; but they *look* just as formidable as would Euclid himself in chain-armour; and when the working-member puts his questions, some will make guttural noises, expressive of contemptuous triumph, and as though they would say: 'Ha, ha! my young friend, I think that is a stumper, eh!' and change their legs, with a horrid clanking of spurs. Do not, however, oh unhappy candidate! be discouraged; these men are easily appeased, and more astonished even than yourself when you answer correctly—the material with which they have generally to deal being far from good. A large proportion of the competitors for the laurel-wreath are, indeed, exceptionally obtuse, and for an average specimen of the Examined, we must look to those who aspire to the parsley crowns at the universities, or to those of mint, and anise, and cumin which form the more solid rewards of the Civil Service.

These much-suffering youths, then, may be divided into six classes.

1. The young gentleman who knows everything; who sits down to an examination-paper as if it were luncheon, and takes his ease over it in an airy and nonchalant manner; who treats *vivâ voce* as though it were an interesting conversation, and evolves dates, A.M. or A.D., B.C. or A.U.C., old style or new style, from his retentive memory, with the precision of a calculating machine.

2. The much more offensive competitor who imagines he knows everything, and does not; who writes out elaborate treatises in reply to the most simple questions; who argues with the examiners, and disputes the authority of books; and who hovers over his written replies with his elbow, like a hen over her offspring, lest either of his neighbours should get a sight of those valuable documents, and thereby achieve distinction.

3. The candidate who knows nothing, and who is quite aware of the fact, but who still relies upon luck, and 'something turning up,' which will enable him to 'pull through' after all. He is commonly a parasite of Nos. 1 and 2, and as soon as he finds himself seated next to one of them—and after a pretence of looking down the examination-paper himself, where, of course, he discovers nothing he can do—he whispers in a hoarse voice: 'Give us a look, old chap; it will help me, and it can't hurt you, who are such a stunner.' If the request be made to No. 1, he will probably give the poor wretch the opportunity of a little plagiarism; but if to No. 2, he will surlily refuse, with a look over his shoulder at the examiners, as much as to say: 'Beg again, and I will call the police.' No. 3, therefore, either assiduously collects the overplus from the rich man's store, or applies himself to cutting his own initials upon the desk before him, with the date of the present examination and his discomfiture. I have seen it myself, on more than one piece of furniture belonging to her Majesty's government: 'J. Hardlines, went another mucker [this refers to previous misfortunes of the same sort] A. D. 18—.' When he has finished this wood-cut, he plays with his wrist-studs and waistcoat-buttons until the hour comes for release from his arduous labours.

4. The candidate who possesses a little information, but not enough for practical purposes. This gentleman is always unlucky in having deprived himself of rest the previous night, in order to study the wrong subjects—matters to which the present questions have unhappily no reference. In *vivâ voce*, he vainly endeavours to 'force' his superfluous knowledge upon the examiners, as a conjuror strives to make you take a particular card, when you have fixed your mind upon another. He knows nothing about Xenophon, indeed (which is the thing required), but with regard to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, he is full of the most interesting details. He is in the deepest ignorance with regard to the greater and lesser prophets, it is true, but he is copious in unsought information respecting the Wise Men of Greece, and also the Seven Wonders of the world.

5. There are always two or three delicate and neat-handed young gentlemen, whose talents may lie in the musical and plan-drawing lines, but who certainly confine themselves to those directions. These are the very *dilettanti* of Examination-rooms. Their caligraphy would gain the prize if they were competing for a writing-mastership, or they would be high wranglers if 'flourishes' were problems; but as matters stand, they are generally plucked. The length of time they occupy in merely setting down what they have to say to their own satisfaction, would preclude their doing much of the paper if they were even competent to do so. They sometimes write, 'I do not understand this question,' in the most beautiful Roman hand, in explanation of having omitted to answer it.

6. The unconscientious young gentlemen who intend to 'get through' honestly if they can, but at all events to get through, and who look upon their Examiners as foes to the human race, against whom all devices are fair. These youths have charts of the world arranged microscopically within their watch-cases, and systems of chronology inscribed in pencil upon their finger-nails. It is to these that Mr Darwin's doctrine of Natural Selection especially applies, although he has omitted to instance them. There is an exquisite adaptation of their organisations to the condition in which they find themselves—namely, as subject to competitive examinations; and this adaptation is communicable, and even, perhaps, hereditary.

I knew four brothers at the university, any one of whom a certain valuable living awaited, if he could only pass through the necessary simple ordeals. Their father, who, in his youth, had himself carried off a good piece of preferment from the rest of his family under precisely similar circumstances, was well aware that he might consider himself fortunate if even one of his sons should arrive at the goal in question, and therefore held forth the reward to whomsoever should first attain it. The elder ones, of course, in order of their seniority, had the earliest chances, but were cast back so often from 'Little Go,' 'Great Go,' and 'Voluntary Theological Examination'—just as 'men' in backgammon have to begin their toilsome march over again, after being cast in their adversary's chequer—that I beheld the whole four at last in one examination-room. Never were young gentlemen so provided with appliances and means to insure success, and never did young gentlemen more need them. They had, all of them, books of reference tucked under the backs of their waistcoats; they had, all, *memoria technicas* of the most startling description, and twenty times more difficult to recollect than the facts they were supposed to suggest. I maintain that they ought to have been let through by reason of their assiduity, and perseverance in overcoming natural obstacles. One of them—I think it was the youngest—did at last succeed in their common object; whereupon, the other three frequented Examination-rooms no more, and, perhaps, led a country-life with him at his comfortable rectory, for they were an attached family, and praiseworthy in many respects, after all. In particular, they were very careful, when copying from good-natured persons, to make their own replies sufficiently different to elude suspicion, so that others should not suffer on their account—a matter about which many cleverer youths do not at all concern themselves.

It will be urged, of course, that I am very lax and latitudinarian in my notions of examination-morality. I reply, that it is not so, but I have an exceeding charity towards all Examined persons. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and a fellow-examining makes us excessively antagonistic: or, it may be, that my good principles have indeed been sapped by these constant ordeals. They may be good for the country, but they are an unmitigated evil to *us;* and the country ought to know at whose expense the benefit is conferred upon it. It is all very well for the nation to endorse the remark—

> 'Let the individual wither, and the world be more and
> more;'

but the individual who withers—the examined person—is at least worthy of pity, if not of consideration.

ABOUT SPITZBERGEN.

Spitzbergen (literally, 'the sharp-topped mountains') was, in the seventeenth century, the seat of the most flourishing whale-fishery ever known, as many as four or five hundred sail, mainly of Dutch and Hamburgers, resorting there in a season. New Amsterdam, *alias* Smeerenberg (or Blubber Town), to the north-west of it, had, indeed, arrived at such a pitch of civilisation as to produce hot rolls for breakfast every morning, while even the charms of female society were provided to gladden the not icy hearts of the arctic fishermen. 'Nothing can exceed,' says Mr Lamont, whose interesting volume* of adventures in the northern seas now lies before us, 'the sublime grandeur of a really fine day in these regions—the sea as calm and bright as a mirror, and covered with countless floating icebergs of a dazzling whiteness, and of all imaginable sizes and shapes; no sound to be heard but the terrific peals of thunder caused by the cracking of the glaciers, the hoarse bellowing of the walrus, and the screams and croaks of the gulls and divers. All this makes up such a scene, that no man who has once beheld it can ever forget it. Alas! that there should be a reverse to this beautiful medal; but often ten minutes suffice to change the face of everything entirely: a chilling blast of wind comes from the eternal ice-fields to the north-east; thick fog and probably snow follow immediately; the brilliant sugary-looking glaciers are hidden, and nothing remains of the glorious panorama of sea, and ice, and hills, and glaciers, but a dim, and cold, and misty circle of an acre in extent around the boat.'

In winter, of course, the second and more sombre of these pictures is the only one visible from Spitzbergen, when the sunless atmosphere admits of anything being seen at all. The place had plenty of summer visitors, but at the approach of the Icy King, all men forsook that inhospitable treeless shore, and sailed southward. Every one dreaded delay, as well they might, when once the arctic current in early September overcame the remnant of the warmer Gulf Stream, and brought down the polar ice to seal the bays, and build its adamantine wall around Spitzbergen. This mighty current runs at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and does its gigantic jailer's work in a very few days. Then woe betide the luckless vessel that gets becalmed up some long bay or fiord, for she is fast in winter's indissoluble hold for nine long months, and almost certain death awaits her crew. Although, therefore, the advantages of having something of a permanent settlement in Spitzbergen were obvious, and the merchants offered large rewards to volunteers, none could be induced to try the experiment of wintering there. It was thought that human life could not be supported through so severe a season; and since nobody was ready to settle the question, in person, of his own free will, an English company obtained a 'grant' from government of certain criminals, and determined to make involuntary experimentalists of them. These persons being under sentence of death, at once acceded to the conditions. 'They were taken out in one of the whalers, and a hut was erected for their winter-quarters; but when the fleet was about to depart, and they saw the awful gloomy hills, already white with the early snows, and felt the howling gales of north-east wind, their hearts utterly failed them, and they entreated the captain who had charge of them to take them back to London, and let them be hanged, in pursuance of their original sentence, rather than leave them to perish in such a horrible country! The captain seems to have had more of the "milk of human kindness" in him than his philanthropic employers, for he acceded to their request, and took them back to London. As hanging them would not have been of any pecuniary benefit to the company, they were then good enough to procure a pardon for the men.'

Soon after the failure of this enforced colonisation plan, the experiment of wintering in Spitzbergen was tried involuntarily by those famous four Russian sailors of whom we have all heard so much in our childhood. 'These poor fellows had nothing but what they stood up in, with one gun and a few charges of ammunition; but they appear to have been men of a very different stamp from the London jail-birds, and they at once set to work to make the best of things. They built a hut, and killed some reindeer with their gun; and then, their ammunition being exhausted, they manufactured bows and arrows, spears and harpoons, of drift-wood. They pointed their weapons with bones and pieces of their now useless gun, and twisted their bow-strings out of reindeer's entrails. They made traps and nets for birds and foxes. With these rude and imperfect weapons, they not only provided themselves with food and raiment, but kept off the assaults of the polar bears. It is almost incredible; but these men not only survived, but preserved good health for six long years. It seems extraordinary that such energetic fellows as they clearly were, should not, in all that time, have contrived to travel across the country, or round the shore, to the west coast, where they would have been certain of relief every summer, especially as they were on the most desolate part of the island, and one often inaccessible and always little frequented by the whalers. In the sixth year of their captivity, one of the four died, and the survivors began to lose all hope of deliverance, and to fall into a state of despondency, which would certainly have soon proved fatal to them all, had not a vessel at this time fortunately approached the coast, and rescued them. During their long banishment, these poor Robinson Crusoes had killed such quantities of bears, deer, seals, and foxes, that the proceeds of the skins and blubber made a small fortune for them.'

Other parties, after this, either left on the island accidentally, or remaining there on purpose, were successful in keeping themselves alive during the winter; and an Archangel company set up a permanent establishment there for the purpose of hunting the seal and walrus, reindeer and polar bear. 'Their men were left there in September or October, and were distributed in small parties of two, three, or four individuals each, in wooden huts, which had been constructed in Archangel, and were erected in different parts of the coasts and islands of Spitzbergen. The men were paid by a share of the proceeds, and were supplied by their employers with provisions, consisting principally of rye-meal, salt pork, and tea. They had a sort of head-quarters establishment at Hvalfiske Point, which was under the charge of a superintendent or clerk, who distributed the supplies to the hunters, and collected the skins and blubber from the different outposts; and the company sent over a vessel in the month of May every year, to relieve the men, and carry the proceeds of their labours to Archangel.'

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* *Seasons with the Sea-horses.* By James Lamont. Hurst and Blackett.

This plan was found so trying to the human constitution, that the men only remained alternate winters on the island; and in 1858, there was still living at Kola, in Lapland, an aged Russian who had thus actually wintered thirty-five alternate seasons in Spitzbergen. Many hundreds of his comrades, however, must have died, since the traveller in these awful solitudes comes frequently across the ruins of a small log-hut, with two or three green cairns of stones in front of it; and it is also common enough to see the human skeleton bleaching beside those of the bear and reindeer. The quantity of animals killed, and the consequent profits, must have been very great, as, in spite of the loss of life, the establishment was kept up until about seven or eight years ago, when such a dismal tragedy occurred at Hvalfiske Point, that the company was broken up, and no one has ever wintered in Spitzbergen since. During the summer of the year in question (either 1851 or 1852), 'a prodigious quantity of heavy drift-ice surrounded Hvalfiske Point and all the southern coast of East Spitzbergen. The men belonging to the Russian establishment had all come in from the various outposts, and were assembled at the head-quarters to the number of eighteen, waiting to be relieved by the annual vessel from Archangel. By a concurrence of bad fortune, this vessel was lost on her voyage over, and was never heard of again. The crews of the other vessels in Spitzbergen knew nothing of these men; or if they did, they naturally supposed that the care of relieving them might safely be left to their own vessel, as nothing was yet known of her loss either there or at Archangel. The ice in the summer months prevented any vessel from accidentally approaching Hvalfiske Point, and no one went near it until the end of August, when a party of Norwegians, who had lost their own vessel, travelled along the shore to seek for assistance from the Russian establishment; but on approaching the huts, they were horror-struck to find its inmates all dead. Fourteen of the unhappy men had recently been buried in shallow graves in front of the huts, two lay dead just outside the threshold, and the remaining two were lying dead inside, one on the floor, and the other in bed. The latter was the superintendent, who had been able to read and write, and a journal-book lying beside him contained a record of their sad fate.

'It appeared that, early in the season, scurvy of a malignant character had attacked them; some had died at the out-stations, and the survivors had with difficulty assembled at the head-quarter station, and were in hopes of being speedily relieved by the vessel; but the latter not arriving, their stores got exhausted, and the unusual quantity of ice surrounding the coast prevented them from getting seals or wild-fowl on the sea or the shore. In addition to the scurvy, they then had the horrors of hunger to contend with, and they gradually died one after another, and were buried by their surviving companions, until at last only four remained. Then two more died, and the other two, not having strength to bury them, dragged their bodies outside the hut, and left them there. These two then lay down in bed together to await their own fate, and when one of them died, the last man—the writer of the journal—had only sufficient strength remaining to push his dead companion out of the bed on to the floor, and he had soon afterwards expired himself, only a few days before the Norwegian party arrived. The Russians had a large pinnace in the harbour and several small boats on shore, but the ice at first prevented them reaching the open sea; and latterly, when the ice opened out, those who survived so long were much too weak to make any use of the boats. The shipwrecked Norwegians, therefore, took advantage of the pinnace to effect their own escape to Hammerfest, carrying with them the poor superintendent's journal, which the Russian consul at that port transmitted to Archangel.'

What a curious product of our civilisation it is that a gentleman of easy circumstances—as our author would seem to be—in company with a real live lord, should be induced to visit this forbidding coast 'for fun,' and to shoot what he is pleased to term 'sea-horses'—walrus! At Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Europe, they exchanged their comfortable English yacht for a vessel better fitted to contend with icebergs, but so impregnated with the odours of its dreadful trade of blubber-collecting, that a bottle of chloride of lime with the cork out was necessary to their existence in its state-cabin, an apartment of seven feet by four, but so constructed that its inhabitants could neither stand up nor lie down in it; while, towards the close of the expedition, when the produce of their own harpoons got to be rather 'high,' the awful effluvium caused by the commingling of putrid walrus oil with bilge-water, compelled them to burn pastilles before retiring to rest. Only conceive pastilles in a blubber-ship! Again, how anomalous does it seem that our author should watch for polar bears through a double opera-glass! 'Strange sights,' he soliloquises, 'has that large, old, battered opera-glass seen in its day, for, besides its legitimate occupation of gazing at the beauties in the opera-houses of London, Paris, Florence, Naples, Havanna, and New York, it has seen great races at Epsom, great reviews in the Champ-de-Mars, great bull-fights in the amphitheatre at Seville. It has stalked red-deer on the hills of the Highlands, scaly crocodiles on the sand-banks of the Nile, and read the hieroglyphics on the tops of the awful temples and monuments of Thebes and Karnak. It has peered through the loopholes of the advanced trenches at the frowning, dust-coloured batteries of the Redan and the Malakoff. It has gazed over the splendid cane-fields of the West Indies, from the tops of the forest-clad mountain-peaks of Trinidad and Martinique; over the falls of Niagara; over the Bay of Naples from the top of Vesuvius; over Cairo from the tops of the Pyramids; over the holy city of Jerusalem from the top of Mount Calvary; and now it was occupied in quietly scanning the colossal proportions of a polar bear, amid the icebergs of the frozen north.'

Of this last anomaly our author appears to be fully conscious, but there is a curious confusion apparent in his views with respect to polar bears and special providences. Like a good Scotchman, Mr Lamont was a rigid observer of the Sabbath, never looking for deer or seal upon that day, like other wicked people in those parts, nor even shooting them when they came in his way, except on one very tempting occasion, when he 'forgot.' Still, it must be confessed he ran this pious custom exceedingly close. 'We always considered Sunday to terminate *punctually* at midnight; in these regions, it is just as light in July at midnight as mid-day, and it was a singular circumstance—might I not venture, without being deemed presumptuous, to suggest that this might be *more* than merely accidental?—that we saw our first bear a few minutes after this Sunday had expired.'

Surely this notion of reward is a little startling:

and 'might we not venture, without being presumptuous, to suggest' that Mr Lamont's watch was fast?

About three o'clock one morning—luckily a week-day—the two 'gentlemen-sportsmen' were awakened by a cry of 'Walrus on the ice,' and upon going on deck were regaled with a delightful spectacle. 'Four large flat icebergs were so densely packed with walrus that they were sunk almost awash with the water, and had the appearance of being solid *islands of walrus!* The monsters lay with their heads reclining on one another's backs and sterns, just as I have seen rhinoceroses lying asleep in the African forests; or, to use a more familiar simile, like a lot of fat hogs in a British straw-yard. I should think there were about eighty or one hundred on the ice, and many more swam grunting and spouting around, and tried to clamber up amongst their friends, who, like surly people in a full omnibus, grunted at them angrily, as if to say: "Confound you, don't you see that we are full!"'

The narrative of the slaughter of these poor unwieldy beasts is not very pleasant. About one out of every three that are shot eludes the hunter by slipping off the ice ere he can come up with it, and dying under water; while the unselfish anxiety of the females for the safety of their young exhibits itself in a most painful and touching manner. 'I never in my life witnessed anything more interesting and more affecting than the wonderful maternal affection displayed by this poor walrus. After she was fast to the harpoon, and was dragging the boat furiously amongst the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head, that we might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot, as she had a "junger" with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it; but whenever he poised the weapon to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for the young one. At last, a well-aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow, and finished her with the lances.

'I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat! The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face, shewing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf! The plan of getting hold of a junger, and making him grunt to attract the herd, is a well-known "dodge" amongst the hunters.'

The 'skyppar' of a sloop was once seized upon by a bereaved cow-walrus, and dragged by her twice to the bottom of the sea without receiving any injury beyond having a scar ploughed on each side of his forehead by her tusks; and it is his opinion that she did not wish to hurt him, but mistook him (uncomplimentarily enough) as he floundered in the water, for her calf! It is, however, in general, very dangerous to be upset among walrus, who have been sometimes known to tear an unfortunate harpooner in half with their terrible tusks. The Spitzbergen hunting and fishing trades, indeed, are both dangerous, and entail more hardships perhaps than any other pursuit; consequently, as often happens, those who follow them are ever ready to repay themselves for toil and abstinence by excess. These northern sailors are, indeed, so greatly given to drinking, that some proprietors will only intrust their ships to teetotal crews, nor is this to be wondered at, when we remember that the safety of a whole ship's company, who may have taken to their boats after walrus or other game, depends upon the sobriety of the one or two men left in charge. Some five years ago, a small sloop from Hammerfest came to a certain island off Spitzbergen, where many walrus had been killed the previous season, for the purpose of looking for bears who might be feeding on the carcasses. They found upwards of fifty bears congregated there, and holding a sort of carnival over the remains.

'The crew of the vessel consisted, as is usual, of ten men, of whom the skyppar and seven others landed to attack the bears, after having anchored their sloop, securely as they thought, to a large grounded iceberg close to the island, and given the two men left on board strict injunctions to keep a good look-out. They had a most successful "battue," and killed twenty-two or twenty-three of the bears, the rest making good their escape to sea; but this chase occupied many hours, and meanwhile the two ship-keepers took advantage of the captain's absence to institute a search for a cask of brandy which was kept in his cabin—merely with the harmless intention of smelling it, of course; but from smelling they not unnaturally got to tasting, and from tasting they soon became helplessly drunk. While they were in this happy state of oblivion to bears, icebergs, and things in general, one of the sudden dense fogs of the north came on, the tide rose, the iceberg floated, and in a few minutes it and the sloop along with it were out of sight of the island, and drifting away in the fog. The hunting-party had thought nothing of the fog, as they imagined the iceberg to be "fast;" so when they had flensed all their bears, they rowed round to where they had left the sloop, and were mightily disconcerted at seeing neither sloop nor iceberg. They shouted, and fired signal-shots, and rowed out to sea, and rowed all around, until they got so bewildered that they lost the island themselves. However, after a great deal of trouble, they found the island again, and waited upon it for several days, expecting, of course, that when the weather cleared the sloop would return. The weather cleared, but no sloop appearing, there stared them in the face the alternatives of passing a winter of starvation and almost certain death on the island, or of attempting to cross the stormy 480 miles of sea which divided them from Norway, in a small open boat! Like bold fellows, they chose the latter chance for their lives, and abandoning one of their boats on the island, the whole eight got into the other one, with as much bear-meat as they could stow, and rowed for dear life to the south; four rowed while the other four lay down in the bottom of the boat, and being providentially blessed with fine weather, they actually succeeded in reaching the coast of Finmarken in about eight days' time, but half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, as may be supposed.'

Thus were these men almost miraculously preserved from the fate of the poor Russian colony, the scene of whose calamity Mr Lamont himself visited and photographed. In London drawing-rooms, therefore, has doubtless been often witnessed by ladies, whom no wind has been ever suffered to visit too roughly, the very counterfeit presentment of that appalling spot—that lone Spitzbergen scene where so many strong men perished of starvation, ice-bound, and cut off for ever from the rest of their species. Everything in that picture remains as the dead men left it: their weapons, their cooking-utensils, the bones of the creatures they killed, and even the very fragments of their clothes and bedding lie scattered around. 'The huts were all formed of logs dove-tailed into one another at the corners, and were tolerably entire except the roofs, which had been flat and covered with earth, but had now mostly fallen in. The principal one, about twenty-four feet square, had been used both as sitting-room and dormitory; off this was a small wing with a brick fireplace, evidently used as a kitchen. Another hut was the store-house, and a third—of all things in the world—a Russian bath-house of a rude description, in which I suppose they had enjoyed the national luxury of parboiling themselves, and then rolling in the snow at a temperature of −50° or so. The roof of the main hut had fallen in, and a little glacier, about as large as a boat turned bottom up, had formed in the middle of the floor. On a gentle eminence, at a distance of two or three hundred yards from the huts, they had built up a sort of lookout-house of loose stones; and here we may conceive they passed alternately many weary hours in watching the ice-laden sea before them. They may even have been tantalised by seeing the topsails of vessels passing outside of the icy barrier, but far beyond their reach. On a little piece of level ground, not far from the huts, they had kept themselves in exercise by playing at a game resembling cricket, as was evident by the bats and rude wooden balls they had used still lying on the mossy ground. Altogether, there was something inexpressibly sad and desolate about the remains of this unfortunate establishment; and by the rude Norwegian sealers, the place is regarded with a degree of superstitious awe which perhaps may be the reason for the huts being in such a good state of preservation.'

Upon the whole, then, Mr Lamont has invested Spitzbergen for us, for the future, with a romantic interest which we did not believe could have belonged to that sterile and man-abandoned region; and for this we more especially thank him, although to many the chief attraction of his volume will be its adventurous sporting scenes. Both himself and his companion, indeed, appear to have been excellent shots, and resolute and indefatigable sportsmen. Some notion of their success may be gained from the fact, that they almost cleared the heavy expenses of hiring the odoriferous *Anna Louisa*, its 'skyppar' and crew, for the whole season—in blubber, the produce of their own rifles and harpoons; their total game-list being as follows: forty-six walrus, eighty-eight seals, eight polar bears, one white whale, and sixty-one reindeer.

THE SCOTCH TALLY-TRADE.

A TALLY, in the original meaning of the name, is a sort of counterpart or duplicate, serving as a reckoning or mode of keeping accounts. The burning of a large number of Exchequer tallies is believed to have been the cause of the destruction of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. These tallies were wooden rods or sticks, split lengthwise into two portions, having notches of corresponding sizes and positions in both. In commercial transactions in former days, notches were cut in a stick, to denote quantities of goods or sums of money, and the stick was then so split that each piece should shew all the notches: one was kept by the buyer, and one by the seller; and the two were called *tallies*, doubtless from the French *tailler*, to cut. The same two sticks served to record other dealings between the same persons, by the cutting of new notches at similar parts of the length. In the days before there were Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Crown Revenues, the sovereign of England received regular annual rents like any other landowner, but paid either to the sheriff of the county or to the Exchequer in London. The crown tenants, mostly uneducated country-people, were wont to pay their rent partly in money, partly in corn, and partly in homespun and home-woven cloth: a system that required the aid of experienced judges of commodities, to render the accounts equitable. When, at a later date, the rents and royalties were paid wholly in cash, a *tallyer*, or keeper of the tallies, was the only chief-officer of accounts needed; and this was the prototype of the functionary afterwards called the *teller* of the Exchequer. When a tenant paid rent into the Exchequer, the tallyer wrote out an account of the transaction, and sent it to the tally-court; the *tally-cutter* took a four-sided stick of well-seasoned hazel, and cut notches in it—different sizes and kinds of notches being understood to mean different numerals and sums of money. The *tally-writer* then wrote upon two opposite sides of the wood a copy of the bill; and the chamberlain cut the stick in two exactly equal pieces, giving one to the payer of the money, and stringing the other on a cord to be preserved on the part of the crown. As long as there was room on the tally and counter-tally, subsequent payments by the same person were similarly entered. The various Exchequer officers were paid by fees on these transactions. How the tally-system became superseded by the keeping of regular account-books, need hardly be said. The system, in one or other of several forms, has been in use in many different ages and countries. The Romans were accustomed to use a piece of wood or metal called a *symbolum*, the two halves of which were kept by the two contractors to a bargain; and the practice was followed by other nations in later times.

Such was the nature of the tallies employed in past days, as records of transactions between buyers and sellers, or of payments between debtors and creditors. Down to our own times, a few isolated examples of the system are observable. Milkmen frequently keep a score by chalking marks on a slip of wood or tally, to denote the number of pennies or other small sums due to them for milk. Bakers frequently use small tin tallies, one of which, given to the owner of a pie or a joint of meat, has a particular number upon it; and the other, with a similar number, is kept by the baker; but this is not a record of a payment—it is simply a means of identifying a particular pie or joint sent to be baked. Some bakers, however, in the poorer streets of a town, as well as small dealers in other commodities, still use wooden tallies as substitutes for account-books. Instances have been known in Warwickshire, within the last few years, of tally-sticks being produced in court in proof of debts; a notched tally, called a *wand*, is often used by the miners of Cornwall, to record payments of wages.

We have briefly noticed the above examples of the use of tally-sticks, because they unquestionably gave rise, although with a gradual change of meaning, to the credit dealings by tally, in which written papers instead of notched sticks are the tallies now employed. A tallyman is often looked down upon as a dealer versed in tricks and deceptions; but it remains to be proved whether this opinion is a correct one. As we shall presently shew, what is called the Scotch Tally-trade is quite a peculiar institution, although there are in London, and other large towns, *tally-shops*, where goods can be purchased on credit, and paid for by weekly instalments. In these cases, we believe, sureties are demanded for the security of the debt. The keepers of these shops are not the Scotch tallymen. The latter keep no shops. They travel about in daily rounds, endeavouring to find customers for goods, and calling once a week for instalments of payment. They are thus not tally-shop keepers. On the other hand, they are not exactly pedlers, hawkers, or packmen; these latter take their worldly goods with them, and get rid of them day by day according as good-luck supplies them with customers; whereas the tallymen carry very little with them; they obtain orders, and furnish the goods on the following week. Another point of difference is, that the pedlers and hawkers mostly deal for ready money; whereas the tallymen both receive and give credit. Moreover, pedlers and hawkers deal in a wide range of commodities, tallymen almost exclusively in articles of clothing. To add another to the points of contrast, the pedlers and hawkers may be and are English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish; whereas the tally-dealers, almost to a man, are born north of the Tweed, although they exercise their vocation in the land of the Saxon. And let us not suppose that it is an insignificant body of which we are speaking; they form a brotherhood ten or twelve thousand strong, and spend six or seven millions sterling a year in purchases from wholesale houses.

It is a curious trade this. The precursors of the present race of tallymen were itinerant tea-dealers. At a time when the importation of tea was wholly in the hands of the East India Company, and when tea of moderate quality commanded eight shillings a pound, the working-classes obtained little of it. Tea was carried about by hard-walking and hard-working agents, who contrived to find customers, and made the mode of payment easy. But we believe little of this is now done; tea is more plentiful, lower in price, and yields less profit per pound; and there are small shops in every town in England where a single pennyworth of tea can be bought. Under these circumstances, a tally-trade in tea is hardly likely to maintain its ground. Where and when the tallymen began to add clothing and drapery to their dealings, is not quite clear; but it was probably about the period when the China trade was thrown open. At anyrate, as drapery went up, tea went down, in the estimation of tallymen; and at the present time the dealings are almost exclusively for the outside of the body, not for the inside.

Why is it that the tallymen are almost all Scotchmen? Probably for the same reason that the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company are nearly all Scotchmen. In the one mode of life as in the other, there is a probation of hard work and short commons, before a young fellow can obtain a rise; or, at anyrate, a state of things in which luxuries and personal indulgences are quite out of the question. It is of no use for Englishmen to conceal the fact, that Scots beat them in self-denial. They come southward with a determination to work their way in the world; and they know that personal frugality is one of the means to this end. They can resist the temptation of a pint of beer better than a Southerner; and they are not so strongly imbued with a belief that a meat-dinner is essential to human wellbeing. Poor young Scotchmen, when they come to England to seek their bread, are willing to live with great frugality, and to serve with great fidelity, while occupying the lower steps of the ladder; while poor young Englishmen, under parallel circumstances, if as faithful, are not on an average so frugal. How it is that an incipient tallyman is forced to be frugal, as the very condition of his being a tallyman at all, we shall be the better able to understand after having glanced at the nature of the trade itself.

John Brown is a working-man with a wife and family; his wages are sufficient, if he lays them out well, but he has nothing to spare for luxuries. He wants a new coat, and is a little puzzled how to pay for it, for the price will be more than one week's wages; and if he pays all at once, there may not be money left for the other purchases of the week. Here is the point where the savings-bank becomes invaluable; and we regard it as a grievous thing that such institutions are so much neglected by the working-men of England. They do not, as a class, make any provision for the future; and hence it is a formidable thing for them to pay any sum of money whatever in larger portions than fractional parts of a week's wages. This is the opening for the tallyman; and until workmen become so provident as to render buying on credit unnecessary, the tally-system is not necessarily an unfair one. John Brown, we say, wants a coat. Duncan Mackenzie, the tallyman, perhaps happens to make his first call at this juncture. Duncan, a shrewd cautious fellow, does not go to work in the dark; he endeavours to learn as much as he can about John—whether he is a drunkard, or a man who flits about from lodging to lodging, or a man of loose principles concerning *meum* and *tuum*. If the result be unfavourable, he gives up John Brown; but if favourable, he offers to supply a certain kind of coat at a certain price. John is prepared for a price a little higher than that charged by the shopkeeper in the next street, because the mode of payment is made easy to him. This mode is—one shilling in the pound per week; insomuch that twenty weeks are allowed for payment. If the coat were thirty shillings, eighteenpence a week; if two pounds, two shillings a week; and so on. At about the same hour on the same day in every successive week, Duncan calls, and receives a shilling in the pound on his debt. He enters the receipt in a book, which has a column for John Brown; this is his *tally*, and he gives a *counter-tally* to John. The Scotchman does not intend, if he can help it, to let the Englishman slip through his fingers; the payments are punctually made, and the customer is worth retaining. Before the coat is quite paid for, negotiations are opened with the good-wife about a new gown—or rather, 'dress;' for 'gown' is looked down upon with some contempt in these days of ours. It may be that she first broaches the subject, or that John makes a promise under an impulse of liberality; but the probability is that Mr Mackenzie takes the initiative. He points out how well Mrs Brown would look in a dress of a certain pattern that he produces; and he names a price which does not profess to be 'dirt cheap,' but which is a fair price for an article of fair quality. The dress, or material for a dress, is purchased; and a new era of twenty weeks begins, marked by weekly instalments of payment. Thus matters go on, it may be for years. Brown is always in debt to Mackenzie, but he always knows exactly how much his debt amounts to, and he knows, moreover, that a very small portion of his weekly earnings will suffice to discharge the obligation in a stipulated time.

This Brown-Mackenzie theory will serve as a type of the trade which is now under notice. It is supposed that there are not much less than twelve thousand men thus employing themselves in, and supporting themselves by, the tally-drapery trade—Scotchmen almost without exception. Every man has his 'round,' as he calls it. He divides the six working-days of the week into six routes, each route extending over many miles. He calls on all his customers during the six days, receiving money from most of them, and orders from some, and taking home goods which had been bargained for in the previous week. This is no child's play. In winter and summer, in heat, wet, cold, snow, wind, sleet, mud, dust, the tallyman goes his rounds; his appearance at a particular house is almost as punctual as the striking of the clock, and it is no slight obstacle that will keep him away.

There are wholesale warehouses in which this kind of trade is especially attended to; and the owners of these warehouses, like the tallymen themselves, are nearly all Scotchmen. Whether it is that they can trust each other better, or that some other cause operates, we do not know; but certain it is that hitherto Duncan Mackenzie has generally purchased his goods of some other Mac. English houses are, however, now entering into the trade. The usage of the trade is—six months' credit. It is always understood that the tallyman will not be required to pay for the goods until half a year after he has received them. He pays in one sum after twenty-six weeks; and he receives in twenty sums during twenty weeks: if the reader be clever at commercial arithmetic, he may be able to calculate the relative rates of interest under this curious arrangement. Honesty is the very foundation of the whole system. If the tallyman fails in his payments, he will obtain no more supplies from the warehouses. As Mackenzie looks well what sort of a man Brown may be before he trusts him, so does the wholesale dealer take good measure of Mackenzie himself. A black sheep would soon be driven out of the flock. The tallyman buys very little on speculation; he generally contrives to obtain orders by sample or pattern, and then buys the exact kind and quantity needed. He keeps no shop; he may be a housekeeper, or may live in lodgings; but in either case a very small amount of space would suffice for his 'stock in trade.'

But suppose that the tallyman's trade has become too large for him to attend to single-handed. There are always young Scotchmen waiting for opportunities to push themselves up from a position in which their worldly wealth is—*nil;* there are, of course, Englishmen also, and Irish and Welsh; but, as before stated, the Northerners bring peculiar qualities to bear on this subject. If the tallyman happens to know no one just at hand, he sends down to Scotland. Advertisements occasionally appear in the Scotch newspapers, to the effect that an opening exists for a young man in this trade. We believe that some such name as 'credit-drapery trade' is then employed, possibly because the name of 'tally-trade' is not in all quarters welcome. A young Scot sets forth, to London, or wherever it may be, and binds himself for three years to the tallyman. The arrangement depends much on mutual reliance. Very little in the form of legal document is employed. The aspirant receives no wages for three years; he is boarded, lodged, and clothed by his master. He has no facilities for dissipation, even if he have the wish; for he has no money wherewithal to indulge in it; or if there be any, it is just a trifle for minor expenses. The young man has a 'round' intrusted to him, a group of customers on whom he calls during six days of the week. A temptation is offered to him to make the business as good as he can, for he has a reversionary claim to it. According to the engagement, if he serves his three years faithfully, his master then makes over the 'round' to him, and becomes security for him to the wholesale dealer, to a certain amount and for a certain time. The dealer has relied for many years on the honesty of the tallyman, and on his recommendation now trusts the new-comer who succeeds to the 'round.' Or rather, the tallyman does not exactly become security, but makes over to the other all the claims due in the 'round,' and trusts to him for payment within certain defined limits of time. The whole system would fall to the ground, were it not that these men rely on the fidelity of each other. The tallyman No. 1 has had three years' service rendered to him, for a small expenditure in board, lodging, and clothing; and tallyman No. 2 comes into the possession of a business, as a return for his abstinence, assiduity, and faithfulness. During the whole of his time of probation, he has a powerful motive to make the 'round' as good as he can, for it will be his own by and by. Some tallymen keep a large number of young hands thus under them, extending their trade on all sides according as they have hands to attend to it.

A 'round' is a property, an estate, a capital, an investment. If a tallyman dies, or gets into trouble (as tallymen, like other men, will sometimes do), his 'round' is put up to auction, and sold. A room is engaged at an inn for a few hours, and twenty, fifty, or a hundred persons attend. The tallyman's books are minutely examined. How many customers he has on his round, and how much is owing by each, are points carefully investigated; and an attempt is also made to determine the character of the debts—that is, whether any of them are likely to prove bad debts. None but a person already conversant with the trade can possibly tell how to make these investigations. When, however, so many sharp-witted and experienced men are thus looking out for an investment, it is probable that the property goes for very near its exact value, neither more nor less. The biddings are made at so many shillings in the pound. If the debts due on the round amount, for instance, to one hundred pounds, there is first the consideration whether any are likely to prove bad debts; then the consideration of the interest of money—cash paid down for that which will be repaid only by instalments; and then the chance of future custom in the same 'round.' All these points determine whether the bidders will give five, ten, fifteen, or twenty shillings in the pound for the round, or whether they will even buy it at a premium, on the prospect of an increase of trade. There is something equivalent to this in the milk-trade, when we see 'a milk-walk for sale' heading an advertisement.

There are many points about this tally-trade worthy of note. It is believed, as we have said, that very little less than seven millions sterling is annually paid by tallymen to wholesale clothiers and drapers; and, of course, the sum received by them is much higher. The retail shopkeepers do not like these tallymen; nor do the licensed hawkers and pedlers and itinerant dealers in miscellaneous wares; nor, in some counties, do the magistrates, who set their faces against the summonses taken out occasionally by the tallymen against their non-paying customers. But, with all this, the trade has its good points. Generally speaking, the garments and textile goods supplied are of serviceable quality; and there is this evidence that the prices are not inordinate—that John Brown and his compeers would not continue their purchases year after year, if they had any proof that they were cheated or overcharged. The shopkeeper charges a price that will reimburse him for the extra expenses of keeping a shop; the tallyman charges a price that will return him interest for the credit given; and both charges find their level in the course of time. How far it is wise in working-men, or persons of humble means, to adopt the system of credit at all, is quite another question. The Scotch tally-trade is, at all events, not the worst form of the credit-system; and we have been induced to describe it, partly because it is very little known except to those immediately concerned, and partly because those who only imperfectly understand it have a tendency to frown upon it more than it deserves. Many a shilling is paid to the tallyman, that would otherwise go in drink.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—INTRIGUES AT THE COTTAGE.

THE acquaintance begun in the Hotel Gilbert between Mr Charlecot and Adolphus soon ripened into intimacy; and in less than three weeks from that date, the former had crossed the Channel, and was staying at Rose Cottage with the Arbours as a recognised friend of the family.

It may well be wondered at that Uncle Ingram should take to his fashionable guest so readily as did his nephew; but nevertheless, within a day or two of Mr Charlecot's arrival, that gentleman was almost as great a favourite with the head of the firm as with the junior partner. His manners, indeed, were a good deal toned down, and had no longer anything of the *roué* about them. Madame, with a dotation of ten thousand francs, had bidden him adieu for ever, and consented to remain in Paris, where lovers are not scarce. There was a sobriety in his voice and manner, when conversing upon commercial matters, which, contrasting with his habitual liveliness, gave increased weight and importance to what were in reality attractive and specious plans. The profuseness of his personal expenditure by no means detracted from his trustworthiness as a prudent adviser in the old merchant's eyes, who set it down to the habit of one who had always enjoyed a superfluity of wealth, and in secret perhaps admired it accordingly.

Mr John Arbour, who, like the astute Adolphus, had a relish for expensive amusements, combined with a disinclination to enjoy them at his own charges, esteemed the companionship of his new friend beyond everything, and left his own legal web-spinning to accompany him to London and elsewhere, whenever opportunity offered.

Above all, Miss Maria, whose personal charms were by no means enhanced by the revolving years, and who had begun to speak of matrimony as an indelicate institution, unadapted for persons of serious dispositions, set her cap, or rather put aside the cap which she had almost resolved to adopt, and set her slender tresses to entangle Mr Frederic Charlecot. It was surprising how large-hearted and charitable she became in her judgment of moral delinquencies, when manifested in the person of the Beloved Object. It was scarcely to be denied that Mr Frederic Charlecot was a worldly minded gentleman, with no particular 'views' with regard to the wearing of the surplice, and other nice ecclesiastical questions. That tongue, so eloquent upon the commercial advantages that would flow from the introduction of highly ornamented earthenware spittoons among the Hottentots, was dumb upon any more decidedly religious missionary effort. To offer him an improving tract, was only to facilitate his vicious habit of smoking by supplying him with a spill; while to take him to chapel, was but to administer a soothing theological opiate, for no matter how 'awakening' the sermon, Mr Frederic Charlecot never failed to sleep through it all. The task of conversion which Miss Maria set herself, however, was not altogether without its fruits; she combined (as is not uncommon with that peculiar class of theologians to which she belonged) spiritual endeavours with temporal—she preached to him and made love to him simultaneously—and one-half of her labours at least was crowned with success. She used to take him out gudgeon-fishing in the punt—the same which had borne Dick, and Maggie, and his mother, up the river on the last day they spent together—and, anchored within view of the cottage, for propriety's sake, she would ply him alternately with sentiment and improving talk.

'I was more than pained, Mr Charlecot, yesterday—I was terrified—to see you asleep while Mr Stirren Warmleigh was expounding.'

'I had a heavenly vision, Miss Maria, nevertheless,' would reply the Incorrigible, 'for I was dreaming of you.'

'Now, Mr Frederic, if you go on in that light way, I shall leave the punt.'

'I think that would be dangerous, my dear young lady; the tide runs deep and strong; not but that you would fall a cheerful martyr to the maintenance of any good principle, I am well convinced.'

'You think too highly of me, dear Mr Charlecot. I do humbly hope, however, that if a time of popery and persecution should again arise, and the rack, and the stake, and—and'——

'And the chop,' suggested Mr Charlecot gravely. 'My dear Miss Maria, how dreadful an image does that present to me: the keen and cruel axe; those raven tresses; that snowy neck; that palpitating'——

'Mr Charlecot, I am astonished at you!'

'Pardon, fair lady, pardon; my imagination was indeed leading me too far.'

'Ah, how I wish you would be less volatile, Freder—— Mr Charlecot, I mean! You seem to fly from the contemplation of all serious subjects.'

'Do I seem, then, impatient of *your* society?' demanded the unabashed Frederic slily.

'You are very wicked, sir; and yet, somehow, I cannot reprove you as I would another. What is it, I wonder, that disarms my righteous indignation? What mysterious affinity can exist between us—children of two different worlds, as it were—that draws us thus together?'

'That's a bite!' observed Mr Charlecot interjectionally.

'A what, sir?' exclaimed the nymph in a tone somewhat sharper and shriller than the observation seemed to warrant.

'A gudgeon, my dear young lady—a gudgeon: did you not see your float bob? You are looking in the water at your own reflection, instead of attending to your line, and indeed I can hardly blame you. If I had not the original by my side to look at, I should be content to gaze for ever upon its pictorial representation myself.'

'Be quiet, Freder—— Mr Frederic! Take your arm away immediately; I insist upon it. They can see us from the cottage.'

'Let us pitch the boat upon the other side of the island, then.'

'We will do nothing of the kind, sir; and, besides, there are always barges there. Why is Margaret sitting at that open window, I should like to know, staring out at us in that fashion? I think I had rather be put on shore.'

'Perhaps she wishes to be here instead of you,' replied Mr Charlecot, smoothing his moustaches.

'You are a vain and naughty man,' returned Miss Maria, reddening; 'and I am sure that the child wishes nothing of the sort.'

This was a most accurate assertion; for Margaret was the only one of the Arbour household upon whom the late arrival had totally failed to make a favourable impression.

'Your uncle seems to be exceedingly fond of your sister,' remarked Mr Charlecot carelessly.

'He is getting very old,' replied Maria spitefully; 'and when one is very old, one dotes.'

'Exactly so; and yet the law seems to take but little cognizance of the fact. How often we see old persons willing away their entire property to one individual in no way more worthy than the remainder of their relatives, who are left, in consequence, quite insufficiently provided for.'

'That, however, will not happen in Margaret's case,' returned her sister: 'she has—in consequence of certain circumstances—been excluded from all future share in my uncle's property.'

'Poor girl!' remarked Mr Frederic Charlecot, with as much astonishment and sympathy as a man could assume who was quite aware of the fact beforehand, and did not regret it. 'And yet it is in just such a case as hers that one often finds the excommunicated person left a millionaire after all. The old gentleman repents at the last moment—thinks he'll "hedge" as regards the other world—forgives everybody, and leaves the object of his greatest indignation every farthing he has in the world.'

At this appalling picture of death-bed penitence, Miss Maria's countenance fell, from Resignation to the calamities of others down to Despair on one's own account.

'Good Heavens! Mr Charlecot, you alarm me more than I can say; not indeed with regard to the disposition of my good uncle's property, when it shall please Providence to remove him from this sublunary scene, for riches are but vanity and a snare, and it is better far to be without them; but lest ingratitude and disobedience should come to be rewarded instead of punished. If such a change should threaten the interests of morality, what course would you advise?'

'A Deed of Gift, my dear young lady. Excuse my conciseness as a business-man, when the moral circumstances of the case seem to demand dilation; but if I were your brother Adolphus, I should put a limit to this doting fondness of your uncle while there is yet time. I should address him something in these terms: "You are a most charming relative, and I have the highest confidence in your judgment and good sense; but you are too tender-hearted; that is your one weak point, my beloved uncle, and a very amiable weakness it is. You have announced your determination to leave your possessions to those who have shewn themselves docile and obedient to your wishes, and they naturally look forward to it—though not *as* money, but as a better thing, as a mark of the esteem and regard from him who was so dear to them while in life. Now, they cannot conceal from themselves that that determination is wavering. You say it is not, my dear uncle: very good; you think it is not, because you are unaware of the excessive amiability of your own nature. It is in your power, however, to prove whether you or they are right—to shew the world that your judgment and moral sense are as keen as ever—by the execution of a Deed of Gift. By this means you can put it out of your own power ever to be cajoled by designing persons."'

'But to whom is my uncle to make over the money?' inquired Maria, with an anxiety singular enough in one with whom the recipient could be only an object of pity as exposed to increased temptations.

'To Adolphus and yourself, for instance; or, if necessary, it may include your brother John. But as your uncle will thus confide to your hands the entire management of his own property by the deed in question, he may well trust you to do all that is right and generous to others.'

'I think it would be better not to tell John anything about it,' observed Maria decisively; 'it would only unsettle his mind, and prevent him attending to his profession.'

'My dear Miss Maria, I reverence you more than ever; you are, I perceive, a woman of business as well as of piety.'

'I am afraid not, Mr Charlecot; it is not my wish, as it is not my gift, to meddle with such matters. I am of an unsuspicious disposition, and am of opinion that the direction of all money-matters should be intrusted to brothers, husbands, and the like. I know nothing but the affairs of the house. I became a housekeeper at a very early age, and flatter myself I understand my duties in that way as well as any person.'

'There's another nibble, Miss Maria; I saw it distinctly; he very nearly took the float under water! Throw in some more ground bait, and I think you will be almost certain to catch him the third time.'

These were the sort of conversations which took place often enough between Mr Frederic Charlecot and his lover, but which we would not recommend as the basis of a serious flirtation for other young persons. He was well aware that the lady would become his wife for the asking, but he was by no means prepared to take her 'for richer, for poorer,' but only 'for richer.' If her inheritance from her uncle could be secured in the manner suggested, the blood of the Charlecots might possibly consent to an alliance with trade; but in any other case he felt the sacrifice to be a little too 'alarming.' In the meantime, Mr Frederic Charlecot found it difficult to suppress his sense of humour—by no means the proper element to be suffered to appear in a love-passage, and pregnant with danger even to the most promising of suits. It is not pleasant to have one's sentiment made fun of under any circumstances, and least of all when one is an elderly lady taking aim with one's last arrow at the heart of a male.

We would not wrong Mr Frederic Charlecot's reputation as a man of taste, by letting it be supposed that he chose Miss Maria in preference to her sister Margaret; or that conversations such as that which has been described were carried on with the former while any chance of securing the latter, upon equally favourable terms, remained. The probability of Mr Ingram Arbour's altering his determination in favour of his younger niece had struck him long before he confided his suspicions to Maria, and had moved him in the first instance to try his fortune with her more comely sister. On the first opportunity of his finding himself alone with her, which did not happen very early during his stay at Rose Cottage, he took occasion to express, with respect and delicacy, his sorrow for the dissensions among that family by whom he had been so hospitably welcomed. 'Do not imagine, madam,' added he, 'that my intimacy with your brother Adolphus misleads me as to who is to be blamed for this.'

'I am not aware, sir,' responded Margaret with quiet dignity, 'that the intimacy you speak of is either so deep or so long-founded as to justify such an interest as you speak of, and least of all as regards myself.'

'If my behaviour, madam, has led you to imagine that my sympathies are enlisted upon any side save your own, it has only played the part which I have set it to do. I thought I should place it more in my power to benefit you by such a course, than if I had manifested the deep regret which I feel at the cold and cruel conduct of those who should have known how to estimate you better.'

'I thank you, sir,' returned Margaret: 'my position at home must indeed be pitiable, since a stranger can thus be moved to address himself to me upon such a subject.'

'That I am a stranger, dear madam, is a misfortune which time will remove; that I am a genuine and disinterested friend, I hope soon to be able to shew.'

'I am not altogether friendless, sir,' replied she, 'however it may appear; and the few friends whom I possess are sufficient for me.'

'It is not well, madam, to reject friendship, even though it may be tendered by so humble an individual as myself.'

At these words, contrasting so strongly with the self-assured and confident manner of the speaker, Margaret could not repress a smile.

'You smile, my dear young lady, which is rare with you—a misfortune to be regretted by all: a day may come, however, which perhaps is not even now a great way off, when your whole life will be a smile. I see already signs of repentance in one who has done you wrong, and who has power to redress that wrong tenfold. If I read the heart of the man aright—an accomplishment in which I am thought to have some skill—your Uncle Ingram only waits for some excuse to take you once more into his loving favour.'

'I am not aware, sir, that my Uncle Ingram has shewn himself in your presence as at all wanting in tenderness and affection.'

'Not at all,' responded Mr Charlecot eagerly; 'and I augur from that fact the best results. I refer rather to the unkindness which he proposes to commit after death; to the unjust and unjustifiable'——

'Sir,' interrupted Margaret firmly, 'your knowledge of the heart of man may be accurate and subtle enough; but with respect to the feelings of woman, or at least so far as mine are concerned, you shew yourself fallible. The habitual want of cheerfulness which you attribute to me, is caused in no way by the knowledge that my uncle purposes finally to dispose of his property as he thinks fit.'

'I envy you, my good young lady,' returned Mr Charlecot bluntly, 'that superiority of mind which sets you above the attractions of mere wealth. In my experience as a man of pleasure, I have seldom seen its parallel, and as a man of business, never; the contemplation of it is charming, and cannot but be elevating to the moral sense. But with regard to this matter of your uncle's will, is there not another's interest involved, another's prospects sacrificed? Forgive me, if I have been misinformed.'

'Go on, sir, if you have anything to suggest, I pray,' replied Margaret: 'if you have really any further and better end in view than that of wounding my feelings, pray hasten to it.'

'I was about to say, my dear young lady, that with respect to that other person, something, perhaps, through proper management, might yet be done.'

'Could you indeed do anything for my poor brother Dick?' cried Maggie anxiously, her face suffused with a sudden glow of expectation, and the coldness of her manner changed at once to passionate appeal. 'Oh, if you could, sir, you would indeed prove yourself to be my friend.'

The bold eyes of Mr Frederic Charlecot glowed with undisguised admiration as he replied: 'I can, my dear Miss Arbour, and I will. A word or two from me to your uncle, at the proper time, will, I pledge my reputation, bring forth not a little fruit. Nor do I despair of putting both you and your brother Richard into a position from which you may pay back scorn for scorn, and insult for insult, on those'——

'You are again strangely mistaken, Mr Charlecot,' interrupted Maggie hastily, 'in the character of the person you address. All that I ask is, that the harshness dealt out to my unfortunate and misrepresented brother may be mitigated, and perhaps some amends be made to him.'

'They shall, they shall, my dear Miss Margaret!' cried the other eagerly.

'But the payment, sir—the price of your assistance? I have unhappily nothing to offer you in return.'

'This little hand!' exclaimed Mr Charlecot passionately, snatching her gloved fingers—for she was dressed for gardening—and pressing them with ardour to his lips.

So instantaneously did Maggie withdraw the outraged member, that the enamoured swain was left to bestow his caresses upon the well-shaped but tenantless gauntlet she used for protection against thorns.

'You are impertinent, sir!' cried she with flashing eyes. 'How dare you offer me this insult? Is it the act of a gentleman—nay, of a man—to take advantage of one in my position, without natural protector, although'—— She stopped suddenly, and her colour rose even higher than before, as the thought of one nearer and dearer than brother flashed across her, whose arm, had it been by, would not have hung idly down during the last few minutes.

Mr Charlecot, at least for this once, read her mind aright. 'I am anticipated, as it seems,' said he; 'nor do I wonder that such excellence should have attracted another before me. But still, let me conjure you, if your affections are not yet wholly bestowed, to give me hope—to give me time rather to prove myself worthy of a hope'——

She waved him off as he approached her with a gesture that almost suggested loathing.

'As you please, madam,' continued he in an altered tone. 'I offered you my friendship, and you rejected it; I offer you my love, and you disdain it. A time will come, perhaps, when you will regret both refusals.'

She answered him not a word; but if Indignation and Scorn had had any Medusean power in them, her countenance would have changed him into Trap, or other inferior description of stone, upon the spot.

'A charming attitude,' continued Mr Charlecot insolently; 'but the statuesque is not my taste. Marble as you fancy yourself, it may be that I possess a weapon which shall yet find your heart out.'

'If you do, sir, I do not doubt that you will use it without scruple.'

'But not upon *you*, madam,' returned he with bitterness; 'you do me wrong, if you deem me so unknightly.'

'Upon another, then!' she answered vehemently. 'You will strike at me through my affection for my brother. O wretched man, who, by your very language, tell me that you behold the depth of your own degradation, from what *have* you fallen that you should play so base a part? Know that not even for his sake, whose misfortunes you threaten to aggravate, and who is to me the dearest'——

'Save one,' interrupted Mr Charlecot mockingly; 'and that one has a father, has he not? an old man, wedded to some foolish trade; indebted to it perhaps for his daily bread—for his daily happiness certainly. Would you not weep if this delight, of this subsistence were withdrawn from him? Beware lest it should be so. He clogs the wheels of commerce with his prudent sluggishness, and they would run the better if freed from such a drag.'

Every word the man spoke was dropped upon his listener's ear like vitriol on a wound: and he watched her writhe beneath the torture mercilessly.

'You are not a man,' cried she; 'you are not even a coward; you are a fiend!'

'You compliment me, madam,' returned he; 'I am merely one whom the world has agreed to ill-use, and who repays the world after his own humble fashion.'

'To ill-use?' cried Margaret indignantly. 'Nay, rather one on whom all good usage is thrown away; whom no prosperity makes thankful, and no increase content; one who seems born to flout at Providence by putting its lavish gifts to evil ends. You to complain of the world's usage—*you!* I know far better men worse used, worse spoken of. I know of one, your superior in all qualities that become a man, who, lacking your money, manners, powers of persuasion—shall I say, rather, your double-dealing craft, your seeming knowledge (ha! you blush at that; that touches you), who wanting that lacker of "position" then, that pretence of soundness, has sunk to low estate with few to pity him.'

'You allude to Mr Richard Arbour, I presume, at present the second Butcher in a travelling menagerie of wild animals. The post may have its scientific advantages, but it is certainly not socially high.'

'Second Butcher!' repeated Margaret to herself. 'I wonder whether this man is lying or no.'

'I have no prejudices myself,' continued Mr Charlecot calmly; 'but other business-men, such as your respected uncle, for instance, would be excessively disturbed at the notion of having a second Butcher in their family.' Then, after a pause, he added: 'So we are to be enemies, Miss Margaret, are we? that is settled?'

'I am not your friend, sir; I would not take your hand in mine for worlds.'

'Very good,' replied Mr Charlecot coolly. 'I see your charming sister coming this way, who, I flatter myself, will scarcely share your prejudices in that respect. Are you for an hour's gudgeon-fishing, Miss Maria?'

Mr Frederic Charlecot had thus declared open war with Margaret before courting the alliance of her sister, and he was not long before he put his hostile intentions into action. He shewed himself to possess at least that modicum of virtue which is implied in the expression, 'being as good as one's word.' He insinuated, with the utmost subtlety, into Mr Ingram Arbour's failing mind the danger that he lay in of stultifying his own determination, by rescinding that sentence of excommunication passed against the scapegrace of the family and his abettor. Every kind word which the old man addressed to his younger niece was carefully treasured up by the three conspirators, and used as a weapon against her. Every generous action was pointed to as a probable forerunner of that great gift which should make amends to the disobedient pair for all. When these things failed to effect their final purpose, in causing the old merchant to put the disposal of his property out of his own power, it was hinted that his nephew Richard, disinherited though he was, was calculating upon his uncle's decease, and actually borrowing money upon those expectations, which he had been so solemnly warned did not exist; while finally, Mr Arbour was informed—thanks to Mr Charlecot, who had by some means possessed himself of that secret—what post that young gentleman was occupying in Mr Tredgold's establishment, to enjoy which he had quitted that eminently respectable one provided for him in Darkendim Street.

All the importunities of his two designing kinsfolk, aided by their skilful ally, could not, however, prevail upon the merchant to sign any Deed of Gift. He had, he said, the highest confidence in the rectitude of Adolphus, the greatest reliance upon the dutiful affection of Maria, the warmest admiration for the judgment of his young friend Mr Frederic Charlecot, but to take off his clothes before he retired finally to rest, still seemed to him an unnecessary proceeding. 'Who,' he inquired querulously, 'had so much as heard of so anticipatory a measure before? Had they themselves? Had anybody? Where was their precedent for such a suicidal and unnecessary act?'

'King Lear!' whispered Mr Charlecot to Maria sardonically; and, in her great desire to convince, the young lady was within a hairsbreadth of quoting that royal example.

The Deed of Gift, then, was never executed; but as if to compensate for his obstinacy in that respect, Mr Ingram Arbour lent himself more and more to the commercial schemes of Adolphus and his speculative adviser, and allowed them entirely to overrule the more temperate suggestions of Mr Mickleham. So craftily, indeed, did they sow the seeds of disagreement between the head of the firm and that gentleman, that the latter very soon forbore to give expression to any remonstrances at all. The trusty Master to whom the Captain had formerly been wont to appeal on all grave occasions, had now to sit sorrowful and idly in his cabin, while the good ship was being piloted by inexperienced and reckless hands.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PITCHER IS BROKEN AT LAST.

After the night with the lioness, and the punishment of Mr Bairman for his somewhat murderous practical joke, matters went on in the travelling menagerie as usual until the summer days came round again, when an honour was conferred upon it about equivalent to that of Knight Companion of the Bath with Mr and Mrs Tredgold, and C.B.s with the rest of the company. The whole establishment being in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and the drawing-rooms, pink, white, and blue, at the castle being, I suppose, voted dull in those July evenings, it was commanded to exhibit itself before majesty in one of the courtyards.

Such a green ribbon had never before been conferred upon any but a Wombwell or an Edmonds (although Mr Tredgold had often hinted, both vocally and in his bills, to the contrary), and the excitement was proportionally tremendous. Mr Mopes, who was not to be permitted to enliven the royal mind by his usual dissertation upon natural history, alone was discontented, and entertained no expectation of knighthood. Everybody else hoped that some comparatively harmless animal would make its escape, so that he might distinguish himself by interposing between royalty and certain destruction. Extra pains, however, were taken to prevent the possibility of any such incident; every bar and board were examined narrowly four-and-twenty hours before the great event came off. The Lion-tamer of Central Africa was literally in the highest feather, and had been presented by his proprietor with a new leopard-skin—his old one being considerably dimmed as to its spots, if it could not be said to have changed them. It was rightly concluded that upon him would mainly depend the success of the exhibition, as well as the fame of its proprietor. His own reputation as a zoological monarch was now to be established in the presence of a queen of an empire upon which the sun never sets, and wherein every variety of wild animal is to be found. In future, 'As performed before the Queen, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York,' and as many other grandees as should chance to be present, or whose names, if absent, might be good for a bill, would be appended to the public advertisements of his performance. The occasion, in short, was 'supreme,' and Tickerocandua felt it to be so. He was determined to outdo himself as a tigress-compeller. The blood-thirsty Bengal we have already spoken of was a beast of few accomplishments, and did not exhibit those she possessed with any great willingness. It was Tickerocandua's intention, for this great Once at least, to induce the animal to enact a part in a dramatic representation with her cage-companion, the lion. The piece was simple enough in plot, but abounded in 'situations' and hoops. The rehearsals were numerous, and succeeded one another very quickly by reason of the little time that was left for preparation. On the evening before that of the grand castle performance, there had been no less than three rehearsals, and the tigress was even yet imperfect in her cues. Her magnificent companion roared and bounded to admiration whenever the action of the drama demanded those exertions, and finally represented rampant his portion of the royal arms for the concluding tableau; but the Bengal was all tail and teeth and stuck in the hoops.

'Tredgold has promised me a tenner,' observed Tickerocandua confidentially to Dick, 'for every new trick that the beasts will do to-morrow; and if all goes well, he will raise my salary to two hundred. And now here's that ere pig-headed Semiramis a-jibbing at her jumps, with only time for one more teaching of her.'

'There is not even time for that, I fear,' returned Dick. 'I have been putting out the meat already in the barrows, and it will never do to put it back again, now that they have once caught sight of it.'

'I can't help that,' returned the Beast-tamer doggedly; 'I must give Semiramis her last lesson before I go to bed to-night.'

'Surely not with the food before her eyes,' expostulated Dick: 'you have often told me yourself how dangerous it is to meddle with the beasts at such a time. With the temper, too, which that brute has, it would be madness.'

It was a rule in Mr Tredgold's establishment, that no man should interfere with the *feræ* while they were feeding, or even while their food was within sight of them; the attention of wild animals, like that of some tame ones, being apt to be concentrated upon their dinners, any attempt to divert them from which is extremely perilous.

'Her ladyship must whisk her tail a little more fiercely before she frightens me out of two hundred a year,' responded Tickerocandua. 'It's only her obstinacy I know, for she is as sharp as Ajax if she chooses.'

The beast-tamer was not referring to the sharpness of the Grecian hero characterised by the poet as *acerrimus*, but to the sagacity of her ladyship's companion of that name, the lion.

'There is none so deaf as those who won't hear,' replied Dick didactically. 'You may drive a tiger to water, but you can't make him turn summersaults.'

'Birds as can sing, and won't sing,' retorted the Beast-tamer grimly, 'must be made to sing.'

Apt and illustrative of the case in point as this counter-proverb might be, it was, however, a perilous determination of spirit that took the Beast-tamer back to his grim pupils, tired and sick as ever human actors were of their reiterated rehearsals, and hungry for the suppers which they gazed upon through their bars. Dick heard the clink of a bottle as he left the caravan of his friend, whereby he guessed that Tickerocandua was refreshing himself ere going about his wearisome task—a thing which, frequent as it was with him after a performance, he had never yet known him to do before entering a den. It was impossible, of course, to give out the meat at the usual hour, and Mr Richard Arbour employed himself, in the meantime, in another duty—that of looking to the ventilators of the cages. These were placed above vans, like the lamp-holes in first-class rail- iages, and through them the occupants of the ght be reconnoitred in safety, as from that vantage at which Darius the king is repre- the peep-shows looking anxiously down upon of lions to which Daniel has been committed revious evening. Dick presently came to that r ventilator which opened upon Semiramis x, whom the Beast-tamer was by that time g' for their dramatic representation. The performing his part with an unwilling obe- putting in an occasional inarticulate protest orm of a protracted roar. The tigress was and noiseless, walking round and round andua, and making an unreserved exhibition emendous teeth, but by no means identifying o much as could be wished with her part in na. Intensely wrapped up in the prospect of l meat that offered itself to her within the na—which, it being long past the closing us entirely destitute of spectators—she would l anon put her nose to the bars, and inhale ful perfume. 'Man, man!' roared she with ful impatience, and then, returning to her ould sniff and sneer around him, as though d observe that there was as good meat within er all, as lay outside of them.

good friend,' cried Dick, speaking through the , 'do pray come away for to-night, and leave is to her supper. To-morrow morning, she tractable enough, but to-night'——

got the taste of my predecessor in her h!' interrupted Tickerocandua grimly. 'She she mayn't, for all I care, but she shall go the double-hoop, at all events, as sure as ving man.' And as he spoke, he held up the nt in question, and cracked his whip for e twentieth time—in vain.

e instant—in a quarter of a second—in a short that Dick's eye could scarcely follow n, Tickerocandua was down—tripped up by ss's fore-paw as a wrestler trips his rival— nd bitten through the thigh with those cruel that the strong man in his agony gave forth more like a cry from some of the wild crea- und him, than any human speech. Then he nt, mercifully stricken dumb and senseless, e beast stood over him, licking her bloody d with every hair in her wicked, beautiful r with fury and lust for blood.

e thee, thou striped devil!' cried Dick from above, and rained his hate upon the brute ly and suddenly, that she slunk away, and nto the furthest corner of the den. 'Murderous arer of the hand that fed thee—— I come, d; stir not, move not for your life—— Foul ! sneaking coward!' continued he, not daring draw eye or voice from the orifice, while with ched hand he gashed the tarpaulin roof of the th his clasp-knife, so that he might thereby immediately, and open the cage-door the —'for every mark of thy damned teeth thy ll pay!'

wd of persons connected with the exhibition, whom was Mr Mopes, wringing his hands with anguish, were collected round the bars of the rrified at what was doing, but not daring to between the enraged animal and the com- of her bloody work; nor must the general be too hastily condemned, since not one of d ever been inside a den with a lion, far less , while he who would enter the one in question d not only to secure his own safety, and that nhappy Beast-tamer, but to prevent the infu- miramis from escaping by the door which d him, and so scattering wounds and death unknown numbers. To Mr Tredgold's credit be stated, that though strongly fortified within his own residence, and only trusting his voice through one of the shutter-slides, he never ceased to call upon others to fetch firearms, and rescue his faithful Tickerocandua at the cost, if it were necessary, of the lives of both lion and tiger. The only unsympathising spectators were the lion himself—who calmly lay down and yawned, as though the business was none of his, and only to be regretted inasmuch as it still further postponed supper-time—and Mr Bairman, who, from a considerable distance, was regarding the spectacle as though he could never have enough of it.

For nothing of what was passing within or without, did the animal who had worked all this mischief seem to care, but with eyes wandering from her prostrate victim to Dick's face above, she appeared to be divided between the desire of prosecuting her vengeance and the fear of the consequences of such a proceeding. Whenever his voice ceased, were it but for an instant, she shifted her hind-legs restlessly, as if to spring, and sunk down again dissatisfied, but trembling, when the tones were renewed. At last, when Dick had sawn a hole in the tarpaulin sufficiently large, he squeezed himself through it, and swung down by his hands into the interior of the show.

Rapidly as he effected this, the vengeful brute was yet beforehand with him. Taking instantaneous advantage of his withdrawal to renew her attack, she seized the still unconscious Tickerocandua by the chest, and cracked his breastbone in her dreadful jaws. Still in swoon, however, the poor Beast-tamer knew it not, and neither stirred nor moaned. Then it was, singularly enough, when it was evident to all that the man was dead, and no further harm could happen to him, that Mr Mopes began to open the cage-door, determined, at all hazards, to save the inanimate form from desecration; but he was thrust aside in the very act by Dick, who, seizing a crow-bar, leaped into the den, and, dealing a tremendous blow at the cowering tigress, lifted his dead friend out—lightly and tenderly as a bride—and bidding the people close the door, as though it had been any other door, would have borne him unassisted to his own dwelling, had not Mr Mopes, reverently taking up the feet of the corpse, assisted him. The rest were scarce more struck with the horror of the spectacle than with the courage and affection manifested by the young man, and with one consent forbore to follow, and interfere between him and his grief.

'Shall I run for the doctor?' inquired Mr Mopes of Dick, as of his acknowledged chief in this dreadful matter.

'Nay,' replied he sadly, 'not all the doctors in the world could give him breath for a single moment. We will fetch one presently; but, in the meantime, tell the people to be silent, and not spread the news abroad, for Mr Tredgold's sake. If this gallant soul could speak, he would say the same, for I am sure that his last thought would be for others. If it gets about that the Lion-tamer is dead, the performance must needs be put off for to-morrow, and perhaps the establishment be permanently injured.'

'And who is to help it?' exclaimed Mr Mopes, in astonishment. 'How on earth can it be otherwise, now that poor Robinson has come to this?'

It was observable that whoever now spoke of the dead man called him by his real name, and not by the assumed title by which he had been always formerly addressed.

'That is for our master to consider,' returned Dick gravely. 'Am I not right, my friend?' continued he, apostrophising the dead body. 'Ah, Mr Mopes, you do not know how kind and honest a heart lies here, that will never beat again. I have neither father nor mother, and this man was both to me.'

'He hasn't left an enemy in the world,' cried the tender-hearted lecturer, 'unless, at least, it be Bairman; and to have Bairman against one is a matter creditable to anybody. He was always risky for himself, and careful for other people. He has not left his equal for lion and tiger taming alive. There's his new leopard-skin, see, a-hanging up so spick and span, and who's to wear it?'

There was a gentle knock at the door that opened into the interior apartment.

'Come in,' cried Dick mournfully; 'there's nobody to be disturbed here now!'

A diminutive female figure, of a clay colour, entered quietly, and approached the dead man with a swift but noiseless step. She took no notice of either Dick or his companion, but taking from her left arm a bracelet of shells, placed it at the feet of the corpse, at the same time reverently inclining her head. On her return, the door was gently opened for her by an unseen hand, and the Earthman was heard modulating his harsh gutturals with some success, and throwing an unmistakable pathos into his 'Woggadaboo' and 'Wiggidy.' The sorrow, almost inarticulate as it was, of the two poor Earth-people, touched the hearts of both spectators deeper than the most eloquent panegyric upon the dead man's memory could possibly have done. Bought and sold, exhibited and laughed at, as those two half-naked savages had been, there yet lay a feeling within them for one who had been uniformly kind to them, more beautiful by a thousand times than any mental product of civilisation. The Earthwoman had given her bracelet as the woman in the parable had bestowed her mite.

'O Lord! O Lord! to think of that poor dumb creetur with her shells!' cried Mr Mopes. 'I had rather that that had been done to my dead body, than to have been buried in Westminster Abbey.'

'God bless her!' exclaimed Dick fervently. 'God forgive me that I ever laughed at one of his creatures so much better than I.'

'How all the gug-gug-goodness of a chap seems to come out at a moment like this,' sobbed Mr Mopes. 'I mind me now how he nursed me three years ago, just as though I was a suckling infant, when I had broken my leg off the dromedary. He hadn't a fault, hadn't poor Robinson, except perhaps it was Old Tom.'

'Hush!' replied Dick reproachfully; 'this is not a time to speak of a man's faults, even when one is sure of them. I don't think he ever drank for drinking's sake.'

Mr Mopes looked up with amazement, as though he would like to know what better reason need be given for any man's drinking than that of his liking it.

'He never took kindly to his trade,' continued Dick, 'and therefore the greater the credit to him that he did it so well. He often drank spirits because he felt himself unequal to his work without them. Since you and he were friends, and in order that you may defend his memory, I will let you see what is written down here in his pocket-book. Look at the figures set opposite to these last dates: 4480, 4481, 4482, are all in this day's work, and there is a space still left for the 4483.'

'What does it mean?' inquired Mr Mopes. 'What *can* it mean?'

'It means, that whenever that brave man went among these devilish beasts, it was with the certain knowledge that that must one day happen which has happened to-day. If he had come out alive to-night, it would have been, according to his judgment, his 4483d *escape*.'

Dick filled in the figures with his own hand, wrote after them, '*periit* HENRY ROBINSON,' and put the note-book into his own breast-pocket.

'And yet to see him among them roaring creeturs,' gasped Mr Mopes, 'one would have thought him as composed and cheerful as though they were so many sofa-cushions. Why, if *he* was afraid, who, in the name of wonder, will be found to take his place to-morrow before the Queen and court?'

'That is Mr Tredgold's business,' returned Dick quietly; 'and I must now go and speak with him upon that subject. The strangers will be coming presently whose office is with this dead body, for whom, alas, no friend can now do anything more.'

HOLY WEEK IN VIENNA.

ALTHOUGH the ceremonies of the Church during the Holy Week are not, in Vienna, of such an extraordinary nature as in the more southern domains of Romanism, where they are under the immediate supervision of the visible head of the Church, still they are by no means devoid of interest, as might be anticipated, when it is borne in mind that his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolical Majesty the Emperor, is the Church's well-beloved eldest son. During Lent, all the churches present a very sombre aspect, the altars being, without exception, hung with black; a huge black cloth screen suspended behind the high-altar itself, concealing the altar pictures and ornaments; and the silver crucifix, which occupies a conspicuous position on every altar, carefully wrapped in a covering of violet-coloured silk.

On the Saturday preceding Palm-Sunday, there may be seen in the streets a number of women selling *palms*, or rather what passes with us under that appellation—namely, the catkins of the palm-willow, which are always in bloom about this time. These palm-branches, decorated with the gayest, or rather gaudiest of artificial flowers, ribbons, and tinsel, find a ready sale, and are seen in the hands of young and old.

The ceremonies of Palm-Sunday commence with the 'blessing of the palms,' by the cardinal archbishop at St Stephen's, and by the officiating priests at the other churches. Great numbers of the gaudily decorated palm-twigs are carried to the church, particularly, though by no means exclusively, by children, to receive the benediction; and throughout the whole day, crowds of people parade the streets, bearing larger or smaller branches in their hands. This ceremony is succeeded by a procession within the church, in which all the priests and assistants, including a number of students of theology, carry in their hands a long sceptre-like reed, similar to that put by painters into the hands of our Saviour.

The Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, although they have their special attributes, are not very remarkable, the grand and characteristic services commencing on the Thursday. On this day, Holy Thursday, or *Gründonnerstag*, as it is styled, the archbishop in full pontificals proceeds in grand procession to the high-altar, and there performs mass; and the Host, as soon as consecrated, is solemnly carried and deposited in the *Kreuzcapelle*, or Chapel of the Cross, which is then carefully closed up until the following day. This chapel is in a distant part of the cathedral, and fitted up specially for the occasion. It is hung with black—with tapers burning before a crucifixion scene—and forms the chief centre of devotion throughout the day. After vespers, the ceremonies are terminated by stripping the high-altar of all its movable ornaments, preparatory to the services of the crucifixion-day. The principal event of Holy Thursday, however, is the imperial *Fusswaschung*, or washing of the feet of a number of poor and aged burghers by the emperor in person, by which he shadows forth his humility, and his readiness to follow the great example of our Saviour. This ceremony is also performed in many churches. Thus, at the cathedral, the cardinal prince archbishop washes the feet of twelve poor old men, and a bishop does the same at the Schotten-kirche, or Scotch Church. But the grand attraction is, of course, the pedal ablution of twelve poor old men and twelve poor old women by his apostolic majesty himself. This takes place with great pomp in the *Ceremonien-Saal* of the burg, or palace, and is a magnificent spectacle. Only privileged persons are admitted, and the invited reach the Saal through long, double, bristling lines of fixed bayonets; indeed, the display of military on this occasion is something extraordinary; the officers all in their richest uniforms, and covered with decorations, and the nobles in their gala-dresses. The twelve poor old men, and equal number of women, none of whom are less than eighty years old, and many of whom have reached the patriarchal age of ninety, are uniformly clad. A table is liberally spread for them, and the emperor acts *pro tem.* as their servant; but at this period of the ceremony they do not eat, though doubtless they are amply supplied when it is concluded. The emperor, kneeling on one knee before each of the poor recipients, and attended on one side by a chamberlain holding a golden basin with water, and on the other side by a second bearing a snow-white napkin, having removed the stocking from one foot, pours water over it, and wipes it with the fine linen. The empress performs her part of the ceremony in a similar attendance upon the twelve old women. Baroness A——, who had been present at a Fuszwaschung by the late emperor, Ferdinand, and his empress, assured me that, not content with washing, they each *kissed* the feet that they had so regally purified!

These poor old men and women acquire a sort of sanctity by this operation, and are well known after it by a peculiar costume which they adopt. Of course, they are never suffered to want.

Good-Friday (*Charfreitag*, char being an old German word signifying holy) commences with the sermon and Passion, at which every one who attends the *Hofcapelle*, or Court Chapel, is required to be dressed in black. The office is performed at the altar, stripped of ornament, and without lights; and the officiating priests wear the funereal robes of black, edged with gold. At the cathedral, the archbishop enters in procession, every one, as he passes in, turning round to that distant part of the cathedral where the *Kreuzcapelle* was situated, and making to it a profound reverence.

In the National Italian Church I witnessed the ceremony of the *Enthüllung*, or unveiling of the cross. It will be remembered that the small crucifixes surmounting the altars were all enveloped in a covering of violet-coloured silk. At the end of the 'Passion,' the officiating priests retired behind the high-altar, and put off their sable robes, presently reappearing clothed in simple white linen tunics. The chief of them having mounted some steps, brought down the enveloped crucifix, which stood on the top of the pyx on the high-altar. It was then slowly uncovered or unveiled, and carried with great solemnity to the opposite side of the choir, where a large black pall-like cloth, on which an immense white cross was figured, was spread upon the ground. On this the crucifix was laid, and the priests advancing one by one slowly, and with many genuflexions, stooped down, and having kissed the hands and feet of the image, again retired. When they had all performed this ceremony, the chief-priest again advanced and raised the crucifix; the black robes were again donned, and it was carried in solemn procession to the Chapel of the Holy Grave. This Chapel of the Holy Grave requires some notice. The whole of the Romish ceremonies at this time, as, indeed, always, are highly symbolical; and this being the day on which our Saviour descended into Hades, a grave was depicted in every church with more or less taste, artificiality, and symbolism. The universal elements were, a dark chapel, from which all light of the sun was excluded, hung all round with black cloth. On the altar, lights were burning, and behind it was some device in white upon the black ground, such as clouds with the gilded rays as of a rising sun. In St Peter's was erected a tall white cross; and the whole chapel, which was spacious and lofty, was decked with evergreens. But the most artificial one was in the Church of St Michael, which contains the remains of Metastasio. Here, the end of the chapel represented, scenically, an open rocky sepulchre, in which a plaster-group, life-size, represented the entombment. On the summit was a cross entwined with a linen cloth; and the whole scene, illuminated by invisible lamps, was highly dramatic.

Into this Chapel of the Holy Grave, the consecrated Host was carried, and deposited upon a conspicuous pinnacle, and covered with what looked like muslin; and here the people flocked to adore that Saviour who, they imagined, was repeating his sacrifice, and symbolising his burial. All that night, the cathedral doors were open, and the Chapel of the Holy Grave was full of devotees.

The following day, called *Charsamstag*, or Holy Saturday, is the last and chief of the ceremonial-days of the Holy Week. Walking into St Stephen's in the afternoon, I was struck with the great change which had come over the church since the previous day. All the black screens and hangings, which for nearly seven weeks had given such a sombre aspect to the interior, had disappeared; the crucifixes were uncovered; and the whole choir was hung with damask of the richest and brightest yellow and crimson; the altar had resumed its ornaments; a magnificent canopy and throne were placed beside it for the archbishop; and all was ready for the grand and crowning festival of the resurrection. Only the Chapel of the Holy Grave was still unchanged and sombre, and crowded with worshippers or sight-seers. The order of the day, which was well known to the public through the medium of advertisements attached to each church-door, and copied into the daily newspapers, was, that immediately after vespers, the festival of the *Auferstehung*, or resurrection, should be celebrated, and the Host carried in procession from all the churches through the neighbouring streets, if the weather should be favourable. It was doubtful, however, whether this last condition would be fulfilled, for it had been threatening all day, and a few drops of rain had fallen at intervals. The chief attraction was the vicinity of the Court Chapel, where all the nobles, and highest military and state-officers, were assembled, as at the Fuszwaschung, in their gala-dresses; and had the weather been fine, they would have marched in procession through the courts of the palace, headed by the emperor and empress in person. Great numbers of people therefore assembled, but only to be disappointed, for as the sky was threatening, the procession only perambulated through covered-ways, and did not appear in public. After waiting, therefore, a considerable time, the dispersion of the guests in their carriages certified the fact; and all that was seen by outsiders was the splendid costumes of the notabilities as they drove away, and the sometimes more gorgeous dresses of the *Jägers* and servants, who formed part of their equipages.

Directing my steps to the nearest church, which happened to be that of St Michael, I there witnessed the whole ceremony of the Auferstehung. I have already described the holy grave in this church; and now the path leading to it was lined on either side with men and boys, holding large lighted wax-tapers, and with the *Osterlied*, or Easter Hymn, in their hands. Vespers being concluded, the priests advanced to the tomb, and the banners, canopy, and music being hastily arranged, the chief officiating priest mounted and brought down the Host from its elevated position. It was then uncovered, and the priest suddenly turning round towards the assembled multitude ejaculated some words, and a flourish of trumpets announced that 'Christ was risen.' The voices of the singers immediately commenced the Easter-song, accompanied by the music; and the train of banners, candle-bearers, and priests was put in motion, the priest who carried the Host bringing up the rear, under a canopy borne by four supporters, and preceded by the censers of incense. The bells set up a jingling (not a peal, which is never heard except in England), and thus the procession marched slowly out into the street. At the end of every verse of the rather doleful Easter-song, there was a flourish of trumpets, and the procession having very deliberately performed a circuit of little more than a furlong, re-entered the church.

Knowing that at the cathedral the ceremony would take place later, I walked in that direction. The Stefan's-platz was crowded with expectant persons, and a broad line of boards was laid all round the church. To enter the cathedral was impossible, for it was already densely crowded; and after waiting a quarter of an hour, the jingling of the great bells—which had been ominously silent since Thursday, or only struck with wooden clappers—announced that the ceremonies within were concluded, and a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums proclaimed the exit of the procession. Singers bearing lighted candles, priests, students, and doctors of theology intermingled with the lay-servants of the church, bearing crucifixes, flags, and banners, formed a long and imposing cavalcade. Immediately before the sacred canopy walked four priests, two carrying before them the plain silver mitres of bishops, the third the gold, richly embroidered mitre of the archbishop, and the last the scarlet cap of the cardinal. The canopy was supported, as usual, by four men; and beneath it marched, with stately step and abstracted air, the cardinal prince archbishop of Vienna, holding aloft the Host, and supported on either side by a bishop and other priests, all clothed in their richest festal robes. In the midst were the musicians, with trumpets and kettle-drums.

Having perambulated the church, they now re-entered it, and the Easter ceremonies were over. At St Peter's, men were already busy in stripping the holy grave, and carrying away the evergreens which adorned it.

During these last three days, the open-air chapels, which are numerous in Vienna, are lighted up with variously coloured lamps; the figures in the open-air chapels, especially those of our Saviour, which appear in the numerous rude and gaudily painted reliefs, are crowned with artificial flowers, and day and night, great numbers of persons of the lower class crowd round them on their knees, repeating prayers and singing hymns.

It is somewhat remarkable that, with all this church-going and ceremonial, none of these days are *Feiertage*, or holidays. The shops, which are always closed on Sundays and festivals, are open as usual during the entire Holy Week; the newspapers appear daily as usual; and the Bourse is only closed on Good-Friday. On the afternoon of that day, a grand promenade is held in the principal streets of the city, and I have never seen it so full as on such occasions. Carriages are, fortunately, and, I suppose, by common consent, comparatively rare; indeed, there is no room for them, even in the open parts of the city—as, for instance, the Graben, which is the centre of the brilliant crowd. Meantime, the churches are receiving and pouring out their numbers of worshippers, and appear to be all full to overflowing, notwithstanding the crowd in the streets. Indeed, it is a Longchamps in miniature.

But although Gründonnerstag, Charfreitag, and Charsamstag are no holidays, and business goes on as usual, Ostermontag (Easter Monday) is a general holiday; not that any particular ecclesiastical ceremony or service takes place on that day or on Easter Sunday; but this is a sort of opening spring-day—the first grand promenade in the Prater; a sort of earnest that winter is nearly over; and the leafless trees of the Prater look down upon an expectant and hoping multitude, who are weary of frost, and snow, and east winds, and longing to breathe the balmy air of the beautiful environs of the city. So on Easter Monday they flock out to spy the nakedness of the trees, to form a better judgment of how long time must elapse before they are clothed with verdure. And this furtive visit is confirmed on the 1st of May, when, with new equipages and brilliant liveries, the Prater season is opened by the highest rank and gayest fashion of Vienna.

'WHAT THE HAND FINDETH TO DO.'

My true love laid her hand on mine,
Her soft and gentle hand,
'Twas like a wreath of purest snow
Upon the embrownèd land.

As white it was as snow new fallen,
Like snow without its chill;
And the blue veins marbled it sweetly o'er,
But left it snowlike still.

I looked at her hand, so white and soft;
At my own, so brown and hard:
'This is for strife and toil,' I said;
'And that for love and reward.

'This is to keep the Wolf of Want
Away from the hearth of home;
And this to welcome me tenderly,
When back to that hearth I come.

'This is to labour with tireless nerves,
Perchance at tasks that soil;
And this to greet with a loving clasp
The palm that is rough with toil.

'This is to win through rock and wood
A way, where way seemed none;
And this to chafe the poor proud limbs
That droop when the goal is won.

'This is to grasp in the world's long fight
The weapons that men must wield;
And this to bind up the aching wounds
Ta'en on the well-fought field.

'This is to put forth all its strength
In Earth's rough tasks and strife;
And this to kindle the sweet love-fires
That brighten the march of life.

'For labour, and sweat, and scars is this;
And this to scatter round
The flowers of beauty, and love, and hope,
On Home's enchanted ground.

'I would these fingers, for thy sweet sake,
Might a giant's strength command,
To toil for and guard thee worthily—
But Love will strengthen my hand.

'And if ever its weakness o'ercome its will,
And it fail in its toilsome part,
The fate that disables my fainting hand,
As surely will still my heart.'

E. C. B.

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SOME REMARKS BY A PERSON OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

THE great majority of mortals are for ever toiling and moiling to obtain an elevated position for themselves upon the social ladder. Round after round they win with painful assiduity, and the more pertinaciously do they need to hold on, with each advance towards the Empyrean. The blasts of scandal and detraction blow so severely in those upper regions, that, it is said, nothing short of a coronet can be kept on with any ease to the wearer; while every rise attained, although yielding a gratifying view of some left below, has still its drawbacks in the sight it opens of others yet to be passed, as well as in the increased trouble from those who will persist in clinging to our skirts, all cold looks and positive kicks notwithstanding. As to the behaviour of those upon the same level, as we pass them in the tedious ascent, it is said to be but inadequately described by the comparison of the conduct of one upon a material ladder, whom we should come up to, and endeavour to overclimb at a considerable height above the earth, and where a fall would be fatal.

I speak of these facts with the greater confidence, because, while almost everybody else, assiduously engaged on the ascent in question, has neither leisure nor opportunity for watching the exertions of others, I myself have declined the struggle altogether, and observe the whole affair from below—from the very bottom. I was once, indeed, upon a round myself—not through any fault of mine, but through the misfortune of having been born there—for I remember a sort of confused scramble taking place over my family, which we all resisted down to the baby in arms; but as soon as I got to understand the discomfort of the elevation, I descended with the alacrity of a lamplighter. This feat was accomplished amid the smiles and bows of a number of aspiring persons, who had literally obtained by my resignation what is called in military circles a step; and I most unfeignedly hope that they will adorn it and enjoy it better than I did.

I thank my stars (metaphorically that is, for, of course, I have no stars, nor the slightest mark of distinction whatsoever) that I have long been a person of no consequence, and that what I do is of no concern to anybody, so long as it does not call for the actual interference of the police. Applied socially, instead of physically or metaphysically, that definition of pleasure which declares it to be the absence of pain, exactly suits my case: I am a happy man, because there is nothing to bother me. I have no enemy, for I have made haste to get out of everybody's way in the world; I have no detractor, for there is nothing about me of which any person with social aspirations could possibly be envious. The single exception which I can recall, only proves the general truth of what I aver; it is that of old Lady Almond (whose late husband, before his knighthood, was in the Italian warehouse way of business), who detests me because I do not happen to share her difficulty of pronouncing the letter *h*; which surely is the very midsummer madness of jealousy.

My father—and pray, do not suppose that I say it boastingly, but, on the contrary, with the heartiest pity for my respectable parent—was in what is termed (by a frightful misnomer) 'easy circumstances,' and 'enjoyed (that is the sardonic phrase, I believe) the confidence of his fellow-townsmen;' and it is only by a comparison of his experience with my own, that I can convey any adequate notion of the comfort of my present lowly condition.

His circumstances being easy, his indoor occupation mainly consisted in drawing cheques for considerable amounts in favour of hospitals, schools, refuges, home and foreign missions, martyrs and public gymnasiums, the advocate of one or other of which was as constant to the front hall as the umbrella-stand, and would remain there coughing suggestively behind one black-gloved hand (the other being bare, for the purpose of signing receipts), until he got the money: if females, these locusts stormed the study, and obtained still larger donations, partly because of their importunity, and partly because my father went in bodily fear of them. They were always in deepest mourning, and their temperament and demeanour was what is described in certain sectarian circles as 'cheerful'—perhaps the dreariest and most unsatisfactory state in which the elderly female mind (and it is capable of much despair) can possibly be plunged.

His enjoyment of the confidence of his fellow-citizens compelled my parent to appear upon all sorts of platforms in the advocation of innumerable causes, each of which he gave the public to understand would be found engraven upon his heart after his decease—a metaphor, I believe, borrowed from Queen Mary in connection with the town of Calais, but which he had used so often as to imagine it original, and to become excessively indignant if it was adopted by anybody else. A second image, itself also by no means novel, concerning a light-house, a tempest, and a ship in difficulties, formed the bone of contention between himself and another eloquent gentleman of our town; and when either of them anticipated his rival by making use of it, the other always left the meeting with precipitation, as though outraged by the invasion of a vested right. My good father would have died fuller of years, although not of honours, but for the importance of his position, which he thought necessitated his presence at public dinners. Lukewarm dishes and inferior wines cannot be persisted in for years with impunity; nor can the same toasts, the same songs, and the same stereotyped falsehoods which accompany those awful banquets be long listened to without detriment; he died, as might well have been expected, of a combination of gout in the stomach and water in the brain.

Once, and once only, have *I* been ever asked to put my name to a subscription list; the indefatigable Miss Macgurgoyle had the temerity to ask me to make one of a party of benevolent persons interested in clothing the Caffres. I drew her out (with my cheque-book in my hand) upon that interesting subject for four hours, and then, under the title of 'A Friend of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World,' subscribed ninepence in coppers, with a proviso that the money should be spent in procuring goloshes, solely. The dear lady has gone about ever since proclaiming me a low and sordid person, without proper pride, or the least sense of what is due to society, and thus confers upon me the most inestimable benefits. It is so very hard to get yourself quite clear of the Ladder without some such external help: I had thought myself perfectly unhampered in that respect until Miss Macgurgoyle's application undeceived me; like the Turkish bath, which manifests one's self to be by no means immaculate, although in our own opinion soap and water had previously made one as white as the driven snow, or nearly so.

However, as for my being invited to appear upon any public platform, it is just as likely that a national subscription should be entered upon for placing my statue during my lifetime in Westminster Abbey. Not only am I exempt from Public Dinners, but I also run no risks of humiliation in endeavouring to get invited to the private tables of the Best, or other Circles. Far less am I to be found, like hundreds of my less fortunate fellow-creatures, upon landings of stairs and in draughty passages, waiting (but not paid for waiting, like the white-tied professionals) at the entrances of drawing-rooms, wherein the diversions of dancing and drinking sherry and hot water are being carried on: slippers and dressing-gown are the only wear for *me* after 9 P.M.; whereas, if I were in society, a pair of light and shining boots, and a costume distressingly magnificent, would about that hour reward me for the labours of the day. Nobody, therefore, ever beheld me solemnly circulating my printed name—playing at paper-chase with nobody after me—in return for the above hospitalities; and you might leave a card upon *me*, with all its four corners turned down, without thereby communicating to my mind the slightest information.

If I smoked, which I do not happen to do—not at all because the habit is disrespectable, but because it makes me sick—I might smoke in the street, I know, without the slightest remonstrance from the most fastidious of my friends; and I stop to look and laugh at Punch, and play tunes with my stick upon the area railings with the unchecked *abandon* of boyhood. When the wind blows boisterously, and all men with the least pretensions to fashion are holding on to their top-heavy hats (pressed down upon their foreheads although those already be, and indenting the same with a bar of red flesh), I stroll about the streets in a Glengarry cap, and defy the elements. In vain does my tailor, with an enthusiasm deserving of a better customer, dilate upon any garment of discomfort as being *the Howard*, *the Cavendish*, or *the Montmorenci*. In vain does my hair-cutter adjure me by his waxen gods to purchase the Balm of Jehoshaphat, so popular with the aristocracy and the light-dragoon regiments. I am far out of the circle of pegtops, nor do I enjoy that status in society which emits any particular perfume; and I find a pot of shilling bears-grease keeps my hair down when it is inclined to be 'feathery,' as satisfactorily as the best cosmetics of Shadukiam or the fragrantest odours of Amberabad.

It may be said by some cavillers, that it is my ignorance of what good society really is that makes me thus antagonistic to its conventionalities; I reply (with the deepest humility and thankfulness) that I am, it is true, entirely ignorant upon that subject, but that I read the papers, and therein I find recorded the ceremonies by which the very highest society inaugurates the introduction of its members to royalty. The neophyte must, it seems, attire himself in an antique costume, and one which, though he be a civilian, entails the wearing of a sword, upon which half his attention, at least, must be always concentrated, lest it get between his legs, and throw him. After infinite perils, he approaches the person of his sovereign, kneels, touches her hand with his lips, and then—ah then, this is how he retires. He must not leave the room in the fashion that Nature suggests and Reason insists upon: he must walk some forty or fifty feet *backwards*, which not even the lowest animal condescends to do except on the application of force; but since such an effort would (with the sword) be quite impossible, two gentlemen ushers, who have been performing this feat all their lives, attend him on either side, like tame elephants in charge of a wild one, and so see him safe out of the presence, when they return for a fresh convoy.

It may be urged by other objectors, that this wholesale and unmitigated contempt for the usages of society savours of affectation, since a middle course is always open to a man of intellect and sagacity. To this I reply, in the first place, that it may be *open*, as we are often told the prime ministership of England is open to the humblest of our fellow-subjects, but it is almost as seldom *taken*; and in the second place, I am by no means a man of intellect and sagacity. Do not suppose that when I gave up all social position, it was to obtain greater leisure for the pursuit of intellectual fame. That would indeed have been to have flown from Scylla to Charybdis—which I flatter myself is not so unusual and far-fetched a trope as to bring upon me the charge of being recondite and profound in my reading. No; I am, if anything, rather *below* the average of mental capacity, in addition to which my opinions are essentially vulgar and commonplace. It is this, joined to the fact of my being a person of no consequence, which gives them their value.

For who, as yet, has ever had the chance of reading the opinions of such a person? A man may be dull in intellectual matters—for nineteen out of twenty are so—but he dares not publicly exhibit his dulness, since that would diminish the importance which he piques himself upon possessing in other matters. He suffers, therefore, the public writer—novelist, essayist, divine, or what not—to say just what he believes about 'the common run of men,' 'the majority,' 'the herd,' &c., without contradiction, although he may be well aware the public writer is grossly misrepresenting him and his friends. Now *I*, who have no sort of importance to lose, who am influenced by nothing except the facts of the case, feel myself called upon to set some of these matters right. As the organ of the largest constituency in the world—as the representative blockhead—I claim to say a few words in behalf of my order. When the eloquent speaker has said: 'I put it to the most ordinary mind;' when the classical professor has scornfully remarked: 'Does not every school-boy know?' when the learned lecturer has witheringly inquired: 'Need I tell any man in this vast assemblage, however lowly born, however humbly educated, that I refer to Sardanapalus,' for instance (or some other person about whom the audience generally entertain a vague uncertainty as to whether it is a male or a female), the answer up to this time has invariably been cheers and nothing else. I now propose, upon the part of 'the most ordinary mind,' and the others—that is to say, upon behalf of some twelve millions of the inhabitants of Great Britain—to say a few words that shall have both truth and novelty to recommend them. I wish, as one of themselves, to express, for the common run of persons, what, with regard to one or two intellectual matters are their real feelings, which, up to this time, have been misrepresented by every book, magazine, and newspaper that has attempted to deal with them.

'Milton' (for example), says a certain writer, who is also the greatest historian England ever saw—'Milton is of all our poets the most popular with every class of people, old and young;' and this dictum, or something like it, having once gone forth with regard to us poor ordinary folks, has been endorsed by the intellectual circles. Now, the fact is, that there is no poet so insufferably wearisome to us as the author of *Paradise Lost*. It is like a dreadful lesson (only extending to infinite limits) out of *Enfield's Speaker*, and we cannot make up our minds as to whether it is what we called in childhood 'a Sunday book,' or a work of intense profanity. Moreover, three lines out of every five contain allusions to the classics or to ancient geography, which, for all *we* understand about them, might just as well have been written in Sanscrit. I confidently affirm, that not one out of a hundred thousand of us, beyond the age of seventeen, ever took up that immortal bard for the purpose of reading him, during the whole last year of grace, 1860. This false conclusion of the historian had its origin, perhaps, in the disingenuousness of some of our own body; he may have heard them aver (as they, alas! often do), in defending themselves from the charge of neglecting modern poetry, that 'for their part they must confess that Shakspeare and Milton were enough for them;' which, indeed, they are, and more than enough. Perhaps they added (as they often do), that the modern writers were too obscure for them, whereas the thoughts of the old dramatist and the epic poet were, as is universally acknowledged (although I cannot imagine wherefore) like crystal in their perspicuity. Now, the real truth is, if I may be permitted to state it, that we detest poetry of all kinds, and only read religious poetry—such as that of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, which the critics call trash—under the idea that we are thereby performing a pious, though by no means pleasant duty.

It is to this notion that Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* owes much of its gigantic success. He appears to us to have something in common with Solomon—although this is rather vehemently denied, I understand, by intellectual persons—and to be, after a fashion, biblical—a sort of demi-semi-sacred writer. Moreover, his work may be said to be the acmé of common-place effort, and just what any one of *us* would have written if we could; its thoughts, too, all lie within our reach, a fact which affords us a little complacent satisfaction, such as we derive from the perusal of few other poets. It is this reverence of ours for even the mere husk and form of religion which leads us to purchase serious novels, sermons, lectures, prophecies, to that wholesale extent which makes the critics and intellectual classes stare so; and to us a book like *Adam Bede* is welcome, not for its subtle delineation of character—which is thrown away upon us—but for the pious and preaching parts of it, to which we are accustomed, and which we can fully comprehend. Similarly, when, under the designation of 'all men,' 'the whole world,' 'even the most illiterate,' and other titles to which we are well accustomed, we ordinary folks are set down as admirers of the *Spectator*, of *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, and other wearisome matters of that sort, written in irreproachable English, the explanation is this: we never liked them, but at one time we placed them in our bookshelves for the sake of their turgid morality, which gave us a sort of sense of self-improvement, and the being drawn nigh to virtue.

A book like *Gil Blas*, which we are always being told has been our delight for generations, we can in reality hardly get through; the adventures are too brief, and too like one another; and as for the knowledge of human nature with which everybody says it teems, we know nothing of that. What a fuss has there been made about the old archbishop who did not like being told that his sermons were getting stupid! why, of course he didn't; and for my part—that is, for our part—I see nothing so wonderful in Mr Le Sage for having recorded the fact.

The same sort of remark is also applicable to *Don Quixote*, whose whole story I affirm to be uninteresting and ridiculous in the highest degree, and which, I am certain, not one of us, since adolescence, has ever looked into. If character-writers wish to be understood by *us*, let them name their *dramatis personæ*, so that we may know what to expect in their actions: such titles as Mr Waverer, Mr Faithful, and Mr Byeways, are to our minds alike sensible and characteristic; and that reminds me to say that John Bunyan has, in his great work, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, combined almost all the requisites for acquiring popularity with the very respectable class to which I belong. Yet, for all that, I think if we were polled to-day, the great majority of us would be for the *Dairyman's Daughter*, or for a still more modern work (not perhaps thought highly of by the *Athenæum*) called *Queechy*.

It is in vain for any person, however astute and talented, to contradict these statements—opposed, though I am well aware they are, to received opinions—for I am at the heart of the matter, and he can only regard it from without. Nay, the more talented he is, the less chance he has of knowing what *I* know.

A clever author lately took the pains to collect the whole of the penny periodicals—some of which enjoy a circulation of a quarter a million a week—and to read through a specimen number of each. The excessive sameness of the stories; the absence of humour from all of them; the moral platitudes; the singular jumble of profane and sacred things: these seem to have astonished his powerful intellect to an extreme degree. They would not, however, have astonished me in the least. The information I have given elucidates the matter not a little; it is entirely to be depended upon, and would be corroborated by any one of us in question, if he also chanced, like me, to be a person of no social consequence. This is, however, so very rarely the case with 'ordinary' people, that my own circumstances may be said to be almost unique. Feeling this, I have thought it my duty to come forward, and put ourselves right upon one or two points with the literary and other Worlds. I may have been presumptuous—although I cannot have been mistaken—and laid myself open to all sorts of censure in the way of style and composition, but that is a matter of the most complete indifference to me: the whole value of my opinions consists in the fact of their having no weight, and the main importance of my statement in the circumstance of my not being of the slightest consequence.

UNDERSEA TELEGRAPHS.

A Discussion on the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables lately occupied four evenings at the Institution of Civil Engineers; and even during that period it was found impossible to notice the effect of temperature upon wires, the comparative advantages of screw and paddle steamers in laying and repairing cables, and other important circumstances which affect this complicated problem. The two great points, however, which mainly affect the question were much dwelt upon: first, the necessity of thoroughly surveying a route before laying down a cable; and second, the application of some exterior protective covering for cables in all waters—shallow and otherwise.

The old surveys and soundings were perhaps sufficient for the purposes of navigation, but they are quite inadequate for the submergence of a telegraph. The mean interval of such soundings in deep water was, it seems, twenty miles. Now, on the Valentia side of the Atlantic, there has been ascertained to be a dip of 7200 feet in ten miles, and near the east coast of Greenland of 3468 feet in three miles; while the recent examinations of the proposed line from this country to Labrador, shew that near Iceland there is a series of abrupt elevations and depressions at short intervals, producing a saw-like surface composed of volcanic rock, which never loses its abrasive character. In selecting a route for a submarine telegraph, 'deep water should be avoided, wherever that is possible, even if a considerable detour has to be made. In a depth of 100 fathoms, a cable is beyond the reach of attrition, and as little likely to be injured as when laid at a depth of 200 or 300 fathoms; whilst it can be repaired almost as easily as if it lay in water 30 or 40 fathoms deep. The nature of the bottom is most important, as where rough ground and rocks exist, the cable can not be grappled. To ascertain this correctly, the use of the sounding-lead alone is not sufficient; a mushroom anchor, which will bring up a bucketful of the surface material, and occasionally deep-pronged grapnels, ought to be employed. The line should be divided into short sections, of say 100 miles in length; for although it might be possible to "work" through 500 or 1000 miles, yet when one section is damaged, the consequences are more serious.

The submarine cables for shallow waters are four: 1. The hempen cable; 2. Galvanised iron; 3. Unprotected iron cable; 4. Iron cable with protective covering. The first is commonly destroyed by abrasion in a very few days. The second is durable when buried in mud or sand, but if exposed to the free action of the tide, it is liable to corrode. It possesses, however, a durability of about three years over No. 3, but after that period the zinc generally disappears. Indeed, all undersea cables, whether galvanised or not, are subject to corrosion; a defect supposed to result from lying upon protruding veins of copper ore, or other material electro-negative with respect to iron. The first cable laid between Hurst Castle and the Isle of Wight, five or six years since, became so deeply corroded in eighteen months that a ship's anchor broke it. This was replaced by a smaller cable, which did not last a year, and subsequently by a third of stronger construction, and that is now being superseded by a fourth cable.

Submarine telegraphs have foes more numerous and insidious than other marine creatures of the eel species. 'It frequently happens, in repairing a cable, that on the surface of the gutta-percha there is found a small lump, a little hole, or a piece blown out, as if burned by a flash of lightning. These effects have been attributed to lightning. On the other hand, it is contended that the great enemy in the working of a cable is ozone. When the smallest puncture admits the least drop of water in connection with the cable, the decomposition which takes place generates ozone, which is known to attack, in a rapid manner, all inorganic substances like india-rubber or gutta-percha. As to the comparative merits of india-rubber and gutta-percha as insulating materials, the electrical qualities of the former have been proved to be far superior to the other; and the only thing wanting to justify the use of india-rubber for long deep-sea cables, is positive proof of its durability.'

The submarine cables laid in 1852 for connecting Hampshire with Hurst Castle, and also crossing the Yarmouth River in the Isle of Wight, were coated with india-rubber, which is now as good and durable as when first laid down. The great thing needed for a submarine telegraph, is continual attention; nor does there seem any reason why cables should not be taken up, examined, and repaired periodically, and the communication preserved uninjured for an almost indefinite period. At present, however, we are far enough from any such satisfactory consummation. Deep-sea cables will rarely bear much lifting; and that between Toulon and Algiers is considered exceptionally tensile, which permitted itself, upon the occurrence of a 'kink,' in its paying-out, to be hauled back for three miles out of water 1600 fathoms deep. The cable in question had an outside covering of hemp and steel, like the more celebrated Rangoon one, with which more pains has been taken than perhaps any other of its snaky sisterhood. One of the chief causes of failure, is the neglecting to thoroughly test cables *under water* before they are deposited in the ocean. 'In the Rangoon case, a complete record was obtained of the copper and gutta-percha resistances of each mile of cable, so that when the core was joined together, it was possible to detect the slightest defect, which, if allowed to pass, might afterwards develop itself into a fault. Moreover, in laying the cable, or afterwards, any decrease of the insulation was at once known. It was originally intended that the Rangoon cable should never leave the water; that it should be kept in tanks during the process of manufacture, and be payed-out from tanks into the sea. As, however, the tanks could not bear the great pressure, the cable became exposed to atmospheric influences. It was soon observed, that there was a decrease of insulation, indicating a considerable increase of temperature. Subsequently this became so great, that it was necessary to test the temperature of the coil of cable in every part. For this purpose a peculiar thermometer was used, constructed upon the principle of the resistance of copper wire to the electric current, or tube of metal. In coiling the cable on board, several of these thermometers were inserted at different layers of the coil. When tested, after being on board only one week, it was discovered that a spontaneous generation of heat had taken place, and that the heat developed itself unequally throughout the mass, the highest temperature being about 3 feet below the upper surface of the coil. A large quantity of water, at a temperature of 42° Fahrenheit, was poured upon the cable, and this was observed to issue from the bottom of the hold at 72° Fahrenheit. This occurrence seemed to shew, that other cables, more particularly the Atlantic cable, which had been coiled on board wet, might have been ruined from the same cause. If the heating had been allowed to continue a few days longer, the gutta-percha would have been softened, and the copper-conductor would have become eccentric to the insulating material. It was considered probable, that this generation of heat was due to fermentation of the hemp covering, whilst it had also been attributed simply to the rusting of the iron.'

Notwithstanding all this scientific care, indeed, it is the opinion of engineers that the Rangoon cable cannot last more than three or four years, even under the most favourable circumstances, and if repairs are required, that it will be found too decayed to bear lifting; and it seems to be a matter to be greatly regretted that this cable, after being designed to connect Falmouth with Gibraltar, should have its destination changed to so much warmer a climate, since the electrical conductivity of gutta-percha is greatly increased, and its insulation impaired by heat.

The failures of deep-sea telegraphy have been indeed, and are, exceedingly disheartening. That which now lies, ghost-like, at the bottom of the Red Sea, and of no earthly advantage to any one except the zoophytes, who are said to be closely attached to it, cost the public thirty-six thousand pounds a year. The Great Atlantic cable conveyed, we understand, only a single complete message from the Old World to the New, and then began to babble isolated words—for want of insulation. One Lieutenant Somebody, in London, who was a shareholder, even went about declaring that no message was ever sent by the telegraph at all, but went over to America in the usual course of post. We believe this was a scandal, but it certainly did seem strange that a single interchange of civility between the Queen and President should have arrived at each end so fortunately without the loss of a word; and that the poor cable should have so immediately afterwards turned idiotic. At all events, those messages cost considerably more than a quarter of a million, which appears to be a good deal of money for a couple of compliments.

'The details of the Atlantic cable,' say the men of science, 'were arranged before anything was practically known about deep-sea cables; but it was designed upon enlightened principles, and perhaps could be laid at the present day with the probability of enduring, although the conductor, owing to its small size, would not enable the same rate of working to be attained that is now possible. Great mistakes were, however, made in organising the undertaking—*the radical fault being the precipitate manner in which the contracts were let*, precluding any preliminary practical experiments. The laying of the cable ought also to have been postponed. The Red Sea cable was another instance in which a disastrous waste of public money had its origin in causes entirely apart from scientific difficulties. After the concession had been purchased, it was found that, owing to a complication of arrangements, the directors had also acquired an engineer and a contractor; that, practically, the form of cable was decided upon; and that little remained for the board to do but to pay.' Some of the chief causes of the failure of telegraphy do really, therefore, 'seem to fall rather within the scope of the moralist and the man of the world than of the man of science.' If a telegraph could be established to-morrow between this earth and the very purest of the heavenly bodies, people would be found to make a job of it. At the meeting of engineers to which we referred at the beginning of this paper, it was made abundantly evident that 'there were, in electric telegraphy, other considerations beyond scientific knowledge and mechanical skill, and those who had to deal with the subject must be prepared to cope with difficulties arising from other and far different causes. A piece of cable on the table was an instance in point; it was taken from a line laid between England and the continent for the International Telegraph Company. It contained four conducting-wires; and whilst the cable was coiled, the whole acted perfectly; but when it was laid, only three of the wires were capable of performing their duty. The contractors expended a large sum in ineffectual attempts to raise the cable, and to discover the cause of the failure, during a stormy season. On the return of propitious weather, they were more successful, and they then discovered that a nail had been very skilfully inserted into the cable, in such a manner as to destroy the action of one wire. A person who had been on board during the submersion of the cable, at length confessed that he had been in the pay of other parties; had, at their instigation, sought for employment under the contractors; and had, under instruction, inserted the nail!'

From the flourish of trumpets that is being so incessantly sounded concerning the progress of Science, the public are apt to imagine that we live in a much more successful age than we really do. They will be astonished to learn, that two-thirds of the speculations involving submarine telegraphs have been up to this date gigantic failures. Upwards of 9000 miles of cable have been laid down, of which 6000 miles are now almost utterly useless. Nevertheless, the successful lines comprise some thirty undertakings, which have been at work for many years, and some of which have been laid in very deep water; while their cables have cost an inconsiderable percentage in maintenance since submersion. Comparing, therefore, these facts of failure and success together, it seems likely enough that, though there may be much lamentable want of knowledge, and great practical errors, the present deplorable state of submarine telegraphy cannot be referred to these mainly; the obstacles to success have been more of a moral than of a mechanical nature. There has been underhand-work under the sea.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A DANGEROUS PROPOSITION.

Mr Tredgold's caravan was more difficult of entrance upon the night of poor Tickerocandua's death than it had ever been before. Dick's proprietor even proposed to that young gentleman (through the shutter) that their conversation should be carried on as in that scene of *Romeo and Juliet* where one occupies a post of vantage, and sentimentalises out of the window; but the youth would by no means consent to this.

'What I have got to say is for your private ear, Mr Tredgold, and is of some importance to us both.' So the patron of lion-tamers undid bolt, and bar, and chain with lingering fingers, and when the young man was admitted, refastened them with excessive precipitation.

'One cannot be too careful,' observed Mr Tredgold, 'with such an awful example before us as has happened this day. It is a lesson against foolhardiness that ought to last every man of us throughout our lives. How I have warned and warned that poor fellow Robinson not to be so rash, no mortal can tell.'

Dick bethought himself of the ten-pound premium offered to 'poor Robinson' the preceding evening for every new trick, and began to despise his proprietor very heartily; and yet there was little or no cause for his indignation. Mr Tredgold *had* warned the deceased Lion-tamer again and again, and it was against his express orders that the tigress had been meddled with while the food was before her eyes. Blame of a very serious nature, too, was likely to attach itself to the owner of the beast for what had happened, and he was naturally anxious to make his own case good to whomsoever he could. Besides, although *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is an excellent sentiment in irreproachable Latin, there is a temptation for minds not absolutely magnanimous to shift the burden of their faults upon shoulders that are better able to bear it; and what shoulders can be more adapted for that purpose than those of a dead man?

'For my part,' continued Mr Tredgold testily, 'I forgive him from the bottom of my soul; although, after what has happened, I may just as well shut up my establishment, and take to the workhouse.'

'He didn't get killed on purpose,' observed Dick bitterly; 'I saw the whole occurrence myself, and can assure you of that.'

'You are wronging me, Arbour,' returned Mr Tredgold with some dignity. 'Heaven knows I would have gladly sacrificed five hundred pounds to have secured that unhappy man's safety. If he has any relative at this moment living who has any claim upon him, I'——

'What a mercy,' exclaimed Mrs Tredgold, entering the apartment a little hastily at this juncture—'what a mercy it is that that poor chap has left neither chick nor child behind him! There's always a something to comfort one, even under the worst circumstances; leastways, it is so with most people, although Mr Tredgold and me, it seems, are like to be made exceptions. You don't know what Mr Robinson was to us, Arbour, and therefore cannot fully appreciate his loss. We looked upon him more like a brother than as one in our employ, I do assure you; and now,' sobbed the lady, putting her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes—'and now he is gone away from us for ever, and a matter of three hundred a year along with him.'

'Ay,' added Mr Tredgold, 'and such a name as we should have made if it had only happened, say next week, or the day after to-morrow. But now, here's the Queen herself a-coming to look at us, and nothing to shew her but Ninus and them loppeting elephants. I must let Mopes give her his lecture, I do believe; and yet if he isn't in a good temper, as is like enough, he will abuse the poor dumb creeturs—just as though they were *his* property—so as it makes my blood quite boil to listen to him. She has got the programme, too—gilt letters upon white satin, Dick—with all poor Robinson's new tricks upon it, and nobody to go through with them. After what has happened, if it gets abroad, maybe they will not let us exhibit at all. I have half a mind to go down to the police myself, and insist on their stopping us.'

'We must be at the castle by five,' observed Dick musing, 'if we mean to get everything ready by the afternoon. She's as punctual, they say, as clock-work.'

'There's nothing to get ready,' returned Mr Tredgold despairingly. 'Who will care to look at them lions with never a man to shew them off?'

'What would you give, if a man was found to venture his life and go in among them?' inquired Dick carelessly.

'What would I give?' returned the proprietor with animation. 'I'd give anything; that is to say, anything in moderation. I'd give a ten-pound note.'

'That was the sum you offered for each trick to a man who had been with those creatures more than four thousand times before.'

'Ay, for tricks; but just for going among them and standing there—why, it's the easiest thing in the world, my good young man. There is no real danger; none whatever, if you only keep up a bold front. It's the meddling with them—it's the forcing them to pretend to go a-hunting as them lions don't like; it's the hoop-business that riles *them*, bless you. But as to just going in and staring at 'em, why, my dear young sir, the power of the human eye is such'——

'Very well, then,' interrupted Dick; 'if that be the case, I think we can manage the matter. You and I will go together into the cages.'

'Heaven forbid!' ejaculated Mr Tredgold piously. '*I* go into one of them devil's dens! Do you hear him, Mrs Tredgold? *I*, sir? No, not if you'd pay me down first upon this here table the whole of the National Debt in golden guineas. I feel wet—positively wet with perspiration, sir, at the very notion of it. A pretty thing, indeed, for me to be swallowed up in the presence of my rightful sovereign!'

'But I thought you said it was so easy,' reasoned Dick, 'and that there was scarcely any real danger in it.'

'So it is,' repeated the unabashed proprietor—'so it is, for any person that is any way used to them. I have never had anything to do with lions myself, as you have had. The cockatoos are my favourites. I don't mind the cockatoos or the marmosets; but my nerves—I give you my honour—are so singularly constituted with respect to the larger animals—— Gracious mercy, what in the world is that?'

A savage whine—a whine of a hundred horse-power—rang through the apartment, and froze the current of Mr Tredgold's speech.

'It's only the tigress—it's only Semiramis,' explained Dick with coolness. 'They have taken away her supper to-night in punishment, and she is complaining of it a little: that's all. A ten-pound note, it seems, is the price you consider reasonable for making her acquaintance to-morrow.'

'I said fifteen,' replied Mr Tredgold hastily; 'and if I didn't say fifteen, I meant it. Fifteen for Sem—— What a fearful tantrum she is in! Do, pray, let somebody give her her supper, or she'll be out. Fifteen for the tigress, and ten for the lions. One pound a minute for merely standing still, Mr Arbour: what do you think of *that?*'

'A pound for the *first* minute, and the rest of the money paid to my executors,' replied Dick drily: 'what do you think of *that?*'

'And a hundred a year, if you take to the business, and teach a trick or two,' added Mr Tredgold, as if the intervening remark had not been made.

'Listen to me one moment,' replied Dick gravely. 'I came here to-night with a certain purpose in my mind, which most persons—and yourself as much as any—would consider a mad one. What has urged me to take it is no affair of yours, nor is it your duty to dissuade me from an enterprise for which I consider myself fully capable. Look upon my proposal simply from a business point of view, and then either accept it or reject it. I offer myself to fill Tickerocandus's place before the Queen to-morrow; and I take advantage of a pressing emergency and an unprecedented occasion to demand better terms for myself than I could have otherwise procured. I ask, if I shall be successful to-morrow, the same annual income of two hundred pounds which you promised to your deceased servant—— Stay, let me speak to the end—if otherwise, I shall require only a grave in Windsor churchyard by the side of my dead friend. Let the posters and advertisements remain, as they run now, in Tickerocandus's name. I will not disgrace it by any pusillanimous conduct; while, if I die, I shall do no worse than he has done. I know the nature of the creatures with whom I have to deal as well, if not better than he did, and I fully comprehend the means whereby their obedience is secured.'

'But the tricks?' expostulated Mr Tredgold, aghast at the audacity of the proposition, but by no means blind to the advantages which it held forth. 'You will surely never do the tricks?'

'*I* shall not, but the animals will,' replied Dick decisively. 'Semiramis will perform her part in the new drama to-morrow, or there will be an element introduced into the performance of a very tragic character, you may take my word for it.'

'I tell you what, young Arbour,' exclaimed Mrs Tredgold with quite a burst of enthusiasm, 'I wish you was a son of my own, I do indeed; although, I suppose, if I had happened to have had one, he wouldn't have made this offer of going among the animals, the feeling against lions being doubtless an hereditary prejudice. If I was indeed your mother, I'd say this instant: "*Go;* go and distinguish yourself before your suffering monarch;" but being only, as it were your guardian, I say: "*No;* stop a bit; think over the matter to-night. Don't take up the thing rashly and in a hurry; but if in the morning, you are of the same brave mind, why" '——

Dick was touched by this unexpected tenderness on the part of his mistress, and took her hand in his.

'Why, it certainly would be a first-rate opening for a young man,' added Mr Tredgold in conclusion.

'Stuff and nonsense!' retorted his spouse. 'Let the young man choose for himself, and do not lure him on to what may chance to be his destruction. Let his blood be at least upon his own head, and not on ours.'

Mrs Tredgold was quite in a virtuous glow of disinterestedness by this time. When selfish persons do make a self-denying proposition, and find it duly appreciated, there is often no knowing where they will stop. Mr Tredgold began with reason to be alarmed.

'You pig-headed old she-unicorn'—— he began, as usual.

'Don't be angry,' interrupted Dick with a grave smile, 'you need not fear that your good wife will change my purpose. I have quite made up my mind as to taking poor Robinson's place, and to-morrow morning will not alter it. Two hundred a year, then, are the terms you agree to, Mr Tredgold?'

'Two hundred a year!' reiterated that gentleman, casting up his hands. 'Why, you are a gentleman made. What a tremendous income!'

'Three hundred a year is, however, a still greater one,' responded Dick quietly. 'You will clear that sum of money after all, your wife herself allowed.'

Mr Tredgold threw a glance at his consort which portended squalls and stormy for the matrimonial barometer of that night.

'And then consider the Queen,' added Dick. 'What a position would you have been placed in when the hour for the lion-hunt arrived to-morrow, without any Lion-hunter!'

'The crown of feathers and the new leopard-skin shall both be yours!' exclaimed the proprietor with a gush of generosity. 'Some persons would consider it reward sufficient to be permitted to appear before their monarch in a costume so unique and splendid.'

'You wouldn't have me put on evening-dress,' responded Dick sardonically; 'people go out to dine in that, but not to be dined upon.'

'Don't talk of such a thing,' replied Mr Tredgold earnestly; 'don't mention it again—there's a good fellow. Now that it is all settled, I feel quite sorry that you are going to risk it. I didn't force your inclinations, however, in any away, did I, Arbour? We are very good friends, are we not, Dick? Now, do say that. It would be so very much more comfortable to me to think *that* in case anything *should* happen; although there is not the least chance of such a thing—humanly speaking—not the least. You will be perfectly certain to fasten the cage-doors after you, *the first thing*, will you? Poor Robinson was always exceedingly careful about making sure of *them*. If any of the creatures got by you'——

'Or *over* me,' suggested Dick smiling.

'Yes, or over you,' continued Mr Tredgold simply, 'and out of the cage among the people, you would never forgive yourself, I'm sure.'

'I daresay not,' returned Dick drily.

'Consider, my dear sir, that her Majesty herself might be imperiled; that, in such a case, it would be my duty, my privilege, as the proprietor of this establishment, to step in and interfere, and that my nerves *might* fail me. The personal safety of the sovereign—the stability of the very government of the country—are in a manner, Richard Arbour, placed to-morrow in your hands.'

'I will do my best, sir,' returned Dick quietly; 'and Tickerocandua himself could have done no more.'

With these words, and after a hearty shake of the hand from his proprietor and proprietress, the young man retired to seek that repose which was so needful a preparation for the morrow's work. Sleep, however, refused to visit him. Though the body of his dead friend had been removed in the meantime from the caravan, everything in the apartment reminded him of him who had perished in that very walk of life wherein his own feet were now set so stubbornly. When his thoughts escaped from that dread companionship, they fled to subjects equally engrossing, if less painful. The lovely form of Lucy Mickleham flitted to and fro before his eyes, intangible and unapproachable. It was for her sake, or rather for his own sake as respected her, that he had accepted the hazardous post which had offered itself to him that evening after so terrible a fashion. As second Butcher, he could not even bring himself to let her know his degraded calling; as the Lion-tamer of Central Africa, despite the exceeding ludicrousness of the situation, there was a nobility in its personal peril which would rescue it, in her eyes, as he fondly hoped, from shame.

The income was not despicable, and his sanguine mind already looked forward to its increase. He knew how valuable his self-taught knowledge of the natures and constitutions of the beasts with which he had to deal had been and would be to his proprietor; how well he could advise him—and his advice would now be sought for in the first instance—as to what animals should be purchased and at what price, and what were failing to 'draw,' and should be disposed of. He had already, through an unforeseen and deplorable accident, achieved a position which was, in a pecuniary point of view, a really good one. There was surely a far less unlikely chance of its future improvement. A partnership with Mr Tredgold, and in the end a sleeping-partnership—a retirement upon a competency—such were the visions of promise that filled the young man's mind, and induced him to adopt one of the most perilous modes of life that ever fell to the lot of mortal. They were indeed nothing in themselves, but what a bright and shining goal they led to. Each success, each amendment in his fortunes, would be to him as so many refreshing halting-places upon his toilsome road towards the hand of Lucy Mickleham. How long, how steep that might be, was not now to be considered—he had only just set foot upon it, and there was nothing for him but to trudge steadily on without murmuring; only, his mind's eye, overlooking every obstacle—arduous steep, and bridgeless river, and windings and turnings of the road innumerable—fixed itself not unhopefully upon the journey's end.

On the other hand, Richard Arbour was by no means blind to the Quixotic character of his undertaking. He was well aware, if even the best possible good-fortune should happen to him in the quickest time, if still young and unharmed, and comparatively wealthy, he should come to demand his wife's reward from good Mr Mickleham, that Lucy might still be withheld from him by her prudent father. He could not conceal from himself that the nature of his previous occupation (that of a mere gladiator kept for the amusement of the public, and who risked his life hourly among savage beasts for gain) would militate powerfully, and perhaps fatally against him, not only with the steady-going old man of business, but with his son—a man, perhaps, not less sensitive to the opinion of the world, and alive to social prejudices, for all his personal sagacity, and keen sense of the weaknesses of others. Richard Arbour, who had once sat at respectable men's feasts himself, and heard bells chime to church, and helped to fill a family-pew, was not unaware of what Society would have to say, in the event of an ex-lion tamer of Central Africa soliciting the hand of a lady connected with an eminent commercial firm. Society and he had had not a few personal combats already, which had resulted, as usual, in the complete victory of that amazon. Dick was hoping almost against hope—poor fellow—but still he *was* hoping; nay, before slumber visited his eyes that night, he was doing something better—he was praying. Society will be astonished, and probably shocked to hear it. He was praying for 'succour, help, and comfort' against the danger of the morrow; adopting phrases out of the Litany, just as though he had been in the habit of paying tithe and church-rate, and had a perfect right to use them. He thought—rather illogically, perhaps, and certainly with no hesitation as to whether the passage be metaphorical or otherwise—of him who fought with the wild beasts at Ephesus, and was yet preserved. The Book which his dear dead mother had given to him was in his possession yet, from which an equal comfort flows to lion-tamer and churchwarden. Perhaps her sainted soul was cognizant of what her son was humbly doing that night, and a joy was thereby added to the happiness of Heaven. Albeit, Society, with a shudder that ruffles her crinoline, apprehends not, and trusts in her heart of hearts—her whalebone of whalebones—that 'a line will be drawn somewhere' even *there*.

CHAPTER XXX.

BEFORE THE QUEEN.

The Romans of old were scarcely less gratified and astonished in the persons of their commissioners of the paving, when that ugly gulf across the Forum was closed up by the self-sacrifice of Marcus Curtius—that first mounted Volunteer—than were Mr Tredgold's company when they heard that Tickerocandua's vacant post of danger was to be filled by Dick. Mixed with their gratification, indeed, there was some apprehensions for his safety—for Dick was a public favourite—but these were not so strong as to overpower the desire of seeing a young gentleman in company with lions for the first time. Mr Mopes shook his head, and only hoped the thing would turn out well for so bold a lad. Mr Bairman rubbed his sanguinary hands, and observed drily, that the affair would be interesting in any case. Everybody thought it the acme of foolhardiness that Dick should trust himself with Semiramis after what had so recently occurred, especially, too, as Mr Tredgold himself declared such a risk to be quite unnecessary, and the ordinary entertainment of the establishment amply sufficient; but Dick, since he had put his hand to the work, was determined to 'go the whole tigress,' and nothing less. His interview with that lady and Ajax, in their new drama, was to conclude, and his lion-hunt in Central Africa to commence the entertainment, with a space between the two of some half-hour, during which the other curiosities of the menagerie were to be exhibited. The caravans were arranged in a semicircle, with the cages of the *Felinæ* in the centre, of which her Majesty could command an uninterrupted view from the opposite bank of the courtyard. The sloping green-sward which surrounded the enclosure on all sides was filled with spectators both numerous and select. Her Majesty, who, of course, defrayed the whole expenses, had, with her usual thoughtfulness, invited such of the Eton boys as chose to come to be witnesses of it. They clustered around the scene of attraction like bees, nor could they be prevented from tickling the noses and pulling the tails of all such animals as incautiously lay within reach of their nimble fingers. The new Tickerocandua of course was kept in retirement until the moment for action should arrive. He had preferred to have no rehearsal of the *rôle* he was about to play, but to call upon the animals to perform their parts while they were yet untired and in good temper. Whatever anxiety he might have been in—and it must be remembered that custom and knowledge had made him far more confident than when he had been the trembling guest of the lioness—he at least betrayed none in his countenance, which was by no means the case with his proprietor, who visited his caravan for the last time before taking his own place at the foot of that portion of the grassy slope which had been reserved for the Queen and court.

'Richard Arbour,' observed he with earnestness, 'remember that even now, at this last moment, I do not urge you to enter a single cage. For Heaven's sake, dismiss me and my interests entirely from your thoughts, and act only according to your own wishes and feelings.'

'Thank you, sir,' returned Dick smiling; 'but that, I assure you, is exactly what I am doing. I am thinking entirely of myself and my own affairs.'

He was indeed repeating 'Lucy' and 'Maggie' to himself alternately, as though they were charms against every peril, and keeping his mind purposely fixed upon anything rather than those seven cruel beasts among whom the next few minutes must needs find him.

'And look you, Dick,' continued Mr Tredgold hoarsely, and mopping his perspiring brow with his pocket-handkerchief—for beside his terror upon Dick's conduct, he himself had an ordeal to undergo in his approaching attendance upon Majesty, the thought of which produced copious deliquescence—'and look you, do not hesitate to use the whip—the but-end—hard and strong, if you deem life in danger.' He added three words in a mysterious whisper.

'Over the nose,' repeated Dick with a grave smile. 'Yes, Mr Tredgold, I was well aware of the place upon which to hit them. I am no foolhardy boy, as some here think, but understand what I have taken in hand, and am fully prepared for all contingencies.'

'They are none of them worth less than a hundred and fifty pounds,' quoth Mr Tredgold; 'and yet I swear to you, that I would rather lose them all than that you should die, Dick.'

'I believe you, Mr Tredgold, and I thank you. I trust too, most sincerely, that no such sacrifice may be necessary. Nevertheless, I tell you fairly that I never intended to hesitate between the loss of my own life and that of a wild beast.'

His tone, so respectful, yet so independent, so modest, and yet so fearless, astonished Mr Tredgold, as it would have done any man who had known Dick in his former subordinate capacity. Under others, and in a groove wherein original action was denied to him, Dick might have been quite easily surpassed by those of his own age; but now that he was in a position to think and act for himself, there were few indeed who would have so well acquitted themselves. Dick's was one of those natures which bit and spur do but ruin, but which, if the rein be left loose upon the neck, rapidly develop themselves into greatness. It is doubtful whether Garibaldi himself would have been pronounced a good soldier, if he had happened to have found himself in a regiment commanded by some Earl of Cardigan. The Family Scapegrace is, of course, an always exceptional character, while unhappily the post of lion-tamer, or other fitting situation, is exceptional too, and by no means always offers itself. It generally, as in Dick's case, has to be sought out by the lad himself; and where there is no Maggie left at home in that house with the shut door, for the wayward heart to turn to in its bitter moments, that lonely and unfriended search is too apt to be fatal. Between the Scapegrace and the Scamp—the Irreclaimable—the steps are perilously few, and there are but too many who take them at a single bound. There was, however, surely something of native nobility not altogether lost as yet in this lad's heart, who, on the brink of such an enterprise as his, could disclaim the undue imputation of magnanimity; who could tell his master so ingenuously: 'This matter is my own affair—a totally unheroic piece of business, undertaken for my own advantage and not yours. My life, humble as it may seem, is yet of more value to me than any amount of property which you, sir, may have invested in wild animals. Do not suppose for a moment that I shall fall an unresisting victim to two or three hundred pounds' worth of teeth and claws.'

Mr Tredgold regarded the young man with evident admiration. 'You are a right honest fellow, Dick,' said he: 'there is not a man in the company whom I respect so much as I do you, and there's my hand upon it. Good Heavens! if there isn't the Queen; I hear them Eton chaps a-shouting like costermongers. God bless you, Dick, and deliver you, and keep you safe!' And off hurried Mr Tredgold, not without great misgivings, to the post of honour that had been thrust upon him.

Dick drew on his heavy jack-boots, adjusted the new leopard-skin upon his stalwart shoulders, settled the crown of eagle's feathers upon his forehead, grasped his whip, and marched out of the caravan. An animating scene was before him: his Queen and her nobles formed a brilliant assemblage at no great distance, to whom he made respectful obeisance, and a vast throng of spectators intervened, whose thousand eyes were fixed upon him and upon him only; but he saw nothing of this; his own eyes were looking upon two absent faces mirrored within his memory—that of his sister, and that of his love. A ringing cheer greeted him from the boys—for his gallant appearance was such as to call forth a cheer from all youthful lips—as well as certain depreciatory remarks which schoolboys of all ranks are prone to indulge in. 'O my eyes, do look at his feathers—he must have been picking a goose!' 'I wonder whether that is a real leopard's skin, or only a railway rug!' and 'I'll take half-a-crown to sixpence that the lions finish him off!' Mr Tredgold's voice, too, was distinguishable with its encouraging 'Brayvo, Brayvo!' and there was a delicate clapping of kid-gloves from the vicinity of the court circle that should have nerved the heart of any man who entertained a proper appreciation of the approval of the best Circles. All that Dick heard, however, was a clear sweet voice repeating the same words which had been spoken to him in a garden arbour years ago: 'I believe you, dear; I trust in you. I am sure, dear Dick, that all will yet be well and happy with us in the end.'

Then, in a moment, all that he became conscious of was that he was among seven lions with an iron gate fastened between him and his fellow-men, and that it behoved him, if he would save his life, to feel no fear of losing it. They were all roaring in chorus—which was so far well, he knew—and parted to left and right before his whip-lash, just as they had done before that of Tickerocandua of old. The largest of the lions alone seemed to have any doubt of his identity with that chieftain, and stared at him with a pertinacity which is considered in polite society to be rudeness, unless when mitigated by the medium of an opera-glass. Him, therefore, Dick seized by the mane, and set on his hind-legs at once, with forepaws resting upon his own breast, that he might enjoy a nearer view of his countenance, and be satisfied that it meant Authority and nothing less. The *pose* was magnificent, and drew down a thunder of applause, which, when Dick pitched the Monarch of the Forest backwards, was renewed till the courtyard rang with it. It was somewhat rough usage of his majesty, but Dick's predecessor had always done it, and he judged it safest to adhere implicitly to precedent and the programme. He next compelled the same animal, who, it is probable, began to regret his manifestation of incredulity, to take the initiative in leaping through the little hoop, an example which the others obediently followed. Then he persuaded the two lionesses to mount their limited shelves, and form the background of that much admired *tableau*, 'the Lion Hunter reclining after the Chase;' after which, by what had always appeared to Dick a singular inversion of dramatic arrangement, but which it would have been probably destruction to have just then amended, followed the Chase itself. This was the most fatiguing, as well as perilous part of the whole performance. Dick had need of all his strength, as well as his courage, to receive each of the seven mighty creatures, as with open mouths they leaped in quick succession over him. He had to shift his shoulder with extreme rapidity, lest, thickly protected though it was, the claws of each temporary occupant should strike into his flesh; and to draw his face back with a jerk as they left its neighbourhood, lest the snap of their retreating jaws should bereave it of some prominent feature. Their fiery eyes flashed on him as they passed, like sparks from flint and steel; their hot breath scorched him as with a furnace-blast; and he was glad enough when the third revolution of lions was completed, and his panting breast and bruised left shoulder ceased to be its axis. It was a relief to him, indeed, to see that family of seven crowding together in one corner of the apartment, and cursing him in their voluminous lion-language, while he discharged his bulletless carbine among them as the victorious hunter of the African plains. Never had the original Tickerocandua acquitted himself with more complete success than Dick did, nor received from any audience a more enthusiastic shout of approbation. Arrived in his own caravan, he found Mr Tredgold awaiting him, flown away from the presence of royalty itself, to convey his congratulations in person.

'I could not help telling them, Dick, when I saw you getting on so well and pleasantly, that it was only your first trial; and that, in consequence of an accident, you were filling a friend's place among them creeturs. The whisper passed up to her Majesty herself, I do believe, and you might have heard them Eton chaps a-cheering beyond King George's monument.'

The whole company—represented in the person of Mr Mopes—expressed their delight and congratulations upon the young fellow's successful achievement. 'But do,' observed that gentleman, 'just take a glass of brandy, for you look as pale as death.'

Dick resolutely shook his head as he replied: 'No, my friend; the worst part of the business is still to be got over; and even if it were not so, as long as I hold this post, no drop of spirits shall ever cross these lips.'

He drank Mr Mopes's health in a glass of water, who straightway betook himself to his elephants, who were about to exhibit their classical attitudes.

There was a knock at the door, and in came Mr Bairman, cringing.

'I congratulate you, young man; it was a grand experiment, and has had a most fortunate termination. Permit me to shake you by the hand.'

The invitation was not a welcome one to Dick, but he was not in a humour just then to reject the friendly advances of any man. As he still held the glass, however, which was not yet empty, he offered his left hand, which the other wrung with great heartiness.

'But you are not out of the wood yet, Arbour,' grinned the Butcher. 'You must be very careful with Semiramis!'

An execration burst from the lips of Dick in spite of himself. 'You malicious fool, do you suppose I have not calculated my chances, or wish to be reminded of my peril?'

He spoke so wrathfully that Bairman, who was far more mean and cowardly than any animal ever caged, absolutely shivered. 'I meant nothing, my brave young man, except to warn you. You are so audacious, you are so venturesome. I thought I would offer you a little piece of prudent advice.'

Through the abject speech of the man, there glowed a lurid fire of sardonic hate, which he seemed in vain to strive to hide.

'I do not need your advice, Mr Bairman, and certainly not your sympathy. I saw you looking on when poor Robinson perished, and your face did not wear one grain of human pity in it. Go to your slaughter-house, sir; you are a cruel coward—go!'

'Ay, youngster,' replied the Butcher menacingly, but taking care to lay his hand upon the door-handle, 'and go you, too, to *your* slaughter-house. There are two men who have met their deaths in that den already, and Semiramis only waits for'——

What Semiramis waited for, the speaker was not permitted to declare, for at that identical moment Dick caught the centre of gravity of Mr Bairman's retreating body with the toe of his right jack-boot, and caused him to describe a parabola in the air instead of completing his unpleasant prophecy in the caravan. Descending with considerable violence upon the trunk of Ninus, who just then, luckily for him, chanced to be in an inverted attitude, that animal resented the concussion by pouring through the injured member such a vast quantity of dirty water—of which he always kept a large stock on draught for offensive purposes—as took away what little breath the discomfited Butcher had got left in him; and there he lay in the arena, like a log, for several minutes, until carried to hospital, quite unexhilarated by the applause which was showered upon him by the youthful spectators, to whom his eccentric and comet-like entrance appeared but as a part of the performance.

The elephantine gymnastics being over, Dick sallied forth to conclude what had, up to this point, been a most satisfactory exhibition. He opened that cage-door which last swung back upon its hinges that Tickerocandua's corpse might be borne through it, amid a total silence; for it had got about that this was his most difficult ordeal, and that the accident upon the previous day—the fatal extent of which was as yet unknown to the public—had taken place in this very den.

The lion was, as usual, dozing, with his great head resting upon his forepaws; the tigress, too, as usual, was pacing restlessly up and down the narrow space, at one time taking her feline privilege of looking at majesty—for if a cat may look at a queen, how much more may a tigress—at another, regarding a small but plump Etonian, who stood temptingly near the bars, much as he himself would regard a cherry. They would neither of them have made two bites at their respective delicacies.

'Stop!' thundered Dick, smiting her ladyship across her whiskers with his whip; and she stopped accordingly, though her tail made up for its vertical cessation by increased lateral activity.

'Jump!' and she jumped at once through that double hoop, the offer of which had cost Tickerocandua his life. The whole drama, as rehearsed so often within the last three days was acted, in short, to admiration by all three performers; and the tableau itself of the Royal Arms, with the tigress instead of the unicorn, was attained with perfect success. At that instant, while the man stood between the two—with Semiramis upon his left—the tigress shewed her teeth; 'grinned without laughing' as it was afterwards graphically described by the plump Etonian. Then she actually kissed Dick's hand as her lawful lord and master. With the swiftness of lightning, he corrected her for that liberty with a tap from the but-end of his whip, and she crouched down at once upon the floor like one reproved. Then Dick made his bow amid a thousand vivats, and leaving the lion, rampant, sauntered carelessly, almost disrespectfully, out of the cage, with his left hand in his breeches-pocket; ascended the steps of his own caravan, let himself in—and fainted. There was an awful gash in that hidden left hand of his where the teeth of the tigress had met through the living flesh.

'I will have that cursed creature shot before I sleep this night,' quoth Mr Tredgold furiously, as he sat with the doctor beside the wounded man.

'You needn't trouble yourself, sir,' returned Dick quietly; 'for she is dead already.'

That swift little tap upon the nose had indeed put an end to the proud Semiramis.

'There was other blood beside mine upon this hand!' continued Dick gravely: 'I saw it there when it was too late. Bairman shook hands with me with his fingers reeking from the butcher's shop before I entered the cage. That was what made the poor brute bite me, for the smell of such blood always drives the poor creatures to madness. If I had given my right hand to him instead of my left, I should not be now alive to say so.'

'Not on purpose, surely!' cried Mr Tredgold with a shudder; 'the man could never have done such a murderous, such a fiendish deed as that!'

'Ay, but he did, sir,' responded Dick in a terrible voice, and with that fearsome night with the lioness in his recollection; 'nor is it the first time that he has played with a man's life in that fashion.'

'He is no servant of mine henceforth,' exclaimed the horrified proprietor. 'You shall never set eyes on him again, I promise you.'

'Where is he?' inquired the wounded man with sternness. 'It is not right that he should have planned two murders, and yet escape scathless.'

'He is in hospital,' returned the doctor, 'and by no means scathless, if he be the man who had that fall among the elephants. He has his collar-bone and three ribs broken.'

'I have not given such a good kick,' observed Dick thankfully, 'since I played at football at Messrs Dot and Carriwun's.—Thank you, doctor; I think I shall be able to go to sleep now with a mind at ease.'

CONSTANTINE'S LEGACY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE name of 'Stamboul' puzzled etymologists for a long time. The most laborious Oriental scholars knitted their brows in vain over that remorseless duosyllable. Big dictionaries were ransacked, De Sacy and Gilchrist, Maimonides and D'Herbelot, were invoked, and every known Asiatic idiom was rifled, to furnish forth a plausible explanation of the Turkish name for Byzantium. At last 'Stamboul' was discovered to be Greek, a mere contracted corruption of the three words, εις την πολιν, or 'into the city;' and from that time forth, the liquid-sounding name of the capital of the Levant has been admittedly stamped with a Hellenic broad arrow. Nor is it only in name that Constantinople, the queen of all possible cities, has preserved a Grecian character, under all her lacker of Orientalism. The stranger is unwilling or unable, at first, to look behind the scenes so gallantly adorned with tinsel and bright colouring, behind the showy multitude in turban and flowered silk, occupying the front of the stage, and to espy the mechanism beyond, the wires that move those stately puppets, the hollowness of the decorations, and the insecurity of the whole. But if the stranger will stay awhile, mingle with the natives, and be content rather to listen than to talk, he will soon discern the strong undercurrent of Greek life sapping the foundations of that wonderful golden throne, before the lustre of which Christendom once grew pale. This, however, is exactly what the ordinary tourist refuses to see. The young barrister, spending his old aunt's legacy in a scamper through the Levant; the university man 'doing' Marathon and Delphi, the Holy Places and the Nile, in one-half of a long-vacation, the remaining moiety of which is bespoken by partridges or by salmon-fishing; or the M.P. who thinks that a week spent at Missiri's Hotel will give weight to his dictum on the Eastern Question—all these are unwilling to recognise the existence of an anti-Moslem element. Greeks are very well in their way, but the British traveller did not come to Stamboul to see Greeks. He came to see a Mohammedan city, to plunge into the Arabian Nights for a few delicious days, to steep his soul in Orientalism, and he is in a passion with any one who tells him that Constantinople is not half so Eastern as Bagdad or Damascus. It *is*, he thinks, Oriental to the backbone, or it ought to be; either Stamboul is a city where Haroun and Mesrour might reign and ramble without encountering aught to shock their orthodoxy, or he, the British voyager, has been scandalously imposed upon, and has grounds for an action against the Peninsular and Oriental Company, of whose return-ticket he is a holder.

Unreasonable British tourist! is not thy very presence here, clad in thy checkered suit and wide-awake hat, and puffing thy cigar under the very beard of a lordly believer, a glaring innovation and a blot on the perfection of Oriental arrangements? Ay, swagger into yonder mosque, British tourist, John Murray in hand, and sneer and stare as ye list, but thank your stars that the Crescent is on the wane, pale and poor, and altogether a washed-out, pitiful crescent, not at all like that blood-red sickle before whose baleful gleam Europe once trembled! And yet there are men living in Pera, and not grayheaded, who can recollect when European travellers were landed under cloud of night, like contraband goods, and huddled up to a place of concealment, in disguise, and begirt by guards, for fear of the savage mob and more savage janizaries. In those days, to enter a mosque was death; and though now and then a bold Briton *would* have admission for his money, he was forced to resort thither in Moslem garb, the centre of a group of armed cavasses; and the bronzed cheeks of his protectors were wont to blanch if the peering eyes of a wild dervish scanned their Giaour companion over-closely. No, Constantinople is not as purely Eastern as of old; but it is like some ivy-grown and shattered fortress, far more beautiful in its decay than when the stone walls were whole and sound, and there were no wild-flowers waving on the ramparts, no clustering copsewood in the dried-up moat. We can *see* Constantinople now; we can study it as we can an old picture, dwelling on the tints, and taking our time to fall into leisurely raptures. And far more interesting is it to note the struggle of jarring races, opinions, creeds, the East and the West, the Old World and the New, than to reside in some absolutely Eastern city where the mollahs and the ulemas have it all their own way.

It is curious to mark the sultan's pompous entries into the town; and when your eyes positively ache with the glitter of gold, and brocades, and shawls—when you are dazzled by the flash of silver battle-axes and jewelled scimitars—when you are surfeited with gazing on opal-eyed and shark-toothed negroes, prancing horses in embroidered housings, pachas bespattered with diamonds, and slaves electro-plated with gold—it is still more curious to stroll away to some dingy rotten booth in Galata, where dwells a blear-eyed banker, who, as the phrase goes, 'has the sultan under his thumb,' and could 'sell him up' to-morrow. What a debtor and what a creditor have we here! The successor of the Califs, the Vicegerent of the Prophet, the Commander of the Faithful, the Sun of Religion, the Great Blood-drinker, Padishah, Khan, Sultan (these high-sounding epithets are but a sample of his titles), to be under any one's thumb! And what an awful thumb must that be under which so mighty a potentate can be held captive! You, the new resident at Constantinople, absolutely feel a little afraid as you tap at the shabby door of the proprietor of that tremendous thumb! You are ushered into an unsavoury cabin of a den. What is this lean old man in black skull-cap and frouzy garments, who ducks and crouches before you, and abjectly hails you as Excellency, and cringingly proffers you the place of honour on a moth-eaten divan—can *he* be Signor Thumb? Signor Thumb he is, the sultan's chief creditor, the richest of all the Armenian money-changers, a man who never threw a chance away, who could rebuild St Sophia from his private hoards, but who would grope in any miry puddle for the chance of finding a para. Wonderful craft gleams yet from the bleary eyes of Signor Thumb, but he is meek, meek as a lamb to his customers. He fawns on you, he flatters, and begs, and weeps, as you and he do a little business together, some trifle of changing gold or cashing a circular note; and for a time Signor Thumb will be happy, chuckling over the few petty coins he has screwed out of you by way of premium or agio. But anon he will look sad again, for he will think he has been too easy a bargainer, and might have extracted another piastre or so, now irrevocably lost. Such is the man who is the sultan's chief creditor. There are other creditors, too—a legion of them. Greeks there are, and European bankers, and Armenian shroffs, and nondescript capitalists, besides those confiding Britons who have bought Turkish stock, and invested their spare cash in Abdul Medjid's pocket. Debt is, in fact, the greedy boa that is swallowing Turkey, body and bones, mines and minerals, land and water. The sultan is like one of those old Irish landlords, with a mortgaged property that only awaits the sharp remedy of an Encumbered Estates Court. The custom-house, that curious French graft on the old practical free-trade of the East, is mortgaged; the coal-mines of Asia Minor—mortgaged; crown-lands—mortgaged; land-tax—mortgaged; sultana's slipper-money, snugly guaranteed on the islands of Rhodes, Chios, and Cyprus—mortgaged too! So are heir-looms and palaces, forests and quarries, jewels and privileges, monopolies to trade, rights to colonise—all, all are pledged in pawn to some accommodating individual in Constantinople, Smyrna, Manchester, London! The sultan, the nation, the empire, are over head and ears in debt; and still the great flood of embarrassment rises, rises, till it washes and batters the very doors of the Sublime Porte, where princes have knelt.

Of course, when I speak of Signor Thumb's power of 'selling up' the sultan, I do not mean that he could absolutely take out a *fieri facias* against the Padishah's chattels, or introduce a man in possession into that proud seraglio that stands so nobly on the point between the two shores, with its golden domes, and cool walls of white marble, and dusky cypresses, drinking in the sunbeams that cannot pierce their dark canopy. But Signor Thumb, or many another signor, Greek or Armenian, can stop the fountains of Pactolus when he will, can cause Credit to button up its pockets, and check the flow of ready money into the lavish hands of the imperial prodigal. Nor can all the sultan's horses and all the sultan's men prevent such a consummation. If Turkey were as strong as of old, and if it were still the mode to lock up refractory ambassadors in the Seven Towers, and to deride plenipotentiary remonstrances, still the sultan could not pay his old debts with a new bow-string, as his neighbour the Shah can; for the founts of wealth are in Christian hands now, and without the confidence of the Giaour, not a beschlik can be obtained: so Signor Thumb is safe, and will have his money, or money's worth, to the day.

Who is it, then, who pays for all? What mortal purse can stand a cent. per cent. interest, can clear the bills of the harem, build all those palaces that might shelter half the kings of the earth, and which stand—picturesquely unfinished—along the blue Bosphorus, and keep up army, navy, and civil service on a scale of proper grandeur? Who pays? Ask yon ragged and patient soldier, gnawing his mouldy crust in a corner of the barrack at Tophana, how much of his poor meal has been robbed from him to feed those sleek and insolent blacks of the harem-guard. Ask him why his shoes are worn out, and his coarse uniform in tatters, and he will tell you that it is in order that the veiled beauties of the Oda may have fresh silks and jewels from Paris. Yonder unjust cadi has some excuse for selling his decisions as he does, for he has no salary, and had to buy his office from a pacha, or a pacha's favourite servant. And the man-of-war that has just put forth to sea, half-manned, with rotten rigging, bad provisions, and leaky hull, has contributed to fatten yonder jovial minister, rolling along on his Arabian horse, with a swarm of active slaves, pipe-bearers, cavasses, and pages running by his bridle-rein, and bawling to the crowd to clear the way. Debt taints and corrupts everything in poor old bankrupt Turkey, and yet the mighty bequest of Constantine has not been adjudged to its Muscovite claimant. There must be some good in the dominant race, after all, to keep their crazy monarchy afloat so long; and there *is* some good—the faculty of patient, hard, honest work, which the Turk possesses to a degree very unusual on the shores of the Mediterranean. We are so used, at home, to consider the Osmanli as a passive, listless dreamer, a smoking, squatting automaton, that it is quite a surprise at first to behold him toiling all day and every day, like an ant, for his modicum of food.

I never could feel that a Turk looked in his natural place when between the stilts of a plough. I have seen him thus Georgically employed, once and again; but he had too stately an air, too picturesque a garb to suit the occupation, and the agriculture which is carried on by men in turbans and flowing shalwars is too suggestive of a pantomime. But at Constantinople, the work of the city, the real hard manly work, is done by Moslem hands. All the porters are Turks; all the grooms, carters, drivers of arubas and other vehicles are Turks. The gardeners who delve in the myriad enclosures around Stamboul are Turks. So are the fishermen; so are the boatmen, whose flashing caiques shoot all day long like glancing dragon-flies along the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. So are the shoemakers, the smiths, the tailors, pipe-makers, butchers, hawkers, costermongers—imagine a Turkish costermonger, in yellow turban and blue dress—and almost all the miscellaneous labourers of the place. Very dirty work a Moslem will not do, and there the Armenian gets employment. Work requiring much toil of the brain, a Moslem cannot do, and the Greek gets employment in consequence. But bankers prefer a Turkish cashier, knowing the Osmanli to be a sturdy watchdog, with whom his funds will be safe, and who is not in the least likely to borrow the floating balance of his employers for a little private speculation in Diddlesex shares or Suez scrip. A Turk is certainly capable of immense toil, but of all Turks, the born Stambouli, the Ottoman Cockney, is the laziest. Those swarthy grooms, running for hours at their master's stirrup, and keeping pace with a trotting charger as easily as a greyhound could do, are Lazes from the Black Sea. The same poor and industrious tribe furnishes the gardeners, the woodcutters, and the 'navvies,' who are at work with spade, pick, and hatchet all over this fair land of Thrace. The *hamals*, those sturdy porters almost buried under their incredible loads, men who can pile mountains of wood or iron, or motley merchandise, on their brawny shoulders, are Turks from the Black Sea shores. Wonderful children of Othman are these last: nothing comes amiss to them—bricks, bales, beams of wood, furniture; they toil about the steep and stony streets like a swarm of ants in harvest-time, and will endure more hundred-weights on their spinal columns than would break a Christian porter's back, or crush a pony to the earth. Nor are the caiquejees to be despised. Go down to the water, seat yourself at the bottom of one of those swift kirlangists—aptly named after the skimming swallow—and promise a few piastres for extra speed, and you will see a display of muscular energy that would delight Mr Kingsley. How they stretch to their oars, and scatter the spray of the Bosphorus, those mighty pagans! How their broad chests heave, and their boat leaps and quivers responsive to the slashing stroke, and seems absolutely to devour the water as it rushes through wave after wave, with the angry hiss of a snake! How the prow cleaves on through the parting sea! The wild birds that are always flapping those waters with a tireless wing, the *Ames damnées du Bosphore*, as they are styled, scarcely outstrip the caique, as she goes, arrow-straight, down to the purple Marmora Sea.

That rush and sparkle among the waters is one of the great treats of Constantinople. The prospect is one of such lovely, abiding beauty, Fairy-land's capital rising in terraced domes and bright pavilions on either bank, that you might gaze for ever without satiety. Nor is the row itself without its pleasures—that is, when you have learned to coil yourself up after the fashion of Turks and tailors, and have overcome the first sensations of ignominy at being compelled to crouch at the bottom of a boat, instead of lolling nobly in the stern-sheets. You soon find out why you cannot be indulged with the latter privilege, when you remark how crank and knife-resembling is the light swallow-boat, half in, half out of the water, and what a trifle would send the boat keel uppermost, and yourself down to the blue depths, where many a sacked beauty of the Oda has lain this many a year. But how they pull, those wild rowers! how the craft trembles to their strokes, as, with thrilling cries, they encourage one another, and in their strength and excitement, you learn that the race has not yet lost its pristine vigour, whatever its foes may say. How they caper, too, those tall Anatolians, as a Frank in a frock-coat appears at the landing-place where their long-boats are lying! How they leap, and frolic, and howl around him, more like hounds just out of a kennel, or boys fresh from a schoolroom, than our conception of a Turk at home!

But the Turkish townsman is a different being from the stout Asiatics who do the rough work of Byzantium—different, too, from those fierce and testy cavasses who are driving back the crowd with blows as the grand vizier passes on his pampered horse of pure Kochlani breed. The cavasses are Bosnians, from that stormy pachalic, where life is cheapest, and manners most rugged, of all the pachalics of Turkey. See how the robust, red-shawled ruffians finger their yataghans as they push back the reluctant bystanders! The Bosnian is a mastiff that prefers biting to clamour, and the great men of the empire are fond of such unscrupulous retainers.

But here is our genuine citizen at last; he with the white beard and turban of snowy muslin, so gracefully draped that no artist could improve upon the exquisite disposition of its folds. This old Turk wears a robe of wadded silk, instead of the Mamaluke jacket so common in the capital; he has yellow slippers lying within his reach, and a great cherry-stick pipe, and a rosary of large amber beads. But you see he is at work—very delicate work, too, charmingly designed and deftly executed; he is embroidering slippers for ladies of rank. There are blue, white, yellow, pink, and red velvet slippers, but none of green—green is too sacred a colour for even believers' feet to tread upon. The old Turk is threading seed-pearls on silk, and therewith embroidering yonder dainty pair of shoes, white velvet, silver-edged, small enough for Cinderella. The workman has a wonderful delicacy of touch, and a most fertile invention, no doubt, for see how blossoms, and leaves, and sprays of olive, all wrought in pure white pearls, grow beneath his needle! Pshaw!

those patterns were old when his grandfather's great-grandfather was a boy-apprentice, and learned to work them for the little henna-tinged feet long mouldered to dust. The Princess Badoura had laid aside just such a pair when she fell into the deep slumber which allowed the Jin Danasch to carry her across Asia to the tower of Camaralzaman. Morgiana, after she had bettered herself by marriage, wore slippers of the identical design which this old man, in 1860, is so cunningly labouring on. All the slippers are not so costly as these, which will be worn only by the happy inmates of the imperial Oda and the vizier's households. But all along the street—a street of shoemakers, where every house is full of leather, beads, velvet, and silken thread, and ingenious humanity crouching at its task—you see pretty fairy slippers, flourished and embossed with gold thread, for the wear of pachas' wives, neat yellow boots and walking-shoes for respectable Moslem females, and dingy red ditto for the accommodation of feminine infidels. The next street is a colony of tailors, and these too are Turks. One Hadji, in a green turban, is brandishing a 'goose,' as if it were the two-edged sword of the Prophet; a score of nimble-fingered lads are mutely plying their needles on the shop-boards beyond. A heap of wide trousers, slashed jackets, vests wrought with floss-silk, blue frock-coats, and imitations of European attire in general, shew how various is the trade of the establishment.

As for the pipe-makers—busy among their stacks of jasmine, their heaps of rose-stems, their bundles of cherry-sticks, and their crates full of earthen pipe-bowls, red or fawn coloured, and more or less gilded and valuable, their amber mouthpieces, and their water-pipes with flexible tubes, vases of Bohemian glass, and jewelled inhalers—they are truly ingenious and prosperous. They drive a good trade in a land of smokers. Those amber mouthpieces range in value from eight pounds to about half a sovereign. I do not mean those extravagant temptations yonder, peeping from the coffer, and ringed about with a double circle of brilliants—but the plain ones, such as merchants use. The diamond-adorned pipes are for the lips of seraskiers and capitan pachas, wholesale robbers who can afford to invest some thousands sterling in their smoking apparatus. But the plain mouthpieces are handsome enough, great semi-transparent knobs, like small apples, perforated for the admission of ambrosial vapours. The best are of white amber; we seldom see white amber at home, for the Turks buy it up, having a prejudice against the yellow variety, which confines it to the use of economical smokers. There are glass mouthpieces, too, designed for those poor Lazes and Anatolians who are bearing the burdens and hewing the wood of the inhabitants, and who are thrifty men, living on a little, that they may carry back a small hoard to the bleak hills and barren valleys, girt by black pines, of their native provinces. In the corner, are squatted four or five meek, sleek Armenians, waiting for employment. The lordly Turk will not smoke a raw pipe; his chibouque must be seasoned ere it be worthy of his use; and so the Armenians earn a trifle by fumigating the new make of pipes with tobacco, just as watermen and crossing-sweepers are paid to blacken those sable little clay implements of which my friend young Rapid, of the Life Guards, is so ostentatiously and obtrusively vain. Those amazing scarfs and kerchiefs in the bazaar, those tobacco-pouches, and other silk and muslin utilities embroidered so gorgeously in gold, with flourishes and arabesques of blinding splendour, are the work of Turkish ladies, who thus eke out their pin-money. There is nothing opprobrious in the idea of paid labour to a Turkish mind; the Moslems do not, as we do, exalt the drone above the worker; on the contrary, every pacha and bey learns a trade, that may serve him if degraded and beggared. Even the sultan learns a calling of some kind; Mahmoud the janizary-slayer was a slipper-maker, and gave slippers made by his own imperial hands to his ministers and friends. Abdul Medjid is, I understand, a pipemaker. It is this work, this hearty love of work, and the honourable estimation of work, which keeps the leaky monarchy afloat. If a great man rises to rank from small beginnings, he never feels shame at his origin; he never searches the Herald's College for a branch of somebody's family-tree, nor tries to hide the root he sprang from, but rather blazons it, calling himself, 'Coalheaver Pacha,' 'Butcher Pacha,' or the like.

A curious people are the Turks! It must be owned that they are poor sailors, though hardy oarsmen. The commanders of their frigates will tell you that, but for renegades and seafaring Christians, they could hardly manage a fair-weather cruise. The Turks hate the duties of a seaman, and can scarcely be taught to distinguish between the ropes. Gunnery alone they have an aptitude for, and even Russians confess that the despised Mohammedans can work cannon with most remarkable accuracy and spirit. They have, like most semi-barbarians, a taste for the enormous, and they attach a superstitious reverence to those monstrous pieces of ordnance that guard the Dardanelles, and throw half a ton or so of stone at any audacious ship that forces the passage, like that huge globe that snapped in twain the mizzen-mast of Admiral Duckworth's vessel, and which now reposes, in company with a twin Titan, in the garden of an old Berkshire hall.

But the Greek is not asleep in the city where his sires were supreme; he is the same that he was under Andronicus and Justinian—keen, voluble, greedy, a reaper of grain sowed by other hands, a middleman rather than a producer. Here, in this little square, are two Greeks conversing beneath the shadow of a kiosk, close to a fountain. The kiosk is built of fawn-coloured stone, traceried over with a most delicate pattern in gold; its latticed windows admit the cool breeze; its projecting eaves, horseshoe Moorish arches, and Saracenic pillars, are lavishly gilded and picked out with vermilion; they glow and sparkle in the dappled light that falls through the rustling leaves of the plane-tree. As for the fountain, it is a pure deep cup of whitest marble, over whose lip the clear gurgling water flows with a cool splashing sound, not unmusical; there are latticed sides to the fountain, and these are of white marble too, cut as delicately as point-lace; and there is a roof of gilded wood, and a slab of lapis-lazuli bears on its shining blue a gold-lettered inscription, which tells what true believer of old time built the fountain and raised the kiosk for the love of Allah and the comfort of the poor. And all around the spot sounds the soft murmur of a thousand pigeons, sacred birds that are fed and protected, as most creatures are, wherever Islam reigns. See how securely they exhibit their jewelled backs and snowy bosoms on those gilt eaves, and on the roof of the fountain, and among the boughs of the plane-tree, and coo, and strut, and flutter, as if earth were Eden, and there were no death or suffering in the world. Ah! my poor birds, you must take wing from the Thracian soil when the Greek steps into empire again. Those two talkers under the plane-tree eye you from time to time, as if they should like to furnish forth a pie at your expense. But how earnestly those Greeks converse! What shall we overhear, as we approach them invisible? They stamp, they frown, they gesticulate, they fling abroad their lithe limbs, and spread their hands, and knit their fingers into signs and emblems. They whisper and scowl, and anon comes a philippic hot and withering, and then fresh whispers. Mercy! what a pair of conspirators have we here? *Venice Preserved* suggests itself: the tall Greek is Jaffier, the shorter Hellene is Pierre, no doubt, and they must be plotting a rayah revolt at the least, terminating in a grand holocaust of the Moslemah, the extinction of Abdul Medjid, and mass in St Sophia's. Alas! we are at their elbows by this, and what do we hear hissed out with such passionate earnestness? 'A thousand piastres?' 'Only nine hundred, my life, my joy!' 'Hear me, brother, for the Panagia's sake.' 'Nine hundred; ask no more, friend of my heart!' It is Jaffier refusing Pierre seventeen shillings and sixpence. Plenty of winged words succeed. Their voices eclipse in flexible variations the pretty doves cooing and singing love-songs above them. Now they howl like jackals, now they rant like Demosthenes to the stormy Agora; and anon Pierre is pleading so musically, softly, that no *Jeune Premier* on the stage could be more flutingly persuasive. How he sobs, and clasps his trembling hands, and throws his soul into his eyes, and humbles himself at Jaffier's feet! Stony-hearted Jaffier! he sticks to his price. Nine hundred piastres for the calico, or the cigars, or the Sheffield razors, not an asper more, for all the entreaties lips can frame. Then come curses and threats, harsh words roughly bandied, reproaches as cutting as the east wind, old villainies dragged into the light of day. Pierre has, in popular phrase, turned over a new leaf; 'pirate!' 'knave!' 'bankrupt!' are the softest of his epithets; and Jaffier is not slow to hail his friend as a cheat, a coiner, a poisoner, a fireraiser. Ugly accusations are pitched across and across like shuttle-cocks, and we invisible eaves-droppers get but a poor idea of Perote morality. The matter reaches a climax. Pierre will denounce his friend before the cadi. Jaffier will hasten to his excellent protector, the deputy-dragoman of the Russian embassy. Jaffier shall be bastinadoed. Pierre shall have rowing exercise at the galleys. Aha! out come the daggers from the sashes; Jaffier seems on the point of striking; Pierre's poniard is at Jaffier's throat; a shriek, a cry, more winged words. Is anybody dead? No, but the disputants are in each other's arms, locked in a fraternal embrace. They are friends now—brothers—never, never to quarrel again until the next opportunity for a little higgling turns up. They have split the difference. Nine hundred and fifty piastres! and eternal affection! See, they are writing it down, the terms of their bargain; they have paper, pens, inkhorns, ever ready at their girdles. The daggers are tucked away in their cummerbunds again. They never meant to use them, of course, but Pierre could not have got that eight-and-ninepence without a martial demonstration, and Jaffier could not otherwise have forgiven himself for being beaten up in the terms. Off they go, arm-in-arm, to drink at the wine-shop. And the fountain still plashes, and the plane-tree still rustles, and the pigeons flash their variegated feathers in the kindly sunbeams, and coo and murmur like a brook, exactly as they would do if Jaffier were lying under the plane-tree, stabbed to the heart.

All Stamboul brawls do not finish so harmlessly. In the wine-shops of Pera and Galata, there are nightly quarrels between very different persons from Pierre and Jaffier. There cluster and drink, by the light of smoky cressets, in dark wooden booths, a motley mob of choleric Ionian sailors, snake-eyed Maltese, sulky Hydriotes, refugees from Italy and France, and those stray rogues from Candia, Syria, Smyrna, who lounge about Constantinople, leading a 'hand-to-mouth' life, which in Turkey often means 'hand to the khanjar!' These agreeable guests squabble and dispute over their Tenedos wine and fiery arrack, and the knives flash forth, and over go tables, and benches, and lamps, and all is darkness, and clamour, and groans; and when lanterns are brought, there are red pools on the floor that are not all of spilt wine, and one or two sprawling forms are seen among the wreck of furniture, never to brawl again. European sailors, English especially, are apt to get hurt in these dens. Jack comes in reeling, drinks and bawls his forecastle songs, and gets maudlin and helpless, in the midst of a set of sharks who would murder him for the chance of half-a-dozen dollars in the pocket of his monkey-jacket. But the regular frequenters are much on a par with each other on the score of morals —awful scoundrels, for Stamboul is the Paradise of the eastern adventurer. A sad but frequent sight used to be that of the ragged Hungarian exiles, in their tattered honved or hussar uniforms, starving at Constantinople. In the Turkish burying-places, under the plumy cypresses, among the coloured turban-stones, they used to sit, patient, hollow-eyed, despairing. Their clothes were ragged, their shoes gone, their home shut out to them; rebellion against Austria had made them wanderers less cared for than the wild-dogs prowling about them. The Polish renegades wore the Padishah's cloth, and ate of pilaff; but there was no place in the army for a Christian, and these poor Hungarians refused to barter their creed for a meal. Then came the war, and there was some employment for the Magyars, and peace came all too soon for those whose only chance of food was to fight, and they were flung back to famish. Greeks are not fond of those who do not belong to their communion; even in servitude they are bitter sectarians, and to fire an Armenian's warehouse, to stab a Catholic, to pelt a sly pebble at an Englishman, are anything but sins, to their fancy. I never knew a Turk really uncivil, even far from consuls and frigates; but a Greek seldom loses a chance of insulting a British heretic, when he can contrive it with safety to his own bones. Greeks, however, are almost as easily dealt with as Arabs; there is but one maxim, to take the upper-hand, and to keep it; and so long as you are firm and hard with him, Signor Polychronopulos is your servant. Be civil to him, and look out for squalls! Poor creature, he never heard any reason assigned for politeness, save fear alone.

There is a sort of cellar at Constantinople where they shew you a number of marble pillars of the Greek era. There they stand in shadow, white and ghostly, like buried ghosts of the past. They are the remains of a Byzantine palace, erst imperial, escaped from the mattock of the Turk and the tooth of Time. Then there is the Hall of Many Waters, where the long aisles glimmer, and the far-reaching columns rise dimly out of the flood, and the bats dart across the red streak of torchlight, or hang in clusters from the damp roof, as the boat glides in. A Stygian voyage that! with a crazy punt for a craft, and a white-haired old Charon with one eye for a conductor, and the prospect of being lost irrevocably, should one of those wheeling bats knock the torch out of Charon's feeble hand, and the boat go off on a groping voyage through that underground labyrinth of pillars. But that piece of excitement is denied to the traveller of to-day. The roof has fallen in, here and there, and the columns have cracked and crumbled, and the Hall of Many Waters is a sealed mystery.

Not many are the fragments of classic Constantinople. But there stands St Sophia's in its majesty and strength, with the crescent high on its giant dome where the Greek cross used to be, with a coat of white-wash laid over its inner walls, through which peeps out the golden mosaic, the many-hued marbles, the glittering figures of the Panagia and the saints, inwrought. There they wait, in the ex-cathedral, behind a screen, as it were, until Greek hands shall scrape away the white-wash, and the golden portraits flash forth again. No doubt such a day will come, and bells will tinkle, and black-robed priests with floating hair and square caps will gesticulate, and bend, and drone out litanies before the illumined altar, just where those Turkish boys are selling pennyworths of the broken mosaic to Messrs Smith, Brown, and Robinson, who are going round, with papouches over their unholy boots, and red hand-books open. Has that dervish any notion of the coming change, I wonder, he with the high cap, and serge robe, and rattling calabash, who is preaching in the doorway to the knot of veiled women? How they listen, and how he extends his lean arm, and shakes his gourd full of stones from Mecca, and exhorts to a pure life and good works! Whatever *he* may think, the Greeks have no doubts. It is a question of time, and time only. The empire was theirs, and will be theirs, and they look on the Turk as but a bird-of-passage. The Turk, perhaps, thinks so too, in his secret heart, else why does he will that his bones shall rest in Asia's faithful soil, not in this Europe, where he feels himself but encamped? See, a procession of barges bound for Scutari, where the vast cemetery glimmers white with millions of headstones under the dark cypresses. They bear the body of some rich pacha, and the howls of the professional mourners come floating on the breeze. Old Hassan could not lie in Thracian earth, it seems, lest Giaours should blaspheme over his grave. To prayer! to prayer! How loud and clear is the Muezzin's voice as he stands there in the high minaret, and calls the faithful to their knees and their devotions. But do they come? Is real Koran religion a thing of the past? Many heads are bowed, many a bead counted, but where is the burning zeal of other times?

AN ICE-BOAT ADVENTURE.

My various wanderings over the globe had introduced me not only to every land-conveyance extant, from the howdah to the bullock-wagon, but to every species of boat in which mankind endeavours to rule the waves. I had hauled a rope in a surf-boat among the breakers, and feathered an oar in a whale-boat pursuing a whale; to say nothing of having ventured my precious person in every craft in the sisterhood from a man-of-war's boat to a catamaran. But an ice-boat was an utter stranger to me, and to obtain an introduction to it, I would have travelled far further than from Toronto to the lower end of Lake Huron, where the partner of my outward voyage, the son of a settler residing there, had promised me that pleasure.

In compliance with Edward Mostyn's desire, I arrived at the Sumachs in the beginning of December. But the ice was not yet strong enough for the proposed expedition, and the interval was filled up with every amusement which the warmest hospitality could devise. Such rambles as we had among the gray old woods in quest of game, when, if we failed of the hoped-for deer and moose, we shot abundance of partridges and hares! such glorious skating along the borders of the lake, and merry sleighing-parties over roads, billowy as the Atlantic itself, but without its accompanying sea-room, for we often fell foul of frozen headlands, or suffered wreck upon snowy Goodwins, whence we had to extricate ourselves amid the rapturous mirth of our companions! Then we wound up the evening with songs and tales around the huge wood-fire, or, if we could capture guests from the neighbouring farms, a backwoods ball on the puncheon floor. It was the morning after one of these festivities that the ice was first declared in fitting order; and as a favouring breeze was blowing along the shore, no time was lost in unlocking the shed where the ice-boats had been hidden, and bringing them forth to view.

Strange-looking craft they were, though doubtless suited to the frozen element they were designed to traverse, with their double keels, like enormous pairs of skates, and quaintly fashioned hulls, one displaying the outlines of a huge fiery dragon, with erect crest, curling tail, and outspread wings, rigged to act as sails; the other representing the deep curving shell of a gigantic nautilus. Above it rose a tall lateen sail, from which fluttered a deep blue streamer; while the dragon shewed a tongue long and fiery enough to have frightened St George himself. As might have been anticipated from the well-known leanings of unregenerate humanity, the old *Dragon* proved at once the favourite, and odds in the forthcoming race were freely bet upon him. Indeed so little regard was had for the *Nautilus*, that it was needful to decide her crew by lot. Somewhat to our disappointment, this fell upon Edward Mostyn and myself; while two smart young settlers, with their militia buttons decorating their beaver overcoats, and bright gold bands gleaming on their otter-skin caps, triumphantly mounted the *Dragon*. Then, amid a hurricane of cheers, we hoisted our sails, and started on our novel voyage.

But I was by no means prepared for the speed our ice-crafts shortly attained. Swiftly almost as shadows we sped over the sparkling ice-fields; and noiselessly as the spirits of antediluvian fish and reptile revisiting their former haunts, we glided past bay and headland, past tumbling cascade, congealed into waves of glittering crystal, and tall leafless forests, whose ice-clad branches gleamed in the sunlight like arabesques of silver; past icicle-hung cave and waving pine-crest—the only shadow on that broad landscape of brilliant white. It was a strange sensation, this fleet, almost motionless travel; and side by side we sped along, each admiring the other's bird-like grace; while huge American eagles, and large white northern owls, looked down astonished from their eyries on the heights; and soft-eyed deer rose from their brushwood couches to gaze in wonder at the strange passers-by.

As we drew from shore, the wind freshened, and we began to forge ahead of our rival. Despite their utmost efforts, each moment increased our superiority, until, ere long, amid triumphant shouts, that rolled over the lake and through the silent woods beyond, we ran them fairly out of sight. For an hour, we continued to sweep along, enjoying our victory and our voyage over that crystal sea, with the bright sun shining down upon us from the clear blue sky, and flashing in a thousand prismatic hues on the winter garniture of the wild and beautiful scenery around us. But at the end of that time, the sun beginning to dip behind the pine-trees, reminded us of the necessity of returning. Having come before the wind, we must, of course, tack back against it, an infinitely less agreeable process. But as there was no alternative, we trimmed our lofty sail, and putting our rudder hard a-port, commenced the first of our zigzag manœuvres. Again, we were pleasantly surprised by the swiftness of our boat, which sped along like the wearer of seven-league skates. Undoubtedly, she proved to make considerable leeway, but it was nothing more than an extra turn or two would remedy. While we thus tacked about, the sun set, and the short day ended, ushering in one of the darkest nights I ever saw close above the snow. Black clouds, like evil spirits, came creeping over the sky, hiding the brilliancy of the stars, and casting a ghastly shadow over the snow-clad landscape, while long gusts of sobbing wind swept fitfully past us. Then, as the hours went by, the wind increased, until a furious storm howled over the frozen wilderness, breaking like reeds the ancient trees upon the shore, and sending their fragments, mingled with thick drifts of snow, far out upon the lake; while in the distance we could hear the thinner ice crack and moan, as if it too were about to yield to the violence of the tempest.

Meanwhile, through the raging storm, like some wild-horse of the prairie, careered our ice-boat, hurrying on through the darkness to probable destruction. At the commencement of the gale, we had lowered her canvas, but she still presented sufficient body to the wind to dash away in that storm with scarce abated speed, while by some accident or mismanagement of ours, she refused any longer to obey her helm.

The night, too, was intensely cold; the bitter wind, fresh from the polar ice-fields, dashed against our faces like tiny icicles, while its fierce gusts swept through our thick garments as though they had been gossamer. Even the buffalo robes in which we had wrapped ourselves were unable to prevent our limbs stiffening, and our blood thickening in our veins; and when we tried to address some words of hope or consolation to each other, our teeth chattered so that we could not be comprehended.

Faster and faster, meanwhile, our ice-skiff flew before the gale, sometimes appearing by its movements to leap wide chasms—for in the thick darkness we could not see before us—at others, rising and falling on what seemed the waves of a frozen sea; yet still speeding on as if demon-driven, until each moment we expected it would be dashed to pieces against some rock rising above the water, or else engulfed in the open centre of the lake. And yet we could do nothing to aid ourselves. To have left our boat in that fierce tempest, would have been certain, almost immediate death; and though with each rood we sped along, we seemed to become more helpless and more wretched, we retained our places, and silently awaited the coming of that power which would change us into stone. Our thoughts flew back to happy homes, and bright firesides, to beloved forms and loving voices, between whom and us loomed the dark shadow of a miserable death. Suddenly, it seemed to fall upon us, and all was blank. Cold and exhaustion had done their work, and we sank down together in the bottom of the boat in a deep torpid sleep, that was like to have no waking; while our boat still bore us on, with the same arrowy speed, guided by an unerring Hand past countless dangers.

When I again awoke, all was still and silent, and a soft silvery light was shining down upon me through some semi-transparent substance: it was snow, which by falling thickly upon us, and keeping us warm, had most probably saved our lives. My first movement roused my companion, and we greeted each other as they would who, though side by side, had never thought to speak again. The storm of the night had been succeeded by a complete calm, and around us lay a vast, dreary wilderness of untrodden snow, in which the runners of our boat were deeply imbedded. Opposite the sun, faint and blue in the distance, stretched the northern shore, along which, far to the eastward, lay the Sumachs.

The great question now was, how we should get back to it. Even if we would have trusted ourselves again in the *Nautilus*, she was fixed in the snow, and must be abandoned; so, though we were both weak and faint from exposure and want of food, there was nothing left us but to undertake the journey on foot, and without a moment's delay, we commenced it. The newly fallen snow lay soft as down upon the ice, and as we had no snow-shoes to support us on its surface, we sank at every step, sometimes wading to our knees among its clogging masses, at others struggling through heavy snow-drifts, which almost overwhelmed us; while the sun flashed and glowed among its glittering particles with blinding brilliancy. With each passing hour, our weariness and exhaustion increased, until, when night at length came, and the shore was reached, we had scarce power to enjoy the fire Mostyn built above the snow, or eat the hare he killed and cooked. All we seemed able to appreciate, was the luxury of lying on a pile of brushwood beneath a tree.

Three more such toilsome days we travelled against the sun, skirting the lake-shore, until on the fourth day, when we were utterly travel-spent, eye-sore, and ready to yield to our fate, the smoke curling above the Sumachs blessed our eyes. How we rejoiced over that home-coming, and how far more its inhabitants rejoiced over us! To them we were as beings restored from the dead, for the unsuccessful return of the various parties who had gone out in quest of us had destroyed every hope. More fortunate than ourselves, the *Dragon* and her crew had returned in safety, and there was nothing to cloud the general joy. But ever since then, I have carefully eschewed the acquaintance of all maritime novelties, and not for all the gold in California would I undertake another expedition in an ice-boat.

A SAILOR'S WIFE'S SONG.

O BONNY is my husband's ship, the ship that well I love,
And welcome are its coming sails, all welcome sights above;
There's not a tarry rope, not a spar that there I see,
Not a deck-plank that he treads on, but it's O how dear to me.

O bright, bright was the May-time through which he sailed away,
But to me more wan and dreary than November was the day;
O wintry winds beat keen with sleet, O cold seas rage and foam,
But calm will be, and bright to me, the day that brings him home.

O Katie, playing on the floor—O Jockie, at my knee,
When father sits beside the fire, how happy we shall be!
O babe unborn, that when he comes shall bless my happy breast—
God send my baby safe to me, to kiss him with the rest.

And many a pretty thing he'll bring for little Kate and Jock—
Carved wooden man and funny beast, and shell and sparkling rock;
A monkey, perhaps, so clever, with Kate and Jock to play,
And a rainbow-coloured parrot, that will chatter all the day.

O never be a sailor, Jock, to make the angry foam
The terror of a loving wife and babes you've left at home;
And marry not a sailor, Kate, to be his weary wife,
Unless you get one dear as he who's dear to me as life.

Move swiftly on, O lonesome hours; tick quicker on, O clock,
And bring the hour when at my breast my baby I shall rock—
When in my arms my blessèd babe shall laugh, and leap, and crow,
And I shall teach its little eyes its father's face to know.

O Thou who guid'st the stormy winds—O Thou who rul'st the sea—
O God, look down in mercy upon my babes and me:
Through storms and perils of the deep, O hold him in Thy hand,
That we may bless Thy blessèd name when safe he treads the strand.

O wives who're blessed with plenty, how little do you know
The blessings that on such as I your riches would bestow.
O John, come back with half enough to keep you safe ashore,
And day and night I'll work, that you may go to sea no more.

W. C. BENNETT.

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DOOR-STEPS.

THE door-step with its furniture is the most characteristic feature of the house. Who sees the huge letters painted on the second-floor fronts of the shops in Oxford Street? Next time you walk along that thoroughfare, look up, and you will be surprised at the capital information which has hitherto passed over your head. What we see on the ground attracts us most. The man who paints in crayon on the *trottoir* beyond the Edgeware Road, is better known to the people than many a Royal Academician, for we are, alas! a good deal more apt to look down than up. Door-steps which are flush with the flags, are door-steps only by courtesy. They always run the risk of losing their independence; like Belgium, they invite annexation, and passing dogs and *gamins* make upon them sudden inroads. Now, the door-step with a natural granite frontier checks roving aggression. No urchins play upon it without suspicion of discomfiture, or open defiance of authority. Even the struggling little nurse-girls with their babies, like ants carrying *pupæ*, do not rest there without a sharp look-out for the opening door, and the advancing creak of the policeman's boots. I mean, of course, in the grander streets. Where houses are crammed to their eaves with the families of poor people, there is always a fringe of human surf on the door-step, formed, as in a tide-way where two currents meet, by the outward pressure of the street and the overflowing of the tenement itself. This holds its ground with the tenacity of natural law; but where the house is subject to one will, the liberties of the public are precarious. Poor little children! a mansion to let is a god-send, specially if it have a porch. I remember one, long untenanted, in a gloomy west-end square. In winter, it was a very Malakoff for snow-balls, and in summer its ample granite steps struck a continuous chill through a row of grateful nurses. But some grand door-steps have attractions which no repeated discomfitures can dim—they give not only a seat but a back. I have often seen the session adjourned only for a minute, even when a big carriage pulled up at the door with a crash like a fire-engine. Tilly Slowboy merely stands aside; she knows her ladyship is out, and that the process will not be long. Jeames jumps down, touches his hat, and plays the footman's solo on the knocker. Not at home; the house-flunkey disguises his indifference with an expression of high-bred politeness, while Jeames touches his hat again with the negative, hands in cards, pokes a joke in with them in a grave whisper; touches his hat again for fresh directions, acknowledges them with salutation No. 4, and jumps up behind. Coachee lends his right ear; Jeames leans gracefully forward, balancing himself by sticking out one leg—coachee catches the word; Jeames resumes the perpendicular; house-flunkey looks up and down the street, winks into the next area, shuts the door, and by the time he has found his place again in the *Advertiser*, Tilly Slowboy is reseated. In the suburbs, she is denied this coveted repose by an outer wicket, and can only admire the distant steps, flanked by scrapers and geraniums, planted in stone imitations of copus cups.

But we must get back to the proper city door-step—sound or cracked, sharp or worn. Some of them set right the declivity of the street, as if to say to the master of the house: 'Here, if you will, the ups and downs of life may be corrected.' Happy he who can read the hint, can see that it is a little level resting-place for the sole of his foot! Yes, he carries with him the 'Open, Sesame' which will admit him to whatever blessings he can claim in the abundance of the world—a latch-key. There he comes, spent with a day's swimming against the stream; up to within a few strokes of his home, strange eyes look out upon him out of strange heads, but, with his foot on the door-step, he is at home. Oh, the want there is to those who know no such sensation!—governesses, perhaps, when a pupil sleeps in their room, and they have not even a chamber of their own where they may laugh or cry in their pet position and favourite undress—no hole of their own where they may uncoil themselves at ease.

But we must wait at the door-step. How many have waited there! Butcher-boys, with stumpy pencil and order-book, set up against the door-post, as a perpendicular desk; lovers, with a final glance at their bouquet and boots before the door is opened, and they go in to win or die; mutes, in soiled silk, and black Saxony suits at L.2, 10s., waiting with impatience until 'the body' be ready; duns, with cunning tactics of approach, and the simulated knock of an unprofessional visitor; policemen, in the dead of night, when a curl of smoke has been seen from a reddening window, and the battery at the door wakes up all but those who need the summons.

Our sense of observation is most acute when we stand upon a door-step. We all know of the musical gentleman who, going out to dinner, forgot his friend's number, but remembered that his scraper was in G, and so scraped all down the street till he touched the hospitable note. What a variety there is, not only in the language, but in the feel of knockers! Some are so rickety and loose, that the most skilful peal sounds cracked. Some are stiff, refusing to do justice to the art of the visitor, giving only the broader features, the rough sketch of a knock, leaving out all the delicate shades of manipulation. Some there are which look like knockers, but are in reality bell-handles, and balk the intentions of the applicant. How various, too, bell-handles! Some so deep-set, as to graze the inserted knuckles; some responding to the touch, others only to a lengthened draw and sudden release; some with short and pert, some with long and stringy action; some tight in, like large nails, others loose, and remaining out, when once pulled, like the stops of an organ. We notice all these little things when we stand on a door-step. Self-consciousness, too, is then most active—we feel our collar and neck-cloth; fumble about for our card-case, if it be a slight acquaintance whose presence we seek, and on whom we wish to leave a favourable impression. Or it may be that we wait on the door-step after a long journey, and we doubt whether all be well. Expectation and anxiety are brought to a focus in the interval between the ringing and the answering of the bell. Then, again, on the door-step, we stand between public and private life. At the clubs of the great, and common lodging-houses of the small, which are neither homes nor inns, there is no proper door-step: the entrance is free—at least you don't knock or ring. In poor lodging-houses, you must rap at promiscuous room-doors to find an inhabitant.

The outer door is a great test of respectability in England, especially in London. Even in Victoria Street, where each flat is a separate household, you must knock or ring at it before you can gain the common staircase. Do you know that a policeman mounts your door-step every night after you are in bed, bumps against your door with his shoulder, and puts your address down in a little book, if he can burst it open?

Again, areas and their railing are eminently English. Somebody says an Englishman's house is a fortress, defended by a dry ditch with an iron palisade, and approached by a stone bridge. Abroad, the house-wall often starts straight up out of the ground; there is, moreover, no projection before the door. Many streets in Naples are only just the width of a carriage, which fits them as wadding does a gun: unless you get into a doorway when a vehicle approaches, you must retrace your steps till you come to the next turning. I have seen a butcher hold back the carcass of a sheep which was hanging before his shop, to let me drive past; this was in Sorrento. There we have found few door-steps, and a consequent abuse of domiciliary visiting. When there is only one step from the street into the house, half the sanctity of independence is wanting; there is no pause for reflection on the sacredness of home. With us, a door-step is the fly-leaf between the history of public and private life. There, we open or furl the umbrella; there, when we sally forth, we catch the first warning sting of the east wind; there, we bid adieu to a cold, calculating world, in the shape of an ungrateful cabman; there, we stamp and scrape off the dust of the city; there, we feel the coldness or good-will of friends, and measure our estimation in the eyes of our acquaintance; there, we are irritated at the first symptoms of a cut—'Not at home.'

We never before heard that communication as long as we had a door-step of our own. It used to be, 'Master is pertikkelerly engaged, but I think he would see you, sir.' The absorbing pursuit was all moonshine. We used to walk straight into the old fellow's den, light one of his cigars, and poke his fire before screening him from its heat with subverted coat-tails. Now, the consciousness of the change flashes on us while we stand upon his door-step—'Not at home.' We hand in our card to an impassive flunkey, see Smith's hat in the hall, and turn right-about face with bitter composure. But if the door-step be an open clause in the covenant of friendship between the master and his visitors, it is the scene hallowed by the tenderest recollections in the mind of Betty his maid. There, Corydon pleads—hearts are broken—vows are exchanged. I have often thought what a choice of faces the postman must have had before Mr Rowland Hill made us cut little slits in our doors; now, the knocker alone returns their grin. An underpaid letter is now a happy opportunity. Even valentines must be dropped into the unfeeling box. The butcher has it all his own way. I suspect he has private reasons for that elaborate disposition of his hair, and haste with which he drives from one interview to another. The door-step is dear to Betty. What mistress ever heard her complain of having to scrub that portion of her territory! It is her place of contact with the attractions of the outer world, as it is Paterfamilias's landing-pier from its troubles. To them both, and to their friends, it is the common spot in which all social sympathies are touched, and from whence their paths radiate into the calm of home or the bustle of public life, into the bitterness of neglect or the joys of hospitality. Depend upon it, some of our clearest recollections were first stamped upon our memories when in the goings in and comings out of the years that are past, we stood upon a door-step.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

When we studied geography in our younger days, we used to turn with curiosity to the maps of Africa and Australia, and wonder what could exist in those large blank spaces which presuming ignorance had styled deserts. But nature, from whom all secrets are reluctantly wrested, has been lately so hard pressed by one explorer after another, that perhaps, with the exception of Borneo and New Guinea, no country exists whose interior has not been visited by the white man. Andersson, in his Nimrod expeditions, hunting through the Damara and Ovampo land, makes known the barren regions of south-western Africa; Speke and Burton in their travels of recreation, and Krapf in his missionary wanderings, unfold to us the lake regions and immense plateaus of Central Africa, all revelations of minor import, as compared with the past and present researches of Livingstone; nor have there been wanting fearless men, who, in the face of far greater obstacles, have endeavoured to solve 'the problem of the interior of Australia.' The glory of effecting so great an achievement has been won by an intrepid Scotsman, John Macdonall Stuart.

Prior to the close of 1859, innumerable efforts had been made from all the outskirts of that large continent, not only to add to the known territory, but to penetrate into the interior. Sir Thomas Mitchell, Leichardt, and others, have pushed their researches from the Sydney side; the brothers Gregory, from the western or Swan River district; Sturt and Eyre, from the southern or shores of the Gulf of St Vincent; while the elder Gregory followed the Victoria River from its entrance into the sea on the north-west coast back to its very sources. The tracks of all these travellers fringed the coast-line, and penetrated a little way inland, but all returned with the same tale—that their progress had been stopped by barren deserts and want of water. No one had as yet unfolded to us the secrets of that unknown centre, or ventured to map out its surface with streams and mountains, till, in the middle of last year, Stuart and his two companions not only reached the centre, but pushed forward to within one hundred miles of the northern coast. These undaunted explorers have especially distinguished themselves, since not only have they earned the name of being the first to cross Australia, but have left behind on the earth's surface no similar arena on which future travellers might equal or surpass them. Equipped with thirteen horses and rations for three months, Stuart remained out from March 2 to September 3, visited and revisited several times that point of ambition, the centre of the continent; and traversed three thousand miles of unexplored territory. His diary (from which we extract) is of that plain matter-of-fact style which might be expected from one who had spent the most of his life on the outskirts of civilisation; and though describing to us boundless tracks of pastoral country, contains no mention of startling prodigies, either in physical or natural history, which have long been attributed to Australia.

Starting on the 2d of March from Chambers's Creek, situated in lat. 30 degrees south, and long. 137 degrees east, he made towards the north-west, and in three weeks' time came upon two magnificent creeks, the Neales and Myall, both flowing to the westward. Along the banks of the former they travelled for five days, and experienced great difficulty in crossing it, owing to the extended boggy water-courses connected with the main stream. At one part, where several tributaries joined, this creek spread out into a sheet of water a mile in width, a feature hitherto unknown in Australian scenery. The latter stream was less sluggish, running at the rate of five miles an hour, and having a breadth of upwards of 130 yards from bank to bank. During the month of March, their progress was much impeded by the heavy rains, which made the ground exceedingly boggy; so much so, as to cause them the loss of an old horse, which they were unable to extricate, and on one occasion flooding them out of their camping-ground, and soaking their provisions. To add to these troubles, the horse which was freighted with the instruments unfortunately broke its girths, and in the fall the sextant was injured. Hitherto, the country they passed through had been open and well grassed, or covered with salt bush and swamps; but on following a branch of the Neales, they had to force their way through a mulga scrub, so thick that they could not see one hundred yards before them. In doing so, their saddle-bags and packs were much torn, costing them a day to repair. By the end of the month, he had reached 26 degrees south lat., and came upon the Frew, another large creek, supplied with fish, muscles, and crabs. Large water-holes were connected with this stream, and the surrounding country was covered with grass a foot and a half high, wild oats, wheat, and rye. The waters here would appear to be permanent, from the frequency of kangaroo tracks, together with the number of natives' graves and habitations; in many of the last, their fires were still smoking. From the Frew and the Stevenson, creeks met with in lat. 26 degrees south, Stuart kept a nearly due north course during the whole of the month of April. Already the exposure to the glaring rays of the sun had begun to produce that form of ophthalmia so troublesome to all Australian explorers; so much so, that in taking observations of the sun, he complained that he saw two images of that body at once. The first symptoms of scurvy had shewn themselves, and their hands were disabled with festering spots, indicating an irritable state of constitution.

Myriads of flies hovered about their faces; settled on the corners of their mouth and eyes, in the vain endeavour to extract moisture; and often bunged up the latter, by injecting a poisonous fluid into the skin through a bite at the inner corner. On 6th April, they met with one black fellow, who was so startled on being spoken to, and seeing the horses coming towards him, that he took to his heels, and made off into the bush at once. On the same day, they met with one of the most remarkable objects recorded on their journey; this was a perpendicular sandstone pillar, 105 feet high, 20 feet broad, and 10 feet thick, standing on the top of a small hill. The apex of the pillar was crowned by two peaks, and named by Stuart, Chambers's Pillar, after Mr James Chambers of Adelaide, the promoter and main supporter of the expedition. In the vicinity of this singular freak of nature were many small sand-hills, bearing at a short distance the appearance of being the ruins of old castles, while the grass of the surrounding country was as luxuriant as would have admitted of its being mowed with a scythe. This district seemed prolific in tropical trees, since we find the India-rubber and cork-tree mentioned, besides a species of palm with small broad light-green leaves, spreading out like the top of the grass-tree. The fruit has a large kernel, with a hard shell like a nut, and about the size of an egg; the inside has the taste of a cocoa-nut, but when roasted, is like a potato. About thirty miles from the centre, in the hilly land around Mount Hugh, Stuart was successful in discovering a large reservoir of water about 300 feet in circumference, and from twelve to twenty feet deep.

On the 22d, we notice the following interesting insertion: 'To-day, I find from my observation of the sun, that I am now camped in the centre of Australia. About two and a half miles to the north-north-east, is a high mount; I wish it had been in the centre. I shall go to it to-morrow, and build a cone of stones, plant the British flag, and name it Central Mount Stuart.' On the following day, he says: 'Went to the top of the mount, which I find to be much higher and more difficult of ascent than I supposed; but after numerous slips and knocks, we reached the top; built the cone of stones, in the centre of which I placed a pole with the British flag nailed to it. On the top of the cone I placed a small bottle, in which is a slip of paper stating by whom it was raised. We then gave three hearty cheers for the flag.' This flag had been worked by the ladies of Mr Chambers's family, with a view to being placed in the centre, should Stuart ever reach it.

In May, their third month out, Stuart made two unsuccessful attempts to reach the Victoria River, on a north-west course from the centre. This river, made known to us by Gregory in 1851, empties itself into the sea, to the westward of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Gregory had traced it to its source in about 20 degrees south, and had explored the fertile country on its banks. To connect the territory lying between the centre and the source of this stream, was therefore one main object of Stuart's expedition. Leaving Mount Denison, they pursued a north-west course for three days without finding water, till, fortunately, on the fourth morning, they came upon a creek, since named the Fisher, in which, after a great deal of search, they discovered a native well about four feet deep, at which they watered their horses with a quart-pot, each horse drinking no less than ten gallons of water. Nothing daunted, they continued two days longer on the same course, over a 'horrid plain' of spinifex and gum-tree, devoid of a drop of water, till seeing all chance of penetrating in that direction hopeless, Stuart determined to retreat to the centre. On the night after making this resolution, they again providentially came upon another native well, but with such a scanty supply, that though watering their horses all night through, they could only give them five gallons each. On the following day, they retraced their steps to the native well in the Fisher, which they found had fallen in; and notwithstanding the want of rest on the previous night, continued watering their horses till three A. M. As a luxury, he says, 'we had a pot of tea, which we could ill afford, and lay down and got a little sleep, thoroughly tired and worn out with hard work and want of rest.' After expatiating on the enormous quantity which horses will drink, when subjected to such long abstinence, Stuart commends in high terms the behaviour of his companions, who worked cheerfully and without grumbling, notwithstanding having had only two hours' sleep in forty-eight hours of such intense privation and suffering. 'Spelling' the horses for a few days, he again stood towards the north-east; but after two days' struggling through a scrub and spinifex country without a drop of water, and being nearly killed by his horse taking fright at a wallaby, throwing, dragging, and kicking him about the shoulder and face, he was obliged to return to the centre, which was reached on 15th May, where, for five successive days, his agonies were so excruciating, that he almost wished that death would come and relieve him from torture. His hands were one mass of sores, rendering him utterly helpless; his mouth and gums were so bad that the only food he could swallow was flour and water boiled; the muscles of his limbs changed to a yellow-green, and from that to a black colour. At last, after three nights of intense suffering and restlessness, he obtained a couple of hours' sleep. He was determined, however, not to give in, and moved about as much as possible. Having despatched Kekwick, who was also suffering, in search of water, he returned with the joyful news that there was plenty in the Hanson, a creek fifteen miles from the centre. He had also seen a couple of natives armed with spears, but avoided them. They accordingly moved across to the Hanson, where they camped for several days to recruit their strength, at the same time making several short excursions, in one of which Kekwick again fell in with a couple of natives, along with two children, who, on seeing him, immediately made off as fast as their legs would carry them.

Starting from another point, to the north-east of the centre, on the 2d June, Stuart made a final endeavour to reach the Victoria River. Up to the 6th, they were successful in meeting with water every day, though the country generally was very sterile; but from the 7th to the 11th, the horses had to go without; in consequence of this, even Stuart's unflinching resolution gave way, and after penetrating to north of 19 degrees south latitude, he fell back towards Bishop's Creek. Nor was his retreat begun a day too soon, since, owing to a want of water for 101 hours, while prosecuting a journey of 112 miles under a burning hot sun, over a heavy sandy soil, three horses knocked up, and though lightened of their load, they were obliged to leave them to perish. Owing to the intense thirst, one of the others became mad, and rushed wildly about, kicking horses and men: on the following day, it died, when within a few hours' distance from the water. Some of the others likewise shewed symptoms of madness, but continued to work well, till, fortunately, on the evening of the 11th, they reached Bishop's Creek. It was a hard matter to keep the animals from over-filling themselves, and Stuart was in great anxiety about them until they had eaten some mouthfuls of grass.

For the six following days they remained at Bishop's Creek, refreshing themselves and the horses. During their stay, they were visited by two natives, young men armed with spears and boomerangs, the latter more scimitar-shaped than those in use in South Australia. They were at first very shy, brandished their spears, and exhibited other signs of defiance; but after a little pantomimic interchange of signals, prefaced by holding up a bunch of green leaves, Stuart induced one of them to venture upon a conference at two yards' distance, which, however, resulted in no definite information. These aborigines are described as being tall and powerful, perfectly naked, wearing their hair long, and enveloped in a net of a red colour.

Thrice foiled in his attempt to reach the Victoria, Stuart now started on the 18th, and kept a course to the north-east till he reached lat. 18° 47′ south, from whence he was again driven back by want of water. In this short excursion he discovered one or two splendid water-holes, a mile in length, which he christened Phillips' Creek and Kekwick's Ponds. To the latter he was obliged to return, after a day and a half's further advance, since, though the country consisted of rich grassy plains, he dared not venture to risk his already enfeebled horses for any greater length of time without water. While resting for a few days at Kekwick's Ponds, they were again visited by several natives, two of whom brought them some opossums and parrots—a great treat to men who had been living on dried meat and five pounds of flour a man per week. Like all aborigines, they had little respect for the law of 'meum and tuum,' but began pilfering and laying hands on everything within their reach. Stuart detecting one of them clandestinely tucking the rasp used for shoeing horses under the netting round his waist, had to take it from him by force. Two of them wore helmets composed outside of net-work, but inside of feathers tightly bound together with a cord, till they were as hard as wood. This, he presumed, was used either as armour or as a protection from the sun. One old man, who seemed a leader, and was marked with many scars, made a masonic sign to Mr Stuart, which the latter returned, much to their astonishment and satisfaction, as the old man patted him on the shoulder, stroked his head, and continued making friendly signs till out of sight.

On the 25th of June, Stuart started on his last attempt to push to the northward, and reach the Gulf of Carpentaria. This time his course was made nearly due north, through a most beautiful country, about equidistant from the last two tracks, until he reached lat. 18° 50′, long. 134° 40′ east, where he was finally repulsed by the natives. Soon after leaving Kekwick's Ponds, he crossed a large creek with long sheets of water, on which were innumerable birds of the duck, black shag, crane, and native companion species, together with abundance of fish and crabs. On the succeeding day, they crossed another large gum creek, likewise furnished with long water-holes, and continued their journey still further north for about fifteen or twenty miles, till, finding the country become more sandy, covered with spinifex and thick scrub, he resolved to return to the water he had passed in the morning, endeavouring, if possible, to avoid the natives, who were hovering about them in numbers. But the latter were resolved not to let them pass so easy, and made a most resolute combined attack, which we describe in Stuart's own words. 'I was moving on to the place where we crossed the creek in the morning, and had just entered some scrub, when suddenly up started three tall powerful men, fully armed, having a number of boomerangs, waddies, and spears; their distance from us being about two hundred yards, it being also near dark, and the scrub we were then in being very disadvantageous for us, I wished to pass on without taking any notice of them; but such was not their intention, as they continued to approach us, calling out, and making all sorts of gestures, apparently of defiance. I then faced them, making all sorts of signs of friendship I could think of. They seemed to be in a great fury, moving their boomerangs about their heads, and howling to the top of their voices, also performing some sort of dance. They were now joined by a number more, which, in a few minutes increased to upwards of thirty: every bush seemed to produce a man. Putting the horses on towards the creek, and placing ourselves between them and the natives, I told the men to get their guns ready, for I could see they were determined upon mischief. They paid no regard to all the signs of friendship I kept constantly making, but were still gradually approaching nearer. I felt very unwilling to fire upon them, and continued making signs of peace and friendship, but all to no purpose. An old man (the leader) who was in advance made signs with his boomerang for us to be off, which proved to be one of defiance, for I had no sooner turned my horse's head to see if that was what they wished, than we received a shower of boomerangs, accompanied by a fearful yell; they then commenced jumping, dancing, yelling, shewing their arms in all sorts of postures, like so many fiends, and setting fire to the grass. I could now see many others getting up from behind the bush; still I felt unwilling to fire upon them, and tried to make them understand that we wished to do them no harm. They now came within forty yards of us, and again made a charge, throwing their boomerangs, which came whistling and whizzing past our ears. One spear struck my horse. I then gave orders to fire, which stayed their mad career for a little. Our pack-horses, which were before us, took fright when they heard the firing and fearful yelling, and made off for the creek. Seeing the blacks running from bush to bush with the intention of cutting us off from them, while those in front were still yelling, throwing their boomerangs, and coming near to us, we gave them another reception, and sent Ben after the horses to drive them to a more favourable place, while Kekwick and I remained to cover our rear. We soon got in advance of our enemies, but they still kept following beyond the reach of our guns, the fearful yelling continuing, and fires springing in every direction; and it being now quite dark, with the country scrubby, and our enemies numerous, bold, and daring, we could easily be surrounded and destroyed by such determined fellows as they have shewn themselves to be. Seeing there was no chance with such fearful odds against us (ten to one), and knowing the disadvantages under which we laboured, I very unwillingly made up my mind to push on to last night's camp, which we did.'

Retreating to Heyward's Creek on the evening of this eventful day, Stuart seems to have called a council of war, and very reluctantly to have abandoned all idea of again trying to reach the Gulf of Carpentaria. When the prize was all but within his reach—when a few days would have enabled his party, like the remnant of the Ten Thousand Greeks, to exclaim 'The sea! the sea!'—this fearless man, owing to the inability of his small party to cope with so many determined and wily enemies, was obliged to turn his horses' heads southward. The tactics displayed by these northern aborigines, who resembled Malays more than Australians, gave rise to the supposition that they had encountered white men before, since the cunning rascals watched the track made by Mr Stuart's party in the morning, and knowing that no water was to be had in that direction, stationed themselves so as to intercept his return. Nor did they attack in a disorderly manner, but charged in double column, so that the party of explorers had to take steady aim in order to make some impression. With such formidable foes in front—with the rapid evaporation in the water-holes behind (only two showers of rain having fallen since March) threatening to cut off his return—with but one month's rations in hand, Stuart and his party did wisely in retreating, otherwise, sharing a mysterious end like that of Leichardt, all the information he acquired would have perished with him and his companions. Mr Stuart followed, with a slight divergence, nearly the same track homewards as that by which he came, continuing to make short excursions from his line of route, and reveal other patches of well-grassed country and extensive water-holes; till, on 3d September, he reached Chambers's Creek, having been six months absent, and traversed upwards of three thousand miles of unknown territory. During this period, he had made three unsuccessful attempts to reach the Victoria—two to the north-east of the 'horrid plain' of spinifex and gum-tree; and one to the north-west, in the latter of which he lost three horses. On the first two courses, he had gone within two hundred miles of Gregory's track; on the last, two hundred and six; and had overlapped it in latitude exactly one hundred miles. Afterwards, he made two efforts to reach the Gulf, in the first of which he was driven back by want of water; in the last, by the natives.

Such are a few of the facts gleaned from a diary of one of the most enterprising journeys on record. When we consider that the party numbered but three—that they had no guiding landmarks, or track of previous explorer to go by—that from the first they were put on half-rations a day—that they were opposed by numerous savages, and prosecuted their journey though four times driven back by thirst—we may affirm that, for daring and determination, Stuart's exploration of Central Australia stands without a parallel.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—PROFESSIONAL.

The burning though negative shame which attaches to all Scapegraces, and especially distinguishes them from the good young men of their own generation, was now at least removed in the case of Richard Arbour. Dick did belong to a profession. No friend of his father—well-to-do, apoplectic, and severe—could meet him now and ask, 'What he was doing for himself,' with the previous knowledge in his respectable but malicious mind that he was doing nothing. We do remember in that epoch of our own hot youth, when, to the great scandal of our friends, we shrank from Law, and Physic, and Divinity, the dreadful trade of Arms, and the still less unmitigated horrors of a Naval life, and preferred to compose the most rejectable papers for the periodicals, how we ourselves were worried by such inquisitors. They were always persons who professed to have entertained a friendship for our deceased parent, but who did not extend that privilege—except in the thinnest and most theoretic form—to ourselves. They neither lent nor left us money. They confined themselves entirely to inquiring what we intended to do for ourselves, with the sole object of seeing us blush and stammer, and reply that at present we had no settled prospects whatever. Goaded to madness on one occasion by a persecutor of this kind—a prebendary of a cathedral, whose own office, by the by, was a total sinecure—we replied that our walk in life was (with many thanks to him for his obliging interest in our fortunes) thoroughly chalked out for us, and that the name of it—was tight-rope dancing. With equal force, and greater truth, Dick might have now staggered any such questioner by the reply that his was 'lion-taming.'

As soon as his hand got well, he was formally installed into the office and emoluments of the departed Tickerocandua. The death of Semiramis—although that lady was valued by her proprietor at upwards of two hundred pounds—was at once forgiven him, and the more cheerfully, perhaps, because the coroner's jury at the inquest upon poor Robinson had expressed their conviction that so sanguinary an animal ought to be at once destroyed. Mr Tredgold sent his politest compliments to the foreman, and begged to assure him that the creature *had* been destroyed within four-and-twenty hours of the fatal occurrence; and in return the proprietor received the eulogiums of the county press for his ready sacrifice of his private interests to the general good of the human species.

'My dear Arbour,' observed Mr Tredgold, some little time after the exhibition at the castle, but with the gracious expressions of royal approval yet ringing in his ears—'I trust you will never be dissevered from the establishment of Tredgold, late Trimming. I hope this golden beginning may be the earnest to you of a prolonged career of successful experiments.'

Dick replied that he hoped that also; albeit with some little insincerity, for the teaching of hoop-jumping to the *felinæ* is not exactly an employment for extreme old age, nor what a sanguine mind looks forward to as the end and crown of existence. Moreover, his Lucy might scarcely like the peripatetic character of such a domicile as the caravan, even if the Earthwoman (which did not seem probable) should turn out to be a sisterly and agreeable person to share a home with.

'I am perfectly satisfied with you, Dick, perfectly satisfied,' continued the proprietor, but at the same time casting a wistful look at the object of so complete a eulogy, 'only there are some bills here that I should like you to look at and say you would not mind.'

'To look at them and say I wouldn't mind,' replied Dick, 'well, that sounds easy enough, I'm sure. But as to putting my name to the back of them—if that is what you want—why, you must be aware, Mr Tredgold, that I am a mere man of straw'——

'Why, bless my life, Dick, it's the posting-bills *I* mean. You see, there is something in a name, whatever the poet says to the contrary. Now, Arbour *ain't* a name; a-leastways, not a name for a blank wall in a leading thoroughfare. Robinson was the same, poor fellow. Robinson would never have done for a draw for the general public. Robinson the Invincible would have sounded next kin to nonsense. The Lion-hunter of Central Africa ought to have a title, as it were, suitable to that locality, eh? Now, don't you think so? Richard Arbour—you will excuse my freedom, Dick—is rather a foolish name. It don't stir your blood, like, when you see it printed, no matter how big one gets the type.'

Dick was compelled to admit that, so far as he knew, the appearance of his family name was not calculated to have an exhilarating effect upon the public.

'Exactly,' continued Mr Tredgold; 'I knew you couldn't defend it for a moment. Now, just look at this.' He unrolled a posting-bill of the most gigantic proportions. 'Here's a conception for you! Here's a hit, although I says it as shouldn't say it, which, in the present juncture of circumstances, will be worth its weight in gold:

ARBORINO THE INVINCIBLE! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

If the space would have admitted of them, we would have had half a hundred notes of admiration instead of eleven. You can't read it, perhaps, at this short distance; that's the beauty of it. The public will have to retire half a mile off, in order to take all the letters in. That will be one of the great attractions. All the people walking backwards away from the wall in order to learn what it is all about. The principal thoroughfares will be impeded; the police will interfere; the thing will get into the papers. Arborino the Invincible will be advertised for nothing through the length and breadth of the land. You're a devilish lucky fellow, Dick! I congratulate you.'

It was with a rueful countenance that Dick eyed the shapeless rainbow of print—for every letter was a different colour—and vainly endeavoured to decipher his new and magnificent title.

'You don't *mind?*' expostulated Mr Tredgold earnestly. 'I'm sure you are not the man to let the establishment suffer just for want of a couple of syllables.'

'No; I don't mind much, Mr Tredgold.'

And from that moment, to the world at large, our Dick was known as Arborino. He became not only lion-hunter to the establishment, but presiding genius; director, prime-minister, and factotum of the proprietor himself. In consequence of his skilful care, far fewer animals died during the winters than had been lost before. Beasts of the highest value were purchased and parted with at a word of advice from him. When, in course of time, he asked of Mr Tredgold that a certain percentage of the increased profits, derived directly from these services—and exclusive of the taming department—should be allotted to him, it was granted with a readiness that made him regret, perhaps, the modesty of his demand. His wants were few, his expenses trifling, and he had reasons of his own for saving money. It was no wonder, therefore, that he soon possessed a considerable sum in hand. Mr Tredgold's returns were large, but he was sometimes glad of a little ready cash, and Dick's was always at his disposal, for a consideration. With all this prosperity, it was creditable to the young man that hard work did not grow hateful to him, or, at all events, that he was never known to shirk it. He was always ready to go through the dangerous drudgery of the lion-hunt to the minute, nor had Mr Mopes once to spin out his lecture upon natural history because Arborino lingered in his caravan. Unless, indeed, Business is to be considered a thing inseparably connected with folded papers, red tape, ugly wafer-stamps, mustiness, spectacles, and suspicion, the Family Scapegrace was turning out to be a very excellent Business-man.

The last duty—though Dick little knew it was to be the last—which fell to his lot while in Mr Tredgold's establishment, was one that the majority even of lion-tamers might have hesitated to perform without disgrace, and which still fewer persons, with money in their purses, and the means of enjoying life, would have undertaken.

The time was autumn, and the village where the establishment was remaining for a night was not very far from that same Salterleigh, in Devonshire, where Dick had made his first acquaintance with it. The exhibition had long been closed, and Night and earliest Morning were competing in that hopeless struggle which the former still maintains in spite of so protracted an experience, when Dick was aroused from the heavy sleep which always weighed down his eyelids upon Saturday nights, by the Earthman ejaculating his usual formulæ with unwonted animation, and pressing upon him, by unmistakable signs, the loan of his bow and arrows. Dick declined the weapons, but was endeavouring to decipher his meaning, when in rushed Mr Mopes, head foremost, with the startling information that the lions were out, and the devil was to pay.

'What lions?' inquired Dick.

'All of 'em,' returned the natural history professor. 'They're a-wandering about the town as common as cats.'

Without waiting to attire himself completely, but rather taking the Earthman for his model in that respect, Dick was out of the caravan and in front of his cages within the minute.

'All the lions' that were 'about the town,' or elsewhere, were at once reduced by this personal inspection to two—Ajax and another who had been put in the place of the defunct Semiramis. They had gnawed their way through the floor—the only portion of their apartment that was not sheathed with iron—like a couple of Baron Trencks, and were out for the night on some pleasant Devonshire ramble. In such a case, it was not likely that Mr Tredgold would be very useful, and, indeed, upon being informed, from without, of what had occurred, that gentleman immediately rolled himself up in his bedclothes, after the manner of a hedgehog, and so remained in a torpor of terror; while his lady-wife, no less terrified, but thus left insufficiently provided with the same means of concealment, shut herself up, erect, in a cupboard.

Neither would Mr Mopes move in the matter, nor the Earthman—who was the favourite food of lions in his own country—nor any other person in the establishment. So long as the beasts were in their natural and proper places, namely, their cages, argued the first gentleman, he, for his part, was ready to attend to them; but since they had escaped therefrom into the world at large, they had placed themselves out of his jurisdiction: the matter resolved itself into a case of lion-hunting, wherein it was clear that lion-hunters were alone concerned. An inhabitant of the village, who kept late hours, had met the two animals in question—whom terror and his previous potations had magnified to eight—trotting tranquilly down the little High Street, and had started off at considerable speed, and in the reverse direction to that in which he had been going, to inform Mr Mopes, with the whereabouts of whose lodging he happened to be acquainted. The Earthman had heard and interpreted aright the cry of exultation that Ajax had indulged himself in upon setting his foot on the land of freedom.

This was all the information that Dick could glean, before he started, with a couple of long strong cords about his middle, in pursuit of the formidable truants.

Early as it was, the news had already percolated through a great part of the village, the inhabitants of which, in every variety of undress, were at their upper windows beseeching Dick to take away the lions out of their land, just as the knight-errants of old were importuned in the case of dragons and other devastating monsters. Upon his part, Dick besought the good folks, with some superfluousness, to remain within doors, and on no account to anger the creatures by missiles, or otherwise, if they chanced to return that way. The door of only one cottage was open—left so on the previous evening in consequence of the autumnal heat—wherein a bedridden old woman lay complaining that two of the biggest dogs she had ever seen had just been in and chased away her favourite black cat.

'Are you quite sure they were not lions?' inquired Dick with anxiety.

'Gad a mercy,' exclaimed the old woman, 'I dunno what they was; but I'll have the law on thee if thou belongst to them, and they have harmed my black cat!'

Ajax and his companion had indeed begun their holiday by giving chase to this insignificant animal, who had fled from her far-away and gigantic kindred into a neighbouring cornfield. Dick perceived the two pursuers leaping up, ever and anon, above the standing crop, and the ripple of the corn over their heads as they dashed along as through their native jungles. He had a difficulty just twice as great as that of Samson's before him, but one to be overcome less by the strength of Samson than by the cunning of Delilah. He had not even his trusty whip with him; but only a heart full of courage and a handful of cords. As soon as the lions saw him, they came springing and bounding over the tall ears towards him, as though they would say: 'Here we are! Ain't it jolly? Ain't it prime? We'll have no more of that cage-work—any of us—will we? How glad we are that you take a similar view of the matter, and have come out to play with us!'

Then Dick lay down, and the unsuspecting lions with him; and having treacherously fastened the two cords to each of their four legs, respectively, he pulled them sharply together, and knotted the cords, whereby the majestic creatures were securely 'hobbled.' Then Mr Mopes and other brave men came with flat boards, whereupon the hampered beasts were strongly bound, and so, borne shoulder-high, though not altogether in triumph, back to their apartment, which was already securely refloored for their reception.

Everybody was enthusiastic about Dick's courageous conduct, the very parish-clerk of the place being moved to confess that no similar feat had been performed in that neighbourhood for a series of years. Mr Tredgold's gratitude was as overpowering as his previous fears had been, and he offered a quarter-share of his proprietorship to Dick on the spot, before breakfast. Everything that morning, in short, seemed to point to the young man's becoming the king of lion-tamers, and enjoying a prolonged and glorious reign—until the post came in with a letter for him.

How often, at some apparently crowning point, does a change occur in men's fortunes! How often, at short whist, with all the honours in one's hand, and, as it seems, the game, a 'cross ruff' or some other unexpected invention of the enemy gives them their one thing needful, the odd trick—for the enemy, that is to say the chances of life against us are always 'at four.' And then how we blindly rail at the less blind Fortuna, who is doing her very best, perhaps, for us after all, and is only taking the first game away that we may win the succeeding two and the long odds!

There would have been much repining in Dick's heart upon the receipt of this missive, on account of the *mal-à-propos* time at which it called him away from the menagerie, had it not brought a far deeper sorrow with it—an apprehension for the life of her for whom alone he toiled and lived—which overwhelmed all other thoughts. The letter ran thus:

'Dearest Dick—We want you here—at once—immediately. There is one in this house, sick even unto death perhaps, for whom (if I know you) you would sacrifice your right hand if it could smooth the pillow better than another's; *as it can.*—Your loving Maggie.'

This epistle was dated from the house of Mr Mickleham, and left no doubt in Dick's own mind as to the identity of the person of whom his sister wrote so urgently. His beloved Lucy must indeed have been very ill to have excused Maggie for leaving her uncle, who, in these last days, could scarcely bear to let her out of his sight. He knew this by previous letters both from Maggie and Lucy, who had kept him informed, too, of the influence which Mr Frederic Charlecot exercised over the House, as well as of his marriage with Maria, which had taken place some few months back. But of late there had been a long and unwonted pause in their correspondence. In a tumult of apprehension, Dick packed a few clothes together, concluded certain business arrangements with his proprietor, and was off in a gig to the nearest railway station to catch the Sunday mail. How long seemed that iron way! how tardy the flight of that 'resonant steam eagle' which bore him, though it sped over valley and river, and dashed through rock and hill as bird could never do! When the train was exchanged for the cab, his impatience grew to fever-heat; he passed that portion of the journey half inside the vehicle, half out of the window, exhorting the coachman to drive fast, and yet, when the well-known house—dearest to him of all dwellings—was in view, he durst not look at it; for fear—as upon that awful morning in Golden Square—he should find that Death had been before him.

Ere the cabman could ring, however, Maggie had opened the door, and kissing him fondly, whispered the answer to that question which he dared not put. 'Yes, dearest, you are in time, thank Heaven! But you must be prepared for a great change. Will you see any one else first, or go at once'——

'At once, at once!' cried Dick impatiently, and was hurrying up-stairs to what had formerly been his dear Lucy's chamber, when Maggie called him back.

'Nay, this way, brother,' said she, opening softly a door on the hall-floor; 'our invalid is here.'

The spare room had been made the sick-room, and, in its ample bed, there lay, propped up by pillows, and weak, and wan, and white, the scarcely recognisable form of Uncle Ingram.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RECONCILED.

If for an instant the deep shadow of sorrow flitted from the young man's brow, and his breath was drawn more lightly, because his beloved one was safe and well, and another, where he had looked for her, was sick, it was for an instant only. Nothing but tender and eager pity was to be read on Richard Arbour's features after that first surprise.

The spectacle before him might well indeed have moved a harder heart that had been more deeply wronged. Those firm, gray, flint-like eyes, wherefrom the impatient fire had often flashed, but from which no tear had been ever seen to fall, were now dull and filmy; the cheeks were ghastly and sunk; the large hands lay outside the counterpane, gaunt, thin, and motionless. An awful smile distorted one half of the face; the other was all that was now left to represent the man, whose every muscle and lineament had been wont to play their part in setting forth the energy and strength within. By the bedside sat Mr Mickleham, haggard and pale too, with an anxious solicitude in his gaze that gave place to a sorrowful smile of welcome to Dick, and then returned intenser yet, as though he reproached himself for even that momentary oblivion of his stricken friend and master.

'You see he is not here,' murmured the sick man peevishly, with his eyes fixed upon the new-comer. 'I knew he wouldn't be: he never *would* do what he was told; and why should he, now that I am a beggar?'

The great strong-bearded man who had quelled lions, fell down upon his knees beside the bed, and asked forgiveness, from this powerless, half-childish fellow-creature, for all the ungrateful wilfulness and disobedience that he had shewn towards him during his past life.

'Is this my nephew Richard? Can it be Dick?' asked the old man with a quavering voice. 'Wipe my eyes, William; the sun gets to them through the blind. Please to wipe my eyes.' And indeed there were no dry eyes in the room when Uncle Ingram spoke these words.

'I can't shake hands with you, Dick—I am a little weak from my late illness—but I forgive you all. You shouldn't have put the stone in the snow-ball, you know; you must see that now, I'm sure: I hope Dempsey is going on well.' That name had not been mentioned in the Arbour family for more than ten years past, nor had it perhaps ever passed the old merchant's lips before. 'But, then,' continued he, apologetically, 'that was nothing like the shame to the House. In all the papers, I daresay, by this time, is it not, William?'

The two male auditors were of opinion that the sick man was referring to the charge brought long ago against Dick in the case of Count Gotsuchakoff; but Maggie made a hasty gesture of silence, and answered for Mr Mickleham: 'Yes, uncle.' She divined that he was contrasting in his mind the respective behaviours of Richard and Adolphus, and that his speech referred to a much later calamity, the suddenness of which had brought on paralysis, and reduced him to his present pitiable condition.

'You know all about it, I suppose, Dick,' he went on; 'you must have heard it wherever you were. We are all beggars together now. I'm in the workhouse; this is the doctor; that is the nurse. I have nothing to complain of, however—nothing. What right has a pauper got to complain of anything? That is what I have always said. Adolphus plotted it all—all: he and his friend Mr Ch-Ch-Ch'——

'Dearest uncle,' whispered Maggie, 'try and sleep a little; you are exciting yourself about things that are all past and gone.'

'I like to talk to Dick,' replied the sick man drowsily, 'though he does wear a beard like Mr Ch-Ch-Ch'——

The old man fell into one of those heavy slumbers that are more like Death than Repose, in a vain endeavour to articulate the name of the man who had ruined him.

The House of Arbour had fallen with a tremendous crash, and there had been nothing saved for the owner out of the ruins. The liabilities of the firm might perhaps be met, but that was all that could be reasonably hoped for. The mighty snow-ball which Mr Ingram Arbour had toilsomely pushed before him, increasing with its every revolution, up the long hill of life, had escaped his fingers, and rolled to the bottom, broken in a thousand pieces. He was well aware that that Sisyphean labour was not such as could be undertaken anew at seventy-four, and the sudden consciousness of his helplessness had been too much for his already enfeebled frame. Mr Mickleham's house (for his own was inhabited by those now hateful to him) had been thrown open to him at once, as home and hospital, but that gentleman's affairs, of course, were themselves stricken by the same blow which had ruined his employer.

'I am poor enough for you now, dearest Dick,' sobbed Lucy Mickleham in the course of a charming interview which took place on his leaving his uncle's chamber: 'you needn't complain any more of my being so rich. My face is my fortune, like the poor little milkmaid's in the song I used to sing to you, and that's not half so plump nor so well worth looking at as it was—is it? Did you ever see such eyes?'

She pointed with a fairy finger to the long lashes plentifully drenched with dew, and Dick replied, 'Never!' with enthusiasm.

'We must all work now, as you do, Dick, and not be proud any more. Willy wants to do it all himself, dear fellow; but I, for one, don't mean to let him. I can get seven-and-sixpence a piece for hand-screens of my own painting, such as this, at a shop I know of, and they *don't* cost me seven-and-threepence to begin with, as he insists.'

It was a pretty screen, representing the usual umbrageous landscape, but in the background there was a hermit's cell, which Dick's eye rapturously recognised as the idealised presentment of that garden-bower which had witnessed their last parting.

'That is mine,' cried he; 'I will give four hundred pounds for it; that is mine for evermore!' and he seized the banner, albeit her little hand defended it gallantly, and only surrendered it under the dread compulsion of a kiss. It was a long price to offer for the article, and one certainly much above its market value, but Dick considered the very struggle to obtain possession cheap at the money.

'There,' cried he gaily, 'we have now got something to furnish with! One cannot make a beginning too soon; although, dearest Lucy'—and his voice sank, and his look lost its brightness as he said it—'although there is many a weary year, I fear, lying between you and me.'

Lucy did not answer in words, but her face, with the sudden cloud upon it, and the raindrops gathering, spoke for her, saying: 'Alas, and is this true, love? I thought that since we were both so poor, we might both be happy.'

It was a terrible trial to Dick to have to tell her how far asunder they were yet; but he did tell her all, for he knew that she had a heart as brave as loving; how that, even as matters had stood before, it was impossible that they could have married until he had put by money enough to do so, independently of his present profession, or had attained such a partnership in Mr Tredgold's establishment as should do away with the necessity of the hazard of life and limb. She shuddered even to hear him talk of that. Then what, reasoned he, would be her anxiety to see him encountering such apparent perils—for, in reality, there was little danger, he said—daily, nay, hourly? Moreover, even if her father and brother should have consented to it, Dick himself, he owned, would no more have permitted wife of his to have accompanied the menagerie in its peregrinations, than would the Archbishops of York or Canterbury. *Now*, it would be mere weakness to conceal from themselves, affairs were even in a still less hopeful position. Beside their own necessities, it now devolved upon him to supply those of sick and ruined Uncle Ingram——

'Dearest Dick!' assented Lucy softly, with quite a radiance of approval shining, rainbowlike, in her tearful eyes.

'And Maggie, too, our own dear, darling Maggie,' added Dick; 'for well I know that you would scorn to think of me, did I dream of happiness while Maggie was within the reach of the cold hand of Want.'

'Dearest Dick!' sobbed Lucy once again, partly because she approved of his sentiments, and partly because she took a great satisfaction in the mere utterance of that couple of words.

Maggie's arms were round her as she spoke, or at least one of her arms, the other being in the custody of Mr William Mickleham the younger, who accompanied her.

'I beg your pardon, brother, for eavesdropping,' observed that gentleman laughing, 'but we only heard that concluding sentence of yours which concerned ourselves. It is very pleasant to be spoken of in that fashion by friends behind one's back, and therefore Maggie cries about it. Lucy and she always cry whenever they are very much pleased. It's a part of the contrariness of their feminine natures. But Dick, my boy, you see you must leave your sister out of these kind calculations of yours. She and I are one, or shall be so in a little time, I trust; and I have always had an excellent knack of providing for Number 1. Thank Heaven, too, we shall have something over, not only for our dear father, but for others also. Let us two, however, form ourselves at once into a committee of Ways and Means, if at least Lucy can spare you. She has only been talking to you two hours and a half at present, so it is scarcely to be expected that she can have communicated half her ideas.'

'We have scarcely been half an hour!' exclaimed Lucy with virtuous indignation.

There was a tell-tale clock in the room, so that even Maggie herself was obliged to join in the mirth excited by this audacious statement.

'Well, I am sure that you and Willy,' retorted Lucy, commencing that line of defence denominated the *tu quoque*, 'are often hours and hours'——

'By the by, I have quite forgotten Uncle Ingram's lemonade!' exclaimed his niece precipitately, as she ran out of the room, pursued, in her turn, by the laughter of the company.

'Of all the people who ever lived in a glass-house, Willy,' continued his sister, 'and yet persisted in throwing stones'——

'My dear Lucy,' interrupted her brother pityingly, 'I am neither a melon nor a cucumber, and I live at Somerset House. Nobody knows what you mean, nor whom you are talking about. You will find her an excellent young person, doubtless, Dick, but flighty—certainly what you call flighty. With regard to business-matters, however, since she is determined to remain here and be present at our conference, she had better be the first to give in her schedule of available capital. Item, a hand-screen'——

'Willy, be quiet!' ejaculated Lucy, upon tiptoe, and endeavouring to close his provoking mouth with her little hand.

'A screen painted half in oil and half in water-colours—for she was crying'——

'Ah, story-teller, what fibs!—what wicked fibs!'

'Crying all the time she was at it, just as though she had been working at an onion; and it's exceedingly like—only the scene is in Brittany, she says—the tool-house in our back-garden, where she and you, I believe'——

Here Lucy set up a scream of positive terror, and putting her fingers into her ears, ran off, as Maggie had done before her, scarlet, and left the two bread-winners to their conference upon Ways and Means.

'The failure of the House is as bad as bad can be, Dick,' began William gravely, 'and we may just as well look upon it as though it had never existed. Now, tell me at once, my dear fellow, in order that we may clearly see our way, how much—if anything—can you calculate upon contributing to the common stock per annum? How much do you now make, a year, with your bear and your hurdy-gurdy?'

'Just now, and in my improved position, the profits of which are only just commencing,' replied Dick modestly, 'I have something over three hundred a year. I think, indeed—for my own expenses, living as I do in a house on wheels, are next to nothing—that I can easily spare that sum.'

'The deuce you can!' exclaimed the government clerk in a tone of sublime astonishment. 'Then all I have to say, Dick, is, do you happen to have a vacancy in your establishment? It is true that my own income is double yours, but then it has taken me five times the number of years to earn it.'

'I don't think you would quite like my mode of life,' returned Dick smiling, as he pictured to himself this scrupulously attired and rather self-complacent official amid the whirl of the lion-hunt. 'It would doubtless be as strange to you as Somerset House would be to me.'

'Dick,' replied Mr William Mickleham solemnly, 'you are an impostor and a humbug. You have misled the World—you *almost* misled *me*—to consider you a half-daft ne'er-do-weel, whereas—— By the by, have you got any ready money in your possession, Dick?'

('I am not sure,' whispered the government clerk to himself, 'that this isn't all moonshine after all.')

Dick drew out of his coat-pockets a bunch of enormous keys, a tolerably sized bale of tobacco, a prospectus of his own performances for that evening at Plymouth, a drenching-horn, and a Banker's book.

His future brother-in-law watched the appearance of these various articles with an interest unmixed with wonder, until his eye lit upon this last.

'I should have been less astonished,' murmured he aloud, 'if I had seen the fellow with the Bible itself.'

'I always do carry a Bible,' said Dick simply, producing his mother's gift, and adding the volume to the heterogeneous assemblage upon the table.

'Please to draw a cheque,' observed Mr William Mickleham; 'do: when you have done that, the thing will have reached its climax. I am in a dream at present. It is the transformation scene of a pantomime, only reversed. You *were* the clown; you *are*—— Why, what's this for—these cheques for six and for four hundred pounds?'

'The one is for Uncle Ingram; for that money he sent to me was never mine, but lies to my account at his banker's. The other is for value received,' replied Dick. 'It belongs to Lucy properly, but now it's yours, as her share and that of my uncle of the common expenses, past and future, of the household. I settled accounts with Tredgold yesterday, before I came away, and this was the balance in my favour.'

The unegotistic simplicity with which Dick gave this hopeful schedule of his pecuniary affairs, and the entire absence of any consciousness that he was doing more than what was perfectly just and reasonable, filled the government clerk with an admiration that he rarely allowed himself to entertain for any man save one.

'Do you know, Dick, that I consider you one of the finest fellows with whom I have ever had the honour of shaking hands?'

'Ah, but you should see me with my crown of feathers and my leopard's skin,' returned the Beast-tamer, laughing bitterly: 'then I'm fine indeed!'

'It will be better when we can dispense with these ornaments, certainly,' answered the other; 'although, indeed, they are no more to be ashamed of than the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the bishop. Even

Wisdom and Piety must needs wear trappings to dazzle the crowd in this world.'

'Thank you, brother,' replied Dick sadly, 'for trying, for my sake, to persuade yourself of that. I cannot persuade *myself* of it. My dear Lucy knows the worst, thank Heaven, and is content to bide her time for me. But it's a dreadful thing, William, to be the Scapegrace of a family, after all.'

The young man covered his swarthy face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

The government clerk, who would never have suffered his own feelings to have thus exhibited themselves in another's presence, was almost as much scandalised as touched.

'Take some water, Dick; take some brandy and water, my good fellow! Take a turn in the garden—think of something else, if you can! Why, there's a letter for you—a letter from France—which arrived this very morning an hour before yourself, only we forgot to give it to you.'

'Yes,' replied Dick, recovering himself, and breaking the seal, 'I know who it comes from' (for he forgot that no letter upon business could have possibly reached his present address); 'it's from the *Jardin des Plantes*, about the exchange of a giraffe for—— Gracious Heaven! where is my dearest Lucy?'

'In the dining-room, in your uncle's room, out in the tool-house—what does it matter where she is?—you can tell *me* your news, I suppose, in the meantime. Have they elected you Emperor of the French by universal suffrage? *I* shouldn't wonder. What is it, Dick?'

'It's for Lucy first,' cried Dick in accents half choked with emotion; 'it's for Lucy and Maggie first; and no ears shall hear it before theirs.'

HUGH PETERS.

Those artists whose main instrument is the voice, suffer a kind of death to which they whose instruments are less intangible and elusive, are not subject. We believe in the greatness of Michael Angelo and Lord Bacon, because we can see and read what they have painted and written; but we believe in the dignity of Roscius's acting, and the sweetness of Farinelli's singing, solely upon the testimony of others. If we had heard Bacon dictate, or seen Michael Angelo handle the brush, our evidence of the grandeur of their work could be no surer than it is. But if the world should take upon itself to doubt the verdicts which have been given in Roscius's and Farinelli's favour, these artists could say nothing for themselves. Finished and delicate tones, noble physical carriage, wonderful facial imitations of the scale of passions, are things which perish in the very moment of their making.

The same Nemesis follows successful pulpiteers. I say *pulpiteers*—a distinct class from *preachers*. The works of Bishop Taylor and Dr South are still with us, and still valued, for in them *matter* as well as *manner* was excellent—they were great *preachers*. But the pulpiteer, like the demagogic rhetoricians of old, and like present stump-orators, cares only to make an effect for a time—at the longest, his own lifetime. He may use buffoonery—he may use an insipid lachrymosity—he may use an insulting dogmatism—he may use a budget of filched learning from books which are *caviare* to his hearers.

Hugh Peters has had, for two hundred years, the credit of being the very pontiff of burlesque pulpiteers; the grave chancellors, the sober bishops, the wits, the poets, and the news-writers, who were his literary contemporaries, all alike declare it. One would expect, then, in hunting among his admirers and detractors, to find quite a cumbrous load of pulpit oddities, so many, indeed, as to make selection difficult. Quite otherwise. While every one who heard or knew that truculent old army-chaplain, agrees in making him *the* burlesque preacher, no one has given many proofs of his burlesqueness; the same two or three stories do that duty in every book. It is this defect of proof, I suppose, which has made some persons deny the allegation of Hugh's contemporaries, and assert that there was really nothing burlesque about him. What if people should also say that Kean and Garrick were mere ranters, and that Cuzzoni croaked? If universal tradition be not the best rule of belief in nearly all cases, it is the second best. Benjamin Brook, in his *Lives of the Puritans* (vol. iii. pp. 350—369), entirely contradicts the assertions of those who had themselves listened to Peters in his pulpit; while a Rev. Dr Peters of the United States has written a life of his namesake, in which he charitably assumes that his hero and Archbishop Laud were both of them saints in earnest, both to a certain extent judicially blinded, though at the antipodes of ecclesiastical thought. Harris, the biographer of James I. and Charles I., has written a 'critical' biography of Peters, 'after the manner of Bayle,' that is, a hundred lines of note to every two or three lines of text. Mr Carlyle, has, of course, in his *Cromwell* occasionally to make mention of a man whose fortunes rose to their highest with the ascendency of the great Protector, and who was so often about his person. Mr Carlyle says very little about him, but that little betrays an evident tenderness for Mr Peters. Peters was *for* Cromwell; Peters has been generally scouted and abhorred: two facts which alone are enough to dispose Mr Carlyle to find some good in him. 'A man,' says he, 'concerning whom the reader has heard so many falsehoods.'

Hugh Peters was born in 1599, at Fowey, in Cornwall. A full account of his family is given in the third volume of Gilbert's parochial *History of Cornwall*. They seem to have been persons of much substance and good standing. There were three boys in the family, all of whom went together to some Cornish free school, said by some to be Launceston. Thomas, who became a clergyman, was sent to Oxford; Hugh, to Trinity College, Cambridge. By 1622, he had taken successively B.A. and M.A. degrees. His conduct while a student appears, however, to have been very disgraceful: he was publicly whipped, and expelled from the university. The author of the *History of the Life and Death of Hugh Peters, that Arch-traitor, from his Cradell to the Gallowes*—a book of bigoted Cavalier bias, published in 1661, immediately after the execution of Peters—declares that his first crime was deer-stealing, and that his companions were caught and punished, but that Peters meanly escaped by sacrificing them. His second crime was the malicious poisoning of several deer; and it was on the discovery of this that he was expelled the university. The version of Brooks, the Puritan biographer, runs thus mildly: 'During his residence at the university, he was greatly addicted to the follies and vain delights of youth.'

There is the greatest difference in the accounts of the manner in which Hugh Peters spent his immediately post-university days. He seems to have applied to some bishop for holy orders, and to have been refused. Benjamin Brook says: 'By attending the preaching of Dr Sibbes, Mr John Davenport, Mr Thomas Hooker, and others, he was awakened to a sense of his sins, and turned from the error of his way.' Granger, in his excellent *Biographical History* (vol. iii. p. 53—55), tells us that on being expelled from the university, he took to the stage, and 'acquired that gesticulation and buffoonery which he practised in the pulpit.' Indeed, it has even been asserted that he joined himself to Shakspeare's company, always taking a clown's part. We cannot very well settle this point now-a-days, as it was not customary, before the Restoration, to print the names of the actors in the *dramatis personæ*. Genest (*Account of the English Stage*, vol. i. pp. 15—17) gives some evidence that Hugh Peters was a stage celebrity, and the scandals about him matters of common stage-chat. If he himself, however, was really a histrionic, it must have been previously to his conversion, as nothing could be more opposed to one another than players and Puritans; while, on the other hand, the High Churchmen, against whom Peters set himself, were rather partial than otherwise to the theatre. A national church cannot proscribe, with health to itself, any national tendency so great and general as was the theatrical tendency of Englishmen in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The author of the *History of the Life and Death*, &c., which I have quoted above, says that on the expulsion of Hugh Peters from Cambridge, 'he hovered up and down the country among the lay-committee, preaching, so that he was taken by them for a small prophet;' the whole bent of his sermons being (so this author tells us) directed against the universities, as profane places needing refinement and purgation. 'He set up the trade of an itinerary preacher,' says Bates (*Lives of the King's Murderers*), 'never being constant or fixed to any one place or benefice; and he roved about the world like the universal churchmen called Jesuits.' In other words, he was one of those plagues obtruded upon the Church of England at that time—a 'lecturer, one of a set of men who, as Thomas Fuller's *Church History of Britain* says (vol. v. p. 560), generally supplanted the incumbents of livings in the affections of their parishioners, and gave the greatest growth to nonconformity;' men who had all the parish honour, but did none of the hard unseen drudgery of the parish priest; men whose doings the bishops, after much patience, were forced at last to bring under due regulation; many of whom, thereupon, in great dudgeon, betook themselves to Holland.

Hugh Peters, however, previously to the flight to Holland, had been ordained by Dr Mountain, then bishop of London. He got a lectureship at St Sepulchre's Church in the city, where his peculiar pulpit talents made him highly popular. 'There were six or seven thousand hearers,' says he, in his *Dying Father's Last Legacy*. 'I believe,' he adds, 'above one hundred every week were persuaded from sin to Christ.' In the language of better and more trustworthy reporters, he railed incessantly against his bishop and metropolitan, broke every law and canon of the church by which he was bound, and made the pulpit a political engine. Nye, Marshall, and Peters, says Wood (*Athenæ Oxonienses*), 'went beyond any in meddling with civil affairs.' 'News was novelty,' says the author of the *History of the Life*, &c., 'and none could declare more in a private alehouse than he could in a public pulpit.'

Brook says, that his 'great popularity and usefulness awakened the envy and malice of his enemies; he was noticed by the ruling prelates.' In other words, he prided himself in disobeying laws under which, in our free age, no clergyman holds himself a slave; he put up the most insulting prayers for the queen, one of which was, according to the Puritan biographer, the immediate cause of his leaving the country for Holland. Granger, Langbaine, and all other writers, however, assert that the real reason of his flight from England was a prosecution of him by a butcher in St Sepulchre's parish for supplanting him in the affections of his wife. There is a play extant, written in Peters' own times, in which the relations between Phanaticus, a Puritan, and Flyblow, a butcher, are exactly those supposed to have existed between Peters and the butcher of St Sepulchre's parish.

The next place, then, where we find our pulpiteer, is in Holland, ministering to an Independent congregation at Rotterdam. Brook would represent him to have had an immense influence both amongst the English malcontents and the Dutch. He offers as evidence the fact, that Peters was afterwards the agent in getting from Holland the great sum of thirty thousand pounds, as a subscription for the poor Protestants who suffered from the rebels in Ireland. As, however, Peters only arrived in Holland in 1633, and quitted it altogether for America in 1634, we can hardly credit this.

Hugh Peters found himself more at home in New England. He was chosen pastor of a congregation at Salem. He must have been very popular there, for the very year after his arrival, he was made one of three commissioners appointed to assist to invent 'a draught of laws agreeable to the word of God, which might be fundamentals to the commonwealth.' The New Englanders, however, wearied of him; after seven years' stay, they sent him to England, 'under colour,' says an admirer, of a mediator for ease in Excise. He arrived in London in 1641. It was the very time for such a man. Any one with the vulgar arts of popularity so completely under his control, was sure to succeed. The parliament found him too valuable to allow him to go back to the colonists who had got rid of him; they gave him an army-chaplaincy, that of Lord Brooke's regiment. His grotesque manner was the delight of the soldiery; while, in return for their favour and applause, he made the most blasphemous comparisons. 'His wild prophecies,' says one who attended him at his death (Dr Barwick, the ill-used Dean of St Paul's), 'were received by the people with the same veneration as if they had been oracles.' Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to Lord Somers' *Tracts* (vol. vii. pp. 69, 70), gives a specimen of the terrible sermon in St Margaret's, Westminster, in which he pointed out the red-coated soldiers as the Saviour, and appealed to the parliament to save 'Him' from His murderers.

Peters took the most violent republican ground of any living preacher. With whatever is liberal and grand in republicanism, with that which charmed a Milton and a Sydney, he, indeed, had no sympathy. For his prophecy that Cromwell would be king, Mr Carlyle, of course, admires him. 'Mr Peters himself,' writes Sir Edward Hyde to Richard Browne in 1653, 'now professes that monarchy is the best government.' There is no doubt that Hugh Peters was more guilty—or, if the act was a grand and right act, more laudable—than any one else in the matter of the king's execution. 'To London,' writes Evelyn, January 14, 1648–49, where 'I heard the rebel Peters incite the rebel powers met in the Painted Chamber, to destroy his majesty.' The extracts given by Sir Walter Scott from the St Margaret's sermon, confirm strongly the feeling of that age, that our pulpiteer was the main agent in working up the hatred of the military against the king. He found the parliament a most considerate master, with whom, so far as money went, he got on well. At every few fresh pages in Whitelocke's *Memorials*, we find: 'Mr Peters was called in; he gave an account of the engagement at ——; of Captain ——'s skirmish; of the taking of ——.' He was thanked; was presented with L.50; with L.100. At last, he had, out of the sequestrated estate of a nobleman (the Earl of Worcester), L.200 a year for life settled upon him. He was rewarded, too, in other ways: they made him one of the triers. After the murder of Archbishop Laud, they granted him that prelate's library, and even the archiepiscopal palace and estate at Lambeth.

Peters, however, did not shew them much gratitude; when he saw that the parliamentary star was setting, and Cromwell's rising, he forsook his old masters; nay, he made violent attacks upon them, *more suo*, in the pulpit. A specimen of these has been left us. One day, while preaching at St Albans, he suddenly stooped down, hiding himself from the congregation. Bobbing up again, he said: 'I have been in hell, and have seen a great many parliament-men there.'

In a satirical sermon, called *Peter's Pattern*, published while Peters was at the apex of his success and glory, there is an account given (possibly exaggerated—though very like the man) of his conduct as a trier. Two candidates for some vacant living came before him; he asked them: 'What is faith?' The first answered according to the definition of the schools. The second answered: 'Faith is a sweet lullaby in the lap of Jesus Christ.' Hugh Peters, elevating his hands to heaven (a frequent custom of his, noticed by his contemporaries), cried: 'Friend, thou, according to thy deserts, shall have the living,' asserting that he must have received the definition by revelation.

Undoubtedly, however, the army was Mr Peters' favourite arena. On a necessity, indeed, he could even fight. In Ireland, he had the leading of a brigade, which, says Brook, 'he brought off with honour and victory.' But his idiosyncrasy was army-preaching. He lived in camps and fortresses: the soldiers delighted in him, and he in them. They were his *Christus meus*, as we heard at St Margaret, Westminster. 'It was a principle evidently too prominent with Mr Peters,' confesses Brook, 'that the saints should have the praises of God in their mouths, and a two-edged sword in their hands.' His circumstantial accounts of sieges and skirmishes enchanted the grim parliament his master. Mr Carlyle has given one of these accounts at length, including Peters' praise of the excellent wine found in the cellar. When Sir Thomas Fairfax was about to storm Bridgewater, 'Mr Peters,' Whitelocke tells us, 'in his sermon on the Lord's day before, encouraged the soldiers to the work.' He was also sent into Wales, 'with the commission of a colonel, to raise a regiment; but having misspent his time, and raised only three companies, Cromwell's wife drew up articles against him.' The cunning Peters immediately began to settle an Independent meeting in the principality, making every one think he was well employed. In his sermon at St Sepulchre's, on the afternoon of the Sunday after the king was sentenced, he took for his text, 'Not this man [the army and parliament], but Barabbas' [Charles I.], in which he said, that 'the soldiers who assisted in this great work had Emmanuel written on their bridles!'

Thurloe says, that Hugh Peters was preacher at Dunkirk to the English garrison in 1658. At the end of that year, he came back to England. He still loved to be with soldiers. When General Monk was on his momentous march from Scotland to London, Peters was with him, and was appointed to preach before him on a fast-day (January 1660) at St Albans. Bishop Kennet (*Register*, p. 36) gives an account of the sermon, which he received from an eye-witness. 'He made it,' says he, 'with some dexterity (allowing the cantings of his expressions); his text was Psalm cvii. 7, "He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to the city where they dwelt."' Monk's *way*, at that time, was so utterly contrary to the way the Puritans, and especially Peters, had promised themselves to go, that it must have required much dexterity and much brazenness to make his sermon pleasant both to the general and to his own party. 'With his fingers on the cushion,' writes Bishop Kennet's friend, 'he measured the right way from the Red Sea through the wilderness to Canaan; he told it was not forty days' march, but God led Israel forty years through the wilderness before they came thither. Yet this was still the Lord's way, who led his people *crinkledom cum crankledom!*'

Five months afterwards, the parliament had become loyal. The evil days of Hugh Peters began on the 16th of May, when the House of Commons ordered 'all books and papers of the late Archbishop [Laud] in the possession of Mr Peters to be seized.'

Soon, however, it was far worse with our pulpiteer: order was given for his apprehension. I have before me a folio single sheet, printed the 3d of October 1660, about a fortnight before the execution of Peters; it is called *The Welsh Hubbub, or the Unkennelling and Earthing of Hugh Peters, that Crafty Fox.* It contains about two hundred lines of doggerel rhyme, and asserts that he denied himself to be Peters.

Of his conduct at his trial, in prison, and at his execution, we have sufficiently proved testimony. He was brought before the court on Wednesday, October 10, 1660. It was difficult to get any answer to the charges made against him—charges printed at full in Brook's *Puritans*, in the *State Trials*, and other books. 'When called upon,' says Bishop Kennet, 'to answer whether *guilty* or *not guilty*, he lift up his hands and eyes, according to his custom, and said: "Guilty! No, not for ten thousand worlds!" and "he would be tried by the Word of God."' That he *was* guilty—if this generation will allow the execution of Charles I. to have been a murder—there can be no doubt. The author of *A Looking-glass for Traitors*—which contains a steel engraving of the trial—says: 'Mr Peters would say nothing against that jury of witnesses that appeared against him.' One of the charges shews little more than the remorseless disposition to pun which beset the man. 'England can never be settled till a hundred and fifty be taken away; which is, L+L+L, or the Lords, the Levites, and the Lawyers.'

He was the only man, of all the late king's judges, who died without dignity. However fanatical he may have been in his earlier life—and I do not believe he was the least so even then—certainly no shadow of fanaticism gave him courage in his imprisonment and death. Dr John Barwick, the Dean of St Paul's, and Dr Dolben were sent by Charles II. to attend all the prisoners. Peters was deaf to all their advice, and even to that of Cook, his fellow-prisoner. 'Lethargic unconcernedness,' Dr Barwick calls it. 'Here is a poor brother,' said Cook to them, 'I am afraid that he is not fit to die at this time.' And the two clergymen were so struck with his utter senselessness to religion, that they entreated the king 'he might not be executed with his accomplices,' and 'hurried into another world.' His friends and sympathisers have been compelled to admit the truth of this fact. The year of his death, a quarto of some hundred pages (called *Speeches and Prayers of some of the late King's Judges*), was published, 'to let all see,' says the preface, 'the riches of grace magnified in these servants of Christ.' Major-general Harrison, Cook, and the other regicides are made out to be most finished saints. But of Peters the author writes: 'Mr Peters, as is well known, was exercised under a great conflict in his own spirit, during the time of his imprisonment, fearing (as he would often say) that he should not go through his sufferings with courage and comfort; and he said to friends that he was somewhat unprepared for death, and therefore unwilling to die, and other things omitted which troubled him.'

Whether Hugh Peters was as great a favourite with the civil as with the military mob, we cannot tell; if he was, the fickle favour of that great estate was once more singularly shewn in his death. Of all the regicides, the execution of him alone seemed to give any pleasure to the multitude. They shouted as they saw him go up the ladder; and again, when the halter was put round his neck. But 'when his head was cut off, and held up aloft on the end of a spear,' says Bishop Kennet, 'there went up such a shout as if the people of England had acquired a victory.' Only he, says Burnet in his *Own Times*, 'had neither the honesty to repent, nor the strength of mind to suffer for it, as all the rest did. He was observed, all the while, to be drinking some cordial liquors, to keep him from fainting.'

There is one portrait of Peters extant; it is prefixed to an edition of his *Dying Legacy*.

CONSTANTINE'S LEGACY.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

Little thought the imperial founder of Constantinople, when his dying eyes cast their last fond look on the stately city which he had despoiled Rome to adorn, what a Babel of opposing creeds, races, tongues, and opinions would one day seethe and simmer in his darling capital—that legacy to modern ages which has preserved the name of the testator. Stamboul is the choicest hunting-ground of the diplomatists of all nations; it is the arena of religious disputants, and a sort of neutral territory where wit and daring can be pitted against dissimulation; East and West, North and South, meet there to try each other's powers in no sportive encounter. The state religion, of course, is orthodox Mohammedanism—Islam pure and simple—after the strictest canons of the Soonies. Abdul Medjid is calif as well as sultan, and not only defender of the faith, but the faith's chief pontiff to boot. And very considerable is his authority, no doubt, backed as it is by the ulemas and that imposing personage the grand mufti. Yet Islam is crumbling to decay. The Wahabee doctrines on one side, the influence of European opinion on the other, are fast impinging on that once mighty creed whose apostles carried fire and sword as far as the Atlantic. The more erudite and virtuous Turks are growing into rationalists; the lower class are becoming formalists, without serious belief in the tenets they profess; and the mollahs sigh over the decline of the old school of believers. The old conquering creed is faint and feeble now; high on his minaret the muezzin utters his call, as in days of eld, and around the fountains carpets are still spread, and turbans are bowed in prayer, and water still sprinkles Moslem hands, and the amber-beads are counted, and the Bismillah is breathed. But the Turk of the new stamp, with his little feet enclosed in Paris boots of patent leather, with French kid on his hands, French cloth on his shoulders, and nothing eastern about him except that hideous little red cap, that shews so meanly beside the turban, he is neither Moslem nor Christian, and unites all the rogueries of Europe to the vices of the Orient.

A very different personage is the black-capped priest of the Greek Church, who shuffles by in his purple slippers, sable robes, and cassock trimmed with violet; the reverend gentleman's head is half-shaven, and the long locks that the razor has spared, fall over his shoulders like Medusa's black snakes. The face of that papas, sallow, bony, with fierce eyes flashing hungrily from their cavernous orbits, would make a painter's fortune. It tells of vigils and cruel fasts, and the hard discipline of the grand monastery on Mount Athos—of zeal, ambition, hate, rage, slyness, and the suppression of a strong nature, all at once; and a charming ecclesiastic has the system produced. Russia manages her intrigues by the aid of these presbyters, who are hers in heart and soul. The bishops and patriarchs are too timorous to be of much use, and, besides, their authority would be lessened under the sway of the schismatic czar, who is a pontiff as well as his Ottoman neighbour. The humbler Greek clergy have no such scruples; they scorn their cautious diocesans as lukewarm prelates who truckle to the Turk, and study the aspect of Europe: they belong to Russia, for Russia alone is likely to plant a gilded cross on that towering dome of St Sophia's ex-cathedral, and to make root and branch work with the infidels. To be sure, the czar is somewhat a usurper in matters spiritual; the official church of Russia has expunged too many of the fasts which the wisdom of the Chalcedon synods had ordained, but all their hopes of supremacy rely on Muscovite arms, and they pant for the day when they shall crush their enemies.

And here, along the wooden bridge that spans the Golden Horn, comes the chief of those enemies, most abhorred of all—the Jesuit himself. A stout, portly clergyman this last, with a wholesome rosy complexion; a quick bold eye, that does not avert itself in the least, but rather challenges inquiry; a suit of decorous black, relieved by the famous little blue *collet* of the order. Their tactics have changed, it seems—the tactics of the all-pervading Society—and they can renounce the cat-like tread and stealthy glance for a bolder bearing in this age of publicity. The Greek papas grinds his teeth as he encounters this importation from Rome, this poacher on his demesne, who prowls about the Byzantine sheepfolds, wins favour with viziers, and rallies the Armenians under the banner of the keys. Half the struggling, and a good deal of the bloodshed at Constantinople, is occasioned by the conversion of Armenians. It is on these passive sheep that all the clerical gentlemen concentrate their efforts, for there alone are triumphs to be won. Missions Roman Catholic, missions Protestant, missions Anglican, American, missions of every variety of religious faith, are maintained by foreign gold in the Queen of the East, and poor and scanty is the harvest. Moslems cannot be converted by any known process of persuasion. The most zealous missionaries in Turkey, in Syria, in India, are compelled at last to recognise this bitter truth. The Mussulman will sometimes listen and talk: if you seem virtuous and sincere, he will respect you as a good man under a delusion; if you dazzle him with oxyhydrogen microscopes, galvanise his harem, cure his sick children, shew him the wonders of science, and prove yourself his superior at all points, you may make him regard the Koran as a fable, and the Prophet as an impostor; but there ends your power. Sydney Smith, Professor Faraday, and Richard Cœur de Lion, could not, by combining their efforts, have induced a Moslem, who had once shuffled off his faith in Islam, to indue a new creed. The Moslem only changes into a philosopher. As for the Greek, he is a convert equally hard to obtain; his religion is a national one, he links all he knows of patriotism along with it; he somehow connects the glories of Pagan Hellas with the triumph of the Panagia and of the eight-pointed cross. The Jew generally needs to be bought, and those who are bought are mere lip-Christians, the meanest of their race, and ever ready to run back to the synagogue and the rabbis.

Now the Armenian will turn anything but Turk. Armenians furnish gratifying ensamples of conversion to all denominations. Rome gets the lion's share, and hence the savage Easter riots, when the blood of the orthodox is thinned by fasting, and their brains are on fire, and the knife and the conflagration end the wordy war. The Turk looks on sublimely from a sort of tobaccofied Olympus of his own, which he calls *kef*, or the perfection of complacency, and sees the representatives of Christendom doing battle in his metropolis. He watches all with indolent calm, a turbaned Gallio, reckless who triumphs, so order be maintained. The grand vizier, the sultan himself, is sorely plagued by the rival parties. Imagine the padishah, poor tottering voluptuary in high-heeled Paris boots, sitting in his palace, hearing the long-winded complaints of the Russian ambassador about the maltreatment of some deacon or archdeacon in far-away Bulgaria. What can the poor Grand Turk do to conciliate his tormentor, what but promise that justice shall be done, and compensation granted? Then comes the elchee of France, bellicose and impetuous, to demand vengeance on the Greeks who have insulted Catholic rayahs, to which demand the Muscovite rejoins that, in Oriental quarrels, the Greeks invariably are the lambs, the Catholics being the wolves. Then come civil altercation, bland denial, masked threats, covert taunts, and inuendoes pitched like shells into the enemy's camp. To these disputants enters yet another elchee, he who represents the Majesty of England; and his Excellency is not slow to express his opinion, that while neither of the antagonists is absolutely in the right, nobody is so utterly in the wrong as the luckless padishah himself, at whose door lies the blame of all that is done or left undone in the Ottoman empire. This is the first Turkish reign in which a sultan has been perpetually pelted with hard facts and truths of an unpalatable nature. Abdul Medjid, who only wants to be left in peace with his champagne flasks and zenana, and a plentiful supply of loose cash, is forced every day to 'see himself as others see him,' to eat the pie of humility, and smoke the pipe of resignation. The immediate cause of this is the altered position of those all-important interpreters whom we call by the name of dragoman, nobody knows why—the natives using the word terjiman. In bygone reigns, when Turkey was still strong and exclusive, even ambassadors were in peril of the Seven Towers; and the dragomans, subjects of the Porte, were at the mercy of their liege lord when a war broke out. Naturally, these gentry were disposed to soften down all menaces and words of reproach calculated to goad their suzerain into wrath; they saw bow-strings and scimitars in every curl of a vizier's bristling moustache, and read untold bastinadoes in the lightest cloud on the sultan's august forehead. Where was the use of taking a high tone, in those days, when the hail-storm of diplomatic threats was refined away into a shower of sugar-plums and soft flattery? Why should an ambassador speak words of mighty import, when his leonine roar would reach the sultan as gently as the murmur of cooing doves? So it was, however; and as linguists were rare, and no European could talk the tongue of the Osmanli, the monopoly of the dragoman was undisturbed; and the monopolist being venal as well as timid, contrived to save his skin and fill his coffers at the same time, much to the detriment of public business.

We manage things better now. There are always attachés who can make a fair guess at the purport of a Turkish speech, and probably the envoy knows a little of the language himself, and has a private secretary or aide-de-camp of some half-recognised nature, who could soon catch a dragoman tripping from the letter of his duty. Nor is the dragoman now a sheep ready for the shearer. He is no Turkish subject now; at least he is not a responsible subject; he cannot be punished, because he is a berathlu. Singular talismans are those beraths, documents which a small sum of money and a little European protection will obtain for any Christian rayah of the sultan, and which magically convert Dhemetri or Adamos into a Russian, a Frenchman, or even a genuine John Bull. And yet the berath is not a certificate of naturalisation; it professes to leave the sultan his subject, but it reduces the subject to the condition of little Master Goodchild's pocket-piece, to be looked at, but not expended. Many of the greatest ruffians in Stamboul invest their little all in one of these wonderful papers, which they regard as a licence to rob and rifle. Under the shelter of the berath, they can snap their fingers at cadi and cavass; the consul of their adopted country will back them in difficulties, and they are pretty sure to escape punishment for any offences. Russia in especial fosters swarms of berathlus, who spread her propaganda on condition of being saved from police court and military conscription, and whose service as spies is not seldom of value. The weak government yields up everything, as it yields to this monstrous abuse of the beraths. What can a vizier do? Ministry after ministry is turned out by the envoys of the great powers. The successive seraskiers and capitan pachas take care during their brief tenure to provide for their followers, and to feather their nests; and most grand viziers do the like, staving off with fair words the haughty demands of the foreign excellencies as long as fair words can serve.

The sultan's court is not a gay one. He holds his divan, of course, and is bored by some tiresome visitors every day or two. The old rule was, that the padishah gave pipes and coffee only to noblemen, but that rule is much relaxed. In fact, when the Comte Lampion, and the Hebrew Baron Guldenkram, were admitted as *bonâ-fide* aristocrats, it was hard to exclude untitled English gentlemen. So, first, the Honourable Augustus got a pipe; and then privy-councillors were admitted, and the Right Honourable Julius Tapeton pressed his lips to the imperial amber; and before long a seat in parliament conferred one at the divan, and the honourable member for the Isle of Dogs was entitled to a diamond-circled cherry-stick. The next peries suing for admission at the Sublime Porte were deputy-lieutenants; and then came the Russian war, and its crush of foreign visitors, and Abdul Medjid occasionally found himself in company that must have astonished him. Peace raised the standard a little, and at present the 'gem-adorned chibouque' is only bestowed on such happy smokers as the envoys will vouch for. A dull court is the padishah's, without balls and dinners, without visible ladies, a court where hospitality soars no higher than a thimbleful of scalding coffee, and a saucer of Lumps of Delight, and where the attendants offer you your choice of tobaccoes, instead of dry and sweet champagne. But it is peerless stuff, the Syrian weed, perfumed and delicate; the pipes are the superlatives of their kind; and it is something, after all, to have smoked and sipped in company with the great Blood-drinker and Lieutenant of the Prophet. Such an honour costs—or should cost—five pounds or so in fees to the imperial household. Turkish Jeames must have his vails, as well as his brotherhood in the West. That is one of the plagues of Eastern travel, by the way, the number of satellites that hang about a grandee, and who are disposed to 'burn the grandfather' of the caller who forgets their backshish. But the abuse is being modernised away. A quarter of a century ago, the servants of a mere pacha expected twenty pounds from any travelling infidel who dined with their master. A large visiting acquaintance was a ruinous thing; and when the ambassadors called on the grand vizier, it positively rained gold and silver. The viziers now-a-days have little to bestow, so tremendous are the mortgages on the Grand Seignor's property. Once, the ministers were besieged by applicants for the rank of spahi. The spahis, properly speaking, were the knights and squires, the country gentlemen of Turkey. They held their lands by military tenure, and they and their vassals furnished that world-renowned cavalry that won Mohacs and engirdled Vienna. Then the viziers took to providing for their worn-out servants—for Elfi the pipebearer, for Mustapha the steward, by the cheap present of a fief; just as our own viziers, forty years since, converted their superannuated valets into queen's messengers. Messrs Elfi and Mustapha took lessons in riding, bought a fine dress, and went off to their estates, and presently the famous horsemen were seen no longer beneath the horsetail standards. There are a few spahis of the old stamp left, gallant Paynim gentlemen, whose crimson turbans and curveting barbs shew what the Ottoman was in his palmy days; but jealousy and corruption have nearly destroyed the breed.

The ambassadors are about the most important dwellers at Constantinople; they entertain royally, and whether in their Perote palaces, or their superb villas on the Bosphorus, they affect a costly grandeur by no means universal in embassies. And there is one great charm in their mighty gatherings together of hot fellow-creatures, the reality, the interest, that gives a zest to the gossip of the assemblage. Elsewhere, there is gossip enough, at Paris, Vienna, everywhere, but there is but a poor half-pennyworth of fact to an intolerable deal of fiction. Those well-informed countesses who whisper so tragically behind their absurd fans, might just as well be bawling their intelligence through a speaking-trumpet: their ladyships know no more of the czar's real mind than their children in the nursery. Even my diplomatic friend, young Fred Waxington, whose collar is adorned by the magical scrap of black velvet which bespeaks a bantling of the F. O., is just as deeply versed in the real intentions of Napoleon III. as the rest of us. And I believe that any hardheaded reader of the *Times* can give as good a guess as to European politics as his Excellency yonder, for all the wonderful gold embroidery that blazes on his padded coat, and all the stars and crosses that twinkle on the breast thereof. But at Constantinople diplomatists do other things than bow and look wise; they plot and counterplot, they wheedle and they bully, they employ agents of not too scrupulous a character, and wrangle fiercely as they crowd around the ruin of an empire. This makes a conversazione a party where there really is something to converse about, for small secrets are always oozing out, and stratagems of a very queer character are discussed, admired, or laughed at, while the antagonism never comes to an end. The Turks are too weak and needy now to refuse anything point-blank; the padishah has been too often under the lash of censure to face his European taskmasters; but the Porte not unnaturally plays off power against power, and by dividing, governs still. The sultan's only comfort is their mutual jealousy, and the fact that they pull different ways. Russia still mutters dark counsel in his ear, points to the graycoated hosts beyond the Pruth, points to the seething discontent of the rayahs, and coquets at once with the Panhellenists and the old Janizary party. The French eagle utters her indignant scream, and exhibits her steely talons, those bright bayonets she loves to flash before the dazzled eyes of mankind. That sullen fowl of the same kind, with inky plumes and two grim heads, has something yet to say to the enfeebled son of Othman. And England, ever grumbling at lavish expense and certain ruin, ever thrusting odious balance-sheets before the disgusted eyes of the diademed prodigal, threatens to stop the supplies, without which Abdul Medjid must collapse, like a broken soap-bubble. It would be hard to find fault with the Grand Turk for pitting one of these troublesome advisers against the other, for turning and veering with the march of events, and trimming his tattered sails to every blast that blows.

Next to the ambassadors come the dragomans and the consuls. There are many Armenians, Greeks, and nondescript Levantines, who are not esteemed fit to rub elbows with the guests of an ambassador, but who make up a little court for the interpreter of that legation which takes them under its wing. Very good fun, in their way, are those dragomanic receptions, twice as pompous, and nearly as crowded, as the swarming saloons of the ministers themselves. Nor does a dragoman think himself the least of earth's dignitaries. He smokes with viziers, he is the right-hand man of envoys, patriarchs sit on his divans, and bishops wait in his antechamber. He may wear yellow slippers, he and his wife, and his children and grandchildren, as if they were believers. Madame is a personage too: she is called Madame the Dragomaness; she has her flatterers and satellites, we may be sure, and reigns in the queenliest manner over the spouses of wealthiest Greeks. Those dragomanic balls and tea-drinkings should be attended by any one who wants to study Perote life, and the gossip is sure to be of a pungent and lively nature, while all that Pera boasts of beauty may be found there. The consuls—who are magistrates over their own country people, and in authority and salary are not to be confounded with the gentlemen who issue a five-franc passport in the Queen's name, in French seaports—are the centre of a system of very worthy folks in the carpet interest, or the rhubarb interest, or the Turkey-red interest, and of miscellaneous Europeans who improve estates, work coal-mines, and speculate in steam-tugs and sponges. Then there are other coteries, where disappointed Parisian journalists tell their griefs to irregular physicians in search of patients; where *impresarios* torment every one to join them in setting up a Grand Opera, and enticing over half the talent of Europe to astonish the Turks; and where all manner of adventurers strut and swagger, and advertise their specifics for the cure of the Sick Man, vicegerent of Mohammed. A theatre and a circus, and plenty of gambling-houses, and cafés not a few, amuse these exiles a little; but they are not all fit for the Monthyon prize for virtue, and I am afraid that they live by robbing one another, when no better prey turns up. One great resource of these waifs of Paris, New York, and London, is the army. A Turkish officer is poorly remunerated, but he gets a sufficiency of pillaf and timbuk after all; and many a man who came out looking for pachaliks and receiverships of finances, is glad to draw the modest pay of an infantry ensign, if he can only get leave to wear the padishah's cloth. Let us enter yonder barrack, and see what are the charms of soldiering under the Crescent and Star.

We may pass over the honest little privates, brave, ragged, patient creatures, who seldom get pay or clothes until hunger drives them into mutiny, and yet who are very hard to provoke, very slow to learn the evil lesson thus taught them. We may pass over the swarthy and scarred groups of chaoushes and onbashis, or 'leaders of ten,' and the Arabs and Nubians of the band. But this slim Turk in blue is an officer, as you may see by his horn-hilted sabre, the quaint brass cartridge-cases stitched to his breast, and his embroidered collar. He is only a mutsellim or ensign, and enjoys the enormous annual salary of L.20, when he can get it. And here comes his commanding officer, a bimbashi, whose pay is handsome, and perquisites more handsome still, and who is buying lands and villages with the profits of long and judicious peculation. When colonel and ensign converse, a curious sight is to be seen. How supple is the subaltern's backbone, how does he kneel, and crouch, and make elaborate pretences of kissing his commander's boot-toe; and how blandly does the colonel receive the homage, complacently gazing on the creature grovelling at his feet! This extravagant adulation, this slavish fawning, are the bane of the Turkish service, especially when combined with fraud and deceit of all sorts. The junior officers are subservient as spaniels to their chiefs; while yonder proud bimbashi will prove just as pliant at his pacha's levée; and the pacha will in his turn lick the slipper of the potent seraskier. Such Englishmen as remain in the Ottoman army preserve their self-respect, and fare none the worse for it; but many of the continental renegades are as gross flatterers as any born Oriental ever was. To be sure, it is hard to be a Turkish officer, and remain an honest man. The Anglo-Turkish Contingent was all very well, with its pay guaranteed by Britain, but the regular service is one in which the subalterns must starve or steal. Free quarters, contributions, benevolences—such are the technical terms for the necessary extortion from the country-folks; and Major Dalgetty would have been in his element while wringing a maintenance out of the tillers of the soil.

The Turkish *militaire* dines at the farmer's cost, and fills his pipe with the price which he demands jocularly for 'the wear and tear of his teeth.' But this is not possible in Constantinople. There, at least, kibaubs and sherbet must be paid for, and in consequence, the garrison are always hungry and querulous, eager for arrears or the route to some land of milk and honey, though their chiefs are intriguing their way towards pachaliks and governments. Very different was the spirit of the old janizaries; fast who might, their camp-kettles were filled with the best that Turkey could produce. I never saw more than four of the ex-members of this famous corps, and of those four only two had been soldiers. The others were a baker and a fisherman. The baker had adventures to relate—how at the time of the massacre he had climbed over his roof, and escaped among the burning houses; how he had been slightly wounded, had fled to a mosque, and spent two days in sanctuary, without food or water; how his friends had carried him away at the bottom of an aruba of fagots; and how he had been a wood-cutter for years in Western Roumelia before he dared to return to Stamboul. He shewed me, with much mystery, the marks of a fish and a dagger, the emblems of his oda, stained in blue upon a panel of his inner shop, where they had been overlooked by mob and police.

The janizaries are gone, with all their crimes and their valour; but they have their mourners and admirers, and the reactionary party, the Conservatives of Turkey, take the name of Janizaries. This party is not contemptible, headed as it is by a prince of the blood, comprising many rich landholders, many powerful pachas, and those long-descended Bosnian beys who are the only hereditary aristocrats of European Turkey. Curiously enough, Russia encourages these ultra-Moslems to conspire and cabal; and more curiously, there are Englishmen who keep no other company than this strict and anti-Christian faction. There is Mr A——, for instance, called Daoud Bey, a well-known character at Constantinople. He is a simple Kentish gentleman, who has spent half a life at Stamboul, wearing the turban and ell-wide shulwars of a spahi, and consorting almost wholly with Turks, whose tongue he speaks fluently. Daoud Bey is Turcis Turcior, as somebody said of the Norman-Irish, more Oriental than Haroun Alraschid; and I remember his being ignominiously turned away from Missiri's Hotel, the landlord of which would endure no such amateur Mohammedan within his Cockney caravanserai. The only Eastern innovation suffered in that famed hotel was the use of the chibouque and narghile in the great *salle*, after dinner. In few places were more pleasant and well-informed Britons to be met with than at that same table-d'hôte, where almost everybody came from Syria or Anatolia, and was full of anecdotes of Palestine or the Nile. The dervishes, by the way, deserve to be remembered. The whirling or 'dancing' dervishes at Pera are more curious than interesting; but the howling dervishes over at Scutari, on the Asiatic side, are far more remarkable. They are said to be 'very dangerous people,' and affiliated to the fanatic Janizary party; but this may be only Perote scandal. I know they are regarded dubiously by many learned doctors of the Mohammedan law, and they are shrewdly suspected of having borrowed their wild cadences and artificial excitement from the ancient Baal worshippers. There is only one more clique deserving mention, that of the Fanar. In that dingy and silent *faubourg* dwell the subtlest intriguers of the Levant, the princes descended from ancient families of imperial Byzantium, and who used to supply a crop of hospodars to Moldavia and Wallachia. It needs good recommendations and much tact to stand well with these people, nor are their parties much gayer than funeral feasts; but there is a certain charm in being the guest of a Palæologus, a Comnenus, an Andronicus, of sipping weak tea with the children of the purple-born, and handing an ice to a lady whose ancestor presided over early Christian councils. To visit in the Fanar, is to be on friendly terms with the ghost of the Lower Roman Empire.

A BOMBAY SUNSET.

Fanned by the cool sweet evening air,
The Bunder-boat glides softly by;
Around are scenes surpassing fair;
Above, an Eastern sunset sky—
An Eastern sky, whose every hue
Is but a varying splendour,
Old beauties melting into new,
Each exquisitely tender.
Where the sunlight so long around
The whole horizon fondly dwells,
That distance seems instinct with sound,
To echo out prolonged farewells;
As though some glorious voice had sung,
Whose accents strong, in dying might,
Round all the sky awhile had rung,
Then changed from harmony to light;
As though th' expiring orb of day,
Its vain regret too late expressed,
Had turned to scenes far, far away,
Ere sinking upon ocean's breast;
And strove to light the distant east,
Which scarcely owns its lingering ray,
But from whose hills not quite hath ceased
The memory of the dawning day—
Hills, that now bathed in dazzling light,
Crowned with fantastic shapes appear,
Old castles, huge in ponderous might,
Their phantom battlements uprear.
Thus childhood's years stand forth when viewed
By saddened memory's wistful eye,
And youthful dreams once more renewed,
Assume a mock reality.
When on those hills the sunset throws
Soft changing lights that play and quiver,
Each jewelled crest so richly glows,
We would those hues might last for ever.
When on the past remembrance turns
Its last long gaze of wild regret,
Though trampled passion fiercely burns,
Ah! would we, if we could, forget?
But, see! the darkling sky is blest
By the still morning of the night;
The sun hath sunk down to his rest,
Glory hath fled—there still is light;
Light—for amid her starry train,
With timid grace, the moon appears—
A mournful queen, whose early reign
A solitary aspect wears;
Lonely—although a brilliant throng
Of glittering courtiers round her wait,
With pensive step she moves along,
As though half-wearied of her state.
Thus oft, methinks, a life goes by
Companionless, and quite alone,
Like that sad moon in starlit sky,
That friendless queen upon her throne.
Yet not unblest, if round it shine
All glorious as night's fairest star,
Actions that make names half divine,
Good deeds conspicuous from afar;
That when both sun and moon are set,
Our lives on earth have ceased to be,
Our memories may linger yet,
To glitter o'er time's wondrous sea;
A light to guide, when, tempest-tost,
Some heart hath all but lifeless striven,
A hope to cheer when hope seemed lost,
A star whose brightness is of heaven.

W. B. R.

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SILVER-SMUGGLING.

I was once a smuggler; but I beg that this candid confession of my past peccadilloes may in nowise identify me with ordinary offenders against the revenue, and far less with the late Mr William Watch. I have no connection with those interesting mariners of Kent and Sussex to whom our grandfathers and grandmothers owed the cheapness of their tea and their brandy. I never lived in a cavern, nor haunted Black Gang Chine, nor 'ran' a cargo of kegs and lace-bales on a moonless night, nor flung gaugers over the cliffs, nor pistolled spies, nor immolated even the most obnoxious of custom-house officers. It is a positive fact, that *my* smuggling was achieved in a British naval uniform, and in strict compliance with the orders of my lawful superiors. If blame there be, let it lie at the doors of the Admiralty: we, the actual offenders, did but our duty in the matter. It came about thus:

We were cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, in H.M.S. *Triton*, of seventy-four guns. We had come out with sealed orders, I believe; but at any-rate, our captain was a reserved and uncommunicative man, and he gave us no reasons whatever for the instructions which kept us beating up and down the coast from Colorado to Yucatan. Once or twice, a sharp-built pilot-craft had brought us dispatches in cipher, but however satisfactory to the skipper and his first-lieutenant, they were Ebrew Greek to the rest of us. Captain M—— was in the secret, and so was Mr Parchley, the first-lieutenant, but no others. Our communication with the shore was frequent. Mexican canoes and feluccas brought us plenty of fruit and vegetables, of fresh water and fresh provisions; and we twice spent a week in Vera Cruz harbour, getting liberal leave to go on shore, dining and dancing as sailors love to do, but utterly unable to satisfy the inquiries of the natives as to the object of our cruise. We kept the secret admirably, for it was a secret to ourselves. For aught we knew to the contrary, our presence might be designed to keep Santa Anna in check, or to strike awe into the church faction, or to alarm the captain-general of Cuba, or to prevent Yankee inroads. A man-of-war often brings a protocol-proof country to reason, and the presence of a squadron of armed steamers has been known to succeed where all the *précis* writing of the Foreign Office had collapsed.

Nor was the *Triton*, although alone, by any means an insignificant fact in a warlike point of view. She was one of the old seventy-fours, to be sure, but she had had the advantage of a dockyard education, and had been taught a number of new habits, that, if oak can meditate, must have considerably astonished what remained of her primitive timbers. She had been shortened by one administration, and lengthened by another; she had been raséed, and banked up, and cut in two, and put together again, and mutilated and patched like old Æson in the hands of his dutiful daughters. The ingenuity of naval architects had found many an ordeal for that poor old patient *Triton*, one of the stoutest and slowest of the leviathans of the deep; and different Boards of Admiralty had passed miscellaneous and conflicting sentences upon her destinies. She had been 'converted' into a paddle-steamer, and before the conversion was complete, had been ignominiously turned into a coal-hulk. She had been laid up as a store-ship, and then suddenly was sawn in two, like a wooden Agag, to be adapted as a screw-steamer. By the time the propeller was in, the Admiralty were out of office, and their supplanters insisted that the *Triton* had better stick to sails, and abjure steam altogether. Then 'my lords' commanded that the *Triton* should be a blockship, and next the fiat of Somerset House bade that the old war-dragon should be condemned and broken up; but before the doom was effected, 'my lords' changed their versatile minds, and sent the *Triton* to sea with all possible hurry, well found and well manned. Still, what did we do there, in the lukewarm Gulf of Mexico, where our draught and tonnage precluded the notion of our catching any craft, whether laden with slaves or fillibusters, that should possess a light pair of heels? At last it oozed out that our secret orders had reference to some underhand service, and that smuggling was the heart of the mystery.

Let me explain. We—the world at large, must needs have a circulating medium, and we mainly rely on the precious metals, of which we consume an enormous quantity. For many centuries, the relative value of gold and silver has remained nearly unaltered, but modern civilisation has raised the demand incalculably since Solomon drew gold from Ophir, and Cæsar from Spain. California, Australia, and Columbia, a wealthy sisterhood, have opened to us perennial fountains of the yellow dross, but we are dependent for our silver on the old sources. We seek in vain for a silver California, with argentiferous 'placers.' Mexico and Peru must still be to us pretty much what they were when Drake and Morgan pillaged their coasts and robbed their galleons. Now, for many reasons, Spanish America has fallen off in its yield of silver; revolutions and wars, flooded mines, a depraved people, and endless civil broils, have thinned the products of Potosi and Durango. What is worse, the

Mexican government prohibits the exportation of silver, wishing to keep the precious ore at home, to pay largesses to its troops and partisans, so Mexico denounces death to the smuggler, and carries out the threat in eminently practical fashion. But silver we lack, and silver we must have, as sure as demand conjures up supply. Every artificial barrier of law does but create the smuggler, even when luxuries the most trivial are concerned, for men will brave any risk for the sake of profit. But silver is a thing with which we cannot dispense; we *must* have it, were fifty governments to deny it free transit. We make great use of it: you may read in the city article of the *Times* how many hundredweights, in bar and ingot, the Bank of England absorbs. France, too, has a greedy maw for silver, despite the aureous preferences of the Elected of the Millions. Birmingham has gigantic firms, Titans of electro-plating, which demand annually a mountain of silver. What an argentine harvest, too, is required to be hammered into leaf, and drawn out into wire, and rolled into sheeting, and moulded into fork and spoon, and salver and mug sponsorial! How much silver shines upon our sideboards, glimmers in our tea-trays, ornaments things the most various, and is put to purposes the most opposite! Lastly, how prodigious is the appetite of her Majesty's Mint, and how rapid and continual the transformation of dull white bars into span-new shillings, freshly struck half-crowns, florins newly milled, and sixpences wet from the die! Naturally, the world wants its change, and commerce her life-blood. Add to this, that we cannot help the drain that sucks off our silver to China and India—not only English silver, but that of all Europe. We cannot any more prevent the argentine current from setting in strongly towards the pockets of Ram Bux and Ching-ching, than we can turn back the Gulf Stream or arrest the Pleiades. Tea, silk, and Patna rice, with indigo, and a few minor trifles, we cannot do without, and Ram Bux and Ching-ching will only sell for silver, and are not to be tempted by our goods, hitherto. It is there the money goes, to be buried and concealed in the most remote East; and the continent, with its silver standard of currency, feels the drain far more severely than we; but still we are all one family in Europe, and cannot be fat when our brothers are in atrophy. Silver we must have; and therefore did her Majesty's ship *Triton* take her turn at smuggling.

For months past, the treasure of which we were the destined recipients had been slowly accumulating. It had travelled in all manner of disguises to its temporary hiding-places; some of it crossing the country on pack-mules, concealed in sack and bale; some jolting wearily in awkward Mexican *carretas;* some voyaging in the custody of guardians the most incongruous, of sham beggars, mock priests, and spurious soldiers. At last, in lonely ranchos and herdsmen's huts, had been collected a great sparkling heap of dollars and ingots, a willing tribute from the New World to the Old, which was impatiently awaiting the supply. Of course, I do not mean that the precious store actually belonged to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; far from it. The banks of England and France certainly were to come in for a handsome slice of the prize, but a great deal belonged to private bankers and bullion-dealers, to Hebrew barons and Greek discounters.

It was of the last consequence to England and Europe that the costly cargo should arrive safely. Captain M—— would receive his freight, no trifle on so large a sum, and the good graces of the Admiralty; while our share was the excitement of danger, and a school-boy love of frolic and mischief. It was the 1st of October when we got an inkling of what was before us; and as a ship, packed with men like a hive of bees, is anything but a place for keeping secrets, before long, everybody, from the marine officer to the cook's boy, knew the cause of our sojourn in those steaming seas. Before long, a sort of uneasiness, which I am bound to say did *not* begin in the gun-room, began to diffuse itself over the floating community. It was October already; we had dawdled away the fine summer weather of light breezes and glassy seas, and before long we were certain to see the apparently eternal smile of the tropic sky disfigured by a black frown. It was drawing on for the period when the *Norte* begins to blow; and when that cold keen gale comes tearing up the waters of the Gulf, navigation becomes anything but a sinecure employment.

Now the *Triton* was not fit for hairbreadth escapes and grazing of lee-shores; the brave old craft required a great deal of sea-room, did not steer well, came round slowly in stays, and was anything but lively in a headway. Irreverent mariners, belonging to other ships, likened her to a tub. At anyrate, we all of us felt that she required a wide stage, such as the Atlantic, to do us credit, and were by no means delighted at the prospect of being caught by the furious Norte off the Mexican coast. Not that we feared drowning, but it is a ticklish thing to belong to a castaway man-of-war, and throws back a man in his promotion for many a day. Courts-martial may exonerate and acquit, admirals may testify, Boards report favourably, and even the *Times* lend a good-natured leader to help over a stile the unlucky wights who have lost H.M.S. *Blunderbuss*, from circumstances over which they had no control. It is of no use. Years must pass by before 'my lords,' or their understrappers, cease to shake their heads ominously at the names of those who were once rated on the books of that defunct vessel. It *must* have been somebody's fault, the wreck, and Napoleon was not the only idolater of success at any price. We all, therefore, wished to be well out of the Gulf before the fury of the impetuous 'norther' should pour upon us. And at last came the decisive day. We were bowling along under easy sail, in the 23d degree of north latitude, and the low blue headland in view upon our larboard beam was that at the mouth of the Rio de San Fernando. We knew the country well, a sterile sandy tract, with a most ugly coast-line fringed by shoals and swampy islands, inside of which even a canoe could hardly find water to float her. Only at the mouths of the rivers could a vessel of moderate tonnage escape brushing the bottom with her keel, and of course the huge *Triton* could find no haven of rest.

The sun was sloping redly across the distant range of sand-hills when Captain M—— threw off the mask, and gave his orders with forethought and precision. Mr Parchley had been diligent, for weeks past, in keeping the boats free from poultry and fruit-nets, and all the miscellaneous lumber that is apt to gather there during a tropical cruise, and in an incredibly short space of time all was ready. The boats were lowered away, the oars in readiness, the coxswains handling the tiller-lines with as jaunty an air as if they had been the reins of a four-horse coach; and the provisions, water-casks, arms, and gregos were being stowed away rapidly and neatly. The crews, chosen from among the best and smartest men, were being rapidly told off at the gangways, each man with his cutlass and pistols in his broad belt; while muskets and cartridges, to say nothing of a sufficiency of tomahawks and boarding-pikes, were stowed aft beneath the tarpaulins.

At last we were all aboard. A few earnest words from the captain, with nothing of a theatrical turn in them, and with a hand lifted to repress cheering, and we were off. Three boats—the launch, the yawl, and a cutter. The launch, the largest by far, was commanded by Mr Parchley himself; I, being third-lieutenant, went with him, and we had not only the boatswain on board, but the gunner too, the latter presiding over a thirty-two pound carronade, which constituted a main feature in our armament.

In addition, we had three or four mates and midshipmen, and a strong crew of seamen and marines. The yawl and cutter, commanded respectively by the second-lieutenant and a master's mate, were less imposingly warlike, but each carried her sting in the shape of a light boat-gun, and both were full of armed men. There was a sort of race between us at starting, for the light breeze that filled the top-gallants and royals of the lofty-masted *Triton* was scarcely available for us, with our stumpy masts and low-lying canvas. The smooth green water hardly shewed a ripple, and the sun glared like so much heated iron, as our rowers bent vigorously to their tough ash-staves, and sent us flashing over the waves in the direction of the indigo-coloured shore.

Meanwhile, the *Triton* stood out to sea, as if determined on abandoning us altogether; we saw her top-sails darkling against the eastern sky, which had already passed from blue to green, and was fast changing from green to gray. But in front of us, the water was in a flame—sea, and sky, and coast were all blended together in one grand blaze of variegated light, blood-red in the middle, but passing through every shade of deep crimson, fiery scarlet, and rosy pink, and so into flaring orange and delicate violet, like the hues of a humming-bird's breast. The sea quivered in many-tinted radiance, and the flying-fish that leaped up from the waves, shone in all the colours of the rainbow, while a strange lustre fell on the heavy beds of weed through which we went plunging ever and anon. Presently, we approached the river's mouth; the water lost its pellucid green, and became dirty and discoloured; streaks of white foam gleamed here and there; the sea heaved more palpably; and anon a line of frothy yellow, where little waves leaped and bubbled as in a boiling caldron, pointed out the bar. The chocolate-coloured Rio San Fernando, swollen by the long continuance of the rainy season, was coming down in flood. We did not cross the bar, but striking into a deep eddy that swirled around the point of the neighbouring shoal, we paddled our course to a broad creek, and moored close to a bank of hard yellow sand. The kedge of the launch and the grapnels of the two smaller boats bit deeply into good ground, and the height of the sloping banks concealed us from observation, so long as we chose to keep our heads down. By this time, it was getting dark; the sun had plunged down behind the sand-hills, and the short twilight of the tropics was succeeded by night. The sky looked black as a crape-veil, speckled with white stars, that came out in all their beauty to peep at the swart sea. A light fleecy haze, like a hovering ghost, began to mark the course of the brawling river, wreath after wreath of vapour softly rising and gliding away. 'Eh, sirs, but that's a gruesome sight!—the *vomito prieto* itsel—real yellow fever making itsel visible,' growled our old surgeon, and we all wrapped our pea-coats and boat-cloaks the closer around us, for already a strange chill was in the air, the more felt after the sultry day, when the wind-sails at the hatchways had proved nearly useless, so trifling was the breeze. The boldest of us felt that an impalpable enemy, more potent than guardacostas of Mexico, was at hand. Time dragged on, and the old lieutenant grew more and more fidgety as he sat in the stern-sheets gnawing his nails, according to his custom, when perturbed. Two other persons seemed also to be ill at ease—the boatswain, and an old quarter-master who had broiled away forty years of his life near the equator. The former kept growling out an inaudible soliloquy as he looked at the sky and sea; the latter was perpetually extending his horny palm to 'feel for a wind,' or tossing shavings of tobacco-leaf upon the sea, and watching attentively the course they took. Suddenly, young Penruddock, the latest addition to the reefers' mess, exclaimed, admiringly: 'What a beautiful constellation! *Seven* stars! Can it be the Southern Cross?'

'Wrong side of the line for that, Pen,' said an oldster, bringing a glass to bear on the horizon. 'But that can't be a cluster of stars; looks like lights at the masthead of a ship!'

'So it is,' said I; '*seven* lights pyramidically placed.'

Mr Parchley took the glass. 'Signal from the *Triton!* concerted signal to the shore!—silence in the boats!' was the great man's rejoinder.

Not many minutes elapsed before the quick gallop of a horse, falling softly on the deep sand, became audible, and rapidly drew nearer. The sound appeared to skirt the shore, as if the rider was in perplexity, and then a voice called out in smothered accents: '*Aqui soy.*'

'What does the fellow say?' inquired the gruff boatswain.

'He says, here I am,' rejoined one of the most accomplished of the reefers, while Mr Parchley, who in the course of years had picked up a smattering of Castilian, answered the hail in his best Spanish. In a moment more our new acquaintance, a lean swarthy ranchero, in a striped mantle and huge sombrero, reined in his lean but active horse on the edge of the sand-bank, and peered cautiously down upon us.

'Los senores Ingleses! los mismos!' said the rider, in a tone of profound conviction, doffing his broad hat with Castilian gravity.

'*What* is he talking about?' grumbled the boatswain contemptuously.

'He says, we're our own selves, and nobody else,' replied young Callaghan, while Mr Parchley spoke sharply and vehemently in Spanish.

The Don gravely nodded his head, wheeled his horse, and went off in a whirlwind of loose sand. We could hear the quick hoof-strokes for a few minutes, and then a dead silence succeeded. The moon rose as we waited, and shed ample light on the scene; a dull red moon she was, however, not at all like the honest yellow moon that had silvered our sails for many a night past. The boatswain muttered dark things between his teeth, and the old quarter-master drew on himself a reproof for his restlessness. Still Mr Parchley, one of the best seamen in the service, never moved a muscle, and seemed indifferent to the ugly signs of a change in the weather. His whole attention was riveted on the shore. And now we heard the heavy thud of galloping hoofs, and the rattle of harness, and the smothered voices of men. Nearer and nearer they drew, and presently up came a whole caravan of mules and horses, fitted with pack-saddles, and urged along by a score of wild riders in Mexican garb. They dashed up to the sand-bank, flogging, spurring, and cursing, and rapidly springing from their deep demipique saddles, began to unload the baggage-cattle.

'Jump ashore, some of you,' cried our commander, 'and bear a hand till we're freighted.' Quick as lightning, a dozen men were up to their waists in the dark-green water, and the work of shipping the silver began. The silver was in canvas bags or leathern packages, and heavy as it was, the sturdy strength of our forecastle Jacks, aided by our wild allies, soon transferred it to the boats. The big launch absorbed by far the larger part of the treasure, but even the yawl and cutter soon contained a prince's ransom apiece; and still the men toiled and waded, and still the heavy sacks of rattling dollars were flung like ballast into the boats. Everything seemed to be done in the most hap-hazard style: the sailors laughed like schoolboys, as they bandied the coin to and fro; the Mexicans rushed about like demoniacs; and the precious store was stowed in most cavalier fashion beneath our loose tarpaulins. Suddenly a cry of alarm broke from the Mexicans on the bank, and with that cry mingled the beat of hoofs upon the sand. 'Los enemigos!

Cuidado!' cried our allies, each man springing to catch his horse by the bridle. Some of the silver still remained on shore. 'Quick, you lubbers, quick!' thundered the first-lieutenant, and our men scrambled up the bank to seize the remaining bags. As they did so, the moonlight shone like silver on the caps and lances of a squadron of Mexican soldiers, who came spurring furiously along the shore of the river. They set up a loud shout at the sight of the caravan, and charged with levelled lances. Our men splashed through the water with the last bags of treasure, while the smugglers scattered and fled, hotly chased by small parties of the cavalry. The main body never reined in until they checked their foaming steeds upon the edge of the creek, where they shook their spears at us, with volleys of the foulest abuse of which their language is capable, and a stray pistol-shot or two. But we were out of their reach; and the sight of a score of levelled muskets cooled their courage considerably, while our oars flashed in the water, and the rowers settled to their work. Off we went, the light craft leading, the launch bringing up the rear; and as we started, some of the youngsters took off their hats with mock politeness, and wished the baffled soldiery a '*buenos noches!*'—a civil attention which provoked them to fury. But scarcely had we emerged from the creek, before we saw the tall yards and broad sails of several lateen-rigged vessels glittering in the moonlight, as they crossed the bar of the river to give us chase.

'The guardacostas!' exclaimed fifty voices at once; and then, by an involuntary but unanimous impulse, the men broke out into a hearty British cheer of defiant excitement.

'Silence, fore and aft!' bawled Mr Parchley. 'Give way, men. Mr Lanyard, be good enough to trim the sails, and pass some of the small-arms aft, will you?' The rowers bent to their oars, disregarding altogether the summons to surrender, which came again and again from the Mexican feluccas as well as the hurtling of grape and musket-balls, and the pop, pop! bang, bang! of cannon, pateraroes, and arquebuses, which instantly succeeded. Then began a regular chase. The Mexican force consisted of no less than five great two-masted feluccas, full of men, and spreading an amount of canvas that loomed like the wings of so many condors. Hard on our track they came, firing their carronades and small-arms, and yelling out threats and orders to yield at discretion. We cheered and dashed ahead, the rowers pulling gallantly, the oars sparkling as they lashed the blue deep, and the sails spread to take every advantage of the light and inconstant breeze. The men were highly excited; it was hardly possible to repress their cheering, and they were eager for a brush with the pitiful foe before whom they were compelled to flee. But our business was to carry silver: we were simple smugglers for the nonce, and not naval knights-errant. The shot dashed the water in our faces, splashed and ricocheted all over the dimpling sea, for in the moonlight we afforded an admirable mark, but nobody was hit, nor could the Dons even succeed in damaging our oars. The latter were our chief dependence, for our sails were toys compared with the amount of cloth displayed by the five feluccas; and we could, I believe, easily have been overhauled, had our pursuers been resolute. Instead of attempting to close, however, they continued to play at long-bowls; a one-sided game, since hitherto our proceedings had been as pacific as if we had been delegates from the Peace Society, instead of British mariners. But practice improved the aim of the Mexicans; the moon lent an unwelcome light; and before long two of our men were hit, and sank groaning into the bottom of the boat. The old doctor was instantly busy in attending to their hurts, which were fortunately not mortal; but we all felt that the time had arrived when the British lion must shew his teeth. The great gun was loaded under the eye of Mr Trunnion himself, who stood ready to fire at the word, while the launch yawed so as to bring the grim muzzle to bear upon the nearest felucca. There was a thrill of excitement that pervaded us all, and then the most thoughtless became hushed and mutely expectant of the signal. On came the felucca, racing through the foaming water, her great sails drawing wonderfully well, her deck black with men, as they clustered like ants around the bows and gunwale, their sabres and muskets glinting in the lurid lustre of the moon. Nearer and nearer came the light vessel, till she was almost on our quarter, and loudly did the guardacostas repeat the summons to surrender.

'Sheer off! I say, before we fire,' hailed Mr Parchley, repeating his warning in Spanish. The answer was a storm of epithets and a volley of musketry, which hurtled sharply over our heads, and the seaman who pulled the bow-oar dropped severely wounded.

'Let them have it!' roared our commander, and the bellowing report of the great gun succeeded, the recoil shaking the launch from stem to stern, while the deadly shower of grape-shot swept the deck of the Spaniard, cutting down men as the reaper's sickle levels the ripe corn. Again quickly was the gun sponged and loaded. 'Fire!' was the word, and a ruddy flash broke on the darkness of the night as a fresh shower of iron poured into the felucca, while at the same time our marines commenced a crackling discharge of musketry. A howl of pain and rage burst from the wretched guardacostas, and we could see by the pale light that their deck was cumbered with dead, but not with dead alone. Numbers of the miserable wounded were crawling like crushed worms about the deck, clinging to the bulwarks and rigging, or writhing as they essayed in vain to stanch the ebbing blood that poured from their hurts, while calling hoarsely on all the saints for succour and revenge. The helm was abandoned, the sails shivering in the wind, and the vessel floated like a log upon the fast-increasing sea. Our men instinctively ceased firing, and I will own that a twinge of compunction and remorse ran through me as I marked this sorrowful spectacle, and remembered my own share in the matter. After all, these men were in the right, we in the wrong. The guardacostas were but faithfully obeying the orders of their government, whose laws *we* were wantonly infringing. True, that Mexico is a semi-barbarous state; true, that she is reckless with regard to her own obligations; that the restriction on exporting bullion is absurd and offensive; still, we were the aggressors, and this was no fair deed of arms. But all such thoughts vanished as the other four feluccas bore down upon us, firing with cannon and musket, and their crews uttering vengeful shouts of '*Mueran los Ingleses!*' But although a running-fight instantly commenced, we were not destined to shed more blood on that eventful night. Suddenly, there came a sullen booming sound across the waters from the direction where the *Triton* lay. Another cannon-shot, and yet another, and then the red gleam of a Bengal-light shewed ominously against the eastern sky.

'The danger-signal!' cried twenty voices at once. We ceased firing; the feluccas imitated us; every one looked around for the cause of this warning demonstration. Just then, something like a black veil seemed to overspread the sky, moon and stars alike vanished; there was a rushing sound in the air, faint but increasing fast, like the noise of mighty wings flapping in the dim empyrean. 'I thought as much!' exclaimed boatswain and quartermaster together—'Mr Parchley, sir'—— But the lieutenant heeded them not, for already his keen eye had distinguished something like a white wall driving towards us with lightning speed over the agitated sea. 'Up helm!' he shouted—'trim the boat forward

re, and ship those oars. Down with every rag of
l for your lives, men, for your lives!' Scarcely
l the seamen time to obey, before the seething
ve, milk-white and hissing like a thousand serpents,
s boiling and leaping around us, and the might of
resistless norther was upon us in its fury and its
e. Away, away we sped, like an arrow launched
m a bow, urged by the impetuous tornado, which
t down the waves, and levelled all the sea alike
o a mass of creamy foam. For hours we were in
minent peril. The storm-jib which we set, and
hout which we could not have steerage-way, was
ry moment in danger of being torn away, and it
s all we could do, by incessant baling, to keep the
ts from filling and going down, as we swept before
Norte like a withered leaf before the wind. We
n lost sight of the feluccas; but to our great joy,
en morning dawned upon a waste of broken water,
first wrath of the gale being somewhat spent, we
nd that the yawl and cutter were still afloat at no
at distance. Still, no sign of the *Triton* could we
; and when, after nearly a week of tempestuous
yaging, we reached the Havannah, we found that
ptain M—— had given us up for lost, and the
ners of the treasure had little prospect of ever
iving benefit from it. But we *did* arrive, safe and
nd. The *Triton* made a very fair voyage back to
gland; the millions of shining silver duly gladdened
hearts of merchants and bankers; and we were
t to the Mediterranean, as a reward for our diligence
ce and success. But for all that, it was an ugly
siness; and there are pleasanter portions of a
lor's checkered life than those spent in silver-
uggling on the coast of Mexico.

'LUKE'S IRON CROWN.'

SERTED among the lines contributed by Dr Johnson
Goldsmith's *Traveller*, and far excelling them in
tical life, is the following couplet:

> The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
> *Luke's iron crown*, and Damien's bed of steel.

is reference to 'Luke's iron crown,' obscure to
temporary readers, is not clearly understood, as
shall presently see, even by 'able editors' of the
sent day. Boswell, in his life of the great lexicographer,
after pointing out the lines contributed by
hnson, goes on to remark: 'Goldsmith, in the
plet which he inserted himself, mentions Luke
a person well known, and superficial readers
ve passed it over quite smoothly, while those
more attention have been as much perplexed
Luke as by Lydiat in the *Vanity of Human*
ishes. The truth is, that Goldsmith is himself in
mistake. In the *Respublica Hungarica*, there is an
ount of a desperate rebellion in 1514, headed by
o brothers of the name of Zeck, George and Luke.
hen it was quelled, George, not Luke, was punished
his head being circled with a red-hot crown—
ona candescente ferrea coronatur. The same
verity of torture was exercised on the Earl of
hol, one of the murderers of King James I. of
otland.' Such is Boswell's statement, in which
is followed, in whole or in part, by several succeed-
writers.

Prior, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, adopts this account,
ding a slight error of his own to a graver one of
swell's. He says that the allusion to the 'iron
wn' occasioned some difficulty to readers, till it
s recollected that, in 'a rebellion in Hungary in
14, headed by two brothers named Zack, George
d Luke, the former, not the latter, was punished
its suppression by having his head encircled by
ed-hot iron crown. The short and obscure nature
the reference probably occasioned the poet some
uble. To name the actual sufferer, *George*, might
ve been construed, by those who knew not the historical fact, as implying some sneer or irreverence to his own sovereign; while it is certain the surname *Zack*, which would have suited his purpose, both in sense and sound, was forgotten. The substitution of the latter for Luke would render the whole historically correct.'

In pursuance of this strange suggestion, which, as we shall presently see, is wholly unwarranted by the facts, as far as the name Zeck or Zack is concerned, various recent editors of the *Traveller* have actually changed the text of Goldsmith, and caused the line to read—

> Zeck's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.

This is, perhaps, the first occasion on which an intentional change was ever made in the known authentic text of a classic poet, for the sake of making it 'historically correct.'*

It might be inferred, from the passage cited above from Boswell's *Johnson*, that Goldsmith derived this sorrowful allusion from the *Respublica Hungarica*, one of the Latin *compendia* of history and geography published by the Elzevirs. It would appear, however, from the following passage in Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, that he drew it from a different source. Forster says: 'Who was Luke, and what was his iron crown, is a question, Tom Davies tells us, he had often to answer, being a great resource in difficulties of that kind. "The doctor referred me," he says in a letter to the Rev. Mr Granger (who was compiling his *Biographical History*, and wished to be exact†) "to a book called *Géographie Curieuse* for an explanation of Luke's iron crown." The explanation did not mend matters much. "Luke" had been taken simply for the euphony of the line. He was one of two brothers Zeck, who headed a revolt against the Hungarian nobles at the opening of the sixteenth century; but, though both were tortured, the special horror of the red-hot crown was inflicted on George.'

The preceding accounts are correct in stating that there is a historical error in Goldsmith, as far as the Christian name of the principal sufferer is concerned. It was certainly George, and not Luke. How Goldsmith was led into this mistake, is not so clear. It is not likely, we think, to have been a pure blunder, still less an intentional change for the sake of euphony. As to Prior's suggestion, that the change was made to avoid the appearance of an irreverent sneer at George III., it is on a par with his proposed correction of the text. A reference to the *Respublica Hungarica*, or the *Géographie Curieuse*, might clear up this point. It is not unlikely that the historical compendium in which Goldsmith found the story, spoke of both the brothers as subjected to the same torture; or some brief allusion to it, which fell in his way, may have been so obscurely expressed as to leave it uncertain whether Luke or George was the principal sufferer.

The commentators on a passage in *Richard III.* have collected several instances of a similar punishment. The lines in Shakspeare are:

> O would to God that the inclusive verge
> Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
> Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!

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* We are sorry to include Mr Bolton Corney and Mr Robert Aris Willmott amongst these innovators. See the beautiful editions of the Poems published for the Etching Club, and by Messrs Routledge & Co.

† There is nothing about Goldsmith in Granger's *Biographical History of England*, except the following rare specimen of matter-of-fact criticism in a note to an article on Francis Goldsmith of Gray's Inn (*ob.* 1655), who translated one of the minor works of Grotius: 'We had lately a poet of the same name with the person just mentioned, perhaps of the same family, but by no means of the same character. His writings, in general, are much esteemed; but his poetry is greatly admired. Few tragedies have been read with stronger emotions of pity than the distressful scenes in the *Vicar of Wakefield*; yet we cannot but regret that the author of the *Traveller* (*decies repetita placebit*) *should have undervalued his genius so far as to write a romance!*'—Granger's *Biographical History*, vol. iv. p. 40.

Ritson's note on these lines is as follows: 'John, the son of Vaivode Stephen, having defeated the army of Hungarian peasants called *Croisadoes* in 1514, caused their general, "called George, to be stripped naked, upon whose head the executioner set a crown of hot burning iron."—Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607.' 'This is the fact,' continues Ritson, 'to which Goldsmith alludes—

> Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,

though it was George, and not his brother Luke, who was so punished; but George would not suit the poet's metre. The Earl of Athol, who was executed on account of the murder of James I., king of Scots, was, previous to his death, "crowned with a hot iron." See Holinshed.'

Such is Mr Ritson's note to the lines in *Richard III.* Boswell, the son, in his edition of Shakspeare, adds: 'See also Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, from which Mr Ritson's note is taken almost *verbatim*.'

Boswell here claims too much for his father, and allows too little to Ritson, to whom we are apparently indebted for the important citation from Goulart, which authorises the interesting conclusion, that Shakspeare and Goldsmith refer to one and the same incident. It is true that Shakspeare could not have derived it directly from Goulart, if that work was first published in 1607, inasmuch as *Richard III.* appeared in 1597. The passage in Goulart, however, shews that this bloody narrative had found its way into the popular compilations in Shakspeare's time. Mr Knight, in his note on the passage, says: 'It is probable that Shakspeare had access to the story which is detailed in Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607, how John, the son of Vaivode Stephen, &c.' Goulart, as far as we can gather from Ritson's reference, says nothing of Zeck as being the family name of the unfortunate brothers; nor are we able to state on what authority Boswell gives them this name. Whatever his authority, it is unquestionably a mistake. Their name was neither Zeck nor Zack, but Dosa, as will sufficiently appear from the following extract from the *Biographie Universelle:*

'Dosa (George), proclaimed king of Hungary by the peasants, who had revolted against the clergy and nobility, was himself but a Transylvanian peasant, who had made himself known by his energy and courage. Finding himself at the head of a multitude exasperated by the cruelty of the nobles, he laid waste Hungary for four months, and committed great excesses against the royalists. John, Vaivode of Transylvania, attacked him in 1514, routed his army, and took him prisoner. The wretched Dosa was given up to the most horrible tortures. He was seated upon a throne of red-hot iron, with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, both also of red-hot iron. A glass of blood was then taken from his veins, and given to his brother Luke to swallow. Luke had seconded the revolt.' The rest of the narrative is still more horrible.

This account is evidently abridged from that which is given, with still further details, in Moréri's great dictionary, which Zedler's *Lexicon Universale* appears also to have followed. They both cite *Isthvanfii Regni Hungarici Historia*, and *Gothofredi Chronicon*, which are likely to be the original authorities. The *Universal Lexicon* (1845) of Pierer, in a very short article, alludes to the principal victim as George Dosa. There cannot be a doubt that this was the family name of the two brothers.

We see from this, that there is no foundation for Boswell's statement, whencesoever derived, that their name was Zeck, and that Prior's idea of changing *Luke* to *Zack*, for the sake of making 'the whole historically correct,' is as erroneous as it is tasteless.

But though we do not know precisely with whom the error originated—and there is certainly no resemblance between *Dosa* the true, and *Zeck* the imaginary, name—it is quite easy to see *how* the mistake arose. The two brothers were Szeklers, or, as the word is sometimes written, Zecklers. This is the name of one of the native races of Transylvania, allied to the Magyars, and said to speak their language with some dialectic peculiarity. The Latin writers upon Hungarian affairs generally call them *Siculi:* the meaning of the word is variously given. In the German biographical works, George Dosa is mentioned with the descriptive addition of *Szekler* or *Zeckler;* and either through abridgment or misapprehension, the first syllable of this appellation was mistaken for his family name.

The first step in the process of this change may be seen in a French work, entitled *Histoire des Révolutions de Hongrie*, where the event is alluded to in the following terms: 'Ce fut en ce tems q'arriva la révolte des paysans contre leur seigneurs. Un nommé *Szekely* se mit à leur tête,' &c. We learn from the preface to this anonymous work, that it was written by a Hungarian, and the sentence just cited is evidently a mistranslation. The original, no doubt, described the chief of the revolted peasants as a 'Szekely'—that is, a Szeckler or Zeckler. From 'un nommé Szekely,' to 'un nommé Szek' or 'Zeck,' the transition is easy. But the matter is too clear to need elaborate illustration.

If it were not too painful a subject for a jest, we might say that this unfortunate person has reason, among his other sufferings, to complain of being robbed of his good name. He starts in the sixteenth century as George Dosa, and comes out in the eighteenth as Luke Zeck; like the individual mentioned in one of Smollett's novels, who left Scotland by the name of Ferguson, and turned up in Jamaica as Peter Gun.

We are rather disposed, however, to close with a reflection upon the embalming power of poetical genius as exhibited in one half line of Goldsmith. Wheresoever the English language shall be read or spoken, to the end of time will this poor Transylvanian peasant be commemorated. His iron crown is turned by three burning words into an amaranthine garland, on which the latest posterity will gaze with interest,

> When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
> Shall blend in common dust.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE BEGINNING OF A HONEY-MOON.

We have spoken of the old merchant's undone work as Sisyphean, and indeed the great House of Arbour had fallen much as a huge stone is toppled from the summit of a hill. There was a brief period of indecision, when it rocked, and hung, and hesitated upon the brink of the steep, and then down it went, 'knicketty knock,' like the pebble in Carisbrooke Well. It was a case of Crisis, Crash, Crash, Crash, and Company, from the moment that Mr Adolphus and his ingenious friend got the chief management of the concern into their own hands. One thing only had too confiding Uncle Ingram stickled for before that happened: he had insisted that the highly connected and desirable Mr Charlecot should, before taking any active part in the business, espouse the mature Maria; perhaps from a shadow of suspicion that even a gentleman of his sagacity and disinterestedness might need a family tie at once to steady and to stimulate him; or perhaps from that last weakness of commercial, as well as other minds, which derives satisfaction from being connected with aristocracy. The wedding, which took place at Rose Cottage, was, by the express desire of the bridegroom, as quiet and unpretending an affair as though he had been a German sovereign contracting a morganatic marriage. He was, he said, ashamed to confess that it would be useless to invite his high-born but prejudiced relatives to that interesting ceremony; that the Faubourg St Germain must needs be separated for the present from Darkendim Street by an impassable gulf, although he did not despair of one day carrying his wife in triumph to the ancestral arms—a merchant-princess, whom it would be as absurd to confound with vulgar trade, as to mix up the Earls of Zetland or Balcarres with the small-coal line.

On the morning of the marriage, Uncle Ingram bestowed a splendid trousseau, and the promise of ten thousand pounds after his death, upon Maria, but only her own portion of six hundred pounds for the present. The airy mirth with which Mr Frederic Charlecot received that bagatelle of a cheque would have been worth twice the money to an actor of genteel comedy. He crumpled it up, and thrust it into an outside pocket, as though it had been driving-gloves, to the great scandal of his future uncle, and the absolute terror of Mr John Arbour, attorney-at-law, whose sympathies were easily excited at the prospect of anybody's losing money, one shilling of which might otherwise, by possible chance, have come his way.

'Six hundred pounds! my beloved Maria,' laughed the bridegroom merrily; 'and I would not have had it one penny more for worlds. It charms me immensely—I like it—it is so characteristic. What delight it would give to my lady-mother if she only knew it! "It serves Fred right," she would say; "it is just what he deserves!"'

'He gave me fifty pounds, however, Frederic, beside my trousseau,' remarked Maria apologetically, although she was by no means so tickled with the diminutiveness of her portion as was her *fiancé*.

'Did he indeed? Was he so generous?' observed the bridegroom carelessly. 'Shall I carry it for you, dearest? It will be safer with me than you.'

'No, I thank you,' returned Maria decisively; 'I have been always accustomed to take care of my own money myself.'

Over Mr Charlecot's expressive countenance there passed an angry shadow, to which the eye of even about-to-be-wedded love could not be blind. Was it then possible, thought the lady, that this light-hearted, impulsive, brilliant being that had dropped at her feet as from the skies, had a will of his own! It was then of the last importance that she should intimate to him at once that he was not to exercise it. An hour or two, however, was yet wanting to that ceremony, not till after which the great question of 'Who shall be master?' can be satisfactorily settled; so she temporised, like a judicious general who is expecting reinforcements, and in the meantime declines the offer of battle.

'What *can* you want my fifty-pound note for, dearest Fred?'

'To give to the postillions,' returned that gentleman curtly, with a laugh that was not altogether good-natured. 'You make as much fuss about it as though it were fifty thousand.'.

A conversation likewise took place between the bridegroom and one of his new brothers-in-law that same morning, which was not altogether consonant with the ceremony that was about to unite them in the bonds of mutual relationship and confidence. Mr John Arbour, who was not a little afraid of his high and fashionable relative, had managed to secure his coat-button, if not his attention, in the garden for a few minutes, under the pretence of needing his tasteful aid in the selection of a bouquet for Maria.

'I say, Charlecot, my dear fellow, I want to say just half-a-dozen words to you upon business'——

'Not to-day, my dear John,' replied the bridegroom; 'surely not to-day of all days. Let four-and-twenty hours at least be devoted to Love, Champagne, Aspirations, and Four horses at full gallop! The late lamented Samuel Johnson used to observe, that the being whirled rapidly through the air in a postchaise was one of the most delightful of sensations; how much more charming, then, must such a recreation be, when your companion in that vehicle is Beauty, Youth, and'——

'Yes,' interrupted the other drily, 'I daresay it is, and I sincerely hope you may find it so—although, for the matter of that, Maria is not a chicken. But what I wanted to say to you was this, for I have been talking to Adolphus about it, and he refers me to you. Now, you know I don't doubt either of you in the least. I have the very highest confidence in you both, especially in you, my dear fellow; but you must be aware with regard to your business relations with Uncle Ingram'——

'I beg your pardon for interrupting you,' observed Mr Frederic Charlecot with a sweet smile, 'but you're actually gathering hollyhocks. Hollyhocks are the very last flowers—with the single exception, perhaps, of sunflowers—which are adapted for wedding-bouquets. Roses! ah! that's much better!'

'I was about to say,' continued Mr John Arbour in a harsh and grating tone, as though he were sharpening his voice, 'that you know, as well as I, that Uncle Ingram is not so wise as he used to be by a good deal, and that you and Adolphus can wind him about your little-fingers. Now, I myself am a quiet contented fellow enough, but'——

'A thousand pardons,' interposed Mr Charlecot silkily, 'but, doubtless in a moment of inadvertence, you have again gathered a couple of hollyhocks.'

'Confound your hollyhocks,' returned the other, purple with rage.

'They are not *my* hollyhocks, my dear John,' returned Mr Charlecot coolly. 'As a person whose profession must needs accustom him to use the most accurate definitions of property, your looseness of style amazes me. You are in a passion, too, which renders you quite unfit for the calm discussion of business matters. What you would say, however, as far as I can gather from your excited manner, is this: you distrust—absolutely distrust—your own brother, and the influence he is able to exercise over your uncle; and that now that I am about to be made a partner in the firm, you begin to entertain a doubt even of myself, connected though I am about to be with you by the most sacred tie. Such a suspicion is cruel and unjust in a very high degree, and pains my sensitive nature more than I can express—— I wouldn't put sage in that nosegay, John, if I were you, for though a thing justly estimated for the stuffing of ducks—thank you—— It pains me, I say, although, I confess, your feelings are not altogether unnatural: you would like, of course, my dear John, to be made a partner yourself.'

'I insist upon being made so, sir, or I will expose the whole concern! I will shew how Adolphus and yourself, for your own ends, and to the exclusion of his other lawful kindred, have practised upon an old man of waning and enfeebled powers'——

'This is eloquence, genuine eloquence, my dear John, and I did not think you had it in you. "Waning and enfeebled powers"—good! There he is, my good sir, leaning upon Adolphus's arm at this very moment. You had better go and tell him, at once, the opinion which you have formed concerning the state of his mind.'

Mr John Arbour bit his lips, but stopped where he was. He had not yet worked himself up to such a pitch of virtuous indignation as could induce him to take a step so perilous as that.

'Now, look here, my sagacious young friend,' continued Mr Charlecot candidly; 'just listen to me. I am not a man to do an act of Quixotic friendship even for you; but I am quite ready to benefit you, or any other fellow-creature, if you make it worth my while to do so. Your brother is strongly opposed to your being admitted into partnership with us; I am opposed to it also, because the less number of persons there are to share certain profits, the greater are the individual gains. It is true that, in this case, the gains will in all probability be enormous, but the tendency of the human mind is not upon that account at all the less inclined to be exclusive. Still, a paltry sum like this which I hold in my hand—some six hundred pounds, I say, in ready money—if paid to-day, paid now, to *me*—ridiculous as is the disproportion which it will bear to the ulterior benefits you will derive from the investment—would make me take quite a different view of this matter. I would represent that view to Adolphus. Your uncle would be led to look on the thing in a new light, and the House of Arbour, Arbour, and Charlecot would open its paternal arms to another brother. You would not look for a lion's share of the profits of course, but you shall have that of a lion cub's.'

'I have only five hundred pounds of ready money in the world, sir,' responded the other doggedly. 'Your proposition is iniquitous and grasp'——

'Not grasping, no,' ejaculated Mr Charlecot hastily; 'whatever you call it, John, you shall never call it grasping. Five hundred pounds paid to me by cheque this morning will do, my friend. I believe you, when you tell me you have not a penny more. I can't conceive, for my own part, how you could have ever managed to put by so much. I am afraid you must have denied yourself many luxuries. There it is that you exclusively business-men have the pull over men like me. You have such extraordinary powers of forbearance in your personal expenditures. Now, I can never deny myself anything. I can't do it—and indeed I don't try. If I have this money, then, before I start, I pledge you my word that you shall be admitted into the concern with the rest of us. If not—— But why should we picture to our minds unpleasant alternatives? You are willing, and we are agreed. This day, then, has given to me a new commercial relation, in addition to those connections by marriage whom I had already reckoned upon.'

Nevertheless, the expression upon Mr John Arbour's face was not quite fraternal as he stepped indoors to write that cheque; while as for the wedding-bouquet, he had picked it to pieces, hollyhocks and all.

The happy pair departed from the cottage without any of that effusion of tears which mars so many bridals, and at the risk of being convicted of a want of delicacy, we propose to accompany them upon their blissful travel. The house in Golden Square had been placed at their service for a fortnight—half a honey-moon being considered ample in the case of a bride so serious and a bridegroom so newly dedicated to commerce; and thither Mr and Mrs Frederic Charlecot hurried, borne upon the wings of—— well, it was the Limited Express, at all events, and carried them over fifty miles within the hour.

To the mind of any youth—and Mr Charlecot was but eight-and-thirty, which *is* youth in the marriage-market, except in the case of such impetuous lunatics as wed upon three hundred a year—it surely ought to have been a pleasant and exhilarating journey. Nor do we wonder that Maria looked blacker than usual, when, upon that her nuptial morning her husband purchased the *Times* and *Punch* at the railway station, as though he conjectured the way would be a little tedious. And yet, although the bridegroom kept that broad sheet spread before his face during the greater part of the distance, it is but fair to state that he was by no means occupied with its contents. The fact was, he did not wish his countenance to be too nearly scrutinised by the penetrating glances of his Maria. Incredible as it may seem, in the case of one who had eleven hundred pounds in his pocket, and the prospect of untold wealth about to accrue to him, Mr Frederic Charlecot's mind was far from being tranquil. It had been a blessed relief to him, when, at the commencement of the journey, a near-sighted and nervous young clergyman had taken his place in their *coupé*, and began the perusal of the *Guardian*, unconscious of the withering indignation displayed in the countenance of the bride; and when that divine had awakened to a sense of his situation, and precipitately left the carriage at the next station, Mr Frederic Charlecot yearned after him, as he was by no means wont to do after clerical persons. Two hours before, as was seen in the matter of the fifty-pound note, he had been half inclined to carry matters with a high hand; but now that the knot was tied, he seemed quite submissive, and content to play second-fiddle in that just commencing matrimonial duet—a mere slave of the ring.

'What makes you dull, my Frederic?' demanded Maria, as soon as the obnoxious intruder had made his escape. 'Is it possible that you have any care unknown to me?'

'No, love, certainly not; that is'——

'I know, my own pet,' interrupted the lady triumphantly: 'the eye of woman's love can fathom deeper far than you imagine!'

Mr Frederic Charlecot looked exceedingly uncomfortable at this mysterious speech, and waited apprehensively for more.

'You are thinking about your own family connections, Frederic, and of the impediments that lie in the way of introducing them to your beloved wife.'

'Heavens and earth,' ejaculated the bridegroom, wiping his forehead, 'that was the very thing I was thinking of, and nothing else!'

'Ah, Frederic, you underrate the discernment of us poor women, no less than our independence of character. *We* are not ambitious of social elevation; *we* are not influenced by mere rank and wealth. If I were in your position, small thought of inequality between us would arise in *my* bosom. To love and to be loved, is all we women ask; and it is nothing to us whether the object of our affections be low or high born, so long as he is well principled and devout.'

'I am truly gratified, my dearest Maria, to hear you express such sentiments,' returned Mr Charlecot, with an admiration such as he rarely bestowed upon Maria's moral reflections. 'I, too, for my own part, care nothing for these artificial distinctions. Here we are at London, however—a city, by the by, teeming with such narrow and miserable prejudices. I have ordered a carriage-and-pair to meet us at the station, that we may not be mixed up with the mob of jostling cab-seekers.'

In that exclusive equipage the bride and bridegroom were whirled genteelly away to Golden Square. A maid-servant—not the same who had attracted the young affections of Adolphus—opened the door, and Mrs Trimming was not, as usual, in the hall to receive the visitors. Splendidly attired, but a trifle paler than usual, that lady was nervously awaiting their arrival in the dining-room. She cast her arms affectionately around Maria, who endured her embrace with complacency, but without returning it—precisely as if she was having a new shawl tried on—and then, to that young lady's intense horror, transferred her caresses to the cheek and shoulders of Mr Frederic Charlecot.

'Mrs Trimming,' ejaculated the outraged bride, 'this is a liberty which can never be permitted to a person in your position!'

'What! Have you not told her, Dick?' said the old lady reproachfully. 'Have you not had the courage to own your poor old mother?'

'His mother!' shrieked Maria, turning straw colour—which was as pale as her complexion permitted—and sinking backwards upon the sofa.

'Pardon me, dearest,' exclaimed Mr Charlecot, or Jones, or Trimming, throwing himself on his knees beside her—'pardon this lover's stratagem. Rather than lose you, I would have pretended to have been the Prince of Wales!'

'Forgive him, my dear daughter, for such you are now, and it can't be undone,' cried Mrs Trimming; 'he is a husband that any woman may be proud of, no matter who she be. The handsomest, bravest, kindest—— But there, I shall leave you together to make it up, which you will do all the better for the absence of an old woman like me.'

She left the room, but Maria remained perfectly still, more like a lady of distinction lying in state, than a bride with her groom at her feet; though Mr Richard Jones, to do him justice, was eloquent enough by this time—the consciousness of having committed a felony, by marrying under an assumed name, stimulating, doubtless, his desire for a reconciliation.

'To love and to be loved,' whispered he, 'is all that *I* ask now, my queen. What does it matter, to use your own beautiful and touching language, dearest Maria, whether the object of our affection is of high or low degree? It is true, I have deceived you, but no one needs to know it except yourself and my mother. I have the manners, the feelings, the capacity for business—all that made up the Frederic Charlecot I assumed to be, in short, except the name. That name I can continue to bear. Say, then, that you forgive your own dear penitent Frederic—let me seal that forgiveness upon these lovely lips by one fond kiss.'

If he had suited the action to the word in a proper fashion; if he had been as rapid in the execution of the matter as in the talking about it; if he had saluted the beloved object with an eagerness at all proportioned to the circumstances of the case—it is possible that all might yet have been pardoned him. But, hovering over the lady's unattractive features as he did, not so much like a bee over a flower as a gentleman who stands upon the brink of the ice in his first skates, she suddenly started up with a shrill cry of rage, and administered such a box upon his ears, with her virgin hand, as made them ring again.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MOUSE ASSISTS THE LION-(HUNTER).

From the first moment that Mrs Trimming informed her son of the disagreements in the Arbour family, and of the characteristics of the young man who would, probably, sooner or later, succeed to his uncle's wealth, Mr Richard Trimming, *alias* Jones, *alias* Charlecot, had nourished the idea of aggrandising himself at the expense of her master. He had at first intended to introduce himself to the domestic circle by means of Dick, of whose boyish heart, as we have seen, he soon made easy conquest; but finding that favour was not to be gained by that road, he had dropped the young gentleman's acquaintance (until it was once more forced upon him), although, perhaps, not without some regret. Thorough scamp, indeed, and selfish profligate as this man was, he was not altogether heartless. There were more elements of good in him than in his wife or in his brothers-in-law, Adolphus and John, who would each have committed their felonies with less compunction than himself, except for the penalties which the law and society have attached to such acts. Save for that viscous but inexplicable attachment which had existed between Maria and her eldest brother—a mere adaptation to double harness of that cart-rope with which they equally drew iniquity—not one of those three had the least affection, friendship, or regard for a single fellow-creature. Now, Mr Richard Trimming had, in reality, certain genial sympathies, although his love for himself outweighed all other considerations wholly. He was fond of his mother, although he deceived and pillaged her; and of Lucidora, whom he had ruined, and whose wrongs he had just put it out of his power to ever redress. Without this attraction and capacity for love, he would have been comparatively harmless. Up to that present hour, he had kept his undisputed place in the hearts of those two women, and used his influence there for ill. He had persuaded his poor doting mother, from the first, into secrecies and deceptions entirely foreign to her character, until at last—but always with the notion that her Richard would be a prize to repay the fortunate possessor for anything that was lacking else—she had connived at his scheme of marrying her master's daughter under false pretences and a borrowed name. From such a height of doting fondness did she regard him, that the wilful and eccentric motions of this Will-of-the-Wisp son of hers were, from her point of view, almost unobservable; and the infatuated woman would scarcely have conceded a greater constancy to the pole-star itself. He had so thoroughly inoculated her with that idea of his being such a 'precious high fellow,' that she was far from surprised at his seeking an alliance in a rank of life so superior to his own, and, not without difficulty, had been persuaded by him that any dissimulation on his part was necessary for the attainment of that object. As for Miss Maria, she was conscientiously convinced that that young lady ought to be thankful indeed.

Of Lucidora—of whom, by the by, that other lady had never heard, and never did hear, so ignorant are we, from first to last, of the real modes of life and springs of action even of those who are dearest and most familiar to us—with still greater truth than of Mrs Trimming might it be said that she had loved not wisely but too well. To the mother, the knowledge of the real character of her darling had been mercifully denied, nor did she ever behold her Richard as he was, but only a certain splendid mirage of the man, which no familiarity nor near approach could dissipate. His mistress was doomed to learn, in spite of herself, how nearly allied can fickleness and fondness be; how selfish may be the heart that is not callous, and what tortures it may designedly inflict without being cruel. Since she learned all this, and more, without learning not to love the man, it is no wonder that this woman should have been touched, as has been seen, by the sorrows of young Richard Arbour. Her first serious quarrel with Mr Jones was upon that lad's account—when she told him of his mother's illness, and thereby induced him to leave the photographee's—and the ill treatment she received in consequence of it doubtless augmented her interest in his future welfare. A sudden access of prosperity, for which he was indebted to fortune, through the humble but rapid medium of a dice-box, enabled Mr Jones to repair to Paris, in the character of Mr Frederic Charlecot, coincidently with the visit of Adolphus Arbour to that city—an opportunity thus offering itself to the Adventurer, for the first time, of obtaining that young gentleman's confidence. Their meeting in the café was planned by the former beforehand, whose ready mind had also previously possessed itself of the most delicate intricacies of the china trade. Mr Charlecot did not speak falsely, although he meant to do so, when he declared himself to be mentally qualified for a man of business. The billiard-sharper, menagerie-keeper, peripatetic lecturer, photographee, and gentleman of fashion, could doubtless have performed the *rôle* of dealer in earthenware, so far as brains were concerned, as well as any other. He had, in reality, only adopted the speculative schemes of Adolphus, although disguising them, by extension and improvement, so that their original inventor was but so far conscious of the plagiarism, as to be flattered by the consideration given to his own ideas by so great a commercial genius. Perhaps by this time Mr Charlecot had got to believe in those plans himself, the hazardous nature of which was exactly suited to his reckless character. He certainly entertained no intention of ruining the Arbour family—of killing his geese with the golden eggs—but was anxious enough to enrich them, since by that means he enriched himself likewise.

Lucidora, however, who had so often seen Mr Jones's schemes miscarry, and the precious metals melt in those spendthrift hands, as soon as they reached them, was well aware of what was certain to happen to the House of Arbour if Mr Frederic Charlecot should obtain any powerful voice in its management. She had absolutely refused to aid in his machinations, or even to remain quiescent, unless she should satisfy herself of Adolphus Arbour's hostility to Dick. If, when he entered that sumptuous chamber in the Hotel Gilbert, the young man had betrayed but one touch of tenderness towards his outcast brother, it might have saved him and his house from ruin and disgrace. The infatuated woman was not such a slave to her companion that she would have let him harm the friends of the lad she loved so well and purely. But if they were not his friends! Mr Frederic Charlecot permitted her to assure herself upon that point, being well convinced that he might do so with perfect safety. No arguments of his own could have influenced the impulsive Lucidora so decisively against the young merchant, as that denial of the very existence of his brother heard from his own lips. From that moment, she assisted his bewitchment and subjugation by all means within her power. She was content to remain in Paris alone and friendless, and in lodgings very different from those of the Hotel Gilbert, while Mr Frederic Charlecot prosecuted his commercial undertakings at Rose Cottage. He had promised her to find some opportunity of permanently befriending Dick, and of promoting meanwhile, as much as possible, his interests and those of his sister Maggie with their estranged uncle. We have seen how little this man kept his word with her in these respects; and how, forgetting what he owed to the poor girl, who had sacrificed herself, weakly and guiltily, but still for *him*, he had deliberately plotted for the hand of Maggie first, and afterwards of her sister Maria. Not until the day before his marriage had he mustered courage to write and inform Lucidora of the step he was about to take. He did not attempt to exculpate himself in the least, but heaping upon his own head the sackcloth and ashes of invective, bade her at once disclose, if she pleased, his real name and position, which would only entail, he admitted, a just punishment for his perjuries and desertion in his utter and immediate ruin.

Mr Richard Trimming did not boast himself, without some reason, of his knowledge of the hearts of those with whom he had to deal. Lucidora read that letter in her Parisian garret without one thought of revenge. She sat with it open in her hand, staring at it with a fixed blank gaze for hours, although the words were engraven upon her mind, and needed no reperusal. No tear welled up to her eyes; the very fountain of tears had been trodden out by those cruel feet of his! Disgraced, deserted, guilty, the poor girl never dreamed of injuring the wretch who had thus cast her off; not through tenderness for him—that feeling, deep-rooted as it had been, was plucked up now, never to rise in her heart again—but rather from her loathing of so base a creature. Her lips could not have formed his name, although their doing so should have been able to blast him like an evil charm. She shuddered as she wrote it upon the blank envelope re-enclosing that five-pound note of his—'all he could, unfortunately, spare at present,' and with which he afterwards purchased a very handsome meerschaum. From that hour, she never left her attic—where she now supported herself with her needle—except to purchase food, and to peruse, for a few minutes every day, the English journals. She was looking for something in their Commercial Intelligence, and at last her eye encountered that it sought.

Then she went home, arrayed herself in her best—wherein, however, she looked like the mother of the Lucidora of a few months back, so deeply does Time set his autograph when Trouble guides his pen—and took her way to the hotel of one of the imperial ministers. This gentleman was unknown to her; she had never even seen him; but she had confidence that he would both give her audience, and grant her prayer. She had always heard of him as one of those few admitted to the imperial councils in whom the people also reposed a trust. The situation of a warm friend of liberty, such as he was known to be, in the court of the emperor, was strange and anomalous enough, but it was not unparalleled. His own party were understood, for certain valid reasons, to acquiesce in it. He by no means concealed those opinions which had at one time made him obnoxious enough to the rulers of France, but, on the contrary, was supposed to give no little effect to them. Louis Napoleon, it is said, is not at all times averse to take the advice of an enemy; nor was the expedition to Italy one likely to be planned in the brain of a despot or at the suggestion of mere courtiers. Let this be as it may, however, the Count de Crespigny was an imperial minister, powerful and yet popular; and his hotel was in consequence besieged by suitors. Precedence being, as usual, accorded to ladies, Lucidora found herself in the presence of the count far sooner than if she had belonged to the less privileged sex. He was seated at a massive table in the middle of a vast apartment, which to some might seem scantily furnished for the reception-room of a minister; to others, as admirably adapted for interviews which, although public, were not intended to be overheard by eavesdroppers.

The count regarded Lucidora with a grave but kindly look, and bade her, in the English tongue, be seated.

'You have a reputation for not forgetting an obligation, sir,' said she; 'I am come to remind you of a debt that is still left unrepaid.'

'To you, madam, then I trust,' replied the Frenchman gallantly.

'No, sir; not to me. To Richard Smith, who, while an apprentice at a barber's near Leicester Square'——

'I remember,' replied the count; 'his real name was—Arbour was it not? He was acquitted on a charge of abetting the death of a certain Russian, in consequence of a representation from this country. He was an honest lad, and I have a great kindness for him. After he was released from the police-court, he returned, I understood, to his own friends.'

'He had no friends, sir, or at least none who could help him. The murder'——

'There was no murder,' remarked the count quietly.

'The execution, then, of this Russian, and the lad's appearance in the police-court in connection with it, were the means of the poor boy's ruin. His uncle and family disowned him. He has been wandering about the country ever since in the humblest employment—a beast-tamer in a travelling menagerie.'

'And why did you not inform me of these unhappy circumstances before, madam?'

'Because, sir, when he had only himself to provide for, he would have preferred to have done so unassisted; at least, I think that, with regard to yourself'——Lucidora hesitated and coloured.

'Pray, proceed, madam: the poor lad had perhaps some prejudice against me.'

'He loved you, sir, before the—the—execution of the Russian gentleman—the statement concerning which was put into my own hands by some unknown person at the doors of the police-court; but since that time'——

'He shrunk from me, you would say, as from an assassin, or at least from an executioner. Ignorant as he was of the nature of the circumstances, I cannot blame him for that. I say to you for his ear, what I would say to no other woman living—but you, like him, I read, are to be trusted—that he need disturb himself upon that account no longer. It so chanced that another hand than mine performed its duty upon the occasion of which we speak. I owe him that confession, at least.'

'He will be truly glad to hear it, sir, I am sure. He is now in evil plight enough. The father of the young lady to whom he is engaged is reduced in circumstances by the failure of the young man's uncle, in whose service he was chief-clerk.'

'I remarked the stoppage of the house but yesterday evening,' said the count: 'the name attracted me.'

'If then, sir, it lies in your power, as I doubt not it does, to assist Richard Arbour, I leave you in the confidence that he will not be forgotten.'

'I thank you, madam, for your good opinion, and I should be glad to prove myself worthy of it. We have, however, but few places, I fear, such as Englishmen can fill. You say that he has been accustomed to the care of wild animals; well; I will see what can be done for him. I have your address written down, madam, and you shall hear from me shortly.'

Lucidora bowed her thanks, and was about to leave the room. Her wan appearance, and face, from which all expression save that of settled melancholy had died out at once, now that her mission was ended, touched the count.

'One moment, madam,' exclaimed he with gentleness. 'You tell me that it was your own hand that conveyed to this young and innocent sufferer in a great cause the statement which set him free from the grasp of the law, although not, as we had vainly hoped, from all evil consequences. We are therefore indebted to you also. Is there nothing that can be offered in repayment?'

'Nothing, sir, I thank you.'

'Nay, madam, such disinterested suitors as yourself are so rare here, that we cannot permit them to leave us empty-handed. You have troubles, wrongs, perhaps wants of your own, madam—am I not right?'

No single word of kindness or of sympathy had fallen upon Lucidora's ear for many a day; she had begun to deem her heart incapable of feeling such again, so shrunk and withered it seemed to have grown within her; but this unexpected tenderness touched it, as Moses' rod the rock in Horeb, and she sat down again on the chair from which she had risen to depart, and covered her face.

'Is poverty, madam—and nobody has experienced more bitterly the wretchedness of being poor than he who is now speaking to you—or any obstacle that money can remove, standing between you and happiness? between you, perhaps—for I have known it to do so—and one without whom life itself seems to you not worth living for'——

She held up her hand in piteous entreaty that he should cease. 'Life is worth nothing now to me, sir,' returned she after a little, and her tone was even more hopeless than her words. 'When I have received this favour at your hands for Richard Arbour, I have done with happiness.'

'Suppose that I find some employment for him here in Paris, will it not be happiness for you who love him, and who by your own advocacy have obtained it, to welcome him and his bride? When we look no more for pleasure upon our own account, it oftentimes befalls us through that which we can confer on others.'

'No, sir—no; I would not see them for worlds. They must never know that I demanded aught for them. Through me it is, in part (although they know it not), that this last misfortune has befallen them; and therefore it is fit that through me the reparation should come. But for myself—for *me*—I am not one to welcome to her home a bride, a wife. I shall be far away when she arrives.'

'You intend to leave Paris, then,' returned the minister. 'May I ask whither, and in what capacity?'

'All places are the same to me, sir,' answered Lucidora rising; 'so, at least, that I meet no eyes which used to know me. I can work with my needle; I can tend the sick; therefore, I am not one to starve. Wherever I am, and whatever I do, however, I shall not forget the kindness of Count de Crespigny to an unknown, friendless, fallen woman.'

Upon the next morning, Lucidora received two letters, one of which concerned herself, and ran as follows: '*You say, madam, you can tend the sick, and wish to leave Paris. The office of female sub-superintendent at the Marseille Convalescent Hospital is now vacant, and at your service. The duties and emoluments are as subjoined.*' The other letter—which was left open for her inspection—was official, and directed to Richard Arbour. The first smile which had visited Lucidora's lips for months played round them as she addressed the missive to Mr Mickleham's house at Kensington; where, however, she little guessed that Dick would be found in person.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MARRIED AND SETTLED.

In spite of Mr William Mickleham's impatience and sarcasms, Dick kept the contents of his letter to himself until Lucy and Maggie were both in the room to hear them. Uncle Ingram was asleep, and Mr Mickleham the elder had taken that opportunity to leave the sick man's bedside for an hour's fresh air, or the news would perhaps have been discussed in family conclave, since it certainly concerned them all. In that letter, than which, since the invention of letters, scarce any could have conferred a greater joy upon its recipient, was offered the post of *Aide-naturaliste* at the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, for the young Lion-tamer's immediate acceptance. Appended to the official document and certain satisfactory details concerning salary and house-accommodation, there were a few sentences written in a hand which Dick remembered to have somewhere seen before: '*I write these few lines after visiting your new home, as I hope it will be, my brave young sir. It seems to me pleasant enough, and one to which no young gentleman need be ashamed to bring his bride. The sitting-rooms are certainly preferable to those saloons of Monsieur Tipsaway which you and I recollect so well. As soon as you arrive in Paris, it is my wish to welcome you and yours with this hand—which is as stainless as your own.* DE CRESPIGNY.'

'What the deuce does he mean by stainless?' inquired Mr William Mickleham, in secret perhaps a little outraged at the prospect of Dick's entering the respectable guild of government officials.

'It's only his French way of expressing himself,' explained Richard, half-smothered by the sudden embraces of the two young ladies. How they hung around his neck and cried for joy, and smiling through their tears, looked all the lovelier—like landscapes in the shower while the sun shines! How near, now, after all, was that great happiness which had a few minutes before seemed so far distant, without one sign however small—like the cloud out of the sea that was but as a man's hand—to tell of its propinquity! How thankful they all were!

'How I wish dear papa was in!' cried Lucy, 'that he might share our joy! He is miserable enough just now, I fear; for he is gone to Darkendim Street, where the sale begins to-day.'

'Then let us go there, too,' cried Dick; and in five minutes the two young people were away together. Never before had Mr Richard Arbour so appreciated a walk to the city; never had the warehouse—tush! —never had that Bower in Darkendim Street appeared one-tenth part so beautiful and attractive. There were, however, certain material changes in its aspect, as well as that ideal metamorphosis into the Halls of Dazzling Light which the wand of love has power to effect even in the most unpromising localities. The sombre street was thronged with an unwonted population. A great tide of people swept in through Uncle Ingram's doorways, without the breakwater of a single clerk or warehouseman to check the babbling waves. In vain the gigantic crates, bursting with hay as usual, opposed themselves like a volunteer barricade to the invaders. They surged up the narrow staircase that led to that abode of *vertù*, the pattern-room, with the indecent haste of votaries of the Temple of Vice. Connoisseurs, dealers, dilettanti, dowagers with a mania for china dragons and monsters such as ordinary clay, one hopes, would shrink from forming, were pouring into that sacred chamber where Mr Mickleham had erst been wont to sit, surrounded by his gods of clay and porcelain. Perched at the very desk from which the old gentleman had first smiled a welcome to Dick, was an auctioneer, expatiating upon the rarity of each article as he took it down from its hook. There was one face in that eager crowd, the unspeakable woe and indignation of which at once riveted the attention of the two new-comers—that of Mr Mickleham himself, who was standing immediately beneath the rostrum, with the expression of one whose children were being sold into captivity to savages before his eyes. Whenever the auctioneer began to speak, this gentleman put his fingers into his ears, and kept them there until he saw the hammer brought down upon the wood, and thereby knew that the fate of the precious relic was sealed, and the torture for that time over. Dick and Lucy took some time to get at him through the throng, but he never looked round; and when they reached him, she had to grasp his arm before she could attract his notice.

'My dear child, my dear Dick,' cried he, 'is not this terrible? I positively cannot listen to the Vandal. It is my belief that he doesn't know Staffordshire from Meissen ware. The Babylon brick, sir, was given away to one of these idiots for four pounds fifteen! O Dick, Dick, it is an awful thing to be poor, let the divines say what they will! If one had but had some fifty or sixty pounds in one's pocket to spare—— But there, what's the use of talking?'

'What is this?' cried Dick hastily, as the auctioneer held up an exquisite piece of white porcelain. 'Is it not something that you used to value very highly?'

'Value! ah,' groaned the old gentleman, 'you may say that. It's priceless: it's worth fifty pounds to any man, and to me five hundred. It's Bottcher's own handiwork, and yet that fellow is going to pass it round among these sacrilegious bunglers, whose fingers are—— Good Heavens! I thought that Jew-pedler-looking fellow yonder must have dropped it; this is worse than watching a man upon the tight-rope seventy feet over one's head. He is actually scratching the bridge of his Hebrew nose with it! To what base uses may not adversity bring the best of us. What an awful example of reckless trading, Master Richard, is this day's work! Now the man with the hammer has got it again, and is about to blaspheme that jewel with his ignorant tongue. Excuse me, but I'm deaf till it's over.' And Mr Mickleham again preserved his ears from outrage by putting his fingers into them.

'Five, ten, fifteen, sixteen—thank you—sixteen ten; no advance on sixteen ten; sixteen ten for this exquisite piece of white porcelain; seventeen—thank you, sir; *you* have an eye, I see (to Dick), for worth and rarity. *Going, going;* no advance on seventeen pounds; then, *gone!*' And Dick's address was handed up to the auctioneer.

'What did it go at?' inquired Mr Mickleham peevishly, not even looking round to see who was the purchaser, but keeping his eyes fixed upon the departing treasure. 'At seventeen pounds! That is robbery, sir; rank, wicked robbery. The very handle is worth the money. He is coming on to the Chinese bottle and the Saxony vase, and he might just as well smash them with his hammer as knock them down at the prices which they will fetch to-day.'

Those two triumphs of the plastic art, as well as some others of which the old clerk spoke with especial rapture, were similarly knocked down to Dick's bidding, over the very head of the unconscious Mr Mickleham. It was cruel to keep him in ignorance of their destination, but it would have been ruinous to have informed him at that period, since, had he known his ability to purchase them, his passionate eagerness would have raised the biddings, even if he had not insisted upon naming some figure more consistent with what he considered the legitimate value of the article.

When, as the three walked home together, Mr Mickleham was informed of the bright prospect that had suddenly offered itself across the Channel—brightest, as Dick affectionately assured him, insomuch as that he would now have a home to offer in *his* turn to that friend and father whose doors had been ever so hospitably open to himself—the old gentleman's eyes were dimmed with joy indeed; but when Dick, by way of a diversion, spoke of the trick they had just been playing him, and how that all his porcelain favourites, inclusive even of the Babylon brick—supposed to be irretrievably lost, but cunningly recovered from its short-sighted purchaser by an extra fifteen shillings—had been bought in on purpose to adorn the chamber to be set apart for himself in their Parisian dwelling, the large rare tears began to fall down the old man's cheeks in a manner too attractive for a public thoroughfare, and a cab had to be called to convey the delighted connoisseur and his children home.

Little by little, very slowly but surely, Ingram Arbour's frame recovered from its terrible shock, and the two young people were married. As soon as they returned from their honey-moon, part of which was passed at a south-country village, in the vicinity of Mr Tredgold's establishment, in order that Dick might bid good-bye to his old friends, his uncle removed to their home in Paris, where, amid new scenes, and out of the reach of all that could remind him of his late misfortunes, he improved more rapidly. He never, indeed, got to be the strong man that we once knew him to be, but he could move about and enjoy the sunshine in the pleasant *Jardin*, leaning upon Richard's arm, whom he never by any accident called Dick. Nobody but Maggie and Lucy, and they only by misadventure, were now, in fact, ever heard to pronounce that disrespectable monosyllable. Completely provided for, in a good social position, married and settled, with a *nucleus*—that is to say, they had one baby when I last heard of them—the nucleus of a family already established, Dick's occupation as a scapegrace, it is clear, was utterly gone. Being, as he now was, Richard Arbour, Esquire, *Aide-naturaliste* of the *Jardin des Plantes*, friend of an imperial minister, one who settled the bills of his household weekly, fully eligible for the office of churchwarden (should Paris, happily for herself, ever have such a dignity to bestow), it is evident that a history with such a title as ours can proceed no further. The young gentleman himself, and one other, were perhaps the only persons who remembered, after a little, that he had ever played such a *rôle* as that of *mauvais sujet*. Uncle Ingram, although what is called his 'head for figures' was gone, often found himself gravely thinking whether *sujets* were not sometimes made *mauvais* by indiscreet treatment, and asked forgiveness of his nephew tacitly a hundred times a day. Only once, however, he spoke of the matter, as he and Richard were taking their accustomed walk together.

'Do you know, lad,' said he in a troubled tone, 'it was not *I* who sent for you when I was taken ill yonder? I was as blind as ever. It was our dear Maggie who did that of her own noble heart. How much—how much I owe to her!'

'Not more than I, uncle; not more than I, be-sure. What she has given me is much, but what she has saved me from, can never be told in words. I know how precious was her help, but the greatness of the ruin from which she has preserved me, I shall never know. What quicksands, what sunken rocks I have been amongst, unseen by me, I cannot reckon; but to have escaped the visible dangers, is cause enough for gratitude. When this unseasoned, half-decked craft was most unseaworthy; when the storm was fiercest, when the night was darkest, Uncle Ingram, her love seemed to shine down upon me like a star, and by it alone I steered.'

'And you got into port, Richard,' returned his uncle, smiling sadly, 'when the A1 clipper-ship was lost with all her cargo.'

'Ay, sir,' replied the young man gravely; 'but I reached it by the most dangerous channel, where ninety-and-nine are wrecked for one that gets safely through. I should be sorry, indeed, if my example should ever tempt another young gentleman to turn Scapegrace; for though the North-west Passage may now and again, perhaps, be adventured in safety; for practical purposes, it will always be found better to *go round*.'

'There is something to be said, however,' observed Uncle Ingram stoutly, 'against dogmatical and self-sufficient old gentlemen.'

'There is nothing to be said,' interrupted Dick, pressing the other's arm as it rested on his own, 'but how much we owe to Maggie. I thank God that she has found a husband worthy of her.'

Nephew and uncle had both the highest opinion of Mr William Mickleham, but they did not quite think *that* either, although they often said it. It would have been difficult, indeed, to have found a husband worthy, in their eyes, of her of whom they spoke.

The two young couples visit each other every year, and Mr Mickleham the elder divides his time between them, living six months in London, and six in Paris. His small but snug apartment in the latter city is provided, according to promise, with the chief of those porcelain treasures which used to surround him in Darkendim Street. There are also certain other inanimate objects preserved with equal care, and possessing no less of interest with divers members of that household.

Item, the screen that was to have been parted with at that 'tremendous sacrifice' of seven-and-six, now holds its place in the little drawing-room, memorial of a less prosperous though far from hopeless time.

Item, in Richard's desk, along with a tiny curl from the as yet somewhat fluffy and ill-provided head of the *nucleus*, lies the lock of soft brown hair he stole from his Lucy when he played the barber at Miss Backboard's; while not less fondly treasured by its side, is the half-crown which Maggie threw to him on that lonesome night when he crouched, a houseless wanderer, outside his uncle's house in Golden Square.

The pride and glory of the household furniture, however, and the especial delight of the *nucleus* from the time it began to 'take notice,' is Item four—a magnificent tiger-skin, which either hangs over the drawing-room sofa, or forms a soft and luxurious couch for the infant upon the floor. We can well imagine how, in time to come, it will be young Ingram's highest treat to hear his father tell of the terrible creature whose covering this once was, and how it killed two men, and was within a very little of exterminating papa; for this was erst the royal robe of Semiramis—presented by Mr and Mrs Tredgold to Richard Arbour as a marriage-gift.

In Mr Mopes' lecture upon natural history, the most eloquent portion now is that peroration wherein he speaks of Arborino the Invincible; of the feats he did, and of the beast he slew, and of how he is now officially connected with the imperial government of France. The memory of that tremendous tiger-queller is still fragrant among all Mr Tredgold's company, not excepting the Earthman and the Earthwoman, 'lowest of created human beings.' Another lion-hunter has indeed been procured from the arid plains of Central Africa, but the striped mantle of Arborino has not, it is said, descended upon his successor's shoulders with much efficacy.

It is fair to Mr Frederic Charlecot's reputation as a man of honour to state, that the promise he made to John Arbour at Rose Cottage, regarding his admission into partnership, was kept to the letter, and that when the great crash took place—early as it came—the young gentleman found himself so securely connected with the firm, that he was as irretrievably ruined as the rest. The only one of the family who were pecuniarily benefited in the end by their connection with their uncle was his nephew Dick, who, without using flattery or deceit, *did* secure his six hundred pounds, and might, had he chosen, have kept it.

Adolphus, notwithstanding the house's failure, has not altogether given up commercial pursuits; the last news I got of him was as a peripatetic street-vendor of penny microscopes, in which interesting employment his excellent business habits will doubtless make up for his ignorance of science. He has a small income independent of this profession, supplied by some charitable hand, as has also his brother John; who himself earns a tolerable livelihood, by benevolently inditing, in his beautiful clerkly hand, letters of recommendation for those who cannot write and have little merit, and excellent characters for servants who cannot procure them elsewhere. The police, however, with their accustomed harshness of epithet, entitle him a begging-letter impostor.

Mrs Trimming resides with Mr and Mrs Frederic Charlecot, whom she maintains out of her savings (with some annual assistance, in spite of all that has come and gone, from her late master), but without exercising the usual sovereignty of resident mothers-in-law; Maria, it is whispered, being a great deal more than a match for the other two. One of the very last appeals in the new Divorce Court—the only one, say some ecclesiastical persons, which has failed in its abominable object—was from one Frederic Charlecot, praying for protection and separation from his wife—who, he was well aware, for her own sake, would not charge him with marrying under an assumed name—on the ground of cruelty. It was intimated to him, however, that, unless he could get proof that somebody else had supplanted him in the affections of his consort, no relief could be given to him. 'Whereupon,' says the report, 'the applicant left the court with an air of the greatest dejection, exclaiming that, in that case, there was no hope for him whatever.'

I had almost forgotten to say that, soon after the birth of Ingram Arbour the younger, the most exquisite baby-uniform that was ever turned out by female fingers arrived at Mrs Richard Arbour's, without any other notification of the donor than the initial L, worked on the hem of the garment.

'Heaven knows how glad I should be to take her by the hand!' exclaimed the young mother earnestly.

'Thank you, love,' cried Richard tenderly. 'I wish, indeed, that she would come and see what true friends are left to her.'

'Perhaps it is better as it is, after all,' observed Mr Mickleham the elder, with a nervous remembrance of Dick's lady-visitor with that very unusual name at the police-office.

'Stuff and nonsense, William,' returned the other grandparent, with a touch of his ancient indignation. 'Who are we, that we should venture to make outcasts of our fellow-creatures, whose follies are often far more than outweighed by our own uncharity and selfishness?

'That is very true,' answered Mr Mickleham, with his customary submission to the opinions of his former chief.

Lucidora, however, although made aware, by a common friend, of these kindly feelings towards her, has as yet remained at Marseille, where her life is by no means an unhappy one.

THE END OF THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

RACKING.

Racking is the term given in Jersey to the cutting of the sea-weed from off the rocks that are so abundant in the bays that surround the island; and the racking-season, like grouse, partridge, and blackcock-shooting, commences on a certain day, and is continued for only a certain time. Racking, in Jersey, commences on the 8th March, and that day is usually ushered in by dank and tempestuous weather. Blow high or blow low, however, every available man amongst the natives of the island—excepting, of course, the better-to-do classes—turns out, armed with a scythe, and taking with him either cart or wheel-barrow whilst the women and children content themselves with baskets or sacks to contain the spoil. In so great estimation is this freshly-cut sea-weed held by all classes, that the failing to collect it within the limited time allowed them would be tantamount, in its results upon the soil, to a severe drought. All the year round, there is plenty of sea-weed washed up, which they are at liberty to collect, and which serves them as fuel, and whose ashes are also used as a manure; but this is of far less value than the freshly culled vraik from off the rocks. It is then full of sap, and juice, and freshness, both stem and leaves; and the whole being thickly strewn upon the ground, the earth absorbs much nutriment from it, as do the roots and bulbs of fruit-trees. Without its plentiful application to his meadows, the dairyman despairs, at this season of the year, of getting any grass to grow in his meadows, on which will depend the proper supply of milk from his cows. So, also, with regard to the farmer's potato and other fields, and the apple-orchards, from which so much wealth is extracted in fruit and cider. In short, every inch of cultivated land or tillable soil must be covered with rack in March, even down to Mr Briggs's flower-garden, which is only eight feet by six in dimensions, but where grow sundry sweet-scented herbs and flowers. Not wishing to incur the expense of employing an extra hand, Mr Briggs himself, though at other times a person of great dignity, will often don the unseemly garments and tarpaulin worn by the rackers, and, calling into use the services of an old wine-hamper, only wait for low-water to mingle with the motley throng, and scale terrifically sharp-edged and slippery rocks in quest of the indispensable sea-weed.

I chanced to be at St Aubin on the morning of the 8th March of the present year, and, indeed, had resided there during the whole winter. St Aubin is on the opposite side of the bay to St Helier, and, during the winter-season in particular, is a quiet, retired little country-place, where the monotony of everyday-life is only interrupted by such sad catastrophes as shipwrecks—which have only been of too frequent occurrence this season—or the arrival of a heavy laden collier, whose cargo has long been waited for by the shivering Aubinites. My usual prospect from my breakfast-room window was not of a cheering description, embracing as it often did a mile or two of swampy-looking sand and shingle, with the receding tide lost in a hazy mist; nearer, a few hungry and cold sparrows, and a barn-door cock with five hens, with laudable perseverance would endeavour to beat round the corner of the beach or jetty, and be invariably blown back again as soon as they emerged from the protection of the stone-wall into the full fury of the north-easterly gale. It was, therefore, with no small surprise that, on this particular morning, I found the usually vacant space swarming with busy human beings. Their costume, which was somewhat amphibious, at first gave one a notion that some sudden eruption from the ocean had brought Neptune and his court to preside in open conclave on the shingly beach, the more so as a great many of the people were armed with trident-looking pitchforks; while Amphitrite was just as well presented by some of the female rackers as I have seen that injured goddess personified by rough Bill Buntlin on board of some huge Indiaman becalmed on the line.

The women are clad in dark, stout, and shortish petticoats, with rough woollen stockings, terminating in uncouth *sabots*. How they ever manage to keep a footing on the slippery rocks with these on, is indeed marvellous. The men use huge waterproof-boots. When the tide has receded far enough, then down the steep banks, like a resolute storming-party, the rackers charge the rocks. Those furnished with carts and horses have already commenced the sea-weed harvest, for their horses will fearlessly go breast-deep into the water. The less fortunate owners of barrows have to wait until they can trundle them to the scene of action. Away they go, helter-skelter, baskets and scythes, barrows and pitchforks, until the various groups of rocks are covered with a busy multitude, who cannot afford to let grass or sea-weed grow under their feet; for the tides won't wait for the rackers, and between low and high water they endeavour to make as many trips as they can to and from the shore, heaping their accumulated gatherings out of high-water reach, to be carried away from thence at their leisure. Some of the more fortunate, who are possessors of boats, go to those rocks which are inaccessible to others at all times save by the same conveyance; and these very often accumulate tons of vraik during the day. This occupation is not without danger, and almost every season fatal accidents occur. Not many years ago, a whole family, nine in number, lost their lives by their boat capsizing; and during this year, from the same cause, three poor creatures were drowned in St Clement's Bay.

This singular produce of the sea, besides affording bread and occupation to many a poor family, fuel to warm themselves with in winter, and, in the ashes, a fertilising manure, opens out to the Jerseyites a wider field of occupation. It is now, when the scythe has removed the covering afforded by the vraik, that beds of oysters, limpets, and periwinkles come to light, and are eagerly gathered by the people, either for home consumption or for the markets. Now, also, that rare and delicious mollusc, the ormeil, or 'human ear,' so termed from its resemblance to one, is to be found, and fetches high prices amongst gourmands; its peculiar flavour, when cooked, more resembling that of a tender lamb-chop than any fish. At this season, also, the more venturesome who clamber up to the steeper rocks, collect samphire in abundance, which is much esteemed, in pickle, by the people of the island. Neither does the bounteous ocean forget the naturalist; the finest specimens of delicate sea-weed, the most handsome and perfect shells, get detached from the rocks with the vraik. So the racking season in March is hailed by all in Jersey, and the 8th is as a most welcome anniversary.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

We have, from time to time, noticed theories put forth to account for the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, and now invite attention to that just published by the Rev. Professor Challis of Cambridge. A knowledge of mathematics is essential for the proper understanding of his reasoning, but it is possible to give a brief outline of his conclusions. Magnetic currents are induced in the mass of the earth by its rotation; these currents are subject to modification by the earth's movement of translation, as also by the want of perfect symmetry in its form. 'According to these views, the deviations of the earth's form and matter from symmetry determine the directions of the magnetic streams, which appear from experiment to *enter* the earth on the *north* side of the magnetic equator, and to *issue* from it on the *south* side. The earth is thus,' continues the professor, 'a vast magnet, the streams of which are of constant intensity, excepting so far as they may be disturbed by cosmical influence.' To this cosmical influence is due a circulation of the currents after they have risen above the earth's surface, as also various periodical phenomena which have been discovered by years of observation. In this matter, the sun and each of the planets act their part. We have more than once mentioned the decennial period brought to light by General Sabine, whose name stands foremost among investigators of terrestrial magnetism: other observers regard the term as extending to eleven years and a half, on which Professor Challis remarks: 'It is therefore not surprising to find that this period differs little from the periodic time of Jupiter, the influence of this planet being likely to be predominant on account of his large size and rapid rotatory motion.' By following out this line of argument, the occurrence of daily maxima and minima in observed magnetic phenomena, of simultaneous disturbances of the magnets in places wide apart, and other manifestations of terrestrial magnetism, are accounted for; and when we remember the author's position and qualifications, we doubt not that his theory will receive proper consideration and discussion.

The prize-list just published by the Royal Institute of British Architects, presents a wide scope to professional competitors, who are invited to send in their papers and drawings by the 1st of December next. The silver medal of the Institute is offered for the best essay on the proper application of cast iron, constructively and artistically; on the application of timber-work in England from the year 1400 to the present time; and on the principles of the application of iron-work in the construction of floors and roofs.—The best design for a museum of sculpture and pictures, ancient and modern, with lecture-room to hold five hundred persons, and library to hold five thousand volumes, is to get the Soane medallion; the most approved set of architectural drawings of a chapel, pleasure-house for a garden, park-gate entrance-lodge, moderate-sized villa, or a small market-house, will gain a ten-guinea prize; Mr Tite's prize of the same amount is offered for the best set of sketches or suggestions in the Italian style of architecture, for public buildings adapted to modern wants, such as churches, town-halls, railway stations, and so forth; another ten guineas may be won by the author of the best essay shewing how four ancient camps in Wiltshire, near Swindon, may be made available for defence by rifle volunteers; while the student's prize of books is to be given for the best design of a dispensary suited for a manufacturing town.

The Society of Acclimation at Paris have recently received, as a present from the Duke of Hamilton, a fine ox, one of the aboriginal British breed, of which two small herds still survive on the estate of Earl Tankerville, in Northumberland, and at Hamilton park. The Society having lost their flock of llamas and alpacas by epizootic disease, are taking measures to replace them, and M. E. Roehn is to be sent out to South America to collect another pack, and to take charge of a breed of merinos, which is to be introduced at Buenos Ayres. The expedition thus offers a twofold advantage; but it will be, as we know from Mr Ledger's experiences, both difficult and dangerous.—M. Roy has investigated the causes of the cholera and fever which prevail in Algeria, and traces it to the nature of the soil. In the region of volcanic and primitive rocks, the clay contains phosphorus; and this acted on by fogs and dews which contain ammonia, undergoes a concentration of whatever noxious quality it may possess, and being diffused in the atmosphere, enters the lungs with respiration, and occasions fever. M. Roy, by way of testing his theory, has created an atmosphere of this nature by artificial means, and by breathing therein has produced in himself all the symptoms of the African fever.—We may expect to hear, in the course of a few years, of arid wastes converted into fruitful fields in Algeria, seeing that the French government still continue their beneficent work of artesian well-boring. There are now fifty wells in the province of Constantine, yielding, in all, nearly four thousand litres of water per minute; and this precious benefit has been obtained at a cost of less than three thousand francs for each well. If a party of well-borers were sent in advance of the expeditions to explore the interior of Australia, most of the risk which now attends endeavours to penetrate that unknown region would be removed.

M. Eugene Risler has published his researches on the part played by iron in the nutrition of plants, shewing that in the roots, seeds, and white portions of the growth, the iron appears as protoxide, and as peroxide in the green portions and in the ruddy leaves of autumn. Expose vegetables to air and light, and the protoxide becomes peroxide, and with a rapidity proportionate to the intensity of the light. The chlorophyll is green because of combining the two oxides—blue and yellow; and the two form a voltaic pair which decompose water, and the carbonic acid held in solution, while the hydrogen and carbon enter into the organism. Nocturnal nutrition is oxidation; diurnal nutrition is deoxidation; and to quote M. Risler's description, 'the vegetable tissue is formed somewhat like that of weavers': night being the warp; day the weft, with the iron of the chlorophyll to serve as shuttle.'—A curious plant, the *Drosera*, has been talked about at a scientific gathering in London, which instantly kills all the flies that settle on it, and is so exceedingly sensitive, that the hairs with which it is furnished will converge on the application of one six-thousandth of a grain of nitrate of ammonia, while a single hair is affected by one sixty-four thousandth. Is this to be accepted as another illustration of the analogy between the animal and vegetable organisation?—To pass from botany to zoology, we take pleasure in calling attention to the series of *Zoological Sketches* now in course of publication, comprising drawings, with notes, of animals in the Zoological Society's collection. The drawings are by Wolf, and Mr P. L. Sclater is editor of the work; which to mention is equivalent to describing the publication as highly meritorious.—Now that Mr Du Chaillu has lectured on the gorilla before the Geographical Society and the Royal Institution, and shewn his specimens, and that the narrative of his adventures is to be published by Mr Murray, we may expect that some enterprising traveller will ere long fetch over a few living gorillas for exhibition in the Zoological Gardens.

The Philosophical Institute at Melbourne has changed its name, and is now the Royal Society of Victoria. Judging from the fourth volume of its *Transactions*, published last autumn, the cultivation of science is not likely to be neglected in our distant colony: we find a paper on lightning-conductors—on the turning-point of the wind, with a scheme for developing or discovering it by a system of antipodal observations: another by Mr J. W. Osborne describes a method of photolithography, whereby the impression on the sensitive paper can be inked and transferred to stone. A map, as a specimen of the process, is published with the volume; and a wood-cut is also given as demonstration that a native wood, *Callistemon salignus*, is almost if not quite equal to European box for the purposes of the engraver. We find also a report by a Committee on the animal, vegetable, and mineral resources of Victoria, with remarks on the climate. The lowest temperature of the air recorded in the colony during a series of years is 45 degrees; the highest, 72 degrees. The mean at Melbourne is 57 degrees, but during hot winds the temperature mounts to 111 degrees. In 1858, the rain-fall at Melbourne was 23½ inches, about the same as the annual average at London. Concerning mineral resources, the report sets forth that a considerable quantity of salt is made from the water of shallow lakes in different parts of the colony: it describes various kinds of available building-stone; and should any enterprising emigrant think of establishing pottery-works, he will feel interested in the fact, that coal and good china-clay may be had for the digging; clay suitable for drain-pipes and tiles is also abundant; and the tile-works are flourishing, for experience has demonstrated that tiles are far preferable for roofing purposes to slate or iron in the Victorian climate. In the time of the gold-fever, bricks were made and sold at from L.12 to L.20 a thousand, which have since actually melted away under the heavy rains; the quality is now first-rate and the price reasonable; and the Chinese immigrants, we are told, are making a good kind of blue brick.

The Epidemiological Society, finding publicity desirable, have printed the first part of their *Transactions*, containing papers read at their meetings on the special subject to which they devote themselves; so that readers who wish to know what steps have been taken in the science of epidemiology may now gratify their wish.—A member of the British Association is working at a question in natural history which ought to interest our naval authorities—namely, the history and habits of the teredo, the worm which does so much mischief to wharfs, piles, and ships, by burrowing in the timber. The cost of the havoc wrought by this apparently insignificant creature in the port of Plymouth alone, amounts to some hundreds of pounds every year. The ports which lie most directly upon the sea are the most infested, for fresh water is fatal to the teredo. Hence Hull is uninfested, while at Yarmouth and Lowestoft the piles and sheathing suffer from a worm which is of the same species as that which prevails on the coast of Holland. The species found at Plymouth and some places in Wales is Norwegian. The question is so important, that the Netherlands and the French government each appointed a commission some years ago to investigate it; but we hear that an application to the Admiralty for leave to make a series of experiments at Plymouth, with a view to suggest a remedy, or discover means of prevention, received for answer, 'it was not expedient.' However, the problem will perhaps be worked out by the British Association; meanwhile, those who want information concerning the teredo will find it in a report published, with engravings, by the Royal Institute of Amsterdam. The subject is the more important, seeing that some of the little borers of the Mediterranean pierce holes in the gutta-percha coating of telegraph cables, and so interrupt the communication.

The President of the Royal Society's first soirée for the season was made the occasion for exhibiting important scientific experiments, and philosophical apparatus, besides works of art. Dr Tyndall shewed, reflected on a screen in a dark room, the spectra produced by various metals under combustion, and many a spectator became aware, for the first time, of the wonderfully beautiful colours evolved by silver, copper, and other metals when thus treated.—Mr Wheatstone's telegraph sent messages from one end of Burlington House to the other, through a length of the same cable as is used for his metropolitan telegraph system; fifty separate wires enclosed within one small india-rubber rope.—Of that new and remarkable substance—ebenite, numerous specimens were to be seen, having all the appearance of jet ornaments, fashioned into rulers, paper-knives, and other useful appliances; but its chief claim to notice, appears to be its extraordinary electrical properties. The electrical machine exhibited by Mr Varley had a disk of ebenite three feet in diameter; which, for experimental purposes, is pronounced by distinguished electricians to be superior to glass. Moreover, it has the further advantage of not being brittle, for the principal ingredients of ebenite are india-rubber and sulphur.—Examples of Bunsen and Kirchoff's spectrum analysis were shewn by Professor Roscoe with the coloured lines peculiar to the various metallic and alkaline bases in perfection. Concerning this subject, we take the opportunity to remark that Bunsen's experiments would not have been so much talked of as a new discovery had chemists been acquainted with optical science; for the analytical powers of the spectrum have long been familiar to opticians. Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal* for 1826, contains a paper by Mr Fox Talbot on Coloured Flames, in which the author distinctly shews that, while no difference could be detected in the colour of the flame of strontium and lithium in ordinary circumstances, a striking difference could always be discerned and demonstrated by means of the spectrum; and in another place, describing the soda-line, he says that the spectrum affords to chemical analysis a means of detecting quantities however minute, and however combined, which it would be impossible to discover by any other known analytical apparatus. It is but justice to Mr Talbot to recall the facts which, more than thirty years ago, established his claim as a discoverer in highly important branches of optics and chemistry. In taking leave of this subject for the present, we may mention that Kirchoff is applying the spectrum to analysis of the sun's atmosphere, and with results, concerning which we hope ere long to have something unusually interesting to make known to our readers.

THE VIOLET.

Sweet flower, who scarcely peep'st between
The frondlets of thy leafy screen—
Thine unassuming modest head
Half buried in its lowly bed—
Thou dost so little court the eye,
We might, unconscious, wander by,
Did not thy heavenly perfume
Arrest us, and reveal thy bloom.

Yet, though celestial is the hue
Which dyes thy petals azure blue—
Although the fragrance of thy smell
Doth e'en the boasted rose excel;
I know a maid as bright and fair,
Who boasts an incense yet more rare;
Whose bosom is the taintless shrine
Of virtues far surpassing thine.

Like you, she loves to shrink from view,
To shun the many for the few:
'Tis hers to mould the mind of youth
To dove-like innocence and truth;
To guide it through the paths of love,
To higher, happier realms above;
To seek the suffering homes of care,
And shed serene contentment there.

The sweets that owe to you their birth,
Rich though they be, still cling to earth;
Or dissipate in vernal air
Their odours; but the trusting prayer
Of lips, first taught by her to move
In accents of adoring love,
With incense holier far than thine,
Ascendeth to the throne divine.

G. D.

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ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

ERALDRY is out of fashion as a science. Not that e world has really grown too old and too wise to re any longer for the toys that amused its nonage, t that modes change, and we none of us possess the pacity for serious trifling that distinguished our cestors of the middle ages. So it is, that the idols the past become the playthings of the present, and rhaps will be the laughing-stocks of the future. ven now, though gaudy blazons blush on the panels thousands of carriages, though crests glimmer upon a-spoons and livery buttons, and though letters are ll sealed with escutcheons more or less superb and thentic, few care one straw for the royal study elf. We Britons of to-day are an inquiring race: e force our way deep into Polar ice and African serts, we puzzle out cuneiform inscriptions, and alyse the sunbeams; but how many of us know, or sh to know, that in matters heraldic we are subject the authority of four kings-at-arms—Garter, Claren- ux, Norroy, and Bath; of six heralds, who bear the mes of as many ancient towns; and of four pur- ivants, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, Blue Mantle, ouge Croix. Pretty names and fanciful are these, t who cares for pursuivant or herald now-a-days? as! the stationer who 'finds arms' for half-a-crown s utterly undersold the grand old College which chard III. incorporated. England has carried free- ade even into the market where gules and sable, yverns and griffins, are the wares on sale, and every e assumes the right to annex quarterings according his good pleasure. When a once mighty institu- on has fallen into contempt, be sure it must have used its power in the days of its strength. Heraldry ers a case in point. Let us go back a few hundred ars, and behold it at its brightest and its best.

During the feudal wars of the stormy middle ages, want was felt for messengers whose persons should safe, and who could carry cartels of defiance or rrender, terms of peace, and communications in neral, between hostile armies. This want the ralds, and the heralds alone, were able to supply. ags of truce—a comparatively modern device—did t meet with the respect which is allotted to them the rules of civilised warfare; the minstrel was rtially sacred, the priest wholly so, but neither peared capable of competently representing the gnity of his sovereign. It was very well for ondel to roam over Europe, singing to his own uitar accompaniment, *O Richard! O mon roi!* ntil he discovered the prison of his king, accord- g to that delightful myth which we still love to lieve in; but Richard would have hesitated to intrust Blondel with his defiance to Philip of France. It was well that demure monastic scholars, with a bishopric in prospect, should amble leisurely across Europe, to bandy Latin with Roman officials, and settle their sovereign's outstanding business with his Holiness the Pope. But another kind of Ganymede was required to carry a verbal *ultimatum*, or a bold declaration of war—one who should unite the knight's gallant bearing with the sanctity of a venerated profession—one who could look upon the face of a wrathful king, and venture to speak unwonted and unwelcome truth to him. Such was the herald of old. It was required from him that he should worthily present, among enemies, the dignity of his prince; and for this it was necessary that he should be of a goodly presence, clad and decorated with prodigal pomp, and that his train of attendants should be in all respects richly and gallantly appointed; with all that bravery of tabard and banner, of hood, and chain, and mantle, of housings and party-coloured garniture for horse and man, which old Froissart chronicles so lovingly. Garter and Montjoye not seldom outblazed the ceremonial attire of the monarchs whom they served.

It is not pretended, however, that the herald was, in this sense, a mediæval invention. The Greeks and Romans, the wild nations of Arabia, the wilder tribes of the American pine-forest, equally possessed a sacred order of messengers, though in most cases the immunity was but of a temporary character. That the herald's privilege was very early recognised in Western Europe, we have evidence enough, if only derived from the royal needle of Queen Matilda and those of her Norman *demoiselles d'honneur*. In the Bayeux tapestry, that invaluable sampler of history, the herald finds his place and his label, and stands, breathless but confident, before the rude throne of a foreign and angry prince. Eight hundred years ago, the herald was probably a mere messenger, whose journeys were for the most part performed on foot, and whose peculiar dress, as well as the white wand he bore, procured him a free passage everywhere. It is not likely that the herald of the tenth or eleventh century had any pretensions to learning or to a scientific acquaintance with armorial bearings. The little knowledge of the period was all in clerical keeping; monks alone were capable of tracing a pedigree, of drawing out a charter, or of limning in the gaudy colours used for illuminating missals, the emblazoned devices of the lay-patrons of their community. The minstrels of the time were accustomed to chant the genealogy and glorious deeds of great men; if they had scanty book-lore, they made up for it by retentive memories and facile invention; and a nobleman who was liberal of his ale and beef, his white bread and white money, had seldom reason to complain that the gleemen were niggardly in their praises. Heraldry, in the sense in which we commonly define it, was at the mercy of monk and minstrel. But, indeed, the whole science was a chaos. Badges of chivalric or feudal distinction existed, but they were often arbitrary and personal, though occasionally the same emblem was long continued by a noble family. The Saxon Earls of Mercia, for instance, bore on their shields and banners an eagle displayed; but the caprice of individual warriors was under little or no restraint, even for centuries after the Norman Conquest. One knight fancied a lion for his crest, another painted a swan upon his shield; sons assumed bearings utterly foreign to those of their father, and often it happened that a gentleman metamorphosed his symbolic birds into beasts, or beasts into birds, twice or thrice during his lifetime. Great confusion was the natural result, and the chief use of heraldry, as a key to history, was materially vitiated by such frequent acts of caprice.

It was not until the Plantagenets had been for some time on the throne, that the 'nobil and gentil scyaunce' began to take form and shape. There was no English roll of arms anterior to that taken in the reign of Henry III., although already the German heralds had become famous in Europe, and, a little later, those of France gave laws to the crude and imperfect system. The terms of heraldry were adopted throughout Europe with wonderful unanimity, but the laws have never been exactly similar. English rules vary from those of France; Spanish canons are not identical with those of Austria; but the principles are the same. The origin of all arms is evidently to be traced from the necessity of badges to distinguish one leader from another. Knights in complete mail, and with closed visors, could not have been known by friend or foe, but for the crest on the helmet and the badge upon the shield. To these were afterwards added the wreath which encircled the helmet, and was of the family colours, or of those peculiar to the wearer; and, later still, the scarf and the surcoat. Nor was it the chief alone to whom a conspicuous emblem was convenient. The vassals and mercenary men-at-arms of a baron wore that baron's colours and badge in lieu of a modern uniform, using his name or motto for a war-cry; while on the banner of the troop, the arms of its feudal superior were painted or embroidered. It soon became evident that hereditary emblems were at once more widely known and more respected than those which had been assumed in accordance to the mere whim of the possessor. And by this time the herald was more than a mere runner; he had acquired some share of that learning heretofore a monkish monopoly; he was daily increasing in power and consideration, and the Edwards, especially, delighted to load him with emoluments, and to clothe him with delegated authority. Heralds were organised into a regular hierarchy, with gradual promotion, and duties carefully meted out. In addition to bearing cartels and messages, it was now the duty of the herald to precede his liege lord in all processions and pageants; to proclaim his titles, rank, and grandeur; to vaunt the splendours of his genealogy, and to glorify his valour, power, and generosity. A good address and a sonorous voice thus became adjuncts of the herald's occupation, and to these he was to add the skill of a painter, and the tact of a master of the ceremonies.

Scrolls and banners, the limning of shield and crest on fair white vellum, the designing of those rich coats destined to be worked by fair fingers on standards and surcoats, claimed the herald's care. To him was committed the marshalling and arrangement of tournaments, of triumphal entries, of wagers of battle, of banquets, funerals, and weddings. It was for him to explain in the tilting-field the nicest points of the etiquette which governed knightly sports, and on him devolved the still more delicate task of settling precedence at feasts and in processions. For this, it was necessary that the herald should possess a glib tongue and a powerful memory; that he should recollect the pedigree of every man of rank, with its flaws and salient points; should have the history and rent-roll of each noble family at his finger-ends, and should, moreover, unite the rare gifts of command and conciliation. By this enumeration of duties, we may see that the herald's office was no sinecure. But he had need of other talents than those of tact and unerring recollection: it was his business to invent those allegorical coats of arms in which the sovereigns of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries delighted, and which, under the guise of heraldic adornments, related their histories and boasted of their triumphs. A herald was not considered, like a poet, to be born fit for office; he had a long apprenticeship to serve. He began as a mere foot-runner—the king's messengers of the middle ages bearing scanty resemblance to the fashionably attired gentlemen who now-a-days hurry across Europe by express train with the bags of the Foreign Office. Seven years of diligent running caused the courier to be promoted to the saddle; henceforth, and for another seven years, he bore his king's missives on horseback, under the more imposing style of chevalier-at-arms. He rose, afterwards, from a mere apprentice to a freeman of the guild. Pursuivant, herald, king-at-arms, into each of these offices he was solemnly inducted by his sovereign, who crowned and invested him with his own royal hand, and with many quaint ceremonies. Highest of all were the kings-at-arms, in velvet tabards, blazing with the arms of the prince on back and breast, gilded collars of SS around their stately necks, and strawberry-leaved coronets of virgin gold upon their dignified heads. Their emoluments were great: at every feast, tournament, or pageant, their cry of 'Largesse!' was answered by showers of gold and silver from monarch, knights, and spectators. Kings delighted to honour, not only their own heralds, but those of their allies and enemies; and to bid Montjoye drink from a golden cup, and keep it as a souvenir—or to fling a massive carcanet around Garter's neck, before a hundred applauding spectators, were common freaks of the capricious majesties of England and of France. Of course, the first-fruits of the rich harvest fell to the share of the kings-at-arms; they it was who feasted royally at kingly boards, and lined their purses with the product of kingly generosity. The subordinates had to look for other patrons, and luckily for them, the greater nobles thought it becoming to their dignity to maintain a household herald, along with their minstrels, chaplains, and clerks. The lesser barons, unable to indulge in so costly a luxury as a herald, were fond of retaining at least a pursuivant in their pay, at once as a safe messenger, an appendage to their rank, and a chronicler of their ancestral honours. Prior to the Wars of the Roses—which put an end to this particular exhibition of feudal pomp, and forced the heralds to renounce pensions and largesse, and to live by fees—visitations had commenced; progresses through the counties to register and examine the arms of the gentry, which, of course, were gold-mines to the heralds and the kings-at-arms.

But a great change was at hand. Chivalry was decaying, wealth increasing, and commerce spreading. For the first time, coats of arms became matters of bargain, while on the continent, titles and letters of nobility were sold daily by money-loving ministers of state. Hitherto, arms had been borne by usage, or by direct grant of the sovereign. If the king rewarded a humble soldier with a knight's fee in land and a knight's gold spurs, the heralds had been accustomed to devise him a coat. But presently came Commerce, in the form of some thriving citizen of Cheape or Cripplegate, and jingling down a glittering shower of broad pieces on the tables of Heralds' College, demanded an equivalent. It was not to be expected that such a Danaë as the learned corporation could be coy to such a shower; indeed, the connection of heraldry with chivalry had always been of a mercenary character; the men of tabards had been ever a set of flattering bawlers, hymning the praise of the powerful, and vociferating for payment. No wonder that demand created supply, and that the heralds set to work to accommodate their customers. And be it remarked, that whereas at first armorial bearings were no proof of nobility, but merely its invariable adjunct, by the time of the later Tudor monarchs they had become the indispensable test of high birth. They marked the broad gulf between the 'crestless yeoman' and the esquire. It was necessary that a gentleman should be able to write himself Armigero, like Master Shallow, J. P. And the heralds and lovers of heraldry took advantage of the printing-press to put forth some of the most outrageous boasts and extravagant doctrines ever published on any subject. Heraldry was puffed into unnatural proportions, like the frog in the fable; it was exalted over all sciences and studies; its most fantastic rules were called sacred mysteries; its most trivial terms were regarded as hieroglyphs of deep and vital import. Nay, it was made a religion, and religion was interwoven with it. Abraham, Moses, St Paul, and personages still more sacred in the Old and New Testaments, were authoritatively pronounced to have been 'gentlemen of blood and coat-armour.' Crests and quarterings were assigned, not only to the patriarchs, but to the apostles also. It would be impossible, without giving offence, to reproduce the wonderful farrago of pompous absurdity by means of which men strove to blend Christianity with their favoured science, and to lend what they deemed the authority of the latter to the sanctity of the former. It must be remembered that the heralds' heads were turned by the extravagant esteem in which they had for centuries been held. Kings and queens studied their rules with profound attention; great nobles and ladies, who were quite unable to spell, and could scarcely scrawl their names on charter or muniment, were well versed in hawking, hunting, and the blazoning of arms. Even the most petty and ignorant esquire had a fair smattering of heraldry, the very root and groundwork of gentle education. So it came to pass that when the nation grew richer and more erudite, every rich trader who turned his crowns into land hurried to ask the heralds for a grant of arms. They had a monopoly, those pompous Garters and Norroys—for fancy stationers were as yet unheard of; but, to do them justice, they did not very much abuse it. Their fees were high, but they drew coats well and simply—a great point in the eyes of a connoisseur; and though a ship or a weaver's beam had to be charged on the shield, instead of the lions with horrent mane and grinning jaws, the flame-breathing dragons and bloody poniards of the bygone warriors, the effect of the whole was neat and modest.

It has been left to later times to bespatter a coat with that rainbow collection of cockatrices, bee-hives, griffins, carving-knives, and two-necked swans, in gules, or, sable, vert, azure, purpure, and murrey, which we now admire on the panels of so many carriages. From the Reformation to the French Revolution, what with civil war and high treason, what with extravagance, and what with natural decay, so many families disappeared, and so many new ones rose, alien phœnixes, on their ashes, that the heralds drove a brisk trade. But by the reign of Anne, they were obliged to lower their tariff, and to divide their sovereignty in a measure with the coach-painter. The last visitation of the kings-at-arms was that of the famous Dugdale, Garter King, at the close of the reign of Charles II., and from that time no herald has filled the same authoritative position.

The art has had its enemies as well as its friends. The Puritans demolished nearly as many carved escutcheons as they did stained church-windows. But their enmity was trifling compared with the fury with which in France the revolutionary spirit of 1789 broke upon the old institutions of feudal vanity. Arms were prohibited by statute, and were destroyed by the mob wherever they could be reached. The French soldiery carried out the work of the French populace, and waged war in Spain, Italy, Flanders, against every sign of aristocratic pretension. In 1848, the mob of Paris again gratified their love of equality by a crusade against armorial bearings. But human passions are short-lived, and self-love is more enduring than the rest of her sisterhood. In France, in Belgium, everywhere, you find the coach-painter and the seal-engraver flourishing as of old, and toiling at countless quarters and coronets. Vienna is, however, the great arbiter of continental heraldry, the chief authority on all the important rules that govern the art, insomuch that Viennese heralds consider no coat to be accurately drawn that is emblazoned elsewhere.

Out of Europe, the science can scarcely be said to exist. The Moors of Spain excelled in it, and loved it as they loved all learning and chivalry, but when they were driven back to Africa, they speedily forgot their refinement. Curiously enough, the Aztecs of Mexico were found by Cortes to possess regular coats of arms, gaily embroidered on their surcoats, banners, and shields; and in the tattooing of South Sea savages, and the blue *totem* indelibly marked on the bare bosom of a North American Indian, may be traced some analogy to the 'nobil and gentil scyaunce.'

Many English rules, as before mentioned, differ radically from those in force upon the continent. The use of quarterings is quite distinct, while the crests employed in these islands to replace the coronet which surmounts a foreign coat, are with difficulty understood abroad. Coat-armour, borne by right of descent or legal grant, constitutes nobility, in the foreign acceptation of the term, though English law limits the distinction of nobility to the peerage and their immediate descendants. No foreigner comprehends all this finessing. If you are a patrician, says he, you should bear a coronet, and be count or baron, or, at the least, a chevalier; if not, you have no business with arms at all. So he shrugs up his shoulders at Mr Bull, and gives him up as a hopeless riddle. But Mr Bull is used to an isolated position in other than a geographical sense. On account of sea and religion, of language and customs, he has long been sent to Coventry by the other members of the European family, and he takes the deprivation lightly. He is rich, and loves his own way. Nor, in spite of all the ridicule and abuse that have been poured on it—in spite of keen democratic wit and downright abuse—does Mr Bull choose utterly to renounce the old heraldic toys that his forefathers cherished so tenderly. He uses them, he sneers at them, he scarcely knows whether he has in his heart more contempt or affection for them, but he will not give them up. Writers may flout them, orators denounce them, philosophers pick holes in them, but still John likes to retain his glowing carriage-door, his neatly engraved spoons, his elegant hall-chairs, his snug hatchment, his signet, or his embossed envelopes.

Respectability once was defined to be the keeping a gig; more accurately, it may be said to consist in dabbling a little in the motley sea of gules, argent, azure. Half-a-crown is a small charge for what must be, to many, an actual and lasting pleasure. A few still go to the College, and pay their forty guineas in the old orthodox style. But, as Cicero said of the augurs, it must be difficult for two heralds to look in each other's faces now-a-days, and preserve their gravity.

THE LANDSEER OF LITERATURE.

The man who has read *Rab and his Friends* without loving them, must be either very stupid or very wicked. We had almost said, without loving the man who wrote of them; for Dr John Brown possesses that rare quality of an author which compels his readers, in their exceeding sympathy with his writings, to yearn towards *himself*. What a great-hearted, genial, glorious old gentleman this must be, thought every one who took the first *Horæ Subsecivæ* into his hand; and here he is again, one is glad to see, with a second series, and as grimly jolly as ever! He may possibly—for the present writer, unhappily for himself, has not his acquaintance—be a rigid medical body, who snubs his juniors, and is always dreading to lose foothold of his personal dignity; but this does not seem in the least probable. We can as easily fancy Mr Dickens to be a morose and miserly person, like his own (unregenerate) Scrooge; or Mr Anthony Trollope in a prebendal stall; or Mr Charles Lever an attorney. No: if the author of 'Our Dogs' in this new volume[*] be anything but a kindly catholic soul, he must indeed be a Jesuit of the first-water, and able to hoodwink the entire Protestant Alliance.

It is, however, one of the characteristics of this lovable sort of writer, to have plenty of faults; to be by no means too bright and good for human nature's daily food; to have lots of unaccommodating nodosities about him, and splinters that are against the hand of every man; and Dr Brown is no exception to this rule. There is quite a cactus-hedge of old-world prejudices around the pleasant garden of his mind, although, when it is once surmounted, one easily forgets among the fruits and flowers what one has suffered in getting through it. He is a pagan suckled in a creed outworn, in many respects. He thinks the 'witnessing intense energy in action,' as exemplified in a dog-fight, to be edifying to the youthful mind. He is impatient of novelties, and can see nothing whatever to admire in Mr Bailey's *Festus*. Numbers of his friends assure him, that here he is mistaken; he himself confesses that it is even possible this may be the case, but immediately afterwards reiterates his former conviction; precisely like some old gentleman at dessert-time, who, after acknowledging against his will the superior advantages of railways, and being thoroughly put to silence upon the subject as a matter of argument, will exclaim, as he shoves his chair back, and rises to join the ladies in the drawing-room, that 'there is nothing like the old stage-coach, sir, after all, *you may take my word for it*.' Deeply and finely humorous, too, as our author really is, he stoops now and then to the merest Joe Millerisms—complicated italicised jests, entirely unworthy of him, as when he describes the finding of his terrier, Dick, under the title 'Dick *Mihi*, or *Cur* Why,' under an erroneous impression that it is a good heading for a chapter. Moreover, a considerable portion of his book will be to all but Scotchmen foolishness; consisting, as it does, of exaggerated praise of very worthy persons of that nation, but whose reputation is by no means European. Hugh Miller is described as 'standing beside Burns, and Scott, and Carlyle;' and there is a page and a half devoted to the personal appearance of Dr Chalmers. These matters, however, are but as motes in the sunbeam, after all. If Dr John Brown prefers to tell his charming tales like a privileged person among a company of young people, there is no such great harm; we are glad enough to stand at his knee, and listen to him. *Horæ Subsecivæ*, indeed! we would that many an author's *Horæ Studiosissimæ* were half as well employed. We are generally rather apt to distrust this description of literature: lucubrations ostentatiously declared to have been 'thrown off' after professional hours, in the intervals of business, between shower-bath and shaving-time, and so on, commonly bear within them the most unmistakable proof of solicitude and pains: but Dr Brown's volume is really what it pretends to be—something written in the precious parings of the time of a well-occupied gentleman, who is a healer of men, as well as an assessor of a university. He adorns most things he touches, but he especially adorns dogs.

What Landseer is upon canvas, that Dr John Brown is upon paper. The canine family was never before so well represented in literature. A great living genius has recently devoted a chapter to town dogs—combining both wit and humour, and exhibiting, as usual, most marvellous faculties of observation; but it is made evident that the dogs are a secondary consideration with him; he more than once betrays that he has left his proper beat—which is the watching of the human—to turn his bull's-eye upon the animal creation, and he is glad to revert to his own fellow-creatures when opportunity offers. Now, Dr John Brown is never tempted into such a base desertion as this. He could supply a whole Parlour Library with biographies and *ana* of dogs of his own personal acquaintance, were the world yet ripe for the reception of so comprehensive a work.

'We—the *Sine quâ non*, the Duchess, the Sputchard, the Dutchard, the Ricapicticapic, Oz and Oz, the Maid of Lorn, and myself—left Crieff some fifteen years ago, on a bright September morning, soon after day-break, in a gig.'

Five of these individuals are but one many-titled terrier, and the chapter is more devoted to her than all the rest of the company. The Duchess is 'away after a cat up a back entry, doing a chance stroke of business;' or 'is engaged in minor matters close at hand, catching and eating several large flies and humble bees;' or the doctor, upon the occasion of a startling phenomenon, hears her 'give a cry of fear, and on turning round, there was she with as much as she had of tail between her legs, where I never saw it before, and her small grace making down to the river, a hairy hurricane.' The cook asks what shall be dressed for dinner, and this is the reply: 'I would like a mutton-chop, but then, you know, Duchie likes minced veal better.'

Again, Grub, 'the mugger's (!) dog, grave, with deep-set melancholy eyes, as of some nobleman in disguise (say the Master of Ravenswood), had a great look of the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, and had much of his energy and *wecht*.'

The way by which Dr John Brown became the exponent of canine life to the human family was in this wise: 'I was bitten severely by a little dog when with my mother at Moffat Wells, being then three years of age, and I have remained "bitten" ever since in the matter of dogs.' The first dog, the forerunner, we should think, of several packs (of at least fifty-two each) which Dr Brown at various times, and one at a time, possessed, was Toby, a creature no less sagacious than his namesake who accompanies the peripatetic Punch. 'Toby was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld; in one word, a tyke. He had not one good feature, except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be called interesting; his colour black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy; altogether, what Sydney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog; and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, "bonny wi' ill-fauredness."'

'My brother William found him the centre of

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[*] *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Second Series. Edmonston and Douglas.

n to a multitude of small blackguards who
ɔwning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing
t to lengthen out the process, and secure the
amount of fun with the nearest approach to
Even then, Toby shewed his great intellect,
nding to be dead, and thus gaining time and
ration. William bought him for twopence;
ıe had it not, the boys accompanied him to
treet, when I happened to meet him, and
he twopence to the biggest boy, had the
ion of seeing a general engagement of much
during which the twopence disappeared;
ıy going off with a very small and swift boy,
other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of

agnosis of this animal—physical and mental
udied with exceeding care, and has been pre-
ɔ us complete. 'He had a tail which I never
alled; indeed, it was a tail *per se*. It was
ase girth, and not short, and equal throughout,
licemans's baton. The machinery for working
great power, and acted in a way, as far as I
n able to discover, quite original. We called
ıler. When he wished to get into the house,
whined gently, then gave a sharp bark, and
ne a resounding, mighty stroke which shook
e. This, after much study and watching, we
as done by his bringing the entire length of
tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and
stroke. It was quite a *tour de force*, or a *coup*
, and he was perfect in it at once, his first
ıthoritative having been as masterly and
s his last.'
ıad a great desire to follow Dr Brown's father
ere (who didn't want him), and especially to
ı preach. 'My father's good taste and sense
y, beside his fear of losing his friend (a vain
bade this companionship; and as the decision
cter of each was great, and nearly equal, it
n a drawn game. Toby, ultimately, by
it his entire object, triumphed. He was
ıowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he,
, saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the
ıd up Leith Walk he kept him in view from
site side, like a detective; and then, when he
was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed
ngly over, and joined company. One Sunday,
one with him to church, and left him at the
oor. The second psalm was given out, and
ɪr was sitting back in the pulpit, when the
ts back, up which he came from the vestry,
ı to move, and gently open; then, after a long
black shining snout pushed its way steadily
congregation, and was followed by Toby's
ɔdy. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuff-
friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and
ng him, put his fore-legs on the pulpit, and
there he was, his own familiar chum. I
all this; and anything more beautiful than
of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease, when
ld his friend, the smoothing down of the
ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty
lon't expect soon to see. My father quietly
the door, and Toby was at his feet, and
to all but himself. Had he sent old George,
nister's man," to put him out, Toby would
have shewn his teeth, and astonished

ly life, Toby was peacefully disposed, but
ds he got to be a very warlike animal, the
aking place almost instantaneously, in conse-
of a victory obtained over one Scrymgeour
r. 'Toby was in the way of hiding his
bones in the small gardens before his
l the neighbouring doors. Mr Scrymgeour,
ɔrs off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-
an—*torvo vultu*—was, by the law of con-
great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour, two minutes before, had been planting some precious slip, the name of which, on paper and on a stick, Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it with his shovelling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when Scrymgeour spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrific gowl. I watched them. Instantly, Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more *torve* than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself with proclaiming his victory at the door, and returning, finished his bone-planting at his leisure; the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass door, glaring at him.'

Eventually, Toby fell a victim to the savage criminal code which prevailed in the times he lived in. He did but steal a cold leg of mutton—the shank of which *would* stick up in the garden, although he thought he had buried it—and they hanged him in chains—his own chain—from his own lamp-post.

'William [the doctor's brother] found him dead and warm, and falling in with the milk-boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence, he—Toby's every morning's crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can—had, with an eye to speed and convenience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream, and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and being late, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby. My father said little; but he missed and mourned his friend. There is reason to believe that, by one of those curious intertwistings of existence, the milk-boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.'

The next dog, Wylie, was quite another sort of creature, 'an exquisite shepherd's dog, fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and with all the grace of silky waving black and tan.' Though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her old work upon the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. 'When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her perfectly happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe, and kind, and beautiful. But some months after she came, there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening she disappeared; we tried to watch her, but in vain, she was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day, wearied and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor, dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond, though tired.

'Well, one day I was walking across the Grassmarket, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said: "That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens!"

'I asked him what he meant; and he told me that, for months past, she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the "buchts," or sheep-pens in the cattle-market, and worked incessantly and to excellent purpose in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The man said with a sort of transport: "She's a perfect meeracle; flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang; wears, but never grups, and beats a' our dogs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a maukin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said: "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no, she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that "wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.'

The south-country shepherds seem to have the same regard for their dogs as Arabs for their horses. Professor Syme had a shepherd for a patient one midsummer, who came to him with his dog. 'Mr Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led, on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did, before you came into me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt the dog's feelings!'

Wasp was another of Dr Brown's friends, who could do all that may become a dog, from killing a pole-cat to watching a child; 'but it was as a mother that she shone; and to see the gipsy, Hagar-like creature nursing her occasional Ishmael—playing with him, and fondling him all over, teaching his teeth to war, and with her eye and the curl of her lip daring any one but her master to touch him, was like seeing Grisi watching her darling "Gennaro," who so little knew why and how much she loved him. Once, when she had three pups, one of them died. For two days and nights, she gave herself up to trying to bring it to life, and licking it and turning it over and over, growling over it, and all but worrying it to awake it. She paid no attention to the living two—gave them no milk, flung them away with her teeth, and would have killed them had they been allowed to remain with her. She was as one possessed, and neither ate nor drank, nor slept, was heavy and miserable with her milk, and in such a state of excitement, that no one could remove the dead pup. Early on the third morning, she was seen to take her pup in her mouth, and start across the fields towards the Tweed, striding like a race-horse. She plunged in, holding up her burden, and at the middle of the stream, dropped it, and swam swiftly ashore; then she stood and watched the little dark lump floating away, bobbing up and down with the current, and losing it at last far down, she made her way home, sought out the living two, devoured them with her love, carried them one by one to her lair, and gave herself up wholly to nurse them. You can fancy her mental and bodily happiness and relief when they were pulling away, and theirs.'

There seems to us to be even a greater amount of dog-power in that description than even in the popular *Rab*, for the pathos was there largely borrowed from human woes, whereas here it is wholly canine; and yet how true and touching! As might reasonably have been expected, *one* of our author's many dogs, at least, was a mad dog. 'Jock was insane from his birth; at first an *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn coloured; his mother's name Vamp (Vampire), and his father's Demon. He was more properly daft than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street-door open, than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen, by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, &c.; and at dinner, the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found him to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him; but having upset an earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalised the first moment of his arrival at the manse by strangling an ancient monkey, or "Puggy," the pet of the minister—who was a bachelor—and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space.'

It would be far from tedious to narrate the histories of the doctor's other dogs: of John Pym, 'whose life was full of seriousness,' because he could never get 'enuff of fechtin;' of cheerful Puck, who is met trotting along Princes Street with a rope round his neck in custody of a policeman—in the dog-days—and wagging his unsuspicious tail; and of many noble animals, long since departed to the kennels whither good dogs go. But we must forbear. Dr Brown forbears to tell us of his present living dog for a charming reason: 'it was not,' he says, 'the custom among the ancients *to sacrifice to heroes until after sunset.*' He defers his sacrifice till Dick is dead.

He gives us, however, some excellent canine advice at parting. 'I think every family should have a dog: it is like having a perpetual baby: it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. All unite upon Dick. And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down too late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb too early to bed—is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it; and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly.'

Dr John Brown, we thank you; in the name of dogs and men!

SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.

SERFDOM, once universally established throughout the north of Europe, was abolished in Prussia in 1702, in Denmark in 1766, and in Austria in 1781. It continued to exist in France until the Revolution swept it away with the rest of the old institutions of the country. In England, during the Saxon era, serfdom was deeply rooted in the land, and for two hundred years after the Conquest, the cultivators of the soil were slaves to all intents and purposes. The change from serfdom to freedom was the gradual work of centuries. The ancient labour-rents became almost imperceptibly commuted for definite services, payable in kind, and the villeins obtained a legal right to the occupation of their hereditary copyholds. Queen Elizabeth had her bondmen and bondwomen, with whom she commuted in money for their manumission. As the growth of the population increased the number of free labourers, the practice gained ground, till the bondage of the peasantry came to an end. The last claim of villeinage recorded in our courts of law was made on the 15th of January 1618; but in Scotland the salters and colliers had to wait for their freedom till the end of the eighteenth century, up to which time the sons of colliers were prohibited from following any other calling but that of their fathers, and forbidden to work in any mines but those of the lord of the manor upon whose estate they were born.

When and with whom serfdom originated in the empire of the North, is a question upon which Russian historians are at variance. According to one set of writers, Boris Godounoff, after removing his predecessor, Feodor, by poison, and taking possession of his throne, discovered that his peasant subjects were cursed with a propensity for rambling, and a distaste for settling down quietly in their native villages. To remedy the evils springing from this migratory tendency, Boris issued a ukase binding every peasant to the commune in which he happened to be on the night of St George's Festival, in the year 1603, and forbidding the tillers of the soil from ever again quitting the districts to which they were thus arbitrarily attached. Other historians, however, laud this very monarch as the emancipator of his countrymen from the slavery into which they had been cast by their Mongol tyrants, who styled all Russians, from the poorest peasant to the richest noble, 'serfs and peasants of the khans of the Golden Horde.' If these authors speak truth, previous to the imposition of the Tartar yoke, the only slaves in Russia were prisoners of war, debtors, and those who had voluntarily sold themselves to their superiors. The foreign rulers of the country made every peasant a serf, and the Czar Boris Godounoff set them free. It was left to Michael Romanoff, the founder of the reigning dynasty, at the suggestion of his father, the patriarch Philarete, to rebind the unfortunate labourers to the soil.

Whoever forged the chains of the peasantry, they were undoubtedly riveted by Peter the Great, who re-established the poll-tax, and ordered a census of the population to be taken for military purposes. In this census the peasants were mingled together without discrimination, and so all distinction between the serf and the slave became obliterated, although some difference remained between the positions of the serfs belonging to the crown and those belonging to private individuals. The czars and czarinas adopted the mischievous plan of rewarding successful generals and infamous panderers by bestowing upon them crown-lands, and the serfs belonging thereto. Dependent upon the produce of their small allotments for their daily sustenance, the failure of the crop or the ravages of an army often reduced the poor peasants to utter destitution, which could only be relieved by the lord of the soil, who expected to be repaid in the only coin at their command—additional labour. He, too, was their only protector, the arbiter of their quarrels, and the punisher of their transgressions. So the serfs were powerless to resist further encroachments on their slender modicum of liberty, and gradually the landlord assumed the right of removing them from one estate to another, as suited his convenience or caprice. What was tacitly allowed in one generation, became the law of another. For a serf to leave one estate for another, except at his master's command, was an offence visited with condign punishment; and so the serf became an utter slave, his happiness or misery depending upon the temper of his owner, who was absolute lord of him and his, and had unlimited power of disposing of him as he willed, as an article of traffic and merchandise.

The first step towards ameliorating the condition of the Russian helots, was the making them immovable fixtures of the soil; but this was for a long period the only concession wrung from despotism. The privilege of possessing serfs was confined to the hereditary nobles, and the enslavement of freemen, with or without their consent, declared illegal; but a noble might place any orphan he picked up, when under eight years of age, upon his serf-roll. By marrying a freeman, the serf-woman becomes free; and a free woman retains her liberty, even if she becomes the wife of a bondsman. Owners are not permitted to force their serfs into a marriage contrary to inclination, but they can prohibit them entering the matrimonial state altogether. Serfs cannot be sold by auction, nor is the separation of families allowed. Offences may be punished with the lash, so that no more than five lashes be inflicted at one time; but, unfortunately, the law leaves the interval to elapse between two floggings entirely to the discretion of the owner, who may maltreat the unhappy offender as much as he pleases, so long as he neither kills nor maims him. In case death should follow the infliction of punishment within twenty-four hours, the murderer is liable to lose his own life. Should he prefer transportation to flagellation, he may send his slave to Siberia upon paying all expenses. Should a serf be killed by accident, the slayer pays his proprietor six hundred silver rubles; but if the act was premeditated, is handed over to the tribunal, and probably afterwards to the executioner. Whatever wrong the serf may receive at the hands of his lord, there is no redress for him. It is true the law pretends to guard the peasant from the infliction of certain acts of violence; but the same law also expressly declares that, 'if any serf, forgetting the obedience he owes to his lord, presents a denunciation against him, and especially if he presents such a denunciation to the emperor, he shall be handed over to *justice*, and treated with all the rigour of the laws—he and the scribe who may have drawn up his memorial.' There is one exception to this barbarous enactment, in the case of a serf denouncing his master for treason, when, if he proves his accusation, he is rewarded with the freedom of himself and family.

Runaway serfs must be restored to their original owners, however long a period may have elapsed between their flight and discovery. If the fugitive has married in the meantime, his or her partner becomes the property of the proprietor of the recovered property; but when a female runaway has married a free man, she is not compelled to return to bondage, if her husband indemnify her master in money. Every landowner is compelled to find each serf enough land to support himself and family. The average allotment of land to each serf is a *deciatine*, or nearly three acres, upon which he may labour three days in the week, the other three being employed in his owner's behalf. In the Georgian provinces, the master exacts but one day's work in the week, receiving one-seventh of the crop raised by the peasant, in lieu of the labour due to him. The remaining obligations of the lords of the soil consist in providing their servants with food in times of scarcity, with seed-corn and cattle for the plough. When a serf is drafted into the army, or from any other cause is disabled from supporting his family, the task of doing so naturally falls on the owner of the estate to which he is attached. The fatherless family are usually handed over to the care of other serfs, who receive money-compensation in return.

As the serf-population on an estate increases, the land is absorbed by these allotments. When this is the case, the peasants pay the lord of the manor an annual tribute, called *obrok*, the land being apportioned among them as the head of the commune may think advisable and just. Besides this obrok, or rent, there is a capitation-tax of six shillings a-head levied by the government upon every male serf of fifteen years and upwards. There is a great hardship connected with this impost. Although it is collected annually, the levy is made only occasionally; and the taxpayers being obliged to pay the six shillings for every male member of their family when the levy was made, the poor peasant often has to pay for sons and brothers whom death has released from bondage. Should a serf fail in settling accounts with the government collector, his owner is answerable for the deficiency; but he is not troubled till every means has been adopted, down to the last expedient of putting out the family stove and building up the chimney, so that the unready serf is unable to enjoy that necessity in Russia—a fire. It is very seldom that the peasant fails to obtain, by some means or other, the wherewithal to satisfy the agent of his father the czar. When he does so, or commits any other great offence, he is turned out of his hut, and everything taken from him but his agricultural implements. Tools are 'scored against the master;' but, as might be imagined, the said tools are of the most primitive character: the serf has no inducement to overcome the inherent dislike to new-fangled modes of working, which he shares with the majority of the landed proprietors of Russia.

The highest tribute is paid by the serfs who have left their country villages for the large cities of the empire, where great numbers are to be found as day-labourers, journeymen, servants, coachmen, cooks, and tradesmen. They are permitted to follow what calling they please, but must carry on their trading under their owner's name. Many of this class contrive to accumulate money; but they are liable to have it all seized by their proprietor, whenever his avarice or need requires it. One of the Scheremeteff family in this way became possessed of no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds, which lay at the Bank of Moscow to the credit of one of his serfs. Here is small encouragement for the energetic trader or skilful mechanic. Hard, indeed, for a man to bear to see the savings of years of labour and anxiety snatched from him, to be dissipated in folly and debauchery. 'Of such unhappy wretches,' says M. Jerriman, the existence is one of wailing and despair; they pursue their occupation mechanically and without interest, and sink at last into complete indifference to everything—a sort of dull semi-idiocy. Their decaying habitations resemble the dens of wild beasts rather than human abodes; their food is bad and unwholesome; their half-starved bodies are clad in squalid rags. Should they continue, in spite of still recurring exactions, to accumulate property, it profits them not. Fearing to be dispossessed of it by their tyrant, they bury it in the ground; and it has often happened, after the death of poor wretches who had led a life of abject poverty, that considerable sums of money belonging to them have been found in cellars, barns, and other hiding-places.'

The obrok exacted from some of the out-service serfs is very heavy; but those belonging to the crown are free to exercise any trade, and choose their own field of labour, without paying any higher tribute than those who are content to remain at home. This obrok, and the capitation-tax together, amount to from twenty-two to thirty-one shillings of our money. Schools are provided on the crown-lands to the number of 2511, attended by 90,178 boys, and 19,486 girls, whose little learning is doled out by 2803 teachers. In theory, the crown-serfs should have little to complain of; but in practice, they are exposed to the exactions and oppressions of roguish *employés;* and the nearer they seem to the fountain of justice, the less likely are they to receive the benefit of its waters.

The Englishwoman in Russia rather indignantly remarks, that 'at the entrance of the villages we generally saw, painted on the same board, the number of men and oxen contained in each—the fair sex were not thought worth the trouble of being enumerated.' The enumerators of the Russian census take no account of the women, as not being available either for taxation or military service. Landed proprietors do not reckon their wealth by acres, but by 'souls,' by which they mean male serfs only. No one possessing less than a hundred souls comes under the denomination of a landowner, while the proprietor of two thousand souls ranks as the owner of a very large estate. In 1834, a serf-population of 10,704,378 'souls' was shared among 109,340 masters, of whom 1453 owned above a thousand human cattle; 2273 above five hundred, and less than a thousand; 16,740 above one, and less than five hundred; 30,447 were masters over more than twenty, and less than a hundred; and 58,457 counted not more than twenty serfs as their own. In 1857, out of the male population of Russia in Europe, 37 per cent.—that is, 10,844,902—were serfs, while not less than three-fifths of this large number were hypothecated to the crown and banks for the debts of their lords.

The Russian serf is strong, healthy, and of middle stature; neither sex, as a rule, have much to boast of in the way of beauty, the women having none of what we call 'figure' about them. Living in a wheat country, where meat is cheap, the Russian peasant eats no better bread than that made from rye, and lives chiefly upon vegetables; millet, beet-root, lard, and salted cucumbers are the leading items in his dietary; but his favourite dish is a gruel made from buckwheat grits, flavoured with strong vegetable condiments. Water is the serf's usual beverage, unless he can procure spirits, in which case he invariably makes a beast of himself, drinking till he is stupified—the great aim with a Russian of all 'liquoring.' The men are clothed in a long coarse coat of drugget, fastened round the waist with a belt. In winter, they wear sheepskin, with the woolly side inwards, linen trousers, cloth wrappers supplying the place of stockings, as matted bark often does the place of leather in their boots. The women go about very lightly clad, as if they were less sensitive to the cold of the climate than the rougher sex. The cottages of the serfs in Podolia are built of laths and mud, but elsewhere wood and stone are used. The floor is of clay, and in its centre stands the stove, round which father, mother, and children, the married and unmarried of all ages, lie huddled together through the lon nights on dirty benches, or the still dirtier floor.

Although, as has been said, and no doubt truly said that two Middlesex mowers will cut as much grass i a day as half-a-dozen serfs, the Russian peasant is considering the disadvantages of his condition, industrious; and he is certainly patience itself. He ha been compared to a spaniel for his fawning humility but he also possesses the higher canine characteristic of fidelity. If it be true that he will kiss th hem of his master's garment for a glass of brandy, it is also true that, if kindly treated, he will sacrifice everything, even to his life, for his master. He is fond of singing songs—songs breathing of love , patriotism, and happiness—songs of the time whe serfdom was unknown in the land. He is ver religious after a fashion of his own, 'abstaining fro work, and adhering to whisky on saints' days wit extraordinary scrupulousness;' but he is very wisel averse to discussing theological questions, unle he has been imbibing pretty freely. Utterly uneducated, or possessing, at most, a smattering of 'th three *R*s,' and dependent for spiritual teaching upo a depraved priesthood, it is not very surprising tha the agricultural serf does not shine in a moral poin of view, being generally drunken, and often thievis His love is fierce, but transient, and both sexes wea the marriage-bond very loosely. A Russian noblema told Custine that one of his mechanical serfs, wh worked at St Petersburg, was allowed to revisit hi home and wife after an absence of two years. O returning at the expiration of his holiday, his master asked if he was satisfied with having seen his family. 'Perfectly so,' was the reply. 'My wife has presented me with two more children, and the sight of them gave me great pleasure;' and this was said not ironically, but in perfect simplicity and good faith!

Free cultivators have existed in Russia since the 11th century. By a ukase issued in 1725, it was declared that the 'Polozoniki,' not being serfs, might, under certain regulations, go where they chose. They hold their land under a tenure by which they pay half the harvest as rent; the tenant finding stock and the labour for erecting farm-buildings, the materials for the latter being supplied by the landlord. Their leases run from six to twenty years, but twelve months' notice is required to be given by either landlord or tenant before the connection can be dissolved. In 1804, a further extension of the system of free cultivation took place, Count Sergeir Roumianoff being authorised to establish free colonists upon his southern estates, while all landowners received permission to set their serfs free upon the following conditions: first, without land; next, by investing them with the proprietorship of the soil they tilled; and lastly, on condition that not less than eight acres per soul was granted. Unfortunately, these concessions were afterwards rendered almost nugatory by certain restrictions, which led to innumerable actions between heirs-at-law and emancipated serfs, in which the latter, unless supported by some rich and noble protector, usually went to the wall.

From time to time, the government did something to ameliorate the condition of the serfs; and some years ago it introduced a measure, called the 'inventory,' by which the relative positions of lord and serf were clearly defined. Copies were ordered to lie in the church, the house of the priest, and the court-house of every district, so that the people might ascertain their rights for themselves. The law was, however, generally evaded; but it put an end to the serf being suddenly turned out of his holding at the whim of the master, and afforded some check on the latter's selecting such days for working on the estate as were most favourable to his own interest. Alexander I. was the first of his family to entertain the idea of the entire emancipation of the peasantry; and the first step towards that desirable end was made in 1816, when the serfs of Esthonia received their freedom, and Courland received the same boon the year following. In Livonia, the scheme did not meet with much success; the serfs who could not pay their rents were turned out of house and home. It was afterwards ordered that only half the peasantry should become freemen in 1823, the remainder being left in their old condition till two years later, but all children were declared free from their birth.

By a ukase of the 5th of December 1857, it was decided that the emancipation of the entire population should take place within twelve years after the terms of settlement had been resolved upon, the interim to be used in preparing the peasantry for the momentous change in their position. In every government of the empire, a committee has been appointed, consisting of two deputies from the nobility of every district, and two representatives of the crown; their labours being revised by a central committee sitting at St Petersburg. It is for the decision of this body that the serfs are now waiting in anxious expectation. The announcement of the promulgation of the decree of emancipation on the 1st of March, seems to have been premature; but there is little doubt that Alexander II. will, before long, earn the gratitude of forty-two millions of people, by issuing the long expected ukase.

However commonplace the history of the coming months of the year may prove to be, with three such events as the disruption of the American confederation, the resuscitation of Italy, and the enfranchisement of those to whom Russia owes its material greatness, its strength, and its prosperity, 1861 will be a memorable year in the annals of the world.

FRANCES BROWNE.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the story of Eurytus, the blind Spartan, who, when he heard that the Three Hundred were defending the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian host, called for his arms, ordered his helot to lead him to the field, and, rushing on his country's foes, was pierced by the spears and arrows of the invaders. The Spartan's chivalry has been the theme of poet's song and historian's page, and after the lapse of more than two thousand years, still stirs the heart and dims the eye. But there are nobler deeds than his, wrought by weaker hands, tried by greater privations. To risk a life upon which the shadow of darkness has fallen, with the certainty of gaining after death an immortality of fame, is not the most exalted heroism. Many have sought the shadow of death as a refuge from the shadow of darkness, and with the knowledge that their name and memory would be buried with their bones. But to meet the decrees of fate with a calm and undaunted front; to fight the battle of life single-handed against poverty, blindness, and a host of relentless combatants, when you must first dig for the iron wherewith to forge the armour and fashion the sword; to contend day after day, and year after year, for no guerdon but bread, and no statue but the *statu quo:* this is a heroism greater than that of the Spartan, and deserving more honourable record than that at Thermopylæ: 'Stranger, go tell the world that I strive on obedient to the gods' commands.'

Yet this heroism has been displayed in our own day by her whose name stands at the head of this paper, and whose long and hard struggle for the means of life has hitherto left her little leisure for doing justice to her powers in a work of sustained effort; but who, by the munificence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, in presenting her with a gift of one hundred pounds, at a time when health and funds were much exhausted, has at length found an opportunity of giving to her country's literature a work of fiction worthy of her pen. The publication of these volumes* affords us an occasion for sketching the brief story of the life of their authoress.

Frances Browne was born on the 16th of January 1816, at Stranorlar, a mountain village in the county Donegal, Ireland. Her great-grandfather managed to run through a good estate, and his descendants were left with limited means. Her father was glad to fill the office of postmaster in the village. Frances was the seventh child in a family of twelve; and at the age of eighteen months, not having received the benefit of Jenner's discovery, she lost her sight by the small-pox. She had no teacher even in the elements of learning. Her knowledge of grammar and geography was acquired by listening to her brothers and sisters, as they read aloud their lessons for the village-school; and we have heard her say, that the first geographical problem which puzzled her was, how Columbus could have hoped to reach the coasts of Asia by sailing west, till a neighbour solved the difficulty by explaining that the earth was a globe; 'but to comprehend this fully,' she observed, 'cost me the study of a sleepless night.' To understand the world's angles and asperities was a problem still in store for her, and soon to occasion her many sleepless nights.

Meanwhile, the pursuit of learning was followed with an ardour which alone animates those who have to contend against the greatest obstacles. Step by step, she advanced along the rugged road to the jealously guarded tree of knowledge. There were no guide-posts to direct the wayfarer, and many tolls were demanded of her. To gain time for her brothers and sisters to read to her, she did the household work assigned to them. To gain their inclination, she bribed them by telling them stories of her own invention, or which they had formerly read to her, but forgotten. She acquired a knowledge of French in exchange for lessons in English grammar, given to the daughter of the village teacher. She impressed on her memory the day's reading, by repeating it all over to herself in the silence of the night. Among the works that were thus mastered were Hume's *England*, and the twenty-one volumes of the *Ancient Universal History*. But it was a great event for the future novelist when the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* fell into her hands, her acquaintance with works of fiction being previously limited to such books as *Susan Gray*, the *Negro Servant*, and the *Adventures of Baron Munchausen*; for in Frances Browne's youth there was no bookseller's shop within three counties of Stranorlar, and circulating libraries were things undreamt of.

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* *My Share of the World;* by Frances Browne. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.

About the end of her fifteenth year, having heard much of the *Iliad*, she obtained the loan of Pope's translation. 'It was like the discovery of a new world,' she writes to a friend, 'and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was at the time a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence, which of course I regarded with some partiality; but Homer had awakened me, and in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. After Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's *Childe Harold*. The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript, and the other made me resolve against verse-making in future.' In this resolution she persevered for nearly ten years, till, in the summer of 1840, having heard a volume of Irish songs read, she could no longer keep silence, and a poem was composed, called *The Songs of our Land*, which was first printed in the *Irish Penny Journal*, and may still be found in Duffy's *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*. Then followed contributions to the *Athenæum*, *Hood's Magazine*, and Lady Blessington's *Keepsake*. Her verses were copied into the journals of the day; and she felt herself a poetess. At length the thought came to her in the long sleepless nights, could she not, though sightless and friendless, make her own way in the world? Alas! the golden age had gone by, when, like Blind Harry, she could earn food and shelter by reciting the productions of her muse to chiefs and dames. Yet there were other walks in literature where bread might be got as well as fame. She would leave her native hills—but not Parnassus—and make the venture, though clouds and darkness rested on it. This purpose was carried into effect in the spring of 1847, when the terrible famine which made such devastation in her country began. Having no resources but a pension of twenty pounds, granted from the Royal Bounty Fund by Sir Robert Peel, and no companion but her sister, she crossed the channel for the land of Burns, and as she went, she sang:

> I leave the spring-time by thy streams, with dreams
>   that will not part,
> And on thy hills what kindred names without one
>   kindred heart!
> They will not miss my steps at hearth, or shrine, or
>   social band;
> Oh, free the homeless heart goes forth—yet fare-thee-
>   well, my land!

Edinburgh was the city selected for her residence. There her genius, worth, and industry procured her the means of life, and made her many friends, among others, Christopher North, and the proprietors of this Journal, to which the second piece of prose composition she ever attempted was contributed.* She wrote tales and sketches, essays and reviews, leaders and songs, for various newspapers and magazines; refusing no employment, however uncongenial, and acquitting herself as conscientiously in a story-book for children, as in writing for the entertainment of their elders. During her residence in the northern capital, she published a volume of *Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems*, which she dedicated to the late Sir Robert Peel, in grateful recollection of his liberality and kindness; a series of *Legends of Ulster*, her native province; and *The Ericksons*, a tale for the young. She found her abilities for prose-writing gradually strengthen and improve, but her fortunes did not brighten in equal proportion. Sometimes ill-health, sometimes a dishonest publisher, was the drawback to her prosperity. Yet when things were at their best, there were two to be maintained; and ever mindful of the claims of kindred, Frances, out of her poverty, contributed to the support of her mother, as she has done for seventeen years past. No wonder if at times she felt the burden of life heavy, and mourned in the bitterness of her soul, 'that the waters of her lot were often troubled, though not by angels.'

In 1852, after a residence of five years in Edinburgh, she removed to London. Her sister married soon after, and returned to Scotland; and upon a friend condoling with Frances on her loneliness, she smilingly replied: 'Oh, you know, in the absence of other relatives, an author may manage very well with the help of the relative pronouns.' Since that period, she has had the assistance of a secretary for a few hours every day, her lengthened service to literature not yet enabling her to have one entirely at her command. In those hours she has written songs which have pleased many who little guessed under what circumstances they were dictated.

Frances Browne's poems are, in truth, her best biography, for they shew us her energy of mind, her resolution of character, her scorn of mean and soulless men, her love of the brave, the wise, and the good. Unlike the poems of Blacklock, which abound with complaints of the difficulties and distresses of his situation, his 'rueful darkness' and 'gloomy vigils,' her lyrics contain little allusion to her outward life, and are altogether silent on the subject of her great calamity. With Voltaire, when some one was holding forth on De la Motte's blindness, she thinks that the public is concerned only with the powers of the author's mind, and not with the misfortunes of his body. But the circumstances of her life have given a colour to, if they have never formed the burden of, her song. Poverty having been her portion from the cradle, her sympathies are with the poor—'the wearers of the world's old clothes.' Years of loneliness have made her look longingly forward to that better time when 'none will lead a stranger's life,' and to that happier shore, 'where hearts will find their own.' She deems this age but a material one, wherein the statesman's notion of the highest good is, that

> People and press no questions ask,
> But joyfully pay taxes;

while

> The sum of the priest's millennial views,
> Is no dissent, and all the dues;

and the trader's, that

> There will be no Gazette to fear,
>   But profits quite surprising;
> With wages falling every year,
>   And the markets always rising.

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* 'The Lost New-year's Gift,' March 8, 1845, No. 62, 2d Series.

a such an age, the poet is, she complains, out f place. 'Tis a cruel fate, which banishes him om his native heaven, and binds him to the clay -cruel as that which brings the wild-swan from the urple heights of morn, to the dust and dulness of rth. This thought is beautifully expressed in the llowing touching poem, called

THE WILD-SWAN.

As arrow sent from the hunter's string,
  When the moorland sky was gray,
Had smote the strength of the wild-swan's wing,
  On his far and upward way;
Pinion and plume of vigour reft,
Drooped like boughs by the tempest cleft
  On some green forest tree,
And never might that wild-swan soar
To the purple heights of morning more;
Or westward o'er the hill-tops cleave
His course through the cloudy isles of eve,
  And the sunset's golden sea.

The light of the lovely lakes that lie
  Among green woods was gone
From all his days, but the years went by,
  And the lonely swan lived on,
A captive, bound to the dull earth then,
With wingless creatures, and weary men
  Who could not quit the clay;
He grew like them, as a dweller must,
At home with the dulness and the dust,
Till faded from his memory's hold
The life and the liberty of old,
  Like a far forgotten day.

Yet ever as from wood and wave
  The smile of the summer went,
And his kindred's march passed south, above
  The spot where he was pent,
With their wavy lines, and their wings of snow,
And their trumpet's notes sent far below
  To bid that lingerer rise,
The swan would gaze as the host swept by,
And a wild regret was in his cry,
As if for the nobler part and place
He lost, in the freedom of his race—
  In the joy of streams and skies.

Falls not that wild-swan's fortune oft
  On souls that scorn the ground,
Whose outspread wings the deadly shaft
  Of an earthward fate hath found;
And narrowed down to some dusty scope
The tameless strength and the tireless hope
  That for the skies were born;
Till in the lore of that lifeless lot
Their glorious birthright seems forgot,
As dimness deepens and grayness grows,
And year by year with its burden goes
  To the night that knows no morn?

Yet over the prison-house at times,
  Great thoughts and voices go,
That wake with the mind-world's mighty chimes,
  Their buried life below;
And the bowed of bondage lift their view
To the heaven that lies so far and blue
  In its boundless beauty yet,
But never can they that realm regain,
The wing is withered, the cry is vain—
So downward turn they, eye and heart,
And learn, but not with a ready heart,
  Of that wild-swan—'Forget!'

ut wherever our poet finds heroism, honesty, worth, ere she reverently bows down; and never did eacher convey more beautiful a lesson on the otherhood of all good men, however their lots may ffer, than is contained in the poem of *Mark's Mother*.

Mark, the miner, is full fourscore,
But blithe he sits at his cottage door,
Smoking the trusty pipe of clay,
Which hath been his comfort many a day,
  In spite of work and weather;
It made his honest heart amends
For the loss of strength and the death of friends;
It cheered his spirit through the lives
And management of three good wives—
But now those trying times are done,
And there they sit in the setting sun,
  Mark and his pipe together.

From harvest-field and from pasture-ground,
The peasant people have gathered round:
The times are rusty, the news is scant,
And something like a tale they want
  From Mark's unfailing store;
For he is the hamlet's chronicle,
And when so minded, wont to tell
Where their great-uncles used to play—
How their grandames looked on the wedding-day—
With all that happened of chance and change,
And all that had passed of great or strange,
  For seventy years before.

But on this evening, it is plain,
Mark's mind is not in the telling vein,
He sits in silence and in smoke,
With his thoughts about him like a cloak
  Wrapped tight against the blast;
And his eye upon the old church spire,
Where falls the sunset's fading fire—
And all the friends his youth had known
Lie round beneath the turf and stone,
While a younger generation try
To touch the keys of his memory
  With questions of the past.

'Good Mark! how looked the Lady Rose,
Whose bower so green in our forest grows,
Whom old men name with a blessing still
For the torrent's bridge, and the village mill,
  And the traveller's wayside well?'
'Like my good mother, neighbours dear,
How long she lies in the churchyard here!'
'Well, Mark, that bishop of kindly rule,
Who burned the stocks, and built the school,
How looked his Grace when the church was new?'
'Neighbours, like my good mother, too,
  As those who saw could tell.'

'Then, Mark, the prince who checked his train,
When the stag passed through your father's grain?'
'Good neighbours, as I live, his look
The light of my blessed mother's took,
  As he bade them spare the corn.'
Loud laugh the peasants with rustic shout:
'Now, Mark, thy wits are wearing out.
Thy mother was but a homely dame,
With a wrinkled face and a toil-worn frame;
No earthly semblance could she bear
To a bishop learned, and a lady fair,
  And a prince to kingdoms born.'

'Nay,' saith the pastor, passing by,
As the stars came out in the evening sky—
'That homely dame hath a place and part
Time cannot wear from the old man's heart,
  Nor many winters wither;
And know ye, friends, that the wise and good
Are all of one gracious brotherhood;
Howe'er their fortunes on earth may stand,
They take the look of their promised land—
So bounteous lady, and bishop kind,
And prince with that royalty of mind,
  Were like Mark's blessed mother.'

With the above—which would be a sufficient answer to those critics who imagine that, like her own Ben

Ezra, she only 'sees of each soul the losing side'—we must conclude our notice of Frances Browne's poetry, and take a rapid glance at the prose work already referred to as her latest effort, *My Share of the World.*

This book is the autobiography of Frederick Favoursham of Liverpool, by turns artist, tutor, phrenologist, writer for the daily press, private secretary, holder of a government office, and finally of a large estate and many thousands. The scenes to which the author thus introduces us are various, shewing considerable knowledge of men and things. The characters that play their part in the story are numerous—perhaps too numerous—but some of them are undoubtedly original. There is a young gentleman of fifteen, who despises *Jack the Giant-killer* and *Robinson Crusoe*, and considers the learning of his letters just a waste of time, but who dotes upon Foxe's *Martyrology* and *The Inquisition Displayed*, and will at any time lay down his knife and fork to hear about eternal punishment, or to meditate upon a tract he is composing on The Fall of Man. There is an old lady who is haunted at the full of the moon by the fear of the Jesuits, and goes shouting through the house: 'Down with the pope!' There is a female phrenologist, who proves to be one of the women whom our hero's father had wheedled into a pretended marriage, who advises Frederick 'to take care of his conscientiousness,' and evinces her own by employing him as her assistant at the rate 'of sixpence for every single, and a shilling for all double characters.' There is a newspaper contributor who grumbles that his talents are not appreciated by editor or proprietor, and promises to revenge his wrongs by 'pillorying the whole staff to all posterity in his great poem, The Guild of the Giftless;' solacing himself meantime by ascribing all the misfortunes of his life to his wedding-day, which 'furnishes him with satisfactory reasons why he is not rich, wise, and celebrated—even the shortcomings of his previous life being laid at its door. "Mr Favoursham," he would say, in moments of extraordinary confidence, "how could I succeed, with that fate hanging over me? It cast a shadow on my prospects, though I did not know it: a man never does well who has something looming in the distance."'

Nor are actors of a higher type and finer mould wanting in the drama. There is Frederick's mother, who is so lonely and heartbroken under her husband's desertion and profligacy, yet whose dying injunction to her son is, 'Never forget he is your father, and do not let him want in his old days; and if you marry, be a good man to your wife, for women have a poor turn in this world; and if you don't, live like the holy virgins, that will come in white to the gates of heaven.' There is Frederick's first and only love, a fine ideal nature, 'with a born relationship to the arts and the muses,' whom the fates join to a reckoner of sums and manufacturer of ginghams, surround by savers of candle-ends and makers of economical puddings, and consign at last to 'the night-duty in this inglorious campaign of ours.' There is her grandfather, a kindly old squire, with good word and hearty greeting for peasant and retainer, but who has never been himself since the murder of his only son, and who is quite bowed down by the suicide of his granddaughter, the sole comfort of his age. There is a brave and gifted Frenchman, whose love for the memory of the first Napoleon is greater than his love of friends or kindred, of fame or fortune; who has led a life almost as wandering and full of adventure as Candide's; who turns up in Frederick's painting-days, and befriends him in various emergencies, gets his father off a trial for bigamy, and our hero himself off a platform when he breaks down in a lecture, consoles him on the marriage of his first love with the remark: 'You have missed Lucy somehow, but not the dream of your youth: you will never frown upon her because the joint is overdone, or the linen not mended;' who sings him the finest of songs, and gives him the wisest of counsel—except on the subject of astrology, and the partiality of Providence for red-haired people.

Then we have quaint pictures of the goings on of an 'unco righteous' family, startling pictures of lives of blood and darkness, comic pictures of the whims and caprices, the failings and follies of men of the brush and men of the pen. We have glimpses of the homes of two brothers who had made their fortune in the slave-trade, one of whom turns to the deaconship of a chapel, the other to rum and limes, for consolation in his old days. We have sketches of mercenary love, hypocritical love, revengeful love, love to the wrong person. We have the portrait of a son unconsciously engaged in taking down his father's trial for bigamy. We have—but type and paper fail us to tell more than that we have the promise of another novel from the author, who, in the person of Frederick Favoursham, thus addresses the reader: 'Having told my own tale, it would please me to tell some other people's whom I have mentioned in the course of it, thus taking a hint from the lady of the *Arabian Nights*, to prolong my literary life.'

We think that that capricious calif, the Public, will be as pleased to listen to Frances Browne's stories as she will be to relate them; and as one of the ministers of his royal pleasure, we promise, when his majesty next yawns, to clap our hands, and usher in for his diversion the author of *My Share of the World.*

THE QUEER LODGER.

Emma and I did not exactly run away; it was not requisite, for nobody would have gone in chase; but we concluded a match of our own making, in spite of the good advices and evil prophecies of all our friends and relations. I was an under-clerk in Barclay's Bank, with a salary of eighty pounds a year. Emma had no fortune but herself: and it was enough for a better man. My home was with three maiden aunts, who required to know where my odd sixpences went; hers was with a step-mother and six step-sisters. We had waited for something to turn up, till both began to see that we were not growing younger; and after talking it over for some weeks, we came to the desperate resolution of facing poverty together. My aunts thought I should have waited ten or twelve years, and got into a better connection. Emma's step-mother found out that she might have had old Saunders, who was just retiring from business with fifty thousand and the gout; but our minds were made up. I went for the licence. They all gave us their blessings, together with the comfortable assurance that we had nobody but ourselves to blame; and the business was done at Marylebone Church one Saturday morning.

Having advised and prophesied to no purpose, the relatives on both sides left us to our own resources. We had been genteelly brought up. Emma's father was an artist, and mine had been a barrister. There was spirit enough between us to maintain a respectable appearance, and owe nobody anything, whatever the indoor deficiencies might be; so we took a house in Adelaide Place, St John's Wood, furnished it with all the money I had saved, and made great endeavours to let our first-floor. All the acquaintances who called to see if we were not starving, were shewn the drawing-rooms, back and front, with all their advantages of air and outlook. All the bank-clerks I knew were asked to come and see them; all the tradesmen with whom we dealt were advertised on the subject; and at last Mrs Lesley—I mean my Emma—consented to put a card in the window. It remained there so long without any effect, that we were beginning to despair of a lodger. Adelaide Place, though quiet and genteel, was rather out of the way for men of business, and not frequented by single ladies in search of apartments. The first quarter's rent became due, and still our rooms remained empty. The second was drawing on, and my poor girl was thinking of doing without the charwoman who acted as our temporary servant, when one evening, towards the end of September, as I returned home from business, she met me with a joyful countenance, and the announcement that the drawing-room was let. A single gentleman had called that afternoon, liked the rooms, did not object to the rent, left a deposit, and was to take possession on the following evening.

'I'm sure he's a German, from his manner of speaking,' said Emma. 'He did not tell me where he had been lodging, nor why he wished to move so quickly; but the rooms have long been empty, and he looks respectable.'

Highly respectable his two references assured us he was. One of them was a bill-broker living near Capel Court, the other was an attorney in Chancery Lane, and both were very like Jews. He himself was not Hebraic, although unprepossessing. He was a thin man, and would have been tall but for a stoop, which seemed habitual to him. His face, his hair, his whiskers, and his moustaches—for he wore that continental ornament—were all of a whity-brown colour; his features were, every one, large, except the eyes, which were small, keen, and cunning; and he had a slow, civil manner of talking and moving about. Though a German, he was our fellow-subject, being a native of Hanover—for my story takes place before the accession of her present Majesty. His name was George Neffer. His habits and dress were those of a well-to-do man; there was evidently no want of money troubling him, though he followed no business. His rent was punctually paid; he found very few faults, was easily served, kept no late hours, and was, on the whole, a first-rate specimen of the genus lodger.

I don't think letting a first-floor necessarily makes people curious, but it does afford them special opportunities of studying their neighbours' affairs. Emma and I had business enough of our own in the way of making both ends meet, and were inclined to mind it; but for the lives of us we could not help taking note of the gentleman in the drawing-room. He had no visitors, and got very few letters. He never went to church, but frequented the theatre and other places of public amusement. Sometimes he was out, night after night, for weeks together, then he would suddenly stay fast at home, till the going-out fit came on again. As I have said, he followed no business, and, when within doors, his time was spent in playing the German flute, reading newspapers, and entertaining himself with a sort of German nine-pins, which it appeared he could play alone. These were the observations of the first few weeks; but as the evenings grew longer, we noticed he had ways of his own which were still more peculiar. Though generally slow-going and quiet, he would sometimes come to our door with a knock like one pursued by his enemies, especially after dark; and when it was opened, he would rush in with such haste and terror, that we were often on the point of asking what had frightened him. At times, too, as we sat by our parlour-fire, Emma at work, and I reading, we would hear him jump from his seat, open his room-door, and run half-way down stairs: there he would stop for a minute or two as if to take breath, and then go leisurely back to his paper or nine-pins. Emma told me that he had often a frightened look when she went to see about his breakfast in the morning, and it was soon evident that he did not rest well at night; we could hear him moving about and lighting his candle at all hours; indeed, at last he kept it burning the whole night, and we came to the conclusion that Mr Neffer was rather a queer gentleman.

Our lodger had been civil from the first, but as the winter drew on, he became positively friendly, lingered to talk with us on all occasions, told us the news of the day, made us trifling presents, offered the loan of anything he had, and was particularly attentive not to give Emma trouble. In our frequent chats, we observed that he took opportunities to reflect on his own loneliness; he did not care for sitting down to meals by himself—it was a cheerless thing to be the only one at a table. I ventured to hint once or twice that our first-floor might accommodate two, and a man with means and sense was not bound to live alone; but Mr Neffer would not hear that, and his drift was at length made clear; for one day, in my absence, he proposed to Emma, in the most direct manner, to board with us, and become one of the family. Whatever she may want of beauty, fortune, or connections, no man will ever regret marrying a sensible woman. Mrs Lesley told me our lodger's proposal that evening, and her own opinion of it. 'He's a strange man, Charles, and has strange ways. I don't think there are any bad intentions in his mind towards us. He's a good lodger, and the rent is useful; but there is something about him that I should not like to sit down with always. We don't know what he has been; he has got nothing to do, and that frightened look of his makes me doubt his head is not quite steady; in short, Charles, I think we are better by ourselves.'

I felt exactly as Emma did on the subject; and being a good deal the cunninger of the two—not an uncommon case for all that is said to the contrary—I advised her to lay the responsibility of refusal on my reserved habits and dislike of strangers. Emma said she could not help pitying him, he looked so disappointed and downcast at our determination to do without his company; and I observed that he paid me particular attention ever after, as if to remove my objections to his strangership.

He must have thought himself succeeding remarkably well in this endeavour, for before the short days of mid-winter came we had grown familiar, and almost confidential. He asked me up to his room; he came down to chat in our parlour; and, whether by accident or design I cannot say, but he often met me on my way home from business. One Saturday evening—it was in the beginning of December, a clear, frosty night, and I was posting along the Queen's Road to Emma—he overtook me, and seemed strongly inclined to talk; indeed, I had latterly thought he had something particular to say, and now it was evidently coming. He drew close up to my side. There was scarcely a soul to be seen along that quiet road, but the bright fires flashed up from all the kitchens with the sounds and odours of preparing tea.

'A nice quiet neighbourhood this,' said Mr Neffer. 'I suppose there is never anything troublesome or unpleasant happening here; no house-breakers, no followers after people for bad purposes, you understand;' and he looked at me with his keen cunning eyes.

'I don't know; I've never heard of the like.'

'O yes, but they do come,' he said hastily; 'I have been troubled that way myself, and you must know it, Mr Lesley. Haven't you seen him?'

'Who?' said I.

'That old man that won't keep away from me!' and he crouched in closer to my side. 'He follows me home through the streets at night, and he gets in, and comes up stairs; you must have seen him. And, Mr Lesley, if you would only keep him out—talk to him, bid him go away, I have money to spare, and I should not mind giving a hundred pounds or so. Would not that be of use to you?'

We were hard by a gas-lamp; the man was looking me straight in the face, and speaking in a low husky tone, with a terrible touch of fear in it. I felt convinced that our lodger would soon get apartments at Colney Hatch, or some other convenient asylum; his manner was so alarming that the hair under my hat began to rise, and it was with no small perturbation that I assured him I had seen no old man coming about our house, at the same time inquiring what the intruder was like. That question all at once changed Mr Neffer's tune, and seemed to put him unaccountably on his guard.

'Oh, he's just an old acquaintance of mine, out of his mind, I think! Dear me, what a cold night it is!'—and he went off in a dissertation on the weather, which lasted till we reached the door. 'Here,' said he, thrusting a little paper into my hand, as I stepped over the threshold; 'oblige me by taking it; you have been kind to me;' and before I could say a word, he had run up stairs and shut his door.

The present was a very handsome but old-fashioned watch, with chain, key, and seal, all of solid gold, except that the signet was a bloodstone, on which was engraved the figure of a mermaid with a scroll in her hand. It was a valuable gift, and I knew it meant silence on the subject of our conversation. That was the only secret I ever kept from Emma. My poor girl's health was delicate that winter; she had much anxiety about our straitened means, and besides my conviction of losing our lodger in the manner before mentioned, his words had struck such a strange terror to my own heart, that I resolved not to frighten her with them. The gift of the watch, however, was made public. It was a capital timekeeper, of old German make, and had somebody's name, so effaced that I could not read it, inside the case. Emma spent a great many days wondering why Mr Neffer had parted with it, for though well supplied, he was not liberal; but the gentleman and I were naturally greater friends than before, and it is unnecessary to say my supervision over his doings was vigilant and special.

For some time, nothing remarkable rewarded my vigilance. He went on much as usual, and there was no further news regarding the old man. I had begun to persuade myself that it was all right, and that Mr Neffer was only a little eccentric. Moreover, I thought proper to exhibit his present at the bank, as my own watch, being originally a cheap one, had gone permanently out of order. The golden magnificence was, I must confess, produced whenever occasion served, and greatly admired by my mates of the desk, but by none, I fancied, more than Mr Rensall, the head-clerk of our department. He was a silent, punctual man, who said little and did much. He had a steady look, black hair, which was getting grizzled, and a manner which kept the most conceited of the clerks in awe. They had a tale that his family had been bankers, or doing bank business for seven generations, and that they had come over from Hanover with the first of the Georges. Mr Rensall was a man in great authority over us, and feeling flattered that he should admire my watch, I lost no opportunity in letting him see it. He evidently had some thoughts of his own about it, but said nothing, till one day, when I happened to be sitting alone making out vouchers for Calcutta, and the head-clerk had business at my desk. The watch had been referred to, but as a matter of convenience, for its novelty was wearing off my mind.

'You have a handsome watch, Mr Lesley,' he said, with uncommon condescension—'allow me to look at it. Quite a gem of its kind, of the old Gottingen make,' he continued, examining my present, but with more of scrutiny than admiration in his look; 'it must have cost you a considerable sum.'

I felt bound to rebut the charge of extravagance, and immediately informed the head-clerk how and where I had come by it.

'Oh, from your lodger!' said he, returning the watch to my hand. 'He must have a great respect for you, and also be a man of some wealth, to give away such a valuable watch.'

It was not often that Mr Rensall chatted so much with one of his inferiors. I was pleased, and honoured, and knowing he had some influence in the way of recommending for promotion, I gave him full particulars regarding our gentleman in the drawing-room, always excepting the prospects of Colney Hatch. Mr Rensall listened with great affability, said he was glad to hear we had such an agreeable lodger, and wished me good-morning. After that, he never failed to take friendly notice of me at the bank; I rose immensely in the estimation of my brother-clerks in consequence; and there was a general impression on their minds, that Lesley must have good connections. These omens of good-luck were balanced by home-signs of a less encouraging character. Emma was not getting stronger, winter wants and prices were telling on our slender income, and our lodger's manifestations of an approach to the strait-waistcoat began to increase. His frightened knocks and runs into the passage became more frequent; he burned two candles now every night; and as the new year came in, a singular addition was made to his stock of queerness, for we heard him conversing very earnestly when there was not a soul in the rooms but himself.

It was one of those nights, wet, windy, and cold, which come in the dreariest part of the London winter. I had returned home late, and poor Emma had got a sad headache; so she left me, for the first time, sitting by our fire alone, and went up stairs to try and sleep it off. I had been reading about the settlement of the Belgium question in the *Morning Advertiser's* leading article, and was not much interested. There was not a sound in the house but the wind and rain that beat against the windows; our maid seemed to be asleep in her territory below, and I crept up stairs to see how my poor girl rested. She was fast asleep. I closed the door softly, and was stealing down, when, on the first-floor lobby, my ear was caught by Mr Neffer in one of his conversations. I don't admire the character of an eaves-dropper, and never had much inclination to imitate Paul Pry; but nothing in this world could have taken me past that door without seeing what was going on inside. Without further ceremony, then, my candle was set down, and my eye was at the keyhole. Mr Neffer sat on one side of his fire, looking steadily at the other, where there stood an empty sofa. I never saw such fixed and frozen terror in any face; but his white lips moved, and his words came slowly, as if he were talking to somebody who sat there, and would answer him.

'I'll give up your money to your heirs, if you only name them; but don't come here—don't come after me! You know it was not my fault that you fell in!' Here he stopped, as if some one spoke in reply; but there was neither voice nor sound that I could hear. 'That's true; I don't deny it,' he said in a sort of moan. 'I should have helped you out, but I did not! It's all over now though; and I served you faithfully for nearly twenty years. What good does it do to come after me this way?'

My knees were positively beginning to shake with the thought of whom he might be talking to, but there was nothing to be seen. I had a good conscience, and was taking up my candle with that comfort, and the conviction that my wealthy lodger could scarcely boast of the same, when a thundering knock at the street-door startled our maid, to the great demolition of crockery-ware, as a crash from the kitchen testified, made Emma jump from her bed, and brought me scouring down stairs. What was my amazement on opening it to see policeman A of the D division, whom I partially knew, because his beat was at the bank, accompanied by two tall men in foreign uniform.

'Very sorry, Mr Lesley,' said he, 'but we have a warrant against your first-floor lodger.'

'What for?' said I, holding the door.

'A charge of murder!' said the policeman. 'He has been traced from Hanover. These are two of the police come for him: you have nothing to do in the business but let us pass.'

Here our maid, having got up just in time to see the policeman and catch the word murder, opened such a fire of screams as made me run to bundle her down stairs, lest she should alarm the neighbourhood. In this I succeeded, with the help of Emma, who had come down to see what was the matter; and when I got back, the policemen were in the first-floor. I heard them talking in Neffer's room; but it was not long before he came down with them as quietly as any man could, and upon my word, looking less frightened than he did while talking to the empty sofa. When they were fairly outside, A of the D division stepped back to me:

'Mr Lesley, you got a watch from that gentleman; and if you please, it must be given up to the Hanover police.—I was bidden, sir,' he added in a lower key, 'to tell you in private that Mr Rensall would make up any loss you might come to: he is a principal party in this business.'

I gave up the watch without further parley; and they marched off with our lodger. But that was a woeful night for Emma and me. Our maid held on at what she justly called the 'screeching stirks'—I honestly believe, to efface the memory of the broken crockery—for a couple of hours, at the end of which time I had to see her home to her mother, the laundress, who dwelt half a mile off in Clarence Lane. Then the respectability of our house had been endangered; our drawing-room gentleman was gone, and with him the weekly rent. The prospect was not overbright; but things might have been worse. The wind prevented our neighbours from hearing Mary-Ann's performance. The affair did not appear at any length in the newspapers, which merely stated that a Hanoverian, accused of murder, had been arrested at a house in St John's Wood. So we kept our own counsel; and if our ex-maid edified Clarence Lane on the subject, the sound of her trumpet did not reach our ears; for having got her wages in advance, the young lady's health continued too delicate to return.

We were wondering what we should do; both our minds were made up against letting, we had got enough of that; and I had gone to my desk at the bank for weeks without seeing Mr Rensall—whose duties were being performed by a deputy-clerk; but one morning there he was, silent and punctual as ever. 'Glad to see you again, Mr Lesley,' he said; 'will you dine with me this evening at the London Tavern?—we have some matters to talk over.'

I dropped Emma a note, to prevent her waiting for me, and went to dinner, with some hope, and more curiosity. Of course it was a private room; but Mr Rensall talked of nothing except the markets and the weather, till we were sitting over the port, and then he commenced explanations.

'You remember your lodger and your watch, Mr Lesley?'

I assented.

'Well, as the story concerns myself, I will tell it from the beginning. My family were Hanoverians; they emigrated to this country with the old Elector, commonly called George I., whose private banking business they did till the end of his days. Royal favour and employment passed from them, however, as the House of Brunswick took root in England; but they continued to be connected more or less with banks, which seems to have been the family vocation. In pursuance of it, my father's only brother returned to his parent-country about fifty years ago, established himself at Gottingen, and in process of time Rensall's bank did all the money-business of that steady and flourishing town. The parents and guardians of students who come there from all parts of the north of Germany, sent their supplies through it; the merchants vested their profits, and got their bills discounted there. In short, it was a safe concern; and though my uncle always kept the oversight and chief management in his own hand, he took in partners with less capital to do the daily work, and lived retired in his latter years. His house was one of the oldest in the town, and had formed part of an ancient nunnery. It had grated shutters, a granary with a great hand-mill in it, and a deep draw-well in the yard. With these appliances against a siege, he lived a strict and economical bachelor, his household consisting of his confidential clerk and his old housekeeper, with her son the errand-boy.

'His confidential clerk was named Peter Brantz, the orphan son of a notary, who had neither means nor mind enough to follow his father's profession. He had been with him for nineteen years, and could speak English as well as German, for my uncle not only retained the language of his youth, but did a considerable business in English bills. Brantz knew all the secrets of the firm, and it was thought the old man could not do without him, though they had frequent disputes, chiefly on the subjects of work and perquisites, which rather increased as master and clerk grew older. I was my uncle's heir-at-law. We had been always on friendly terms, and I visited him every summer; but his house would not have been an agreeable residence, and it was his special policy to keep his relations at a distance. The last letter I had from him was at the Christmas-time, about five years ago, and the old man never wrote another. On Christmas Eve, he allowed old Betine, his housekeeper, and her son to go and make merry with a friend of theirs who lived in the outskirts of the town, at the same time saying that he and his clerk would go to spend the Christmas at the house of a wealthy miller, about an English mile from Gottingen, with whom he had an old friendship. When Betine and her son returned, they found the house still shut up, though it was the day after Christmas. No knocking could obtain admission; back and front doors and windows were fast; and after waiting and wondering the half of the day, the authorities were applied to, and an entrance effected. The house was found all in order; drawers, cupboards, everything stood undisturbed, but neither master nor clerk was to be seen, and on inquiry at the miller's house, it was ascertained that they had not been there. A woodman going to his home late in the winter evening, had seen two men answering to their description on the banks of the Leine. The river was dragged, the town was searched, the province was advertised, but neither clerk nor master could be heard of. My uncle's partners were keen men of business; his death could not be proved, and they refused to receive or acknowledge me as heir, till the time allowed by the laws of Hanover expired. The bank remained in their hands; the landlord of my uncle's house let it to a Lutheran clergyman, with a large family. It was the general impression that on their way to the miller's house, which passed by the precipitous banks of the river, the old man might have slipped and fallen in, and his confidential clerk, in attempting to assist, was probably drowned with him. One thing, however, puzzled me and the partners: notwithstanding the undisturbed state of the house, several English bonds and securities which my uncle was known to have kept in his own possession were nowhere to be found. Years passed, and I discovered that those missing bonds were in the market, and had been realised by somebody. My faith had never been firm in the drowning of the confidential clerk, but all my inquiries failed to find the slightest account of him, till you produced that remarkable watch one day in Barclay's bank. My uncle had often shewn it to me as a rare and valuable pledge left in his hands by an officer of the Hessian troops in the service of England, who never appeared to redeem it. I knew that, however the watch had come into your hands, there was the key of the mystery. Your description of your first-floor lodger tallied exactly with that of Peter Brantz. I lost no time in conveying information to the Gottingen police. He was traced out and arrested, as you know. There might have been some difficulty in getting clear evidence against him, but he saved us all trouble by volunteering a full confession. It was to the effect that on the Christmas Eve, when he and his master were alone in the house, the old man, whose mind had begun to fail him, reopened a charge he had against the clerk of throwing the key of a certain drawer where his small-change was kept into the draw-well in the yard. Peter declared himself guiltless of that fact; but it seems my poor uncle had taken a notion of looking into the well, and always recurred to it when the key turned up in his memory. He had gone out by himself while Peter was up stairs, and while looking, must have fallen in. The clerk heard his cries for help, but did not come down; and when all was over, he accommodated himself with the English bonds, as the least likely to lead to detection; shut up the house when the streets were quiet; and set off on foot from Gottingen to the north. About Hamburg and the Elbe country he spent some time, till the search had gone by; then came to England, realised the bonds, and lived rich and idle; but he protested that wherever he went to lodge or live, the old man haunted him; and it was in hopes of getting rid of his company, that he gave you the watch, that he had taken from among the bonds, with which it was kept. Parting with it did not serve his purpose; he said the old man came oftener than ever. On the strength of his confession, the well was examined by the Gottingen police. The honest clergyman had covered it with a broad flagstone, because there came such an unpleasant odour from it in summer-time that he thought the old convent sewers might have emptied themselves there; but the bones were found wedged in the mouth of an ancient aqueduct, twelve feet below the surface. There was no legal evidence to convict Brantz of the murder, but the robbery was clear against him, and he was condemned to hard labour in the public works; and the curious part of the business is, that since his conviction, he has been entirely freed from the visits of his former master.'

'Well,' said I, 'one ought not to believe in old women's tales about ghosts and the like, but somehow I think he was haunted;' and I related the doings and sayings which had frightened myself.

'There was no haunting in the case,' said Mr Rensall. 'Your lodger had an idle life, a weak head, and a burdened conscience—which might well enough account for the ghost as an illusion of his brain; yet the result was singular. But let us to business. The proof of my uncle's death being now clear, I inherit his interest in the Gottingen bank, and intend to open a corresponding-house in London, with some English partners. Will you accept the position of head-clerk in it, Mr Lesley?'

It is unnecessary to say that I agreed, and have been head-clerk in the bank of Rensall & Co. for five-and-twenty years. During the greater part of that time, our relations have been holding up Emma and me as patterns of wisdom and prudence to their families. Of course, we never let our first-floor now; and the handsome Geneva watch which Mr Rensall gave me in exchange for his uncle's, keeps capital time; but Emma says she can never look at it without recollecting our Queer Lodger.

COAL-OIL PARISH LAMPS.

It is now some time since the volatile oil, obtained by distilling coal and coal-tar, has been applied in place of animal oil, in producing light. Large quantities of this fluid are prepared at once from the coal in Scotland, and much is also obtained by distilling coal-tar. When pure, it is limpid and colourless, and closely resembles, if it be not identical with, naphtha. A large district about Fitzroy Square and Charlotte Street has been lighted by this fluid, burned in lamps particularly constructed for it by Major Cochrane; they are patent, as well also as the application of the oil to this purpose. The flame in these lamps is very short, but extremely bright, and certainly far surpasses a common street gas-flame in that respect, if it does not also an Argand-burner supplied by coal-gas. It has happened now and then, when the wick has been too high, and the oil used has been obtained from coal-tar, that the flame has smoked, the wick become charred, and at times so much vapour has collected in the lamp, as at last to explode and burst it to pieces: but this has not happened with the Scotch oil. The lamps in the district above mentioned have now been in use for a considerable time, and are found to be attended with perfect success. —*Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts*, vol. xi. 1821.

OUR VILLAGE AT DAYBREAK.

'Tis daybreak over the village; I look from the rustic inn,
And watch the widening sunshine its day's bright march begin,
As the burnished clouds turn fiery red, and the lark awakes his kin.

In the very heart of the village, where the double hammer rings,
You hear the joyful blackbird in the parson's croft that sings,
Where the thankless wasp sucks at the grapes, yet while they feed him, stings.

The cobbler, up an hour ere dawn, carols long psalms all through,
Stitching away with prying eyes at the miller's daughter's shoe;
She's the deftest foot in the country-side, and beauty enough for two.

The wagon-team went jingling out a good half-hour ago;
The sturdy lad, who smacked the whip, seemed to be all of a glow;
The ploughman's horses stride along, broad-chested, in a row.

The cock crows shrill; the lark is up, the rooks are loud on the tree;
The flowers are out; the brook chirps on, each happy in its degree;
And the ripples of red run over the sky as the wind shouts in its glee.

Now the doors slip back their trusty bolts, and the shutters rattle down;
Glad faces look up at the morning sky, and voices fill the town,
While drowsy girls at the village pump brim up the pitcher brown.

Day's up; and I must sally out for many a happy mile,
Through flowery lanes, by river-sides, resting at many a stile
(A vagrant artist, on the tramp), and singing all the while.

X. X.

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A VOLUNTEER CENSUS-TAKER.

I was not paid for it, or I would be the very last man to complain of it. I did my duty for the first time in my life (being a lawyer) without a fee; and I at least have the right to speak about it. I can't have been bound over to secrecy, because I never committed myself in writing: as to being restrained from feelings of honour and so forth, there was not one word about that in the Census paper from beginning to end.

The Artisan Rifle Volunteer Company in our town were in distress for knickerbockers. They had no money to buy them with, and it was plain that they could not defend their hearths and homes in mere trousers. We lawyers, therefore, agreed to deliver and call for the Census papers without pecuniary recompense, in order that the money allowed by government for that purpose should be set aside for procuring the indispensable patriotic equipments. Thus it was that I became an enumerator of the people.

By Friday the 5th of April, the day preceding the commencement of this duty, I began to feel somewhat too overwhelmingly impressed with the sense of its importance. Upon the result of the Census, we had been officially informed, would depend the figure which Great Britain would make for the next seven years in the eyes of the world. Napoleon III. would be decided by it as to whether it would be expedient to make a dash at the British metropolis or not. The Emperor of the French, in fact, was waiting with hand on hilt for *me!* If the return I sent up should be inaccurate, there was no knowing what dire effects might not spring from it. If under the mark, the very knickerbockers might not be turned out from the tailors' hands in time to repel invasion; if above the mark, the government of my country might be induced to take some presumptuous step which our numerical strength did not in reality warrant. I could do *compound* addition—pounds, shillings, and pence—pretty well; but as to enumerating *people*—men, women, and children—I had never tried my fingers at it, and distrusted my powers. Punch (the liquid) restored my self-confidence, but at night I had a tremendous nightmare. I dreamed that I was one of Mr Babbage's calculating-machines, with a pebble in my interior putting all the machinery out of order.

There were some hundreds of houses included in my particular beat, and several of them were very queer ones. A 'sporting public' was one of them, where the money for approaching prize-fights was always advertised to be 'ready' in disrespectable newspapers, and in the backyard of which all sorts of iniquities were said to go on. Skittles, with a glass of spirits placed between each couple of pins, was, by comparison, a drawing-room amusement there; while dog-fighting was a daily practice. It was a place, in short, which, if I had had my way, should have been levelled to the earth, and the site of it sown with gunpowder; one which the military should have been called in to clear with bayonets fixed, and without regard to sex or age. Yet the *Three-legged Duck*, I, as a numberer of the people, was bound to enter that morning; *I*, who at the same matutinal hour was usually up at the Court-house, in a white cravat, pleading—with an artificial head of hair—the purest interests of justice and civilisation. I had once, too, been personally instrumental in getting Mr Hookey Barnes, the landlord, convicted of some offence which consigned him to a year's retirement—combined with healthful but compulsory exercise—from public life; and an interview with that gentleman was therefore fraught with peculiar embarrassment. He was standing at his own door, smoking a coal-black pipe, and with one of his eyes, as usual, in mourning, and watched me as I came up the street, performing my official duties, with a sardonic leer. I did not waste my time upon him with any reference to the beauty of the day, or the general mildness of the season, but at once presented the document with which I was charged.

'No,' said he, waving me away with a gesture of disgust; 'not if I knows it. I never takes papers from anybody's hand—not I. How do I know as it mayn't be a writ?'

'It is the Census paper, Mr Barnes.'

'How do I know whether that ain't a lie, now?' replied that gentleman. 'Why, your very trade is lying'—it was thus he spoke of the honourable profession of barrister-at-law—'and you know it is; no one better. I say, Sambo.'

At these words, an enormous negro—the darkness of whose visage was much intensified by a huge strip of white plaster, sanguineous at the edges, which crossed it diagonally—came out of the passage, bringing with him (in addition to the aroma peculiar to his race) a gush of perfume from the house, the combined fragrance of many ends of bad cigars, and of remains of flat, but doubtless not unprofitable beer.

'Tracks be blowed!' was his observation upon catching sight of the Census paper. 'A man and a brother,' he had doubtless often been the object of misplaced missionary effort.

'It is the Census paper, my good friends,' said I, in a tone of conciliation; although, I confess, my heart was not exactly yearning towards either of them. The black man shewed his teeth—as many of them, at least, as the knuckles of the spoiler had spared. The landlord expectorated contemptuously.

'And suppose,' said he, 'I don't choose to take in the paper?'

'You will be fined five pounds,' returned I, with some little warmth.

'And suppose I don't pay it?' inquired he, with increased insolence.

'Then you'll go to jail, *as you did before*,' answered I in a rage.

I never shall forget the demoniacal change that came over that man's countenance—and he had not been pretty before. His black eye in particular seemed to be shot with a malicious green.

'*Very* well,' remarked he with calm ferocity; 'you know him now, Sambo. You'll not forget him. All right. You'll know what to do with him, I think, when opportunity offers. Good. I don't think you'll ever come round with *another* Census paper, Mr Counsel.'

It was evident that the ruffian was darkly hinting that I should meet with a violent death within the next ten years; but I smiled contemptuously upon him and his myrmidon as he took the paper, and proceeded with my duty elsewhere, although perhaps in a somewhat lower *stratum* of animal spirits. I should have been still more desponding, if I had foreseen that my reputation as well as my life was to be endangered through that interview. It has since been averred that I delight in low company, and have become a habitual drunkard; for I was seen on a Saturday morning, before eleven, 'coming out of the *Three-legged Duck;*' nor was the circumstance wanting to the falsehood, for it is added, 'and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.'

Again, but a few doors further on, my moral character was exposed to another shock of a different but not less distressing nature. I was endeavouring to impress the importance of my official mission upon the unintelligent domestic of Miss Macstinger—a lady of uncertain age, but unmistakably from the north—when her mistress, leaning over the balusters of the stairs, informed me (in the Aberdeen tongue) that no followers were allowed in *her* house, and least of all at that time in the morning, to the hindrance of work. She added that I had better be off, since the policeman had already got his orders to keep an eye on me, this not being the first time, by many, that she had watched me lurking about the house with amatory intentions. Even when I had explained to this dreadful woman the real circumstances of the case, she was by no means to be driven from her first position. 'It's all verra weel, young man; but I dinna fa' under this heading'—and she pointed to a column of the Census paper—'I am neither deaf nor blind; and I'll just thank you to leave our Jeanie alane for the future.'

She talked so loud, and seemed so thoroughly to believe in her own scandalous suspicions, that the perspiration stood upon my forehead ere I left her door. Having a strip of garden at the back of her house, and engaging a boy to weed it once a fortnight, she set those circumstances (as I afterwards discovered) down in her Return, as the statement of her position in life as an employer of labour. Also, there being plenty of room in the document, after she had described therein herself and Jeanie, she occupied it with some severe strictures upon the government for supposing it possible (as it did by the terms of the paper) that anybody belonging to her should be either travelling or out at work upon a Sabbath evening.

This lady's Return was, however, lucid and practical, compared with that of some householders of her sex; one of whom had the temerity to put 'Engaged,' and another 'Interesting,' under the head of Condition. Like Miss Macstinger, the majority of them seemed to be averse to leave any unoccupied space in the record, and filled it up with domestic intelligence that was by no means required; or furnished us with voluntary contributions to these *Household Words*, in portions of their past biographies, as, 'Formerly in good circumstances,' or, 'Formerly living in the Isle of Man, but now in England for educational purposes.' The babies were set down as 'scholars,' because they had learned to say Pap-pap, 'in the course of regular tuition at home.'

It is certain that the gentle sex took no little pride in the matter, and enjoyed making the Return—with the exception of one particular column—more than householders male. At one house, in particular, I had a great deal of difficulty in persuading a female that it was her husband's duty, and not hers, to comply with the government requisitions; at last, she sent for her inferior half from somewhere below stairs, where I fancy she generally kept him, and informed him of the honour that had been thrust upon him. He took me into his 'study'—which was painfully neat and orderly, except that it had some female garments airing before the fire—and there received my instructions as to how he was to proceed. To him, poor creature, the filling up of the Return was as a problem paper. Years of tyranny, I think, had softened the marital brain. He chuckled, however, at having to style himself Head of the Family. It was a privilege, he said, that had not befallen him for the last ten years—that is, since the last numbering of the people.

'There's *she*,' said he, pointing towards the door (behind which it is my belief that she was listening), 'and there's my mother-in-law!' He meant, poor fellow, that there were two at least in that household who exceeded him in dignity.

I beheld other domestic scenes of an almost equally distressing character; but I forbear to disclose them. The memory of them, indeed, is obliterated, or at least much impaired by a misfortune that overtook myself. The enumerators of the people are not exempt from the terrific operations of the Census in their own homes. There is an old—a middle-aged lady residing in my house, who is a Fundholder of suspicious temperament. We have expectations from her, and it is of course most important that she shall never be put out of humour. She was 64 at the last Census—I mean she returned herself at that age—and therefore it was almost as a matter of form that I said playfully, with pen in hand: 'Well, my dear Miss Nugget, and what was *your* age last birthday?'

'Sixty-six!' said she.

I knew her pretty well, I flattered myself, but I did not give her credit for such audacity. It was really going a little too far—or rather not far enough by at least ten years.

'Why, you must have been born in leap-year, then, Miss Nugget, and only had a birthday once in four years,' said I, in my cheerful humorous manner. '*Sixty-six!* my good lady—is that seriously your Return?'

'Is this *your* return, sir,' cried she in a fury, 'for all that I have done, and *all that I have intended to do* for you and yours? I will let you know, sir, that I am not a person—although I may not be perhaps what you may choose to consider *young*—to be insulted with impunity.'

With that she flounced out of the room, and into her own chamber—where she keeps her will, I *know*—and there she has remained for the last eight-and-forty hours. How it will all end, goodness knows. I returned her at 56, and hallooed through her keyhole that I had done so; but she answered nothing, and has made no sign of reconciliation up to this date. If the worst comes to the worst—that is to say, if she leaves her money to my brother's children—it will be L.5000 lost to me and mine on account of a Census paper. Poor satisfaction will it be to me *then* to know that I helped to procure knickerbockers for a rifle company. I had not the heart to collect the papers myself upon Monday morning, but accompanied my clerk upon that duty. For my part, I had had quite enough of counting people.

THE ANTE-NUPTIAL LIE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

On the morning of my twenty-third birthday, I awoke early, and with a profound sense of happiness and thankfulness. My five years of married life, without having been a realised dream or sentimental idyl, had enclosed the happiest and worthiest period of my existence. Tracing the details of it, I rejoiced to think my worst difficulties were overcome, and that strong affection and deep-rooted esteem had changed an anxious course of duty into blessedness and fruition.

My husband, Mr Anstruther, had yielded to my earnest wish to celebrate our wedding anniversary in our country home, and had granted me just three days, snatched from the toil of active parliamentary life, to taste my holiday; and I was tasting it slowly, but with intense enjoyment, as I stepped out that morning upon the dewy lawn, and devoured, with my aching London sight, one of the loveliest park-landscapes in England. I looked in the distance upon low ranges of hills, blue in the early misty light, and granting, here and there, peeps of the adjacent sea, sleeping quietly beneath the rosy amber of the eastern sky, and immediately at my feet upon flower-gardens planned and cultivated with all the exigence of modern taste, and glowing with a hundred dyes. My mind recurred involuntarily to the narrow court in which my father's house was situated, and to the dreary prospect of brick and mortar, of factory chimney and church steeple, which for eighteen years had bounded my horizon; and if the recollection brought with it the old inevitable association, I was able to thank God that now no pulse beat quicker, no traitorous thrill responded.

How strange it seems that fate should come upon us with such overwhelming suddenness, that we are not suffered to hear the approaching footstep or see the outstretched arm, but are struck down instantly by the blow which might perhaps have been withstood, had a moment's warning been granted! I went back to the house that morning with the most absolute sense of security and happiness; but on the threshold of the breakfast-room I met my husband, and the first glance at his face told me something was wrong. His face was always grave—it was now stern; his manner was always reserved—it was now severe.

I had approached him naturally with smiling face and outstretched hand, anticipating his congratulations; but I stood still at once, as efficiently arrested as if he had held a drawn sword at my breast.

'That is right,' he said; 'come no nearer!' Then, after a pause, he added: 'You have been up some time; let us have breakfast at once;' and he opened the door of the room for me to enter. I took my place, and went through the accustomed forms without a word. I saw he wished me to eat and drink, and I did so, although the effort nearly choked me. Indeed, I was thankful for the few minutes' respite, and was striving to command my resources for the approaching conflict with all the strength of mind I possessed. I was not altogether ignorant of what had come upon me; there could be between us but that one point of disunion, that one cause of reproach; and surely, surely, neither God nor man could condemn me as without excuse upon that score!

While I ate, he walked deliberately up and down the room, making no pretence to eat; and as soon as I had finished, he rang the bell to have the table cleared, and then sat down before it opposite to me. 'We have friends asked to dinner to-day to celebrate the double anniversary of our marriage and your birthday—have we not?' he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, and gazing steadily into my face. 'I shall not meet them. I fear it will be impossible for me ever to recognise you as my wife again!'

I think he expected that the cruel abruptness of this announcement would strike me swooning, or at least convicted, at his feet; but it did not. My heart did for a moment seem to stand still, and every drop of blood faded from my cheeks, but I did not tremble or flinch under his hard scrutiny. I was even able to speak.

'Tell me at once,' I said, 'the meaning of this. You are under some delusion. What have I done?'

As I spoke, his face softened; I could see, in spite of the iron mould of his physiognomy, the instinctive hope, the passionate yearning produced by my manner; it was very evanescent, however, for almost before I had gathered courage from the look, it was gone, and all the hardness had returned.

'I am not the man,' he said, 'to bring a premature or rash accusation especially against the woman I have made my wife. I accuse you of having deceived me, and here is the proof.'

He opened his pocket-book slowly, and took out a letter. I recognised it instantly, and my heart sank. I had sufficient self-command to repress the cry that rose instinctively to my lips, but no effort could keep back the burning glow which dyed face and hands like conscious guilt.

My husband looked at me steadily, and his lip curled. 'I will read the letter,' he said.

The letter began thus: 'You have told me again and again that you loved me: were those words a lie? You shall not make good your Moloch offering, and sacrifice religion and virtue, body and soul, youth and happiness, to your insatiate craving after position and wealth. This man is too good to be cajoled. What if I shewed him the pledges of your love? taught him the reliance that is to be placed on your faith? Why should you reckon upon my submission to your perjury?'——

The letter ran on to great length, mingling vehement reproaches with appeals and protestations of such unbridled passion, that as my husband read them his voice took a tone of deeper scorn, and his brow a heavier contraction.

The letter was addressed to me, on the back of the same sheet on which it was written; it was not dated beyond 'Tuesday evening,' but the postmark, unusually legible, shewed May 19, 1850—just three days before we were married. My husband indicated these facts with the same deliberation that had marked his conduct throughout, and then he said: 'I found this letter last night in your dressing-room after you had left it; perhaps I ought not to have read it, but it would now be worse than mockery to make any excuses for so doing. I have nothing more to say until I have listened to your explanation. You tell me I am under a delusion—it will therefore be necessary for you to prove that this letter is a forgery.'

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of weariness; otherwise, he had sustained his part in the scene with a cold insensibility which seemed unnatural, and which filled me with the most dreadful foreboding of failure and misery. I did not misjudge him so far as to suppose for a moment that he was as insensible as he appeared, but I perceived that his tenacious and inflexible nature had been cut to the quick both in its intense pride and love, and that though the wound bled inwardly—bled mortally, perchance—he would never utter a cry, or even allow a pang.

Alas! alas! he would never forgive me. The concealment, the deception, as he would call it, which had appeared to me justifiable, would seem crime and outrage in his eyes. I lowered my head beneath his searching gaze, and remained silent.

'You have nothing to say?' he inquired, after a vain pause for me to speak. 'You cannot deny that letter? God is my witness,' he said solemnly, 'that I wish to be a merciful judge. I may hold extreme views of a girl's folly, a woman's weakness: you would only be vain and faithless, like your sex, if you had played with this young man's feelings, and deceived his hopes. Is this your explanation?'

It was a very snare of Satan offered for my fall—one easy lie. 'I deceived him, but never you.' And the way of forgiveness was open. I saw he was clinging to the hope with a concentrated eagerness it was impossible for him entirely to disguise. Oh! was it necessary for my punishment that the hard task should be made harder by that relenting glance?

I only hesitated for a moment; the discipline of the last five years had not left me so blind and weak as even in this supreme emergency to reject truth for expediency. However he might judge me, I must stand clear before God and my conscience.

'No, Malcolm,' I said desperately; 'the truth is rather as it first appeared to you. I have been guilty in this matter, but my fault is surely one that you will consent to pardon; for even were it greater, I think our five years of happy union might turn the scale in my favour.'

'Yes,' he said; 'you have borne with the difficulties of my temper with angelic patience, until the passion which induced me to marry you, despite of many obstacles, was weakness in comparison with the love I had for you—yesterday. Only tell me I have not been your dupe throughout—only'—— He broke off abruptly. 'I can bear no more fencing round the point,' he said harshly; 'one word is enough—did you love this youth?'

'I did, from childhood, with all my heart and soul.'

'Up to the date of that letter?' he asked quietly, but the muscles worked round the clenched lips.

'Yes, and beyond it,' I found courage to say; but hardly had the words been spoken, when I felt I had exceeded the limit of his endurance. An involuntary oath escaped his lips.

I saw there was no hope for me in deprecation and irresolution; I must speak to the point, and decisively. 'I have a right to be heard before I am condemned,' I said, 'and I claim my right. I confess I loved the youth who wrote that letter, but it would have been a miracle had it been otherwise. You know from what a life you rescued me: a prisoner in the dull rooms above my father's book-store, without a pleasure, a friend, a hope in life. You were astonished at my proficiency in unusual studies: if at that time an active brain had not driven me to intellectual labour, I should have gone mad in the midst of my austere and desperate loneliness. I was scarcely fifteen when Duncan Forsyth, a kinsman of my father's, came to study medicine in our city university, and to live as boarder in our house. I say it was inevitable that such a connection should in due course ripen into love. He was young, gifted, and attractive, but it would have needed but half his endowments to win my heart then. I was nothing but a blind, passionate child, neglected utterly till he flattered, caressed, and wooed me. I think he loved me with all the faculty of love he had, and for a time we were very happy. To me, it was a delicious dream—— Have patience with me, Malcolm; I must tell all the truth. My dream, at least, was brief enough; I soon awoke to discover, it little matters how, that the lover I was canonising in my imagination, as the type of heroic virtue, was unworthy. For a while, I would not believe; when conviction became inevitable, I clung desperately to the forlorn-hope of reform. It was in vain; his vices were too confirmed and tyrannous for even my influence—and it was great—to overcome. Then I gave him up. I thought the struggle would kill me, for my foolish soul clung to him desperately, but I could not mate with drunkenness and dishonour. My father, who had approved of our engagement, and who did not know or believe the facts concerning him, upbraided and coerced me; Duncan himself, relying on my weakness, tried all the skill he had to move me, till I was nearly frantic in my misery.

'It was just at this crisis that you first saw me, visited my father's book-store, and desired to be made known to me. What followed, I need not tell. You told me you loved me well enough to marry me, despite of social inferiority, if I thought I could love you in return—if I had a young girl's free heart to give you. You insisted upon this, Malcolm—I dare not deny it—and I came to you with a lie in my right hand! Here lies my offence, and, God knows, I do not wish to palliate it; but before you utterly condemn me, consider the temptation. My father forbade Duncan the house, and threatened me if I dared to tell you the truth concerning him; but I hardly think that would have moved me, had I not persuaded myself also that I was justified in deceiving you. Had I told you I loved Duncan Forsyth, you would have given me up, and shut against me all the vague but glorious hopes such an alliance offered; but more than all, I knew this unworthy love must soon die out, and that my deep recognition and reverence for your goodness and excellence would end in an affection stronger and deeper than the weak passion of a girl. Before God, I vowed to do my duty; from that hour, I have striven, with His help, to keep my vow; and save in that preliminary falsehood, Malcolm, I have never wronged you.'

My husband had recovered his self-command while I was speaking, but the last phrase seemed to overthrow it again. 'Wronged me!' he repeated, and the intonation, quiet as it was, thrilled me like physical pain, it was so hard and unrelenting. 'I wish to be calm, Ellinor,' he continued, 'and therefore I will speak briefly. You seem to think you have extenuated yourself by your confession. To my heart and mind, you are condemned past forgiveness. Nay, do not plead or protest,' he said, with a haughty movement of restraint, as I was about to approach him; 'it is a point for feeling, not casuistry to decide. You understand fully the delusion under which I married you. I imagined I took to my arms a pure-hearted girl, fresh and innocent as her seclusion warranted me to believe her: instead of that, I find myself to have been cajoled by a disappointed woman, with a heart exhausted by precocious passion. You think it excuse sufficient that it was your *interest* to deceive me; to my mind, the fact adds only insult to the injury. Ellinor, you have ruined the happiness of my life. While I have been resting on the solace of your love, worshipping you for your sweet patience with a temper roughened by many causes unknown to your inexperience, it has all been the insensibility of pre-occupation, or at best a miserable calculation of duty. So gross is your sense of conjugal faith, that because your treachery has been only of the heart, you dare to say you have never wronged me, and to call upon God to approve your virtue because the lapse of time and better influences, I trust, have enabled you to school a disgraceful passion, and offer a measure of regard in return for the immeasurable devotion I have felt for you.'

He paused in spite of himself, unable to proceed, and before he could prevent me, I had thrown myself at his feet. It was in vain to argue—to fight against his hard words; I could only implore.

'Malcolm,' I cried, 'you cannot believe what you say. Your affection has been the chief happiness of my happy life; you could not desire, you could not exact from a wife a deeper love, more entire and minute, than I feel for you. Forgive this one deception, Malcolm; believe me now.'

I would fain have been eloquent, but sobs choked my voice. I was completely overcome; and when he forcibly extricated himself from my hold, I fell almost prostrate at his feet. He lifted me up coldly, but courteously, and placed me on the sofa.

'Pardon me,' he said; 'this excitement is too much for you, and can do no good. When you are calmer, we will conclude this matter.'

There was the same cruel decision of tone and aspect in his manner which had marked it throughout the interview, and which convinced me he still adhered to his original purpose. I felt my situation was desperate, and that the time for prayers and tears was over. Were all my hopes of the future—his happiness, too, in which was involved my own—to be dashed to pieces against the rock of his unjust severity? Was it required of me to submit passively to disgrace and misery? In a moment, I too had taken my resolve, and conquered my agitation; I rose up nerved and calm, and spoke accordingly.

'One word before you leave me,' I said. 'However this ends between us, you do not, I suppose, desire to inflict upon me unnecessary shame and exposure? I request you, as a personal favour—it may be the last I shall ever ask—to postpone your decision till to-morrow, and help me to-day to entertain our friends as much as possible in the accustomed manner. Do you hesitate, Malcolm?'

His face flushed; some impulse seemed to incline him to refuse, but he checked it. 'It shall be as you desire,' he said coldly; and left me alone—alone with the conviction of a blasted life!

For a few moments, with my hands clasped over my eyes, to shut out the redundant sunshine, I sat trying to realise my position. Granting that the threatened separation was effected with a so-called due regard to my honour and future relations with society; all that I valued and cared for in life would be irremediably destroyed. What honour remains to the wife repudiated by an honourable husband? What chance of happiness for her when at the same time he is the centre of her affection, of all her worldly ambition and hope? Doubtless, I was tolerant to my own transgression, but I alone knew the force of the temptation. I alone knew—what, alas! I felt my husband would never believe—how near extinction was the old love smouldering beneath its own contempt, and how strong the gratitude and esteem he had already excited. Oh, could I but convince him of my love for him! I rose up and paced the room. I felt he judged me harshly, was severe even to cruelty; but then I knew the innate inflexibility of his temper, and his rigorous sense of truth and duty. I knew how love, pride, and self-esteem had been all alike wounded, and I pitied him even in the extremity of my misery almost more than I pitied myself. Still, I would not accept my ruin at his relentless hands; I was a true wife, and would not submit to the position of a false one. I had vowed to love and honour him till death parted us, and nothing but compulsion should make me abandon my post.

I scarcely know how I got through that day; but the necessity for self-command was so stringent, that I could not but meet it. Fortunately, our guests were only a few country neighbours, for it was in the height of the London season, and I in some measure supported myself by the belief that their unsuspicious cordiality was not likely to make any discoveries. Mr Anstruther's hospitality was always splendid, and his deportment as host peculiarly gracious and inviting, and if there was any difference on this occasion, it would be impalpable to all but a very keen observer. I perceived, indeed, a change in the aspect of the countenance I had long studied so closely, and beyond that, the intonation of his voice when addressing me fell hard and constrained upon my shrinking ear. It was over at last; and I saw our last guest depart smiling and congratulatory with the consolation at least left me that I had acted my part successfully.

The next day, the trial was renewed. Mr Anstruther wrote me a few words, saying it was his intention to return to his parliamentary duties that day, and that he deemed it advisable I should remain in the country. His final determination and all accessory arrangements should be made known to me through the family lawyer, which would spare the pain of a second interview. 'Cruel!' I said to myself, crushing the letter in my nervous hand, and for a moment a passionate feeling rose in my heart that I would suffer things to take their hard course, and leave duty and effort unattempted. It was but a brief paroxysm; for at the same instant, I saw a tiny, white-robed figure flitting across the lawn towards my open window, and the sweet shrill voice of our little daughter crying aloud, 'Mamma, mamma, may I come in?' I stepped out and met her; stooped down and kissed the eager, upturned face; and with that quiet kiss I renewed my vow, and strengthened it with a prayer.

'My darling,' I said, 'go into papa's study, and tell him mamma is coming to speak to him, if he is not busy.' She ran away on her errand, and I followed at once; I did not mean to be refused. It was well I did so, for he had already risen, as if to leave the room, and had taken the child in his arms, to carry her away with him. As I entered, his face flushed with a mixed expression of anger and pain; but he was soon calm again, sent away our little girl, and then placed me a chair. 'There is no occasion for me to sit,' I said, with a voice as steady as concentrated resolution could make it; 'I shall not need to detain you long. I come to say, Malcolm, that I am quite willing to obey you so far as to remain here while you return to London, but that I must positively refuse to have any interview with your lawyer.'

'You refuse!'

'I do refuse, and that finally,' I pursued, 'for it would answer no end. I could only tell him what I come now to tell you, that no power save physical coercion shall separate me from you. I know it is in vain to extenuate my fault in your eyes, but it is at least one on which no legal proceedings can be raised: you cannot divorce your wife because she told you an ante-nuptial lie. It remains to you to abandon or malign her, but I will be accessory to no mutual arrangement. My duty is by your side while life lasts, whether in weal or woe, and I will hold my post. That is, henceforth I will consider this our home, and will remain here, unless driven from it. I am now, as before, your true wife in heart and soul, as in word and deed; as anxious to fulfil my sweet duty to you, with no hope in life so strong as your forgiveness.'

I had said my say, and was going, for I dared not trust myself longer, dared not even look into my husband's face to read the effect of my words, but he arrested me with a peremptory motion.

'Am I to understand, Ellinor, that you mean to defy my determined purpose; and in spite of alienation and contempt, to insist upon the shelter of my roof, or rather to exile me from a place which would be intolerable under such circumstances? Do not be afraid, if you will consent to a formal separation, that the terms of it shall fail in all possible delicacy and liberality, but I cannot live with the wife who has cheated me of her first kiss.'

'I *am* resolved,' I answered. 'I am able to say no more. I think I see my duty plain, and I mean to strive to do it. You must follow your own will; it will be for me to endure.'

He paced the room in strong excitement.

'I cannot bear it,' he said; 'it would eat my life out! You shall have our child, Ellinor, if she is the motive of this strange unwomanly resolution: far be it from me to torture the heart of the mother! She shall be yours unreservedly, and her interests shall never suffer one whit. You know how I love that little creature; there was but one thing dearer: judge, then, by this of my intense desire to sever the connection between us.'

'Cruel! unmerciful!' I exclaimed, with an impulse of bitterness I could not resist, but I stopped as soon as the words had escaped me: to upbraid, was no part of my purpose.

'It is in vain,' I said, 'to think to move me by any words, however hard. I have nothing more to say. Let me go, Malcolm;' and I turned and fled from the room.

PART II.

Then began as hard a struggle as any woman could have been called upon to endure. My husband went up to town that same day, and parliament sat late that year. During all that time, he never wrote to me, nor, save from a casual notice of him in the papers, did I know anything of his movements. The intolerable suspense and misery of such a separation may be conceived. My love for him, indeed, was no mere dutiful regard, but of that profound yet passionate nature which men of his stern and reticent character seem calculated, by a strange contrariety, to excite. Add to this, that I knew myself to be exposed to the pitying wonder and suspicion of the world at large.

Mr Anstruther's character stood above imputation, but I at the best was but a successful *parvenue*, and had at length no doubt stumbled into some atrocious fault beyond even his infatuation to overlook. The very servants of the household whispered and marvelled about me; it was inevitable that they should do so, but all this added bitterness to anguish.

Worst of all, there was a wistful look in Florry's childish eyes, and a pathos in her voice as she pressed against my side, to stroke my cheek, and say: 'Poor mamma!' which almost broke my heart with mingled grief and shame. She, too, had learned in her nursery that her mother had become an object of compassion.

It was the deep sense of pain and humiliation which my child's pity excited, which aroused me to make some attempt to relieve my position. I sat down, and wrote to my husband. I wrote quietly and temperately, though there was almost the delirium of despair in my heart. I had proved that an appeal to his feelings would be in vain, and I therefore directed my arguments to his justice.

I represented to him briefly that his prolonged neglect and desertion would soon irretrievably place me in the eyes of the world in the position of a guilty wife, and that for my own sake, but still more for the sake of our daughter, I protested against such injustice. I told him he was blighting two lives, and entreated him, if forgiveness was still impossible, at least to keep up the semblance of respect. I proposed to join him in London immediately, or to remain where I was, on condition of his returning home as soon as parliament was prorogued.

I waited with unspeakable impatience for a reply to this letter, and the next post brought it. How I blessed my husband's clemency for this relief! My trembling hands could scarcely break the seal; the consideration of the sad difference between the past and present seemed to overwhelm me—it was not thus I had been accustomed to open my husband's letters, feeling like a criminal condemned to read his own warrant of condemnation.

The letter was brief, and ran thus:

'As the late events between us have been the subject of my intense and incessant deliberation since we parted, I am able, Ellinor, to reply to your letter at once. I consent to return and attempt the life of hollow deception you demand, under the expectation that you will soon become convinced of its impracticability, and will then, I conclude, be willing to consent to the formal separation which it is still my wish and purpose to effect.'

'Never!' I said, crushing the hard letter between my hands, and then my passion, long suppressed, burst forth, and throwing myself on my knees by my bedside, I wept and groaned in agony of soul. Oh! I had hoped till then—hoped that time might have softened him, that the past might have pleaded with him for the absolution of that one transgression. Had my sin been indeed so great that the punishment was so intolerable? And then I thought it all over again, as I had done a thousand times before in that dreary interval, weighing my temptations against my offence, and trying to place myself in my husband's position. I did not wish to justify it: it was a gross deception, a deliberate falseness; but then I was willing to prostrate myself in the dust, both before God and my husband, and to beg forgiveness in the lowest terms of humiliation and penitence. But the pardon granted me by the Divine, was steadily refused by the human judge—against his hard impenetrability I might dash my bleeding heart in vain. What should I do? What should I do? Which was the path of duty? And frail and passionate as I was, how could I hold on in such a rugged way? Had I not better succumb?—suffer myself to be put away, as he desired, and close the door of hope on what was left of life? My child—he said he would give me up my child. Then resolution arose renewed. For that child's sake, I would not yield. I could not endure the thought of separating her from such a father's love, care, and protection, and of chastening with sorrow and humiliation her opening girlhood. No; with God's help, she should yet honour and revere her mother. However my husband judged me, that one fault had not cut me off from all moral effort hereafter. I would not be vanquished by it. I would, as I had said, keep my post as wife, insist, if need be, on external forms, and leave no means untried of patience, meekness, and womanly art, to melt down the iron barrier between us.

I should weary the reader if I detailed all the minute plans I formed, but at last I rose up from the prayers by which I strove to strengthen and sanctify my purpose with a firm heart and new-born hope of success. That evening, I sent for Florry to keep me company in the drawing-room; I told her her favourite stories, played her her favourite tunes, and joined with her in singing a simple evening-hymn, which was her supreme delight. Then I took her up to the nursery myself, and bade her good-night with as much of the serene feeling of old as perhaps I could ever hope to know again.

I also, holding my husband's letter in my hand, told the assembled servants I expected their master home to-morrow, and gave the necessary orders in such a natural and collected manner as must have gone far to disarm their suspicions. Then the long night—then the expected day. I knew the hour when he must necessarily arrive, and, taking Florry with me, I went to a certain part of the grounds which commanded a view of the public road. I was externally calm; the morning's discipline had made me that, but the subdued excitement was intense. Florry ran and chattered by my side as children do, little guessing, poor innocents, the cruel strain they often make on their mother's patience. It chanced, as sometimes happens, that the very intensity of our anxiety caused us to miss our object; the train was evidently behind time, and our attention, so long kept at full stretch, began to slacken, so that when Florry, who had wandered to some little distance from me, espied the carriage, it was so near the park-gates, that there was no chance of our reaching the house before it. I was vexed at my purpose being thus partially defeated, and, taking the child's hand, hurried back by the shortest route.

Mr Anstruther was waiting us in the accustomed room. Still holding Florry's hand, I went in to face the dreaded meeting. The first glance at his face nearly overcame me, he looked so worn and harassed: true, that might have been from parliamentary hours and hard committee-work, but it is a plea a woman's heart can rarely withstand. Florry ran into his arms, talking eagerly of how glad we were to see him, and how dull poor mamma had been without him, and the momentary diversion gave me time to rally my failing calmness. 'We are very glad you are come home, Malcolm,' I said at last, approaching him, and laying my hand on his. 'Are you very tired? Do not trouble to dress before dinner to-day.'

Perhaps my self-possession was overdone, so difficult is it in such cases to keep the golden mean; for I saw the unusual colour mount even to his forehead, and he replied in a hurried voice, as he slightly returned the pressure of my hand: 'I could scarcely sit down to table in this state—I shall not keep you waiting long;' and with Florry in his arms—I could see how he tightened his embrace of the child—he left the room.

I did not sit down and weep, although I was sick at heart. I had imagined it would be something like this, and had fortified myself to endure it. I sat there thinking, till I heard him come down stairs, and then I went into the drawing-room. Immediately on my entrance, dinner was announced, and he offered his arm to lead me to the room, just as he had always been accustomed to do when we were alone. There was no hesitation, no perceptible difference in his manner; I saw he had made up his mind to do it. During dinner, we talked but little, but even in days of old he had been wont to be absent and taciturn. Florry came in with the dessert, and her sweet prattle was felt to be a gracious relief by both. I soon rose and took her away with me, keeping her with me, and amusing her with talk and music until her bedtime. My husband joined me at the usual time, and though he did not voluntarily converse, he replied to anything I said without apparent constraint. Before the servants, his manners were scrupulously as of old; indeed, so undemonstrative was his natural character, that it required no very great effort for him to appear the same. I indeed felt a radical difference, which cut me to the heart: the hard tone, the averted or chilly glance convinced me of the reality of our altered relations. Could I live such a life as this?—so near, yet so far off. I had a vague perception that every day we spent like this would make the separation more complete and fatal. Had I not better make one last attempt, before I was chilled into silence and fear of him? Perhaps he resented the dignified and all but peremptory tone I had assumed in my letter, and was still to be moved by entreaty and penitence. Acting on the vague hope, I put down the work on which I had tried to engage myself, and went up to the sofa on which he was lying.

'Malcolm,' I said, leaning over the head of it, partly to sustain my trembling limbs, partly to secure a position of advantage, 'is this the way we are to live together? I cannot resign myself to it without a word, without knowing better what are your feelings towards me. Am I to believe you will never forgive me? Do you hate me?'

He rose impatiently from his recumbent attitude, so as to be able to look into my face. 'What do you mean by forgiveness, Ellinor?' was his answer—'the old love and esteem restored? Your own sense must convince you you ask an impossibility—a broken mirror can't be pieced again. Don't let us rake up the miserable ashes of our feud. I am here at your desire, willing to maintain your credit in the eyes of society. I have yielded so far out of regard for our little girl, of a solemn consideration of my own marriage-vows, and your exemplary performance of a wife's external duty. Do your duty now, Ellinor, and obey me when I charge you not to urge me on this topic again; it is unwise.'

'This night shall be the last time,' I said; 'so suffer me to ask you one more question. Do you doubt my assurances of affection for yourself? Can you believe, in the face of the evidence of all our married life, that, however I deceived you in the beginning, I did not soon bring to a wife's duty a wife's entire and passionate devotion?'

'Ellinor,' he exclaimed with sudden excitement, 'you are mad to torment me thus! You compel me to say what had better remain unsaid. I repudiate your boasted love, which you parade as if it were the triumph of virtue. Had it been mine, as I believed and you swore it was before God, it should have been the crown and glory of my life; as it is, I care nothing for a sentiment provoked by habit, and cherished as a point of calculated duty. One word more: you think me cruelly intolerant, but I must follow the bent of my nature. Some lies I could forgive—or even, perhaps, some grosser sins—but yours cheated me into an irrevocable act, and defrauded me of the best and strongest feelings of my nature. Do I hate you? No, I cannot hate Florry's mother and my own intimate and cherished companion; but I hate myself for having been befooled so grossly, and almost loathe the wealth and its accessories for which you perjured your soul.'

I was silent, but it was by a powerful effort. I could scarcely restrain myself, with all my power of self-control, from saying: 'Now that I understand you fully, let us part; I could not brook the mockery of intercourse.' But the thought of Florry closed my struggling lips. 'For her sake, for her sake,' I repeated to myself. 'The last hope, the last, the last chance of happiness is gone, but duty remains.' I looked up at my husband, deadly pale, I knew, but calm. 'Are you resolved,' I asked, 'to separate from me eventually? I claim it from your honour to answer me that question now.'

'I care little,' he said bitterly. 'The sharpness of the sting must abate some day, and we shall become indifferent, like our neighbours; meanwhile, the effort may be salutary. No,' he added haughtily, as he perceived I was not satisfied with the reply, 'I am willing to pledge my word that I will never force you into a separation on this account. So long as you think proper to claim my protection, it is yours, only we must avoid such scenes as these;' and so the case stood between us.

From that time, my life became a hard monotony. To all appearance, there was no change in our relations; we went the same round in social life as of old, and, as I have said before, my husband's natural character gave little scope for self-betrayal. Occasionally, some outside comments reached us, but they were generally expressive of the belief that Mr Anstruther's temper was becoming more morose than ever, and of pity for the poor wife who was allied to it. He certainly did become more irritable and exacting. I could see daily the bitter effects that his disappointment in my sincerity produced, how his fine nature was growing warped and soured. It was not so much towards myself that these effects were manifested—he kept too rigid a control over our relations; but it grieved me to notice it in his impatience with his inferiors, and even with our little tender Florry, and in his cynical and cruel judgment of the world at large. He had always been very much absorbed in political affairs, and ambitious for distinction, but now he seemed to throw heart and soul without reserve into the arena, and to struggle for the stakes with the eagerness of a gambler. There had ceased to be any communion between us. In past days, hopes and schemes had been discussed with me, and I was proud to believe my influence had often availed with him for good. I cannot describe the intensity of my misery at this time. Not to speak of alienation and mistrust in the midst of daily intercourse, which alone contains almost the bitterness of death, I saw myself the cause of deterioration in one dearer to me than life, and He who meted my punishment to my offence knows that no heavier cross could have been laid upon me. Once or twice, I again attempted expostulation, but I soon learned to desist; it was of no avail, but to provoke some hard reply, which would otherwise have remained unspoken. Then I turned to my daughter: it was for her sake I endured this life, this daily martyrdom, and I would not miss my reward. I devoted myself to her education, so far as my numerous avocations allowed, for I was scrupulous in the performance of all the duties of my station, and in any which my husband would suffer me still to perform for him. I strove with intense anxiety to make her attractive to her father, and to cultivate her affection and esteem for him. That he loved her passionately, I knew, but, as was his wont, he manifested the feeling but little; perhaps in this case he was checked by her inevitable preference for her mother, or by the difficulty of ever having her to himself. To me, she was the one solace and spur of existence, and life began to brighten when, resigned to suffer myself, I dreamed and planned her future.

Thus, more than a year passed on monotonously; fruitlessly, so far as I could see, for my husband was as far off from me as ever. Sometimes, indeed, I hoped I had extorted some portion of respect from him by the sustained performance of my routine of duty, but his heart seemed turned to stone.

At last the gloomy depth was stirred. O God! I had prayed for the movement of the healing angel's wing, not for a stroke of judgment!

One evening during the session, I was sitting up awaiting his return from the House. I was not accustomed to do so, but on this occasion, I was deeply interested in the result of the night's debate, and added to that, I was uneasy about Florry, who had been slightly ailing all day, and seemed increasingly restless as the evening advanced. When he came in, he looked surprised to see me up, for it was already nearly three o'clock in the morning, and I could see that he seemed wearied and annoyed.

'You are anxious, I suppose,' he said, 'for the news I bring? Well, the ministers are thrown out.'

I knew he, and, indeed, the country in general, had been quite unprepared for such a result, and that personally it was a severe mortification to him. As I involuntarily looked at him with an expression of earnest concern I hardly ventured to express, I saw his face soften. Perhaps in that moment of vexation, he yearned for the sympathy of old. Should I dare to risk another appeal?

'Malcolm,' I said; but at the now unfamiliar name, his brow clouded again, and I finished my speech with some measured expressions of regret. I knew I should damage my cause if I were to attempt to press into my service a momentary weakness he was ashamed to feel. I could not, however, command my feelings sufficiently to speak of Florry, and after leaving him, I flew up stairs to my child's room, and putting down my candle, sunk on my knees by her bedside. Oh, how my heart ached! I felt this life was killing me, and that one of my moments of abandonment was come. Before, however, I gave full vent to my tears, I paused midway, as it were, to look at Florry, and that look dried them up. I felt my cheek blanch, my eyes start; I felt—who has not felt it?—a premonitory horror chill my blood. I had left her pale and restless an hour before, now her face was tinged with a crimson heat, her lips dry and parted, and she was moaning heavily. I touched her burning hand, her burning brow, and the shadow of that awful calamity seemed to fall before me. I did not moan, I did not even appeal; despair straitened my heart.

Mr Anstruther I knew was still up. I went down stairs with a strange quietness, and re-entered the room.

'I do not wish to alarm you,' I said, and my own voice had a strange sound to me, 'but Florry is not well. She has been ailing all day, but her appearance now frightens me. Will you send some one for a physician at once?'

I waited for no reply, but went back to the room. The fire in the grate was laid, but not lighted; I kindled it. I changed my evening-dress for a morning-gown, doing all mechanically, as if under a spell I could not resist. Then I sat down by the bedside to watch my child and await the doctor. I seemed to hold all my faculties in suspense; no tear must blind my eye, no tremor unnerve my hand, until this agony had reached its crisis: then let life and hope go out together.

My husband and the doctor came in after what seemed to me an intolerable interval, but at first I only saw but one. Who knows not in such cases how the very soul seems hanging on the physician's first glance, drinking life or death from it? I drank death. The steady professional gaze did not deceive me, but the stroke was beyond my taxed endurance, and I fell senseless on the floor.

Thank God, it was but a brief weakness. For the few days that that sweet life was left to me, I held my post unconscious of fatigue, enabled to comfort and sustain, and even smile upon my darling through her brief struggle with death. God bowed my stubborn heart, and strengthened me with the might of submission. I seemed, in the strong light of this fiery trial, to see the past more clearly, to acknowledge that I had not humbled myself sufficiently under the chastisement of my own sin.

It was midnight when she died. I was holding her in my arms, hushed and grief-stricken, when I saw that unspeakable change pass over the sweet face which tells the sinking heart the awful hour is come. Her labouring breath fluttered on my cheek, the look of love that still lingered in the glazing eyes fixed upon my face died out, and I was childless.

My husband was standing at the foot of the bed, watching the scene with an agony all the keener that he suffered no expression of it to escape, but as the last faint struggle ceased, and the baby-head fell prone upon my breast, I saw the strong frame quiver, and drops of perspiration start upon his forehead.

'God forgive me,' he said in a stifled whisper, 'for every harsh word spoken to that angel child!' Then as his eyes fell, as if involuntarily, upon me, the expression of stern anguish softened for a moment to one of pitying tenderness. 'Poor Ellinor!—poor mother!' he added, 'you think me a hard man, but God is my witness, I would have saved you that little life at the cost of my own.'

'It would have been but a cruel compromise,' I answered; 'and yet—O my darling, how I have loved you!'

My husband had turned away a moment, as if to pace the room, but at the sound of my cry of irrepressible anguish, he came back hastily to the bedside, and bending over me, tried to separate me gently from the dead child in my arms.

As I felt the touch of his hand, his breath upon my cheek, caressing, warm as of old, it recalled, even in that moment of supreme bereavement, the passionate yearning of my heart, and yielding to the uncontrollable impulse, I threw my arms round his neck.

'Only give me back what is in your power,' I cried—'give me back your love and trust—our old happiness, Malcolm, and even the death of our child will not seem too hard a sacrifice!'

There was a moment's breathless pause, then he raised me in his arms, and strained me to his heart in a close vehement embrace.

'God forgive me,' he said, 'for what I have made you suffer! If your love has survived my long intolerance, I may well trust you, Ellinor. If I have the power left to comfort you, be to me again all, and more than all that I remember in the sweet past. A hundred times during the last few melancholy days have I been on the point of confessing my injustice, and entreating your forgiveness; only it seemed to me a mean thing to take advantage of the softness of sorrow. Life is not bearable without you, Ellinor: only satisfy me once more that I have not worn out your heart—that it is not magnanimity, but love.'

I did satisfy him. We began henceforth a new life, chastened, indeed, by the shadow of a little grave, but a life, I trust, humbler and more blessed than the old past had been.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Let the world tremble! It is proposed that the observations and experiences of more than a dozen enterprising British tourists in all lands shall be gathered together yearly, and published in one volume. A Chiel—a whole family of Chiels—is to be annually let loose to overrun the universe, taking notes, with the most decided intention of printing them. The first instalment of this tremendous series now lies before us, under the insidiously harmless title of *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1860*.[*] The volume is made up of no less than thirteen contributions, and surveys mankind from Sutherlandshire to Peru. There never was a more comprehensive and resolute invasion of the privacy of national life. The Maronites could not have been exhibited and commented upon with greater freedom had they been Marionettes; although they will doubtless find a comfort in the fact that the Druses are treated no better. The character of the whole Moslem race, indeed, has been nowhere so ingenuously set forth as by that member of this Travelling Association who 'does' Syria, nor did we ever understand the full signification of the phrase 'a regular Turk,' until we read his account of him. 'They do not keep faith with each other, much less with Christians. They seem, in most cases, insensible to kindness, and deficient in gratitude. They say that a Christian who does them kindnesses involving self-sacrifice, is but an instrument in the hand of Allah to benefit his elect; and so it is to Allah, and not to the poor Giaour, the elect should be grateful. The name of God is always upon their lips. The vendors of sherbet and fruits in the streets of Cairo and Damascus cry, "May God enable me to sell this well!" When friends meet, they utter a series of salutations, in which the name of God is always used. Also when a camel trips, they exhort him "to mind his steps, to go on, and put his trust in God." They will utter the most fearful imprecations, in which the name of God is also mixed, on man and beast. "Out of the same mouth truly proceed blessings and cursings." Their compliments to one another, or to strangers, are astonishing. "All that I have is yours." "Whose is this house?" you ask the owner. "Yours," he insists. You admire this article, and however costly—"It is yours, pray take it." Awkward strangers sometimes take them at their word, much to the disgust of the courteous Turk. However, they often do give handsome presents, but generally expect to gain some greater advantage by so doing, besides the present which etiquette obliges you to make in return.'

Mr Francis Galton, with whose *Art of Travel* we are most of us acquainted, has been very fitly constituted editor of this rambling volume. His own contribution is, however, for such a nomad as he, quite a home-sketch, being an account of Spain as he saw it under the late eclipse. Had he made its acquaintance under brighter auspices, he would certainly have got himself naturalised, and become a hidalgo. The Senoritas quite bewitched him, so that he praises them at the expense of his own countrywomen. Indeed, he extols everything he found in Spain, and that without saying one word about its acknowledged excellences—its flies, its onions, its loans, its liquorice. He protests that the demonstrative grace of the ladies' fans is such, that each twitter betrays what they are thinking of. He was, we regret to say, exceedingly interested in these ventilating movements during church. 'I felt convinced I could guess the nature of the service at any particular moment by the way in which the fans were waving. The difference between a litany and a thanksgiving was unmistakable; and I believed that far minuter shades of devotion were also discernible.' The Spaniards are so musical that their very babies are made to keep time—since they can't keep step—to the military bands. They come in hundreds, borne of course in their nurses' arms, and form a very striking feature of the audience. 'The instant the music began, every nurse elevated her charge, sitting on her hand, at half-arm's length into the air, and they all kept time to the music by tossing the babies in unison, and slowly rotating them, *in azimuth* (to speak astronomically), at each successive toss. The babies looked passive and rather bored, but the energy and enthusiasm of the nurses was glorious. At each great bang of the drummers, a vast flight of babies was simultaneously projected to the utmost arms' length. It was ludicrous beyond expression.' Other members of the National Travelling Association (whose liability, we should say, is quite unlimited) express their opinions upon all they meet with, without compliment—to say the least of it; but Mr Galton's face is always favourably set towards Spain and the Spaniards. Perhaps, as he is always travelling, he thinks it politic to speak well of every nation except his own; at all events, he expresses his belief that 'the honesty and morality of the Spanish peasantry is very high, much higher than in England. However, the use of the knife is rather common.' As though one should say they are charming people, but greatly given to assassination. We owe Mr Galton much, however, and could forgive him, even had he not redeemed himself by telling us this pleasant incident of the late eclipse. 'One very unlucky piece of forgetfulness is rumoured to have been made by an eminent photographer, not of the *Himalaya* party. He went, partly on commercial grounds, excellently provided with instruments, and all the way overland, on purpose to photograph the eclipse. Everything was prepared, the day was glorious, the totality came on, and the slide of the camera was carefully inserted. When all had passed, and the slide was opened in the dark chamber, alas! the operator had forgotten to put his *plate into the slide!*'

Of the determined spirit of *espionage* which pervades the writers of the volume, we need say no more than this—one of them has been actually carrying out the inquisitorial designs of the society among the Lapps! 'The first of this race that I saw,' says he, 'made a great impression upon me. It was shortly before we reached Tromsö, on our northward voyage, and as I was walking one morning towards the bows of the vessel, my nostrils were suddenly assailed by a peculiar goaty smell. Led on rather by curiosity than pleasure, I discovered, to my great delight, on the further part of the deck a nomad Lapp, enveloped in untanned skins, from which the unamiable odour proceeded; but thinking that, like the Nubian young ladies, who anoint their sweet selves with castor-oil, he might be more agreeable if seen from the windward side, I took up a safe position in that quarter, and regarded him from thence. He was a very little man, not more than four feet high; his legs, which were short in proportion to his body, were very wide apart at the hips, and bowed outwards. His face was not less peculiar, the most marked points being the narrow slit of the eyes slanting downward towards the temples; the small pupils, the high cheek-bones set very far apart in the head, a yellow beardless skin like parchment, and the falling in of the face towards the chin. Some of these particulars might remind one of the description of the Huns. His upper dress was a loose coat of reindeer-skin, fastened by a girdle, below which were leggings, and loose boots, also of reindeer-skin, tied with bands round the ankle.'

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[*] Macmillan, Cambridge and London.

The Lapps are Christians, and a highly moral people, only one of the nation having been convicted of a crime during the year 1859! The writer went to visit an encampment of them, and indeed picnic'd among them—the compass only knows how far north—in what may be called the Lap of Luxury, for he brought his own *Engelsk Porter* with him. They had five hundred reindeer with them, none of which were over three feet high. These Lapps, of course, made small pretensions to cleanliness, but the Norwegians themselves seem to be very little better. The writer was once compelled to pass the night in a farm-house, 'and being,' says he, 'of a suspicious nature, I had intended to sleep on a box or bench, but in an unwary moment we were persuaded by our conductor, who vividly depicted the cleanliness of the natives, to lie down on a bed. Alas! it was not to sleep, but to be crawled over, so terrible was the abundance of insect life! Between three and four in the morning, I got up and washed my fevered face and hands in the icy stream hard by, and used my tooth-brush too, though that proceeding would seem to be open to misrepresentation, if a story that we heard is true, that an Englishman under similar circumstances was reported to the family with whom he lodged, as having been seen by the river-side *sharpening his teeth for breakfast*.'

The inns themselves in Norway are by no means replete with luxuries, although, we are assured, that timber-bread and saw-dust pudding—that is, food prepared from the bark of trees—though they are eaten by the people in hard times, are not *often* set before the traveller. Only conceive a joint of Norway pine, with side-dishes of deal-shavings!

Another of these Paul Prys of the Universe investigates Iceland, where, by the nature of the case, he is obliged to confine his disparaging remarks to the scenery mainly, there being scarcely any people to write about. The way in which he bullied the Geyser family is deserving of the strongest reprobation. 'Soon after our arrival,' says he, 'the Little Geyser threw up a cloud of steam about forty feet high; we then flung about two barrowfuls of earth into another spring, called Strokr, which caused him also to send up a series of columns of steam and water, mixed with clods, to a height of at least eighty feet. The Great Geyser gave hopes of an eruption; he rumbled with a noise like the distant discharges of ordnance, and the ground shook; but after all, he only boiled over, like a gigantic tea-kettle. *August* 21.—The Great Geyser boiled over three or four times; and the last time, between 6 and 7 P.M., he threw up a column of water about three feet high. The Little Geyser went off shortly after. Strokr also erupted *on compulsion* in the afternoon.' Strokr, it seems, is like an imprudent school-boy, who, having once been betrayed into an ebullition of temper, is become a subject for practical joking to all the world.

No less than four contributors to this volume belong to the (Alpine) Climbing Club, and give the reader vertigo by their descriptions of difficulties in high places. They are generally 'immersed in a wilderness, roofed and festooned with huge plates and stalactites of ice, so large that one is half disposed to seize hold and clamber up them. Round, over, and under them we go. Often progress seems impossible; but our leader, perched like a bird on some projecting crag, contrives to find a way. Now we crawl singly along a narrow ledge of rock, with a wall on one side, and nothing on the other; there is no hold for hands or alpenstock, and the ledge slopes a little, so that if the nails in our boots hold not, down we shall go. In the middle of it a piece of rock juts out, which we ingeniously duck under, and emerge just under a shower of water, which there is no room to escape from. Presently comes a more extraordinary place—a perfect chimney of rock, cased all over with hard black ice, about an inch thick. The bottom leads out into space, and the top is somewhere in the upper regions. There is absolutely nothing to grasp at, and to this day I cannot understand how a human being could get up or down it unassisted. Our leader, however, rolls up it somehow like a cat; he is at the top, and beckons the second to advance. My turn comes next: I endeavour to mount by squeezing myself against the sides; but near the top, friction suddenly gives way, and down comes my weight upon the rope. A stout haul from above, and now one knee is upon the edge, and I am safe.'

We are assured that all this is delightful. 'You may meditate,' observes one of these Alpine acrobats—addressing us of the valley who do not care to dwell with Death and Mourning (for folks *are* sometimes killed there) on the Silver Horns—'you may meditate till doomsday on the beautiful lights and shades, and the graceful sweeps of the mountain-ridges, but you will not be one bit nearer to the sensation of standing on a knife-like ridge, with the toe of your boot over Italy, and the heel over Switzerland.' We do indeed most confidently hope that our meditations may never bring us into any such position.

Peru is excellently painted, and so is Sutherlandshire; but we have no space to notice either of them. We must confine ourselves to the first and best of these contributions—namely, that by Mr W. G. Clark, upon Naples and Garibaldi. He reached that city in time to behold the welcome given to the Liberator—to behold, but scarcely to take part in. Mr Clark seems rather to pique himself upon remaining calm and dispassionate while everybody else was wild with enthusiasm. It was rude of the Frenchman to go to sleep while so agreeable a writer (and doubtless talker) was regretting the disturbances in Italy, and affirming that a Congress with threat of war might have persuaded Austria to erect Lombardo-Venetia into an independent kingdom with free institutions: it was rude, but it was not surprising. Mr Clark's Neapolitan friends were of what *they* called the moderate party, and thought Garibaldi 'a brave soldier, but a great fool.' The praise they had to give him, considering that they were denizens of a land which has not produced a great man for centuries, was faint enough. Still, as an example of opinions which are, happily, seldom heard in England, their sentiments are not uninteresting.

'As a soldier,' say they, 'Garibaldi is of undaunted courage, and a master of the "dodges" *(passez-moi le mot)* which are required in guerilla war, but he has no conception of a general's duties in the field; he is ignorant of the very rudiments of tactics, and incapable of organisation on a large scale. He is kind and gentle in his manners, and reluctant to hurt any one's feelings, while he is reckless of their lives. His bravery and gentleness, his generosity and disinterestedness, secure him the personal affection of all around him, and that constitutes his great merit as a commander. He pushes his love of simplicity to a point bordering on affectation, and is almost ostentatious in his dislike of pomp. He is illogical, prejudiced, and obstinate to a degree never before combined. He thinks cavalry useless, and has a profound contempt for cannon. He is perfectly certain that he has only to appear before the walls of Rome, and the French will leave it, taking with them the Holy Father. "What if they don't?" it was urged. "Oh, but they will!" was the answer, in the tone of a man who admits no further discussion. He thinks that the walls of Mantua and Verona will fall, like those of Jericho, at a shout. He is very easily imposed on, and believes in all those who are about him. Familiarity breeds respect, and no proof will convince him of the dishonesty of any one whom he has once trusted. He has not the moral courage to say "No" to a request of any of these favourites. His ignorance is such that the smallest show of knowledge completely imposes upon him. He thinks Crespi a statesman, and Dumas a scholar. However, in forming an estimate of him, as of other extraordinary characters in history, we ought to be on our guard against the tendency natural to men to reduce eminence to the ordinary level by discovering a number of small failings. And when all abatements are made, there remain the great facts. His achievements are to be accounted for. He alone had gauged correctly the real weakness of the Neapolitan power, and the strength of his own seemingly feeble means, and he had the courage to test practically the truth of his conclusions. His life-long devotion to one great idea, and his strength of will, have made him "a king of men," and distinguish him from the crowd, who are always, on their own shewing, victims to "circumstances over which they have no control."'

It is needless to say that much of this detraction has since received a practical refutation; while what comes under the eye of the writer himself, concerning the Dictator, impresses him favourably. He describes his personal appearance as being mild and philosophic, bearing a striking resemblance to the busts of Euripides in the Vatican. 'He has the most benign expression of countenance, and his partial baldness and long beard give him even a venerable look.' There could be no doubt about the genuineness of his welcome to Naples. 'About half-past nine, we heard the roar of *vivas* in the street, and coming to the window, saw Garibaldi himself, passing in the direction of Vietri. One of the crowd, while cheering in the most frantic manner, suddenly fell in a kind of convulsive fit. I asked our landlady, a vivacious, black-eyed Calabrese damsel, whether he had not been *drinking* the general's health. "No," she said; "it is joy.—Ah," in a tone of reproach, "you English, who have been always free, cannot imagine the delight of deliverance." And she made a gesture as if she were about to fly.'

This was a fine reproof, and our author exhibits no small magnanimity in narrating it.

'The hero's name was repeated in all manner of forms, as if it was a declinable noun—Garibaldi, Garibaldo, Garibalda—nay, it was metamorphosed into Gallibar and Gallipot, and Galliboard; at last the first two syllables were suppressed, and "Viva '*Board*" was the favourite cry, the sound of the last syllable being prolonged to the utmost. You heard, too, "Viva Vittorio Emmanuele," and still more frequently, "Viva l'Italia unita," which at length was shortened into *una;* and when people got so hoarse that they could not articulate any longer, they held out the forefinger, and shook it as they passed, indicative of their desire for unity. Men, women, and boys crowded the carriages, and clung to them like swarming bees. I counted thirteen persons in a small vehicle drawn by one horse. Some waved flags, some brandished daggers, holding them occasionally in unpleasant proximity to one's throat, and shrieking with menacing scowls, "Viva Garibaldi!" others danced franticly along, waving torches over their heads. I have never seen such a sight as the Strada di Toledo presented as you looked up it, the long lines of stationary lights converging in the distance, and the flags drooping from the windows, and down below the mad movements of the torches, and the waved banners and gleaming arms. Here and there, an excited orator addressed the crowd about him in wild declamation; little bands of enthusiasts, headed sometimes by a priest and sometimes by a woman, went dancing through the streets, and burst into the *cafés*, compelling all present to join in the popular cry. I was forcibly reminded of the scenes of the French Revolution and Mademoiselle Louise Theroigne. When I was in the Café d'Europa, a priest rushed in with frantic gestures, with eyes starting from his head, with a banner in one hand and a knife in the other, uttering horrible and inarticulate howlings. Having seen him, I can understand the frenzy of the ancient Bacchantes. A friend of mine saw a young and beautiful girl, belonging apparently to the upper class, who, standing up in a carriage, began to address the crowd quietly at first, but warming gradually into a fury of enthusiasm, the veins in face and neck swollen, and ending with "Morte ai Borboni," shrieked out with the accents and gestures of a Rachel.'

The Neapolitan peasant seems to be by no means intellectually cultivated. The priest communicates nothing to him even with regard to religion; and an intelligent guide of Sorrento discourses to our author concerning an ancient cemetery in this manner.

'"This campo santo," said my guide, "was two centuries (due secoli) old; before the world."

"Before the world?" I asked. "How could that be?"

"I mean," he said, "before *this* world; in the time of another world, which was destroyed by a deluge."

"And that," I asked, "was two secoli ago?"

"Precisamente, eccelenza."

"And how many years are there in a secolo?"

"A hundred, or thereabouts."

"Well," said I, with the air of an inquirer thirsting for information, "what happened about the deluge?"

"The flood was sent, eccelenza, because the world was full of bad people; but there was a signore called Noë, who was good. Dunque," he proceeded, putting his finger alongside of his nose, as their manner is when coming to the point of a story, "Jesus Christ made a great ship, and put Noë in it;" and so he went on with the narrative.'

The primitive simplicity of the Neapolitan faith is almost incredible. A woman, praying the Madonna to come and heal her son, communicates her address, at the same time, with the most extreme particularity. No. 13 High Street (as it were), third flat, second door on the left-hand.

Garibaldi himself dared not take the advice of the *Times*, and forbid the performance of the miracle of San Gennaro. Even if the liquidation of the blood had not occurred as usual, the failure would certainly have told against the new régime. Mr Clark gives us a very graphic account of the ceremony. 'An aged priest, standing within the altar-rails, raised aloft the vessel containing the sacred blood, and at once a forest of waving arms rose above the crowd, and the building rang with frenzied exclamations. Some other priests and assistants now appeared in the organ-loft, ready to lead the *Te Deum* whenever the miracle should be achieved; meanwhile, the old man continued to hand round the vessel, to let all the bystanders see that there was no deception, that the blood was really solid. The vessel in question is a kind of monstrance, round, with glass on each side, and two handles, one above, one below. It is more like a carriage-lamp than anything else I can think of. Inside are two small phials, containing an opaque substance, the blood of the saint. In order to shew that it was solid, the priest turned the monstrance upside down, holding a lighted candle behind it, and shewed it round to the spectators, just as a conjuror does before commencing his performance. All this time the crowd kept shrieking and screaming; the old women, especially, were frantic in their cries and gestures, moaning and sobbing, and stretching out hands in nervous tension. Some men even were affected with this hysterical passion, and wept and moaned like the women. The confusion of endlessly reiterated prayers, uttered in such tones that they resembled imprecations, reminded me of the chorus of the priests of Baal in the *Elijah;* only here the trebles preponderate over the basses. Mendelssohn may have witnessed some such scene; but, so far as I know, the like is only to be seen at Naples, and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem on Easter Sunday. For any other parallel, one must go among fetich-worshipping savages.

'The priest then turned his back on the audience, and the agitation of the crowd reached a point where it could no longer be expressed in articulate cries, for nothing was heard but sobs and groans. A very few minutes had elapsed, when the priest suddenly turned round and exhibited the blood LIQUID! A wild howl of exultation rose up; flowers were thrown towards the saint, and, strange to say, a number of birds let loose, which the spectators had brought with them for the purpose. Never had the miracle been performed so soon. All were agreed on this, and eager discussions were going on in all parts of the church as to the exact time it had taken. Was it three minutes or four, or four minutes and a half? The old women were wild with joy. It was clear that San Gennaro was in the best of tempers towards his dear clients, and not at all displeased with them for turning out their king. Two of Garibaldi's red-shirted soldiers, who were making their way out of the chapel, were the objects of tenderly affectionate demonstrations; old women held up their hands to bless them, others patted them on the back, and smiled approvingly. ..... One young priest, of rather attractive countenance, came out of the chapel, his eyes red, and his cheeks swollen with weeping; but most of his order seemed impassive, and did not attempt even to counterfeit devotion. The venerable old man in rose-coloured robes, who officiated, shewed no feeling whatever. Probably perfect self-possession, with a little manual dexterity, is the quality most requisite in the officiating minister. The secret,' adds Mr Clark, 'is known only to the priests of San Gennaro and Mr R. Monckton Milnes, who tells me that he has not merely witnessed, but once *performed* the ceremony.'

Is it not possible that during the expected involuntary absence of the supreme pontiff from Rome, that something temporary might be done with an honourable member possessing such great natural gifts?

PERFORMING HORSES.

ONE of the favourite stage directions of a former well-known lessee of Astley's Amphitheatre was, to 'cut the dialogue, and come to the 'osses.' This pet maxim was no doubt founded on an extensive knowledge of mankind, who, in the aggregate, are fond of animals of all kinds; and it is certain that, to the majority of the spectators, the ''osses,' as Ducrow called them, are the chief attraction of a circus. The equestrian scenes give more delight than the contortions of the acrobats, which are apparently fraught with pain to the performer, and certainly alarm a large portion of those who witness them. The scene or trick acts of the circle, in which the horses are provided with a prominent *rôle*, are always greatly applauded, and have a quiet charm about them, which the more exciting feats of the well-trained but haggard-looking voltigeurs do not possess. The spotted horses employed in equestrian performances have long been considered by the uninitiated to be a hereditary breed, cultivated only for exhibition in the arena; but that is quite a mistake, and has doubtless arisen from the eccentric colours of the larger number of circus horses. This distinction, however, is rapidly passing away, animals of all colours being now indiscriminately used—the circus proprietor picking up a good horse, wherever he can find one at a suitable price, zealously and patiently training him for exhibition purposes, and so adding to his value. Some folks have even gone so far in their ignorance as to assert that circus horses are dyed or painted. This assertion is not true as a rule, although the rustic public, fastidious in their notions of colour, and not believing in a circus with horses of a common hue, have before now been gulled by necessitous mountebanks with painted steeds of the desert, which a pitiless shower of rain sometimes exposes, to the great discomfiture of the owners. The money power being granted, it is an easy matter to obtain all kinds of horses; and proprietors of circuses, or their agents, constantly travelling about, have every opportunity of picking up suitable animals; but whatever value these may have for ordinary equestrian purposes, they have a long training to endure before they can be publicly christened 'the fiery steeds of the Ukraine,' 'the prancing coursers of the god of day,' or such other sounding name as may look well in the phraseology of the bills.

The living horse which was introduced into Corneille's tragedy, in order to represent Pegasus, upon the revival of *Andromeda* in 1682, gives us a clue to the mode of training adopted in the modern circus. Means were taken in that tragedy to give the animal a warlike ardour. Before he was hoisted up in the air by machinery, he was kept fasting so long, that his appetite became extreme; and when he appeared, a groom behind the scenes stood shaking oats in a sieve. Pressed by hunger, and excited at seeing food, the horse neighed, pawed with his feet, and perfectly answered the end designed. By this stratagem, the piece had a great run, for everybody was eager to see this animal, who performed to such perfection, and pranced as high in the air as he could have done on *terra firma*.

Picking up a handkerchief from the saw-dust is one of the 'trick'-acts always taught to a circus horse, and the whole teaching is achieved by the aid of a little bit of carrot, or a handful of oats, seasoned with an amount of patience and good temper on the part of the teacher which is wonderful to contemplate, and which quite bears out the fundamental principles of Rarey's system of horse-taming—that the animal is so constituted that he will not offer resistance to any demand which he fully comprehends, if made in a way consistent with the laws of his nature; that a horse has no consciousness of his strength beyond his experience, and can be handled according to our will without force; and that we can take any object, however frightful, around, over, or on him, that does not inflict pain, without causing him to fear.

Apropos of Rarey and his manifestations, our showmen all maintain that he taught *them* nothing, his process of laying down a horse having been familiar in the arena for generations back, and in constant use for the breaking in of 'scene' or 'trick' horses. All the merit assigned to Rarey by our circus horsemen is, that he has had the Yankee tact to make a mystery and a fortune out of their knowledge. A well-known equestrian, for instance, tells us that 'to lay down a horse' can only seem extraordinary to those unacquainted with the equestrian profession, and that for his part he was always too modest to bring a horse before an audience till the animal was so thoroughly trained that he would lie down, as in the case of the horse in *Mazeppa*, without the use of any strap or other coercive means. Kindness, indeed, is laid down as a cardinal point in the breaking and training of all horses. The modern system is founded on sympathy, and the ancient cruelties of whip and spur are almost entirely discarded. The process, therefore, of teaching circus horses is now a very simple one, and is more a matter of unceasing labour than the exercise of any particular art or charm on the part of the performer.

To return, now, to the handkerchief. A white cloth containing a considerable quantity of oats is spread out on the saw-dust, and the horse being led round the circle, and taken up to it, is suffered to partake of the corn. This is lesson the first; and it at once fixes on the mind of the animal a connection between the cloth and his food: he knows that by putting his head down to the handkerchief he can obtain a mouthful of oats. This, it is needless to say, he is encouraged to do; and the march round the ring being once or twice repeated, the animal requires almost no further hint, but stops at the cloth as a matter of course—indeed would almost require to be forced past the object of his love. 'You see, sir,' said a circus groom to us in the progress of our inquiry, 'it's the oats as does it; the animal *will* stop at them oats, and the reason is plain, sir—he's fond on 'em, and perhaps precious hungry as well, sir.'

Hard practice for a week or two will teach the animal to stop at the white cloth as readily in a trot or a gallop as in a walk. We are all this time fancying our pupil to be a quiet, steady, well-behaved horse; but if, on the contrary, the animal be high-spirited, mettlesome, and inclining to kick away with contempt the corn and handkerchief, a different initiatory process must be adopted—a smart hour's gallop round the circle twice a day, and an occasional short allowance of oats, will soon effect a cure, and bring the most frolicsome Pegasus to his senses. Some horses are wonderfully acute. We have known a raw animal trained to perform the part of 'White Surrey' in the space of four days. Other horses, again, take months to learn the most simple trick. Future lessons in the handkerchief business are very similar to the first one. The horse having been taught to know that where there is a white cloth he may expect to find a feed of corn, naturally enough assists greatly in his own teaching. After a time, the teacher doubles over the cloth, and fastens it in a knot—the horse shakes it, in order to find the grain, but not getting at it so readily as usual, he finishes this lesson by lifting the cloth from the ground, which is just the one thing required. After the animal has done this a few times, and finds that although there are no oats to be obtained from the cloth, he yet obtains a few handfuls by way of reward, he may be safely trusted to perform the trick in public. The next step is to persuade the horse to carry the cloth a little distance—to lift it up, and bring it to the ring-master. Now, as the horse of his own will holds the parcel till it is taken from him, a very little coaxing easily persuades him to walk a few paces across the ring, it being understood that he gets a reward in the shape of a little bit of carrot, or a handful of oats.

Circus horses are taught many other tricks besides picking up a handkerchief—such as standing in tableaux, dancing to waltz or quadrille time, forming parts of the royal arms, halting instantaneously at the sound of a drum, or falling exhausted after carrying Mazeppa over the wilds of the Ukraine. In a well-appointed circus, it is necessary for them to stand quiet under all kinds of excitement. They must hear the shrill clang of the cymbals, the noise of ordnance, and the shouts of the audience, without being tempted to move or become in any way alarmed; but when a horse has learned to do one trick, it is much easier to teach him a second one. To teach a horse to make a sudden halt at beat of drum, an assistant must be provided ready to strike that instrument the moment the animal gets into a smart trot. 'If he disobeys from fright, or from not understanding the signal, cause him to trot round the circle again in the same manner as before, for a few minutes, and then repeat the signal, but not so loud. Exercise him in this till he learns to halt in obedience to the signal, yourself assisting him in this business with all your judgment. Should he express fear at the sound, endeavour as much as you can, by your caresses and management, to convince him that it is not meant to hurt or terrify him, but as a kind of language by which he is to understand your desires. In order to impress him the deeper and sooner with the meaning of this language, let it always be used as a signal for the end of his labour or exercises. The grand secret is invariably to use a soothing tone of voice, and rewarding him with an apple, or other little condiment, when he obeys.' Such is the opinion of the experienced Professor Pablo.

If a loaded pistol be attached to a post or other erection in the circus, a horse can be taught to fire it by means of a piece of white cloth being attached to the trigger, which the horse seizes in his mouth, and tugs under the expectation of being rewarded for his trouble. This principle seems to be carried out thoroughly in all circus training. For instance, while teaching the animal to stand quietly, with his fore feet on a platform, he is kept supplied with portions of some delicacy, such as a bit of apple or carrot; every day this platform is heightened, till the required elevation is obtained, and so long as the horse is 'good,' and is attentive to his lesson, he obtains some slight reward at its conclusion.

In what the bills describe as the 'Gorgeous equestrian spectacle of the wild horse of the Ukraine,' otherwise, the play of *Mazeppa*, the direction given by the *castellan* is this: 'Bring forth the untamed steed. Now bind the traitor on his back; let scorching suns and piercing blasts, devouring hunger, and parching thirst, with frequent bruises and ceaseless motion, rend the vile Tartar piecemeal.' The stage direction here is: '*Music—Cassimir is now bound to the horse's back—the horse is released, and immediately rushes off.*' In other words, he bounds from the ring at his very fiercest speed, and in a moment or two we see him careering over the rocks at the back of the stage, which are supposed to represent the mountainous boundary between Poland and Tartary, with the helpless victim firmly strapped upon his back—dashing him about at a sad rate. But the spectators need not be in the least alarmed, for while one horse is careering up the rocks, touched every here and there by unseen grooms, the real actor is quietly smoking his pipe in his dressing-room, a duplicate horse and a well got-up dummy-rider doing duty in the various ranges of hills which have to be crossed. By and by, Mazeppa, after having endured all sorts of horrors, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by a pack of wolves, and many other kinds of death, again enters on the scene, having reached his native and beloved Tartary. Both horse and rider are supposed to be thoroughly exhausted, and it is the cue of the animal immediately to fall down. From the constrained position of Mazeppa, it is difficult for him to give the beast any aid or guidance; but so effective has been the training of the animal, that by means of a few pats on the fore-leg with a morsel of twig, it falls to the ground, as if completely exhausted; it is needless to say, amid the hearty applause of the audience.

Merely to see a trick-horse perform this Mazeppa feat, or a *manège* horse do a little 'passaging' (that is, dancing sideways), conveys no idea of the un-pleasantness involved in teaching—days of patient and hard work on the damp saw-dust, amid the gloom of a cold and cheerless circus. The mode of teaching a horse to dance, and keep time to the music, is to fasten the animal with two side-reins, between the posts or pillars which support the leaping bar. The teacher provides himself with a long whip, and, as the music plays, he gently touches him with it, using the well-known 'jik, jik' of the groom as he goes on. Being securely fastened to the posts, the horse can neither go forward nor backward, but the teaching of his trainer induces him to lift his legs, and from that action he obtains the rudimentary movement of his lesson. After a time, the manège rider will mount on his back; the horse, however, being still fastened by the side-reins, and by means of these, just at the time he is to raise his leg, he gives a gentle tug at the proper side, and so aids the movement. The whip applied gently to the horse's hind-quarters teaches him to bring them gracefully under his body, and so adds considerably to the grace of the exhibition. After a time, the side-reins are loosened, and the horse is entirely guided by the delicate hands of the rider, and, if at all apt, in a few lessons he marks time perfectly—either quick or slow time, as may be desired—with no other guide than a gentle jerk of his bridle. The master can then dismount, and come before the horse, and teach him to dance, or keep time to the music, with a wave of the hand. This is achieved by simply giving the horse a pat on the foot which he is required to lift. An intelligent animal at once takes 'the office,' and in course of time comes to learn what is wanted, and, like a sensible creature, in order to save the rap on the shins, lifts the leg without the whip; the mere swaying of his master's body being sufficient to shew him what is required.

There are a great many other feats performed by the circus horse, such as unbuckling his own girths, taking off his master's hat, lifting a tea-kettle from the fire—now seldom performed, as the fire injures the horse's sight—supping with the clown, &c., all of which are taught on the same principle. In all these tricks, the moving influence is the same; to recur again to the practical philosophy of the stud groom, 'it's the oats as does it.'

FAVOURED IDIOTS.

In the department of Dordogne, in the south-west of France, is situated the pretty village of La Force. The climate of this favoured region is particularly healthful. 'It is,' says an inhabitant, 'temperate, rather hot than cold, dry, and with rare exceptions we never see snow. We may almost say that Autumn comes to pass the Winter with us, in order to wait for Spring.' The Protestant pastor of La Force, M. John Bost, had some years since his attention strongly directed to the miserably degraded condition of two poor little female idiots who lived in the neighbourhood; his benevolent heart felt pity, while his firm and active will resolved that his compassion should not remain unfruitful. He had studied and reflected deeply on the subject of idiocy, and he determined, without seeking assistance from others, to make the attempt how far good food, kindness, and care directed towards their moral as well as physical necessities, might avail to rescue these unfortunates from a state worse than that of brutes, in that it is abnormal, and that the poor imbecile is often treated more unkindly than the meanest animal. He took the little idiots into his house, overcame the natural repugnance which their habits and appearance were well fitted to inspire, watched over them continually, with the most anxious and judicious solicitude, and, after the lapse of some time, had the happiness to see his efforts crowned with success. One of them who, at the age of six, resembled a mere ball of half-animated flesh, and inspired strong feelings of disgust in those who came in contact with her, was able, at the end of two years, to express herself in articulate language, had begun to knit, and shewed considerable talent for singing. The progress of the other child from a state of mute imbecility to that of articulate reason, was even more striking.

Encouraged by these tokens of success, this excellent and energetic man, relying on the aid of Him who healed those that were 'lunatic and sore vexed,' determined to found an asylum, to be named Bethesda, for the reception of three classes of sufferers, namely—idiots; blind, or those threatened with blindness; maimed, or those suffering from incurable but, not contagious maladies.

Under great difficulties, chiefly of a pecuniary nature, a house and grounds well adapted for the purpose were obtained, near La Force, and the asylum was founded in the year 1855. 'Bethesda,' says M. Bost, 'is for those who direct it a work of faith, of charity, and of patience; for those who inhabit it, an abode of struggles, of suffering, and of tears; all kinds of misery seem to meet beneath our roof.' At the close of last year, the house contained fifty-eight inmates; of these, nineteen are idiots, and the remainder, suffering incurables, afflicted with pretty nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. We will first consider the case of the imbeciles, and allow M. Bost to speak for himself.

'On entering the asylum, they were furnished with physicians' certificates, testifying that they were idiots, imbeciles, devoid of intelligence, incapable of directing themselves, and without any prospect of possible development. These certificates were only too exact; often, indeed, the truth was understated. Some of these poor beings have large heads, with immensely developed foreheads, while the hinder part of the head is deficient. The head is badly set, and falls weakly on the breast; in some cases, it is of a conical form, and falls backwards. In general, the eye is round, heavy, stupid; the lips project, while a quantity of saliva flows from them. There is great general feebleness, absence of precision in the movements, and a complete disorder of the system. Some are rickety, scrofulous; in others, the nervous system is highly developed, and they are perpetually in motion. Their sense of taste is vitiated; they prefer to good food the most filthy and unwholesome matters. Their cry makes one shudder; their laugh is convulsive; while the muscles of the face are so little under control as to give an expression of the utmost stupidity.

'Some of our pupils had scarcely ever seen the light of day until they set out for Bethesda. Neglected, shut up in a cellar, or in some wretched room without either air or light, receiving no other nourishment than an insufficient quantity of dry bread, these idiots reached us in a state which we dare not describe. Wholesome food, regular meals, habits of order and cleanliness, frequent baths, exercise in the open air, and as soon as the limbs began in some degree to obey the volition of the idiot, some light outdoor labour—these were the physical means by which we sought to ameliorate the condition of these unfortunates. All must be done with the utmost affection and tenderness. The idiot brought up, or rather *kept down* by unkind and ignorant relatives, is melancholy, solitary, usually dreading the presence of others. We find music, especially that of the organ, a powerful agent in softening and humanising our imbeciles. We place flowers in their hands; we seek to make them admire the works of nature

Soon they become sensible of our affection; they seek our caresses, and shew jealousy of others sharing them; their hearts open; they begin to feel that they belong to the moral world; and this point attained, we have to commence their education and instruction. The first thing to ascertain in the mental condition of an idiot is the existence of the will, of the power of volition, and then to determine the limits of its development. The greatest caution is requisite here, for we may often accuse a child of obstinacy, when it is really only deficient in comprehension. But when once the idiot reaches the point of understanding that is required of him, it becomes quite needful to teach him obedience to the will of his superiors. A few instances will illustrate this.

'M. A. is ten years old: she reached us in a state difficult to describe. Her physiognomy, her eyes especially, had an expression of stupidity and moral degradation which inspired a profound disgust in all those who saw her. She was false, passionate, gross; her habits were such as to oblige us to separate her from the others, and to keep a perpetual watch over her. The measure of intelligence which she possessed seemed to serve her only for evil-doing. At present we have good reason to affirm that a complete change has been effected. Her features have acquired a soft and pleasing expression; a gentle smile plays on her lips; she loves to walk with her companions. She has begun a little to spell, to knit, and to sew.

'Emma, aged eleven, was one of the first idiots received at Bethesda. Her intelligence has become wonderfully developed, but she is idle, and advances slowly in her studies. On Sunday evenings, we accustom such children as are at all capable of the exercise, to relate little histories, and converse about them. One evening, when it came to Emma's turn, she related a short tale in a manner that pleased me. I gave her a sou. The possession of such a fortune was an event in her life. Another little girl told the history of a charitable child who gave all her money to a poor man. She received two sous. I really do not know why I gave this money; it was the only time I ever did so. Emma looked vexed at having got but one sou. In order to calm her, I asked her who had told her story the best. "It was not that other one," she replied.

"Tell me, my dear," I said, "if a poor mother came and asked you for your sou to buy bread for her little hungry child, what would you do?"

"I would say: Go to that other one—*she* has *two* sous."

'This same Emma one day had behaved very badly, and tried to the utmost the patience of her instructress. She persisted in her rebellion until ten minutes before dinner; then she tried to make up for lost time: she wiped her mouth, smoothed her hair, and by her industry and these insinuating words: "Am not I working well, dear mademoiselle? Are you not pleased with me?" she tried to make us forget her former ill behaviour. The dinner-bell rang, and Emma was leaving her work, when a hand was placed on her shoulder, and a voice said to her: "You shall work while your companions dine; and as soon as your work is finished, you shall have a piece of bread." The child, without replying, took her work, and finished it; but when the bread was offered to her, she rejected it, and flying into a violent passion, commenced throwing down all the stools within her reach. I locked her up, in order not only to punish, but to calm her, and to withdraw from her companions' eyes the spectacle of a furious child. As soon as she became quiet, her prison was opened. I took her by the hand, and offered her the bread, which she rejected, saying: "I want my soup." The door of the prison closed on her again. I said a few words to her before I turned the key; and when at the end of half an hour I returned, the child, with her eyes full of tears, said in a low voice: "Well, *I have prayed;* I won't ask for my soup any more. I have been very naughty, but you shall see that I will be good." She took her piece of bread, and kissed the hand that presented it.

'The inmates of Bethesda form one family: the infirm, the blind, and the idiots, all live together. Some friends have asked if the sight of these poor imbeciles is not calculated to injure our sick patients; I think it right to give some explanation on this head. Our idiots in general have a need of affection, and seek it. It is good for these poor creatures to be placed in the society of those in all respects their superiors. The idiot, like every other child, is developed far more by the lessons which he takes of his own accord, than by those which are given him. Their education is received, as it were, involuntarily. Our idiots see what our infirm do; they hear their conversation; they see them occupied in little pieces of fancy-work; they observe the neatness of their toilet: all this acts and reacts on their feeble intelligence, and serves to develop it. But what, it may be asked, are the corresponding advantages for the infirm themselves? We believe them to be still greater.

'Nothing is worse for any one than inaction, but especially for the invalid. Left to herself, she passes her time in brooding over her woes. Mind and body act and react on each other, and life becomes insupportable. In our asylum, each invalid capable of fulfilling the task is intrusted with the care of an idiot: she presides over her toilet, and sometimes gives her little lessons. There is often a strong and touching tie of affection between the invalid girl and her little protégée. The former feels herself strengthened and consoled by discovering that there is yet a work for her to accomplish in the world—that God calls her, in the midst of all the miseries of her position, to be useful, and to do good; while the poor idiot finds herself placed in circumstances much more favourable to her development than if she were forced to live entirely amongst those afflicted like herself. Our sick and our idiots, however, are not always together; their dormitories and repasts are separate.

'Sometimes, a curious kind of friendship arises between two idiots. One named F., whom it has never been possible to teach to read or to work, has very strong affection for those who have been kind to her. Every night, she kneels beside her bed, and prays aloud for her friends and benefactors. One of her companions, in general a well-disposed creature, often places herself next her, and suggests the names of those for whom she ought to pray. Alas! it is often needful to suppress forcibly this pious exercise. F. has her preferences, C. has hers; and if, unfortunately, F. prays for her own particular friends before naming those of C., disputes, scuffles, boxes on the ear, are sure to supervene. It then becomes necessary to prohibit this special worship. Soon peace is declared, and the two friends throw themselves into each other's arms, uttering all sorts of tender speeches. This poor C. has never had any teeth. The only thing it has been possible to teach her is to tend the sick, and to love them; but she is faithful to that task, and it is touching to see her occupied with the poor children who have been confided to her care. No one in her presence must utter a word against "the good M. Bost." She gets into a transport of rage if one of her friends says that I am wicked, and she would gladly take a stick to avenge me.'

So far, I have given a few abridged extracts from the very interesting reports of the asylum at La Force, given by M. Bost, but I may add my own conviction of the usefulness and almost unique character of the institution. I had lately the pleasure of meeting M. Bost, and of hearing from him a detailed account of his proceedings. He is one of the most active and energetic men I ever met. Tall, and in the prime of life, he has a countenance beaming with intelligence and kindness; and he exercises in an eminent degree that magical power which strong minds have over weak ones. It is quite marvellous how, with the slender means at his command, he has organised and carries on so extensive and costly an institution. He is so beloved in his neighbourhood, that the peasants are always ready to give him a day's work, and assist him in any way they can. 'If M. Bost,' said one of them, 'wants a thing done, it is just as well to do it at once, for he will be sure to have his own way.' His temperament is eminently kind and joyous, and he has an elastic spring of good temper which bears him through all the difficulties, disgusts, and discouragements of his most arduous task, and causes him to be beloved, almost worshipped by the poor little objects of his care. 'They follow him about,' said an eye-witness, 'stroke his coat, fawn on him, just like affectionate dogs on their master; and a smile, or a caress from his hand, causes an expression of intense joy to light up their poor unsightly faces.'

M. Bost related several anecdotes illustrating the acuteness and talent for repartee of some of the educated idiots. One of them had behaved so badly, and given so much trouble in the institution, that M. Bost said to her one day: 'My child, if you continue to go on in this manner, I shall have to send you away as Adam was turned out of Paradise.' 'D'abord, monsieur,' she replied; '*vous* n'êtes pas le bon Dieu!' 'That "d'abord,"' he said, 'was irresistible. I made her a present of the other reasons.' A visitor one day asked a little girl her name: 'They used to call me an idiot,' she said very meekly; 'but I don't think I am one now.'

Perhaps I cannot better conclude this imperfect sketch than by translating a few more of M. Bost's eloquent words; first cordially commending the asylum at La Force to the notice and liberality of my readers.

'*To gain the confidence of the idiot*, is the basis of our system of education. He is by nature timid and unsocial, shunning the society of men; therefore, we seek to bring him into contact with rational beings, to surround him with affection of which he soon shews himself sensible. To impress on the mind of the idiot our will, and to develop his, are the principal means to which we have recourse in order to raise the thick veil which covers his intelligence. Cunning sometimes to excess, the idiot often defeats our plans, and would commit acts of violence, if not restrained by a strong and decided hand. The eye also has a powerful influence in guiding the imbecile. As to instruction, properly so called, we must proceed by means of the senses. Before opening a book, and setting the idiot to study the alphabet, it is needful that he should comprehend the ordinary language of life, and have conquered the nervous excitement frequent among some of his class, or the profound apathy which afflicts others. Draw his attention to the works of nature, teach him to dig a little or rake the ground; these must be our first steps towards awakening whatever measure he may possess of dormant intelligence. Once he begins to study, what difficulties! "This unlucky letter A, which is of no use whatever, which does not nourish the stomach; and this slate-pencil, which is always slipping between the fingers, and whose scratching hurts the ear. Then that wicked needle, which is for ever pricking the finger, and drawing blood; the thread which is too coarse for the eye of the needle, or the eye of the needle which is too fine for the thread." So say, or so think, these poor children, who view thread and thimble in the light of a galley-slave's chain. But by degrees we succeed in interesting the poor idiot. What joy she feels when she is able to read the story of a little cat or a doll! And when she accomplishes embroidering a letter of the alphabet on canvas, the house resounds with her cries of joy; and caressing her instructress, she inquires: "Don't I know how to work well?" Music has a powerful effect on these poor creatures. Sacred strains accompanied by the organ have an especial influence in calming and elevating their minds.

'May we not, in conclusion, commend to your attention the words of our Lord: "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."'

THE RAIN.

The Rain with little diamond feet
  Is dancing on the glossy leaf
Out in my garden, where the flowers
  Enjoy a sunny season brief.

He sleeps in radiant velvet cup,
  Soft as down, and blushing with bloom;
And fragrance rare steals gently up
  Hither into my little room.

He lifts the drooping rose's head
  Tenderly up towards the sky;
He waves his fingers o'er the moss,
  And sprinkles it with jewell'ry.

He hangs a starry curtain rare,
  Tastefully 'long the garden-wall;
I love to watch the jewels fair
  Replaced by others as they fall.

He steals along the parchèd ground,
  And dives down to the flow'ret's root;
Or hides beneath the quiv'ring leaves
  That shield the blushing orchard-fruit.

To meek and modest flow'r deep down
  In nook, with herbage thick o'erspread,
He steals with his bright jewel-crown,
  A guerdon for its lovely head.

The brooklet to the brink he swells,
  And strikes his fairy circles there,
In which the lilies wave their bells,
  Unheard amid the fragrant air.

The spider on the aspen-tree
  Hath spread his nicely woven net;
Can anything more lovely be,
  When with the sun-dyed rain-pearls set?

Within the king-cup's chalice fair,
  Trembles his silver star so cold,
But 'mid the yellow glory there,
  Seems changed to drop of liquid gold.

Oh, blessed earth-refreshing Rain,
  A-falling on my garden sweet,
I'd turn away from martial strain,
  To hear the music of thy feet.

J. E.

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FRENCH TITLES.

o years ago, the Emperor Napoleon astonished his iisters of state by a new proposition. His majesty of opinion that the condition of the titled classes in nce was a stigma on the nation at large; that a posi- law should be enacted on the subject of titular dis- tions; that all claims should be duly sifted, and all ful transgressors punished with a year's imprison- nt as the penal maximum. But there are some ngs that even Napoleon III., *Imperator Francorum*, not do. The embryo edict never passed the ate, or attained a more complete maturity than t of a mere *projet de loi*. It still remains un- ched and imperfect, one of the addled eggs of erial legislation. And yet we cannot but admit t the emperor was in the right; that sound sense l logic were on his side; and that in this case a poleonic 'idea' has been unfairly stifled by time- ving politicians. The question of the utility and ediency of titles is wide of the mark. Hereditary k may be a good thing, or it may be a bad thing: may hold with Mr John Bright, or we may rally nd Lord John Manners; but surely what is worth aining is worth preserving intact and pure. Let see what our lively neighbours across the Channel re done for the preservation of titles of honour.

rench titles, properly speaking, embrace the ious distinctions of duke, marquis, count, vis- nt, baron, and chevalier. These ranks are as old the time of the later Roman Empire, and repre- t military offices now vague and obsolete, but e as definite and clear as our modern phrases of onel and major. Thus, the dux, or duke, was the eralissimo of an army; the marquis, a warden of marches or borders; the *comes*, or count, derived style from being companion to his sovereign or der; and the viscount was the deputy in case of the ence of his superior. Even the marshals of France, itle high and ancient, though not hereditary, were first, as their designation implies, merely the chief eing-smiths, the *maréchaux ferrant* of the army— unimportant post among a nation of martial bar- ians like the Franks, whose cavalry included their les and picked warriors. In addition to these nitaries, there are numerous princes in France; their glittering titles are not derived from a native rce: they are princes of the Holy Roman Empire, rmanic princes, not real French Highnesses. The etiquette of France gives the honours of the *Altesse* none but those who partake the blood-royal in legree sufficiently near to be called Children of nce. But many of the most distinguished families he Gallic aristocracy are as much Belgian, Spanish, German, or Hungarian as French, and have, or had, estates, rank, and close alliances in other lands than that to which their allegiance is due. Owing to this, French society has always courteously acknowledged the rank of prince borne by natives of France, though the style is usually merged in a dukedom, the apex of Gallic distinctions. We must own that the transmission of titles is well managed by our neighbours across the narrow seas. All the sons of a prince are princes, to be sure, even during their parent's life; but that is because the dignity belongs to the pompous old empire of which the Kaiser Joseph is honorary ruler. But you will not meet in France with the absurd swarm of petty aristocrats who deluge German society. A prince may be the happy papa of a dozen little princelings in pinafores of coarse stuff, and very badly circumstanced for bread and butter; but at least barons, counts, marquises, do not spread and multiply in the preposterous manner common elsewhere on the continent. At least, in France, rank has not to betake itself to such singular methods of living as in the Low Countries, for instance. In one small Flemish town of my acquaintance, the principal innkeeper is a baron, and avenges his degradation on the purses of the untitled public; the fashionable tailor is a baron; and the jack-booted head-postilion at the Hôtel des Postes is a baron too, and never forgets to remind travellers, when soliciting an extra *pour boire*, that he has a right to wear a coronet if he likes.

They manage matters better in France. There, the eldest son of a count is a viscount by right, and the younger sons are chevaliers. Chevalier ought to stand for knight, and once did so; but for centuries, it has represented the word gentleman, in Shakspeare's sense, which is exactly identical with the almost obsolete word *gentilhomme*, and does not in the least refer to any test of manners, education, or office, but purely to descent. These titles, of course, have their appropriate feminine variations, from princess, duchess, and so on, down to the *reductio ad absurdum* of *chevalière*. It is only in very remote places, out of the way of railways and ridicule, that the wife of a gentleman is called *chevalière*, and then only by the half-educated gossips of a Breton or Languedocian village. Of course, the most ancient of these designations date from very dark ages indeed, as witness the Montmorenci family, who are vain of their traditionary claim to be the first Christian barons; the House of Coucy, whose motto is proud as its bearers; and the great race of Rohan, whose family legend runs as follows:

Roi ne puis,
Prince ne daigne,
Rohan je suis!—

the very acme of lordly vaunting. Very old and very haughty is the small residue of the cream of French nobility, though the more candid of them will own that Germany can eclipse them in quarterings, and that Spain has longer pedigrees and bluer blood. It is worth notice, that almost all the aristocracies of the continent, French, Spanish, German, Flemish, Roman, and Russian, look, or profess to look, on the nobility of England as on mushrooms of very recent origin. This may probably be owing to the remarkable ignorance respecting British institutions and social life which prevails everywhere abroad, and to some muddled notion of our being a shopkeeping nation, which induces many educated foreigners to confuse the House of Lords with the Lor-Maire, and to derive the Stanleys and Howards from the purlieus of Threadneedle Street. However, it is certain that there are still French titles in the possession of those whose ancestors won them in the early battles of the Capets and the Valois; if not, as they would have us believe, under Charlemagne's own banners.

It is a great mistake to imagine, as many of us do, that the noblesse of France was nearly exterminated by the pikes of the Jacobins and the knife of the guillotine, and that it was in a flourishing state at the epoch of the revolution of '92. Not so. For hundreds of years had a rapid decay been at work; the wars of the League and the Fronde were fatal to as many patricians as the contest of Sylla and Marius; Richelieu began the work of converting the feudal aristocracy from turbulent barons into ruined courtiers, and the ball he set in motion was never suffered to stand still. Mazarin first began to drive a gainful traffic in patents of nobility; later ministers carried on a business at once lucrative and easy; Louis XIV., the quintessence of kingly pride, found himself obliged to gild and lacker his financiers; the Regent and his royal ward rained honours on the most unworthy and indecorous applicants. From every generation arose the same cry: 'There is no good blood left in France.' Any farmer of taxes who could fatten on the sufferings of the people was certain of a county or a marquisate. Men of the vilest character, and of morals the most debased, 'looked to be earl or duke,' and were not disappointed if they could but pay for the coveted bauble. In consequence, the Convention sent multitudes of titled victims to the scaffold for incivism, little recking that the blood spilled was not of the true azure tint, and took vengeance on the sons and grandsons of speculators, money-lenders, traders, and so on, for the long catalogue of feudal wrongs inflicted by the haughty race of the past. Every coroneted head was permitted to count in that grim list of proscription, and, as we all know, solemn laws abolished all titles, prohibited the prefix of 'de,' and banished even the familiar address of Monsieur and Madame, to be superseded by Citizen and Citizenness in a new and classic France.

When Napoleon I. ascended the throne as emperor, he tried hard to rally the old nobility around him. He partially succeeded, and, at any rate, he gave them back the right to bear their titles, as by prescription and of usage; but, to their horror, he was a fountain of honour that played on very rough and rude, though, for the most part, very meritorious people, and soon a number of new aristocrats attempted to take place with those of Bourbon creation. Then, indeed, was there a cry of desolation through the dreary and dim Faubourg St Germain, such as Robespierre and Marat had hardly elicited when the streets were full of pikes and red caps, and no head was safe that wore a coronet. The new additions to the peerage were very ill received. Ridicule and abuse were poured upon them like *douches* of cold and hot water. Certainly, there was a fair target in which to plant the little barbed epigrams in which French wit is rarely lacking. The brave soldiers, the shrewd surgeons, the sharp-witted commissaries who were the promoted of the Emperor, were more at ease in a camp than a drawing-room; their barrack-breeding and defective education were ill fitted for polished circles. Their names were often very strange, and Count Lampion, and Baron Chou, caused *salons* the most decorous to break out into titters and sneers; while countesses who had sold *vin ordinaire* and roasted chestnuts, marchionesses familiar with the wash-tub, and *baronnes* who had seen the world from a baggage-wagon, would have provoked the risibility of a less impulsive people. Even Napoleon's marshals and their spouses fared little better. Nobody in society could be serious in mentioning that he had looked in at the ball of Madame the Duchess of Tartary, or had seen the Princess of Cracow driving in the Bois de Boulogne, or had had the privilege of an introduction to the Queen of Bulgaria, *née* Cruchon, and wife of a bold and lucky dragoon who had climbed higher than his neighbours and comrades. Many a fit of anger did this treatment of his nobles cost the conqueror of Lodi; he fumed and stormed, at one time longing to undo his own handiwork, and by a stroke of the pen to quash all his new creations; at another, making up matches between his fire-new marquises and the noble demoiselles of old France, and showering down places and pensions on the prudent family of the bride. When the Emperor was caged at St Helena, the nobles he had made were more cruelly flouted than ever; duels, lawsuits, scandals unnumbered arose from their collision with the relics of the feudal families; while the descendants of the publicans and sinners who had bought coronets from Dubois and Madame du Barry, were as averse to rub shoulders with the successful soldiers as the scions of Crusading houses. Still, Louis Dixhuit, a cold and temporising king, confirmed all Napoleon's patents, and Charles X. and Louis Philippe followed his example. In consequence, it requires some little knowledge of the France of other days, of French literature and court-history, to discriminate between the counts whose arms were emblazoned by D'Hozier, and whose ancestors are embalmed in Froissart's *Bokes of Chivalrie*, and the modern nobleman whose father won his spurs at Austerlitz or Eylau.

That Louis Philippe, whose monarchy was built on the very slippery foundation of the barricades, should prefer to recompense some of his supporters by giving them titles rather than state employment, was natural enough; but at first the Citizen King was sensibly chary of such promotion. What Louis Philippe was really a prodigal in, was red ribbon; miles of blushing ribbon did he distribute, and grosses of little decorations, until every second Frenchman who wore a cloth coat had a morsel of crimson silk at his buttonhole, and the Legion of Honour included some very eccentric knights indeed. But it was not till the old king was in his dotage that he began to scatter coronets broadcast among his friends. Then, indeed, he made up for his past parsimony, and greatly embarrassed and annoyed his *doctrinaire* ministers by creating them counts, dukes, marquises, and so forth in rapid succession, and saluting them every now and then by some new and sonorous title of nobility. These gentlemen, M. Guizot and the rest, being unable actually to avert the diamond spray with which the Fountain of Honour persisted in besprinkling them, chose the wise course of concealing their rank from the bitter press and the stormy Chambers. They locked up their patents, burked their titles, and extorted from his reluctant majesty a promise to say nothing about the matter. It was only after the revolution of 1848, when the archives were overhauled, and portfolios and cabinets ransacked, that the French discovered what a crop of noble personages had just been driven from the helm of state—how this minister had been a duke, and that chef de bureau a marquis.

We all remember how the new Republic began her short reign, and how jauntily she wore her Phrygian cap for a while. No more titles then!—no more armorial bearings! Even the ambassadors could not prevent the mob from tearing down from over their doors the royal and imperial blazonries of their august masters. Even Lord Henry Seymour, the most popular of Anglo-Parisians, had his coachhouses taken by storm, and the arms on his carriage panels obliterated by the paint-brush. Monsieur and Madame were banished once more, and Citoyen and Citoyenne became the canonical methods of address. But very brief was the tenure of that licence and levelling spirit which the French call liberty. While the kennels yet ran crimson with the blood spilt in the June insurrection, the coach-painters were at work with their gules and azure, and or and sable, filling in coats, marking out quarterings, and emblazoning quarters of nobility on the defaced panels of carriages. Monsieur and Madame returned from exile, and Citizen and Citizenness slunk off again into oblivion. Then Louis Napoleon was elected president, and counts and marchionesses reappeared, like butterflies in summer sunshine. Next, the head of the state was called *Prince* President, and the *salons* waxed confident and gay. The Empire was proclaimed, and Napoleon III. made some new nobles, and, of course, confirmed the old ones. Since then, we have seen Dukes of Malakhoff, Magenta, and similar military grandees, sprout gaily under the imperial régime, in the true taste of the original Empire, while the Legion of Honour, though less abused than under the House of Orleans, is still very liberally bestowed. As for French opinion on the subject, it is very hard to elicit a faithful expression of it. Many intelligent Gauls assume a sneer when the name of a count or a duke comes under discussion. Your doctor, your *avocat*, your railway surveyor, will tell you that titles are absurd rags of the old world, ridiculous epithets that only elicit a laugh from contemptuous France; and yet in Paris you will find crowds of very rich and hard-headed people scheming to get the *entrée* of the dullest old moth-eaten saloons in the Faubourg, fawning on every stray man of title they can catch, and ready to marry their richly dowered daughters to any one who can place a coronet on the young lady's brow. You will hear high-sounding appellations mouthed as unctuously, and dwelt upon with as delicious a relish, as even in America itself; while the poorer classes consider a title as a low-caste Hindu regards the ochre streak on a Rajpoot's forehead—something that may be hated, but is not to be despised. On the whole, I should say that titles are really as much considered in France as in England, when known to be genuine, and not of the Napoleonic era. But there is the rub. Every one cannot possess the learning and acumen of the whole Heralds' College united, and there is no guide in the darkling path. In England, we have our charts and catalogues of the Upper Ten Thousand. Burke, Debrett, Dod, and other benefactors to their species, have provided us with a number of prettily bound and gold-edged volumes, wherein the pretensions of this and that family are neatly mapped out, where we learn whether a pedigree dates from Battle Abbey or from St Botolph Without, and where we can read whom Lady Mary married, and when Lady Fanny was born. But in France, and indeed in other continental countries, there is no such admirable lexicon extant. There is the Gotha Almanac, to be sure, which gives all the many Christian names of the princes and princesses—royal, imperial, apostolic, serene, august, or transparent—who belong to the reigning Houses of Europe. That is a valuable work of reference when sovereign rulers are in request, but it throws no light upon the galaxy of grandees collected around the monarch whose age and appellations it so minutely chronicles.

Foreigners have no 'Who's Who,' no compendiums of titled personages; and yet, surely, there ought to be some clue to the labyrinth of fine names that perplexes the stranger at a summer watering-place. At Baden, Homburg, Ems, anywhere on the Rhine, or at Nice or Florence, the travelling Briton takes up the visitors' list with a feeling of amazement at the astoundingly superb company there set down: nine or ten Russian and Polish princesses, some with their husbands, and all with a suite; boyards of Moldavia, dukes of Spain and Naples, Herzogs and Erz Herzogs, royal highnesses and highnesses of very small position indeed, marquises, barons, countesses, chevaliers of all lands. A pudding should be reasonably rich, of course, but really this pudding is *all* plums. What a very poor appearance does Mr Wilkins of England make among so many superb human peacocks, with their jewelled necks and spreading trains! But all is not gold that glitters. Many a peacock there, strutting and screaming with the best, is but a daw after all, in feathers borrowed from quite another species of fowl, and will not bear a very close inspection. Many a lion, roaring nobly, and making a grand display of royal mane and claws, is but Asinus in masquerade, and no true lion, for all his fulvous hide and lashing tail.

Let us stick to the French peacocks and French lions, and try and find out who are genuine and who are impostors, leaving the dignitaries of other countries out of the question. The first and most common assumption in France is that of the noble prefix 'de.' This implies nobility, and marks, or asserts, that the bearer is of a *gens*, or notable family, to use the old Roman definition which the French have adopted. Nothing is easier than for any man to graft that tiny monosyllable upon his own patronymic, and yet wonderful are the heartburnings, the feuds, envy, hostility, caused by such an addition among the neighbours of the aspirant. The prefix 'de' is understood to be nobler, as a rule, than 'de la,' though the ducal House of Tremouille and other great races have the latter; both of these are superior to 'du,' while 'du' bears the bell over 'des,' as a handle to nomenclature. A knowledge of this fact—never, to my belief, stated by any French or English writer—will help to explain some of the fine distinctions, the lights and shadows which the novelists and historians of Gaul rather imply than assert, and which escape the ordinary British reader. Du and des are attached to many names to which they were meant to convey anything but a twang of aristocracy, as in the familiar Dubois, Dupin, Desmoulins, and the like. Another usurpation, not uncommon, and tolerably old in date, is to tack the name of an estate, a château, or even a farm, to a surname, as when M. Millon, the grocer, buys a ruinous castle and its demesne, and henceforth styles himself M. Millon de Limaçon, or M. Martel de la Tourellerie. The worthy man's sons will sign themselves Chevalier de Limaçon, or not impossibly revive the extinct county of Tourellerie in their own favour. Louis Philippe had a pet institution, the peers of France. It was not every one who could be a peer of France; nor could an adventurer pretend to belong to that well-known legislative body, which, in the amount of consideration it enjoyed, was about equalled by Cromwell's House of Lords. But the peers of France fell with the monarchy, nor has the Emperor thought fit to galvanise them into fresh activity.

The lack of regular works of reference, of definite authorities, is the proximate cause of the unlawful usurpation of titles so common abroad. We, who study our Peerages and Histories of Landed Gentry with so loving a research, cannot easily be gulled by impostors. An adventurer who should assume the name of my Lord Tom Noddy, or counterfeit Sir Carnaby Jinks, would speedily be kicked out of society and his leonine hide. Still more prompt would be the unmasking of a sham duchess, a mock marchioness, a Birmingham countess. The paste jewels could never pass muster, as across the Channel, for diamonds of the first-water. But in France and elsewhere, three classes of pretenders contrive to shine with a borrowed lustre.

First must be mentioned the very common case of a young man of respectable parentage, who assumes a countship, just as some Englishmen, forty years ago, dubbed themselves captain, as a good travelling-name. A youngster of good address, with a whole coat and clean linen, a little superfluous cash, and a polite skill with the pistol, can call himself baron or chevalier, or count if he will, upon the Paris Boulevards. None of the *café*-haunting loungers will contradict him; he will be probed by no over-curious queries; society will accept any drafts the neophyte is pleased to draw upon his imagination, and will give him his adopted title on condition of his respecting those of others. So far, all goes softly and well. Paris contains too many glass-houses for stone-throwing to be general. It is only in case of a lawsuit, or, if there is a contract of marriage to be drawn up, that the youth's bubble will burst. He can inscribe his fanciful rank on his passport; he can travel with it; he can flash his imaginary coronet in the eyes of watering-place saunterers, or he can convey it to Leicester Square, to astonish John Bull. Even if he be reduced to teach dancing, or his native tongue, among the children of perfidious Albion, he will find his title of service to him. There are those who feel a thrill of gratified vanity in patronising a foreign nobleman, and Paterfamilias has chuckled as he remembers that little Miss Kitty and Master Adolphus learned their steps or their irregular verbs from a French count.

The second class of pretenders embraces a more dangerous set of conspirators against the pockets of Mr Bull and the hearts of his heiresses. These are young gentlemen who are not the rose, but are akin to the rose, and claim roseate honours as of right. They are 'the king's poor cousin, sir,' masquerading in the royal robes and orb-surmounted diadem; that is to say, they are poor cadets of a great family, to some obscure and impoverished branch of which they belong. We have such in Britain and in Ireland—small relatives of the great—yet not seldom far prouder and more mindful of their pedigree than the chief of their House would be found. But they are satisfied to be thought what they really are. It is not so abroad. There, the fifth or sixth cousin of Monseigneur, when once away from his own province, and especially among foreigners, is apt to blossom forth in the capacity of Monseigneur himself. For instance, I knew a French gentleman of old lineage, who cultivated English society by preference, and who called himself the Marquis de St Epinard, though his own countrymen scouted the story altogether, and made bold to laugh at the marquis's title before the marquis's face. His lordship really was a St Epinard, I believe, descended from a younger brother of that famous marquis who had the honour of being grand boot-jack in ordinary, and clerk of the periwigs, to Louis XIV., and whose name, with funny anecdotes attached to it, you will meet with in many of the delightful wicked memoirs of the period. The usurped marquisate would have done little good to its holder, but that there are Britons who will buy foreign rank, and even sham rank, in the absence of the genuine article; and the electro-plated marquis made an excellent match with Miss Mary Anne Bobbles, sixty thousand pounds being liberally settled on his daughter the marchioness by her exultant papa, Bobbles, *père*, of Thames Street and Maida Hill.

The third and most frequent category of pretenders includes the numerous adventurers of both sexes who have voted the world their oyster, and have to open it by the sharpness of their wits. These seldom, perhaps never, come to a good end. Even when money is plenty with them, when they outblaze the real grandees of the earth with the splendours of their liveries and equipages, there is something theatrical and hollow in their display. They gull few but willing dupes. And when the ill-got gold, like fairy gifts, has turned to emptiness, when shabby misery takes the place of audacious lavishness, the sounding title is as a portable pillory for its wearer's disgrace. And yet there are flies, greedy and simple enough to be caught in even such coarse webs as these; and while there are such flies there will be spiders to eat them. At this moment, there are persons residing in the great hôtels of Paris, the huge Hôtel des Princes, the palatial Hôtel du Louvre, and others, whom all their acquaintances, save a few simpletons, know to be rogues and impostors. They are called by fine names, they wear fine clothes, occupy the best apartments, eat off gold, and take the air on thoroughbred hacks, or in carriages on which are painted quarterings enough for a canon of Strasburg. And yet landlord, and bowing waiters, and obsequious shopkeepers, and even the footmen, gaudy as macaws, who stand behind their carriages, know these good customers to be knaves in grain, sparrow-hawks in popinjay plumage. Yet they live and thrive, for a time, in a sort of unholy prosperity and gorgeousness. Their titles are believed in by gaping provincials and stupid foreigners. Some visitors to Paris are proud to lose their gold pieces at the lansquenet-table of Madame the Duchess, or to have a bet on a Chantilly steeple-chase with the Baron, or to oblige the Most Noble the Marquis with a loan. They take the moon's reflection in the pool for the luminary herself; they snap, like the poor beast in the fable, and they part with their substance in exchange for the shining shadow. Very few of these cases of swindling ever get into the papers. The sheep lose their golden fleece, and go off to their pastures mute and disconsolate. To be robbed is bad enough, but to be caricatured in the *Charivari*, gibbeted in the papers, set up as a laughing-stock to one's fellow-townsmen, is worse than the mere loss of means. Bold is that provincial who, in his eagerness to punish a false noble, will blazon his own folly, and give M. le Maire, and Madame the tax-gatherer's wife, and the Mrs Grundy of his native place, a laugh against him that will never be suffered to die out, since folks in the provinces have good memories and few butts.

At watering-places, the same game is played in daylight, and before an amused or scandalised audience, with more or less of success. It was to remedy this state of things that Napoleon III. broached the project of a law by virtue of which titles should be registered and examined, and their usurpers punished by the civil magistrate. It was said at the time that the 'idea' in question was not of absolutely Napoleonic origin, but was suggested by the Empress Eugénie. Her majesty has been much at watering-places; she has remarkable quickness of observation, and a keen sense of the ridiculous; no doubt she has been struck by the spectacle of imposture flaunting in borrowed magnificence, has seen the evils caused by it, and has felt an honest wish to check and curb it. Hence the *projet de loi*, which came to nothing, which was sacrificed to the spirit of compromise, of timidity, and apathy, so fatal in all countries to measures the most beneficial. But it is not too much to predict that the visits of the empress to a country like our own, where rank has its limits and boundaries so clearly marked out as almost to preclude fraud or deceit, will not be without their results on the moral tone of French society. John Bull is no faultless monster; he has blemishes and shortcomings, but he is in the main honest and true. He does not laugh approvingly at successful knavery, nor consider falsehood with indifference. And when our neighbours and their rulers know us better than at present, they may probably take a leaf out of Albion's book, and settle once and for all, on a creditable footing, the vexed question of French Titles.

THE PAUPER'S BANK.

A POOR little ragged boy was found in a close in Glasgow, one winter's morning of the present year, frozen to death, and with his small feet thrust into his bonnet. At that very time, and when the thermometer was standing at ten degrees below zero, there were 20,000 blankets, belonging to the parents of such as he, in pawn in that city, beside 422,400 other articles of bed and body clothing. 'In the poorer districts, indeed,' says one well acquainted with this subject, 'the bed and body clothing in pawn so vastly preponderate, that the miscellanea are hardly worth mentioning.' In Glasgow, the average number of lots pledged annually by each family (living in houses of a rental less than ten pound) is 78; while the average number of deposits in the savings-banks is 2. Women have been known to strip the bodies of their dead, and pawn the grave-clothes to get drink. A woman died recently in the Vennel in a fit of delirium tremens. On going into her room, her child, in small-pox at the time, was found lying naked in a handful of shavings. There was not so much as a rag in the room, except what the mother had on; everything had gone to the pawn-shop.

From an admirable pamphlet, entitled *The Social Hydra*, written by Mr David Macrae, we learn that there are 79 pawnbrokers, and nearly 400 licensed brokers, in Glasgow, with printing-presses capable of throwing off 5000 pawn-tickets *per hour*. Nor is this the worst: beside these, there are the 'Wee pawns' (known in England as Rag-stores and Dolly-shops), kept by scoundrels who practise on the poor the most outrageous extortion. 'Having no licence, they make a pretence of *purchasing* the articles brought them, whilst there is a tacit understanding that they shall retain them in pawn for a week. In this way, the act passed in 1857, defining the trade of a pawnbroker, so as to bring the "wee pawns" within the Pawnbroker's Act, is evaded. Being under no regulations, they can charge what interest they please, and sell an article intrusted to them if it will realise more than the owner's custom is worth. The following is the evidence of a poor man in the Vennel: "These wee pawns will not keep the articles for you; they will sell them as soon as you are out of the door, if they get a bidder for them. From my personal acquaintance with them, they are a great evil to the poor. You will see a man go to a close, take off his old rag of a shirt, and sell it to get a glass of whisky. I have known parties like walking skeletons for want of food, not as much on their back as would dust the stour off the wall, to strip for that accursed drink."'

A sufferer from the pawn-system declares, that it is but seldom that the Three Balls are sought except for means to procure drink.

'"If there were no pawn-shops, folks couldna drink the claes off their backs, and they wadna."

"But," I said, "are they not convenient when a person is hard-up and has nothing to eat?"

"Aweel," she said, "but it's drink they buy. I ken a dizen women in this close, and gie ony ane o' them a glass, and there winna be a stick in her house the morn!"'

It is not only people in distress—in abject poverty—who frequent the pawn-shops. The house of a carpet-weaver—a good house—'was found divested of everything portable, and an old iron hoop supplied the place of a grate. All had been pawned or sold to procure drink. Some of the neighbours, from pity, gave his wife a little oatmeal, which, from want of a table, she had to bake upon the floor, and was about to fire it on a girdle borrowed for the purpose, when, to her horror, she found that her husband had snatched up the girdle, run with it to the broker, and was, when discovered by her, drinking its proceeds in the public-house.'

A missionary calling lately upon a man and woman in his district, found them preparing to go to the pawn-shop with their grate, the last article of furniture not already there; and yet they were earning at the time 29s. a week. 'What the jackal is to the lion, the pawn-shop is to the public-house.'

The strongest part of Mr Macrae's argument, in fact, is that which endeavours to shew pawnbroking to be unnecessary. The evils, he says, of which it professes to be the antidote, are bred and fostered by itself. It creates improvidence, and then pretends to avert its consequences. 'Many a man has grown up with the idea that when provisions are high and wages low, it would be impossible for him, without the aid of the pawnbroker, to keep the wolf from his door. Let him put this idea to the test, and he will find it to be altogether false. It must not be overlooked that the amount a man can raise on his personal effects is limited. The value of the pawn-frequenter's effects is particularly limited; and when the few pounds they have yielded are spent, he is reduced to absolute destitution. I have asked many competent authorities if they ever knew an honest thrifty man unable, in times of protracted difficulty, to borrow as much on his personal security as he could on his personal effects. The invariable answer has been "never." The fact is, emergencies that would soon beggar the pawn-frequenter, only shew the provident man how highly he is valued. His habits are known, and shopkeepers supply him on credit. Persons from whom he never looked for aid, help him over his difficulties in many ways. Society cannot afford to let a provident man go down, and it seldom or ever does. But it is demonstrable that even the improvident man could dispense with it, without pinching himself any more than he does. When he puts his effects in pawn, he is either to redeem them, or he is not. If he *is* to redeem them, he can only do it by saving as much money as he borrowed; that is, as much money as was needed to float him over his difficulties. The same amount of surplus-money applied to provision for the future, instead of payment for the past, renders him independent of the assistance of the pawnbroker. If he is *not* to redeem his goods, he had better sell them, because he can get more *for* them than *on* them; therefore, whether a man redeem his pledges or not, the assistance of the pawnbroker is unnecessary.'

The above are the sort of arguments that need to be impressed upon the poor man's mind. It is with himself that the remedy lies, and the reformation must begin; nor, do we believe, as Mr Macrae does, that the calling in of the strong arm of the law would be of any service. Common sense is a far better social regulator than an act of parliament. We ourselves, indeed, see nothing 'offensive to the moral sense,' in the trade of a pawnbroker. You may look outside his shop, says Mr Macrae, indignantly, but you will not easily find his name. 'It can only be searched out in some obscure place, where he has put it simply to fulfil the conditions of the Pawnbroker's Act. He seems ashamed either to shew his name or to acknowledge his business. Look at the entrance. No open honest doorway in front, huge though the premises usually are, but a back-stair through the common close, a little way down, where people may sneak in unobserved, or hold up their heads, and walk in with a jaunty air, to make-believe they are going to the offices on the opposite stair. Look at the characters who frequent the place,—slovenly slipshod women, with bundles of clothes under their shawls; men wanting money for a night's debauch; now and then a thief slinking in with stolen goods; or a young man, whose visits to the theatre or the billiard-room are not yet known, pausing at the corner, pretending to read the posters, while he glances up and down the street, to see that the way is clear.' This picture is surely a little highly coloured. A pawnbroker's shop is often the means of saving a respectable man, who finds himself in a strange town and unprovided with money, from very unpleasant embarrassments. Its occasional patrons must surely be of another sort from those described by Mr Macrae as its habitual customers; or that gentleman himself, according to his own account, must have run great risk of losing his character whilst acquiring the present statistics. The additional ten pounds of licence-money, which the author of this pamphlet recommends should be imposed upon the pawnbrokers, would only have the effect of increasing the gains of the wee-pawn proprietors, while a duty upon *them* would simply induce greater extortion. It is they who do by far the greatest harm. 'By the report of the Committee of the Prison Board of Aberdeen, we learn that the increase of juvenile delinquency is to be mainly ascribed to the influence of these dolly-shopkeepers. By the influence of ragged and industrial schools, the juvenile commitments had fallen from sixty-three, in 1843, to eight, in 1851, but in 1854 they had increased to forty-nine. '"The brokers have exactly followed the example of the Aberdeen Industrial Feeding-schools, and taken them as their model in every way, except the end to be attained. They have fed a large number of children—they have procured lodgings and clothes for them, and they have used the influence thus obtained over them to train them up as thieves, and send them out to steal for their employers' benefit, pointing out to them where property was likely to be obtained, and how they might most easily possess themselves of it; in a word, these establishments were training-schools, for the purpose of initiating and improving thieves in their profession, and preparing them to carry it on with profit and safety to themselves and to their employers." The Report then gives the names of parties by whom, and the places where, those thieves' training-schools were kept, and that as many as from thirty to forty children in one case, and fifteen in another, were found attending these infamous places.'

By all means, at all such cases, let the law strike sharply and decisively; but against licensed pawnbroking the people must protect themselves. To this end, we would call special attention to the rate of interest which the poor man pays for borrowing money at this bank of his.

'A loan of half-a-crown pays a half-penny of interest for a month, and every additional half-crown pays another half-penny, so that L.1 pays interest at the rate of 4d. a month, or 4s. a year—that is, at the rate of 20 per cent. But it must be observed that any sum short of half-a-crown pays as much interest as a whole half-crown; thus, a loan of 6d. pays interest at the rate of a half-penny a month, or cent. per cent. annually—that is, the borrower pays, for interest every year, as much money as he borrowed, and has still to repay the original loan before he can get back his property. There is still another circumstance to be taken into account, before the ruinous improvidence of borrowing from the pawnbroker becomes manifest: as much interest is charged for any part of the first month as for the whole, so that a loan of 6d., redeemed within a week, pays interest at the rate of 400 per cent. It is stated in one of the Reports on the Poor-laws, that, when redeemed the same day, a loan of 1s. pays annual interest at the rate of 1300 per cent.; of 6d., 2600 per cent.; of 4d., 3900 per cent.; of 3d., 5200 per cent. Now, it is well known that at least nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand pawn-frequenters are poor improvident people, borrowing petty sums, and generally redeeming them within a few days, when they succeed in redeeming them at all. Hence, the most crushing rate of interest falls on the very persons who are least able to bear it. Multitudes of improvident people keep their clothes in pawn during the week, taking them out every Saturday for Sunday use. Every Monday morning the pawn-shop and "wee pawn" are thronged with such customers. A person, whose back-window overlooks the staircase of a "wee pawn," says, that as early as six o'clock of a Monday morning, the stair swarms with women carrying bundles of clothes. The ruinous extravagance of such a practice, in the case of people with the most scanty and precarious means, is obvious. They are paying a rate of interest 80 or 100 times higher than ordinary bank interest.'

Surely a man must be not only a drunkard but a madman, who, in face of such a fact as this, shall in future *habitually* bank with a pawnbroker; who, like the Muse in the case of the Poet, not only finds him poor, but must of necessity keep him so.

THE LAWYER AND THE LOVE-LETTERS.

'You think you understand your instructions. Well, in case you do not comprehend them perfectly, there is an abstract. Read it in the train. There are two ten-pound notes; draw on us when you want more money. It is now half-past four; you have just a quarter of an hour. To King's Cross, cabman.'

So spoke my chief, one dismal November afternoon; and as in the office of Deedes, Filey, Bond, and Deedes, to hear was to obey, I bowed, took the red-taped roll of paper and the note-case, and submitted myself to destiny.

The hurried drive through the crowded streets, and the excitement lest I should miss the train, prevented me from 'realising my position,' as clergymen say, for some time. At last, however, when fairly resigned to the padded luxury of a first-class carriage, I began to recollect myself. I had been a clerk for three years, and this was my most important independent expedition. I was proud, of course, of the trust reposed in me, and eager enough to fancy this the opening of an auriferous future. An advance of salary of L.20 per annum was the dazzling vision that flitted before my eyes, and I was only roused by the train stopping at Barnet, from a stereoscopic view of a junior partnership.

This point reached, however, I abandoned castle-building, and roused myself to look at things as they really stood. The task set me was a proof of confidence perhaps, but, at the same time, it was an exceedingly hard one. Half-an-hour's talk with the manager had sufficed to make me master of the chief points concerned, but I had not set about the work of recollecting the old man's recapitulation long, when I found myself at a loss about a material point, and driven to resort to the abstract. I was alone in the carriage, so there was no scruple about the law-papers attracting curious eyes; I therefore untied the little roll of foolscap which had been deposited in my hands, and set about considering the case. Divested of technicalities, the knot requiring the intervention of the majesty of the law was something like the following:

A certain many-acred and long-descended Sir Reginald Waveney (our client) had a daughter Madeline. She had been left early without a mother, and the work of her education intrusted to governesses. Her father had paid little or no attention to the selection of proper teachers, and Madeline had grown up without any of that definite information and intelligent training which her facile character signally needed as supports, and beyond a few accomplishments—skill in using a fair soprano voice, and in copying heads in chalk—she really possessed no resources whatever. This being so, her days were spent in scribbling second-rate poetry, and reading trashy novels; in short, Madeline Waveney was a romantic young lady. Certain peculiarities in Sir Reginald's household, to which it is needless now to advert, made it an undesirable home for daughters, and she continued, long after she had reached young-ladyhood, in a very expensive and very select seminary at C——. Here, on a certain Sunday in April—a day, by the way, which she called in her diary 'the birthday of her heart'—Miss Waveney observed, as she was coming home from church, a military-looking stranger. They exchanged glances—for the pupils of Parthenon House were not altogether ignorant of the use of love's telegraph—and contrived to meet again. The rest can be easily enough imagined. Servants were bribed; letters clandestinely conveyed; and six weeks after the first encounter, the heroine was surprised, by the French teacher, stepping out of her bedroom window into the arms of Mr Effingham St Aubyn (alias Thomas Tagge), first walking-gentleman of the theatre-royal C——. Of course, Sir Reginald was written to; the young lady lectured, and made to see her folly, and the impudent rascal threatened and denounced. But the affair could not be so got over. The actor had taken up an unpleasant post of vantage in the matter, out of which he could not be cajoled or terrified. He was the possessor of six of Miss Waveney's letters, and it was of the utmost importance that these should be got back into the hands of the writer's father; for at that very time he was arranging a marriage for Madeline with a certain Captain Arthur Laslett, heir to one of the richest baronetcies in Castlerockshire. One breath about the boarding-school escapade, and the father of the intended bridegroom would inevitably withdraw the cautious advances which he had already made, and a scheme which had been the mainspring of a life's diplomacy, would be defeated.

Mr Effingham St Aubyn saw the cards he held, and knew their value. He wrote in a high melodramatic tone to Sir Reginald, asserting that he felt it his duty to apprise the deceived bridegroom 'that he would lead to the altar not a *wife*, but a *victim*.' The baronet, very rashly (why will men act without advice?), offered him one hundred pounds down, if he would promise silence, and restore the letters. Thus suddenly enlightened as to the value of the possession which he held, the actor became exorbitant in his demands. Several letters passed, in which advanced offers were made and rejected. At last the affair was put, where it ought to have been put at first, into professional hands, and this was why I was hurrying by express train through the fields of Hertfordshire. The work before me required some wariness. I was glad to be alone in the carriage to mature my plans. I had taken a ticket for the town whence our friend Tagge's last letter was dated; but beyond a vague idea of commencing operations on him somehow the next morning, I had no plan. Several schemes, more or less feasible, presented themselves. For one instant, I thought of employing a detective, but at once banished the suggestion as contemptible. Was not Jem Wakeley, after five years with Messrs Deedes, Filey, Bond, and Deedes, equal to Inspector Sharpus himself? Of course, I was. This settled, I tried back, and strove to hunt up precedents in the world of fiction. One capital story I remembered reading years ago, about the searchers for an important packet disguising themselves as footpads, and rifling the pockets of the purloiner. From Hitchin to Peterborough I meditated upon this notable device, but nothing very practical resulted from it. Then followed twenty ingenious plans for surprising the actor in various disguises, but all the contrivances had some provoking difficulty of detail which made me reject them; and I got out of the train at my journey's end a good deal less confident than I got into it.

I drove to the Railway Hotel, and ordered dinner in the coffee-room. While it was being prepared, I took up a local paper, and soon lighted on the theatrical announcements. That evening, the play was the *Rivals*, Captain Absolute by Mr Effingham St Aubyn. This was point 1: he was not gone. Point 2 was to eat a good dinner, and then to sally out to see the performance. I went into the stalls, for I rather desired to pick up the gossip of the orchestra. From this source, however, I only gleaned the interesting fact that my friend's sobriquet among his friends was Lanky Tom. When the play was done, I went round to the stage-door, and waited to see the performers come out. The man who did the leading business came out first, and called a cab; two girls with rolls of music in their hands came next; and then my man, arm in arm with another actor. I kept in shadow till they had gone some way, and then began to follow them. The two soon parted, and I continued, of course, looking after my friend. He stopped at a small house, with a number of bell-handles by the side of the door, a lithographic artist's plate on the wall, and a corset-maker's name on a board in the window. Having noted the situation of the street, and the number of the house (5), I went back to my hotel, smoked my cigar, and turned in for the night. The next morning about one o'clock, at which hour I calculated Mr Effingham St Aubyn would be engaged at what supernumeraries call 'rehasle,' I made my way to Yeast Street, and called at several houses where I saw advertisements of 'Lodgings' in the windows. After some feints, made on purpose to give my proceedings the most commonplace natural character, I called at No. 5, where there was an exceedingly uncomfortable back-parlour to let. After finding fault and abating the price in the most artistic style, I took the rooms cautiously for one week.

I determined *not* to go to the theatre that night, but during my fellow-lodger's absence, to get an opportunity of peeping into his room. This was effected easily enough by asking 'Arriett, the maid-of-all-work, whether the room over the front parlour was larger than mine, and if there was any chance of it becoming soon vacant. Under her guidance, I examined Effingham St Aubyn's quarters, and noted carefully on paper, while the points were fresh in my memory, the position of every article of furniture in sitting-room and bedroom. I observed, besides, that the Scrubinda of No. 5 Yeast Street—owing, probably, to his somewhat exigent demands on her stout legs, and indifference to her personal attractions—was by no means inclined to rate the occupant of the first-floor front at an exaggerated estimate. Congratulating myself, therefore, on the discovery of an important ally, I sat down to mature my plans. Of course, I was not going to communicate all, or even a part, of my mission to any one else. How did I know that 'Arriett's hostility to the actor might not be affected? How did I know that the actor had not smelt red tape and Deedes, Filey, Bond, and Deedes directly I had entered the stall on the preceding evening? Of course, I didn't. Of course, I was not going to trust anybody, if it could be avoided. Nothing of the sort. But after much deliberation, and my third cigar, it appeared to me that it could *not* be avoided, and that if I was to search my fellow-lodger's room to any purpose, and without running very great risk, I must secure 'Arriett's collusion. I wasted a whole day in waiting an opportune moment for a secret investigation. However, the house had so many occupants, that such a moment never came. The landlady, or one of her five flaccid imps of children, or the corset-maker, or the lithographic artist, was sure to be about the stairs, and as certain to suspect hing wrong, if he or she saw me invading er lodger's territories. I therefore, on the second took 'Arriett partially into my secret, proceeding e matter, as my wont is, circuitously.

is breakfast-time; I hear 'Arriett outside wheezand groaning under the weight of my coffee appas and Mr St Aubyn's hot water, and all the gers' boots, and one of missis's twins; at which nd I instantly knit my brows, disorder my hair, I am discovered 'looking for something' in the hodox way, by throwing everything on the table to a maze of confusion, to which a labyrinth is cidity. Then I utter various sounds which could nly be spelt phonetically, mingled with others which would have to be expressed by stars (*) and dashes (—); and call an unknown person 'stupid;' and then look suddenly and hopefully into a desk, of which I know all the contents accurately; and finally look up from behind the green baize flap of this repository with an expression of darkling suspicion, marked and yet mysterious.

'It *is* gone, by Jove!' I ejaculate.

''Ave you bin an' loss anythink, sir?' asks the attendant, taking a small half-sucked wooden effigy of Noah's wife from between the twin's lips.

'Well, yes—rather,' I reply. 'You have not seen a ring or a snuff-box about anywhere, have you?

'What kind of a ring, sir?'

'A gold one, with hair in it and two emer—two green stones.'

'No.'

'Well, I had it yesterday, and it is not here to-day; that is all. It is curious, and not particularly satisfactory, to come into new lodgings, and the second day lose a ring which you have had for sixteen years. Don't imagine, though, that I suspect *you* or *your mistress*.'

Without this last sentence, there would have ensued an indignant avowal of unimpeached and unimpeachable honesty, the clamours of which would have overwhelmed all my diplomacy. But the *intention* of the last sentence had the effect which I had calculated. 'Arriett passed instantly from the prisoner at the bar to the leading witness for the prosecution; she left the twin to suck Mrs Noah undisturbed, put her fingers to her lips, shut the door, and began in a severe whisper. She at once accused 'that play-acting man upstairs' of the imaginary larceny. He had always a lot of jewellery and crinkum-crankums hung on to his watch-chain, and she dared say half of 'em were stolen. I did not contradict these rather hasty inductions, but expressed unwillingness to make a public exposure, as I had only a few days to stay in the town; but at the same time bewailed my ring, hinting how high a value I set on it, and that I would gladly give double, even treble, the value of the trinket to any one who should help to restore it me. The bait took immediately. 'Arriett herself suggested that we should avail ourselves of the suspected man's absence that very evening to search diligently in his rooms. A short debate followed as to whether the missis should be apprised of what we were going to do; it was decided that she should be kept in ignorance.

That day I wrote to my chief in Chancery Lane that things were progressing favourably. All day I waited anxiously. At last, twilight set in, and the actor went out. 'Arriett and I had the house to ourselves. The lithographic artist and the corset-maker were out, and my landlady was gone to bed ill with the spasms. Punctually as the clock struck seven, my ally tapped at my door, and, in a voice compared with which that of the late Mrs Siddons in the character of Lady Macbeth must have been hilarious, asked 'if I was ready.' During the long hours of the day, my mind had been busy making plans for a systematic search. It is satisfactory to reflect, that, according to the best of my belief, not a point was missed. Many years subsequently, at the conclusion of a case where there had been a good deal of this kind of work, I described my examination of the two rooms to the celebrated detective officer Sharpus, and he confessed that two or three places were searched by the present writer which would not have entered into his mind as places of concealment. My chief difficulty was to find an excuse for looking into parts of the room already searched by my companion; but this was absolutely necessary; for she, of course, was looking for a ring with hair and two emeralds, and a silver snuff-box with a horse's head, and the initials L. P.; while I was thinking of nothing but six letters in narrow envelopes with the C—— post-mark, each eight sheets long, directed in a slanting, weak-looking hand to '*Captain* Effingham St Aubyn.'

We looked, of course, in all the drawers, in all the desks and trunks, in the pockets of all the garments, ordinary and fancy. We also took up the carpet, and examined the pillow-cases and sofa-cushions. I opened and perused every letter, note, envelope, bill, or scrap of manuscript lying on the table, or stuck in the looking-glass. The insides of boots and slippers did not escape me. I untied and carefully searched the brown Holland bags containing the bell-rope tassels; I unwrapped all the thickly folded corners of the yellow nets which protected the picture-frames; with a cane, I poked behind all the chests of drawers in the bedroom and the book-case in the sitting-room. 'Arriett brought me a pair of steps, and I mounted them, and examined the top of the bed. Neither the watch-pockets nor the dust-filled vases on the chimney-piece escaped; it did not seem impossible either that a packet might be crammed into the inside of the little ormolu-clock; and I put up and shook an umbrella and a sword-stick. The search altogether took two hours and a half, and at the end of it I was no richer than when I began. Miss Waveney's injudicious manuscripts were nowhere to be found. There were a few rather old paid bills ostentatiously displayed on a file; it occurred to me that the letters might be hidden between these—but no. Neither were they put into the pages of his Bell's *British Theatre*, and Lacy's Acting Edition—his only books—for I opened each volume carefully, and no papers fell out from between the leaves. I satisfied myself that he had not hidden the precious documents in his tobacco-box, or sewn them into the worsted-work mats on which his dishes were laid. In short, I went out completely convinced that the letters were not in either of the two rooms. As it had served its turn, I had to put a stop to the morning's *ruse* about my own loss of a ring and snuff-box, for of course I had no wish to bring a false charge against the man; I therefore, in the presence of 'Arriett, made a sudden discovery of *bot* in the pocket of one of my old coats; then havin stopped, by a judiciously applied five shillings, sundr vociferations about giving poor servants as w worked off their legs more work in rummaging otl people's rooms, I concluded my first day's act duty by writing *re infectâ* in my diary, and confess myself vanquished.

The conclusion was obvious: he carried the let about his person. This was at least one point gai Directly I had settled it, my thoughts recurred t stratagem of the highwaymen. At all event some pretext or another, his pockets must be his person examined. It occurred to me th might easily be taken up on a false charg searched at a police station, but then there wo an insuperable difficulty. The officers might fi packet which I saw before my mind's eye nig day, but it could only pass again into the hands; I should never get hold of it. The b of seeing it given up, and then restored to *him*, painful. I abandoned the plan of a false arrest at once.

Next morning, very much at a loss, I strolled out. Englishmen generally, having nothing else to do, take a walk, and on this memorable morning I followed the example of my countrymen. It would have puzzled me to explain why, but after rambling about for several hours through various uninteresting streets, I found myself staring in at the office of a local paper. There was a bill in the window, containing a list of the principal topics reported in the week's number—near the bottom of the catalogue of political and local events, my eye fell on something which interested me: 'Death of an Actor on the Stage.' I instantly thought of Mr Effingham St Aubyn, and I am ashamed to say had an insane impulse to rush home and abstract the packet from his senseless corpse. Collecting myself, however, I purchased the paper, and turned to the paragraph. My fellow-lodger's name was not in it. A Mr Plantagenet Fitzmaurice, whom I remembered to have seen in the dreary part of Falkland, was the unfortunate man. He had been, it seemed, always a sufferer from heart-complaint, and the excitement of a theatrical scuffle in some new melodrama had been the proximate cause of his death. I read the account with but little concern, I am afraid—and then a great idea suddenly dawned upon me. When first articled in the green and early days of clerkhood, I had been rather addicted to private theatricals. I determined to fill Mr Plantagenet Fitzmaurice's place.

Having previously reduced my costume to the requisite combination of sloveuliness and rakishness, I presented myself to Mr Massinger Rougemont—a stout man, with a curly wig and a Mosaic profile—manager of the —— theatre. I stated my wish to procure an engagement. A glance told me that he was rather nonplussed by Mr Fitzmaurice's death, and would bite readily. He consulted his wife, 'the singing chambermaid' of the company, also with a Mosaic profile, who demurred about my 'inexperiensh,' but ended with striking hands. Appearing in the character of a stage-struck amateur, it was natural to be very easy about terms, also natural to make but one stipulation—namely, that I should be permitted to make my début in a certain fiery melodrama of my own choosing. The request was granted, for the piece is one which is in the *repertoire* of every company, however small, and which is very easily 'put on' at short notice.

I worked desperately at my part in the first two acts in the interval before rehearsal; though far from perfect, I was pronounced 'competent,' and the piece was advertised. I rushed home, told 'Arriett I might be obliged to go away suddenly that night, and therefore would pay my bill; did so, and sat down with the little straw-coloured play-book before me. How I scored and double-scored my words with a pencil—how I repeated my sentences, and the last word of the previous speaker, each twenty times—how I walked to and fro, practising scowls *quæ affectiones animi denotant* before the cracked looking-glass, need not be written.

The curtain rose. The first scenes passed without anything remarkable occurring. The close of the second act was the point which I anxiously expected; at last it came. Mr Effingham St Aubyn, perhaps the greatest of the numerous blood-stained villains included in the caste, had obtained possession of the heroine, and was bearing her to that vague but terrible locality 'his fort-e-ress beside the Rhine.' An attached domestic defends his mistress, but is overpowered, and falls mortally wounded (R.). Wicked count utters a fiendish, that is, trisyllabic laugh: then the tables are suddenly turned; two doors at back fly open; there is a prodigious bang on the drum; wicked count is startled, and lets go his hold (I beg the reader's pardon), 'relaxes his grasp' of the heroine, who seizes the opportunity to escape (L.); I enter at the head of four supers in buff-boots hastily (C.). In the original drama, here follows a terrific combat, but as I cannot fence, the wicked count is immediately disarmed. I generously fling away my rapier, and a struggle ensues. A close observer might have detected that, during the course of it, my hands tore open rather heedlessly my antagonist's cotton velvet doublet—also that it lasted rather longer than most stage-struggles; but in the end the count is vanquished. He continues for some moments dead, while other business goes on. The moment he falls, however, I rush out histrionically, 'to assure my Ermingarde that she shall henceforward have no other fetters but the arms of Rupert'—practically to slip through the greenroom, out at the stage-door, and into a cab which I have arranged to have waiting for me.

How that melodrama ended, I never knew; the next morning found me in Chancery Lane. Without speaking, I placed Miss Waveney's letters in my chief's hands. Mr Effingham St Aubyn continues, I believe, to adorn the company of Mr Massinger Rougemont. He put in one appearance at the office of Deedes, Filey, Bond, and Deedes, but was rather speedily shewn the door. Madeline Waveney married Captain Laslett; and before the end of the year, I obtained a junior partnership.

AN UNKNOWN PAGE IN HISTORY.

The small town of Hexham, beautifully situated upon the south bank of the river Tyne, about a score of miles west of Newcastle, has connected with its quaint houses and straggling streets many historical associations of the deepest interest. Once the seat of a powerful bishopric, its ancient glories in this respect have been somewhat questionably renewed, for when England was, a few years ago, divided into sees by papal authority, a bishop of Hexham was set over the north of England. Its old abbey, recently restored, is famous throughout the world for its architectural glories; and the chair of sanctuary which still exists, and seated in which the blackest criminal might once defy the power of might or justice, is equally interesting in the eyes of the antiquary and the student of history. It was at Hexham that, in 1463, the contending forces of York and Lancaster met in deadly conflict, when the latter were defeated with immense loss. Often since then has it been the scene of border fray or rude Northumbrian warfare; and again and again has it suffered from the inroads of the Scots, who in a great measure destroyed the abbey. In 1715, it was the head-quarters of the rebellion which broke out in the north of England in behalf of the Pretender. It was from there that the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, accompanied by a numerous body of his retainers, the Fosters and Fenwicks, and many other unhappy gentlemen, who afterwards suffered with their leader for their share in the proceedings of that blood-stained year, marched forth to join with a detachment of the Scottish Jacobite army. A sad time was *the Fifteen* for the inhabitants of Hexham and the surrounding district. Branded as disloyal, their old town marked as a nest of papists and traitors, they were compelled to submit to the insults of all around them, and to the injuries inflicted upon them by the vengeful troops of the government.

But times had begun to improve even for the people of Hexham, and things generally were looking brighter and more cheerful than they had done since the year preceding that of the rebellion, when a new misfortune visited the town, which for a time plunged its inhabitants into the deepest misery, and threatened to restore to them the odium which had once been attached to their names. It is to this event—the Hexham riot of 1761, which, although occurring only one hundred years ago, is almost unknown to the student of history—that we purpose referring in this brief paper.

Although by that time the panic with reference to the French invasion had greatly subsided, the government did not relax its efforts to create a large force of militia, as an auxiliary to the regular army, and the ballot was employed to obtain sufficient numbers for the various regiments which were formed throughout the country. As a consequence of this latter measure, great discontent began to prevail among the lower classes, with whom the militia service was very unpopular, and nowhere was the discontent so great as in Northumberland and Durham. This feeling growing stronger, was not long in producing visible results. Towards the close of February 1761, a large number of men from the county of Durham assembled at Gateshead; and by a printed proclamation, which they delivered to the deputy-lieutenants, who were there at the time employed in balloting, stated that they were resolved not to submit to the ballot themselves, nor to allow any of their neighbours to do so either. In order to avoid a disturbance, the officers of the lord-lieutenant agreed to excuse those present from serving for that time, and the mob departed to their homes. This was on a Saturday afternoon; and by the Monday following, news having spread through Northumberland of the affair and its successful issue, an immense body of pitmen and Tyne keelmen, both of which classes have ever been celebrated for their reckless daring, had marched to Morpeth, and demanded their exemption from the hateful service. Here, however, the officers of the crown were firmer, and refused to give way to their menaces; but not being supported by any armed force, the deputy-lieutenants and others were obliged to flee for safety, and the mob seized and destroyed all the lists and books having reference to the militia ballot, and then hurried to Hexham, to see what they could accomplish there.

By this time, however, the authorities had received intimation of their proceedings, and two battalions of Yorkshire militia were sent to intercept them. This force—long after known for its share in the events which followed as the Hexham Butchers—went thither on the 8th of March, and on the next day were drawn up under arms in the market-place, in front of the town-hall. In the meantime, bands of excited country-people, pitmen, lead-miners, and husbandmen were thronging into Hexham, each little company bearing flaunting colours, and vowing not to leave the town until they had obtained complete immunity from the requirements of the detested act, while the inhabitants of Hexham themselves, encouraged by the success that had already attended the rioters, and spurred on by the memory of past events, were only too eager to assist in the disturbance. Hour by hour, the crowd facing the troops in the market-place grew larger, until by one o'clock not less than five thousand persons were assembled; and a scene was taking place which baffles description. Every reinforcement of the popular party that arrived was hailed with deafening cheers. Petitions of the most treasonable description were constantly being brought in from the country, and laid before the assembled justices in the town-hall, while their demands were supported by the surging angry sea of people beneath, with groans and yells, perfectly appalling. Every one in the crowd was talking at once, vowing vengeance on their false countrymen who had come to intimidate them, and swearing that in the face of all the troops in England, headed by King George himself, they would not abate one jot in their demands. Monstrous sticks, clubs, and quarterstaffs were freely brandished by the excited rioters, and the most insulting and irritating taunts and epithets addressed to the militia, who alone of all present were standing silent, calm, and unmoved, apparently almost heedless of the confusion which raged around.

At last one of the maddened populace, rushing forward, snatched a firelock from the hands of a soldier, and turning it upon its unfortunate owner, shot him dead; at the same moment, one of the ringleaders fired a pistol at an officer of the militia, and inflicted upon him a mortal wound. These outrages were the signal for the commencement of an immediate conflict, at once brief and terrible. In a moment, the hitherto passive soldiery, obeying the fatal but necessary word of command, levelled their muskets on the mob, and firing into their midst, shot them down like dogs. Against such an attack from a well-armed body of regular soldiers, any efforts of the unfortunate and misguided people could avail little; and almost before the smoke from the firing had cleared away, all resistance had ceased, and the rioters, or at least such of them as were able to do so, were in full flight. Many, however, were unable to move. The slaughter had been frightful; fifty of the unhappy people were killed, and three hundred desperately wounded. As is nearly always the case in such occurrences, the innocent suffered even more than the guilty. Women and children, aged men and harmless imbeciles, attracted by the noise and tumult to the fatal spot, were among those slain. The market-place was filled with the dead and dying; and many a hearth in the unfortunate town was rendered desolate by the sad events of that hapless day.

Very quickly was Hexham deserted by those who had brought such misery upon it; and when, at four o'clock on the same afternoon, the troops were marched into the great hall of the old abbey, only those who were seeking the killed and wounded were to be seen in the now almost empty streets. Early the next morning, Ensign Hart, the officer who had been shot at the commencement of the fray, died, and was buried the same evening with military honours. This was a very wet day, 'which,' says one of the militia captains in his account of the affair, 'was of service, as it washed away the remains of yesterday out of the market-place.'

This sad tragedy, which, although almost unknown in history, has scarcely been paralleled in any English town in modern times, and which was felt with double force in a place so small as Hexham, did not end here. The district was placed, as of yore, under the charge of the military; and large bodies of dragoons, stationed at Hexham, kept the whole neighbourhood in a state of terror for many months. At the assizes for the county of Northumberland, held in the following August, two persons implicated in the riot, named Peter Patterson and William Elder, were tried for high treason, and were sentenced to be hanged, to be cut down alive, to have their entrails taken out and burned before their eyes, and then to be beheaded and quartered. Happily, for the sake of humanity and England, this brutal sentence—the provisions of which the '15 had made too well known at Hexham—was not carried out. Elder received a reprieve, and Patterson was simply hanged and quartered. After he had been hanged a short time, and before life was extinct, the rope gave way, and he fell down, when it is said he exclaimed: 'Innocent blood is ill to shed.' A new halter was soon procured, and the sentence executed on the wretched man; but his last words were well remembered by the spectators, and are still used as a proverb by the natives of Tynedale.

For many long years, relics of this bloody business were to be found at Hexham in the persons of decrepit men and women, who had been maimed and wounded in the conflict. We ourselves distinctly remember two of these victims, one of whom had had his leg broken, and was lame ever after, while the other had received a shot in his mouth; indeed, it is only about two years since an actual witness of the scene died, at the patriarchal age of 108 years.

People now-a-days can scarcely conceive the occurrence of events such as are here described. It is well, however, that they should be reminded of them, not to stir up any of the old feelings of animosity which once prevailed so strongly, but which have now happily died out; but to warn them against the errors and evils of popular excesses of every kind, and to lead them to be thankful that they live in these better days, when it seems hardly possible to realise that which actually occurred at Hexham exactly one hundred years ago.

LONDON STREET-NOISES.

Let us say a few words about organs before we listen to the other noises. There is only one I like, and that has no inside; it is played, or rather the pretence of playing it is made by a melancholy man in a beard, who turns the mute handle in the midst of a number of critical little boys. We will hope his audience think him as deaf as his organ is dumb, for their remarks are excessively personal. Let us believe him to be a deaf and dumb grinder, the affliction being half borne by the instrument, and the two being considered one and the same animal. My friend's organ was originally like the rest of its species, though now gutted, and rudely patched with deal. Whenever I see him, I make a point of presenting him with an offering and a compliment. The first he pockets; the second he swallows impassively. I tell him that his is the best organ in London; that I wish all others were like it: he neither frowns, smiles, winks, nods, nor responds by word or gesture, but turns the silent crank. I have had thoughts of calling on my neighbours, and arranging with them, if possible, to hire him for our street, so that he might be always the man in possession. The other organ-grinders are intolerable. There are generally two at my house—front and back; they play a bar or so behind one another all day long, beginning before I get up. I don't interfere with them now; several of the neighbours like it, and mine is a quiet street. But I *have* dismissed them in double-quick time. In Italy, I found that the regular policeman's warning was *Caminate!* The first time I tried it on a grinder, the effect was electrical. I said to my man in a business-like way: 'Caminate subito,' and he vanished like an Italian tyrant. There is also another plan—make a toss in the air with your chin. This is the only negative gesture understood in Naples; it is really the exact converse of the affirmative nod, and probably descends from the Latin *renuo*. At anyrate, many organ-grinders understand, and would be more likely to obey it, better than dissentient English threats or shakes of the head. The two together are as if a British pickpocket, looking out for work in the Strada del Toledo, were to be accosted by an Italian constable in plain clothes, with a Bow Street wink, and 'Come now, muv on.' Try it next time. It is certainly better than telling a falsehood about there being a sick person in the house, which the signor does not comprehend.

Some street-music is very sad. One cannot help feeling much for the owner of that cracked female voice, powerful in its wreck, which pierces through the closed shutters and drawn curtains on a wet winter's evening. Poor creature! she has evidently been taught to sing; there are the remains of musical education in those cadences and shakes. How came she to be banished from the boards to the granite stage of the cold street? I am not speaking of the woman-performer in the drawling ballad-singing family, which screams Christmas carols or grand Advent tunes, with hearts and voices lifted no higher than the windows of our houses. That is bad enough, but it does not suggest such a professional fall as the other. *They* never could sing.

The Ethiopian serenaders promise to be almost as permanent an institution as Punch himself. The hold which they have taken on the national mind is audible in the number of amateur performers on 'the bones' among ambitious *gamins*. Its cheapness is a great recommendation to that instrument.

I confess to a liking for Punch. It is, as many of my readers probably know, a relic of the old miracle-plays, as they are called, though the chief representation was of the august scene in the hall of judgment, made infamous more than eighteen hundred years ago; Punch being a corruption of the name of a principal character, Pontius Pilate; and Judy, of either Judith his wife, or, possibly, Judas. But, apart from the antiquity of this show, I was long puzzled to account for the natural, lifelike movements of the figures. We talk of pulling the wires of the puppet, but a minute's observation proves that no mechanism, however ingenious, could produce their rapid and complex motions. These are effected simply by the hand. Punch and Judy are a pair of gloves: the forefinger is pushed into Punch's block head; the middle-finger forms his right, and the thumb his left hand, the two other fingers being occasionally stuck into his trousers, enabling him to sit on the edge of the stage, and kick his legs. Judy is animated in like manner. You may notice that, however numerous the actors, never more than two (except the baby, which, fortunately, is dead to begin with) appear at once, simply because the manager has only two hands. After several successive murders, the corpses only, the empty dolls, are laid upon the proscenium; they never return to life together, nor, indeed, individually, without being first pulled below the scenes, and there put on. Judy has no protector during her lifetime; the beadle interferes too late to help her—her spirit departs from her before it animates him.

Does Codlin ever play any recognised tune, or only that fatal to the fabled cow? I fancy I have once or twice detected a spasmodic resemblance to *Malbrook*. I had some interesting conversation with a showman the other day. It was pleasant to hear him talk, as he did with enthusiasm or contempt, of the various artists in this branch of his profession, as the lessee of the Opera might of the theatrical world. Their West-end house of call is a public at the corner of North Row and Norfolk Street, Park Lane, outside which several theatres may often be seen standing. I went there lately to order a performance for some children I wished to entertain.

The most hateful noise-maker in the street is a man with a hurdy-gurdy or guitar, who plays it to three or four dancing-children. Poor little things! I saw them the other day performing in their muddy spangles, quite tired and haggard; but the hard-faced master played on. I wonder where he gets them, or whether they are his own.

There is one boy-musician about now who is quite a genius with the flageolet; he has only a tin instrument, but always commands an admiring audience. He often plays outside gin-shops, and apparently on his own account. What a beginning of a life! But who knows how famous he may become?

The roaring liars have lately been rather quiet.

The way in which they contrive to shout suggestive bits of news without imparting the secret, is very irritating and successful. They always work in couples. The moment the first man begins to be articulate, and approaches the point of his communication, No. 2 strikes up, and blots him out with a yell. Perhaps they made a comfortable capital out of metropolitan distress during the last sharp winter; certainly, many of the roarers then shewed, by the way in which they managed their voices, that they were old hands at the trade. But success created amateurs. I heard of a gentleman who sent to his plumber's, during the worst part of the frost, for a man to mend some burst water-pipes, and the answer was, that the workmen were all absent, 'doing' the frozen-out gardeners.

With regard to the orthodox street-cries, it is noticeable how much more intelligible those are which announce articles in season only for a short time, such as spring vegetables, flowers, and summer fruit. The costermongers who sell these have not time to become indistinct. One day they offer rhubarb, twopence a bundle; then pease; then green gooseberries; then the short-lived cherry; whereas boxes, door-mats, old clothes, last longer, some being always in the market; old clothes, especially, by long crying, are at last only Clo'. The most offensive proclamation is made by the cats'-meat man, who pronounces the word in sharp feline tones, m-e-e-e-e-e-t. 'Milk' is a hard word to cry, having too many consonants to allow a prolonged announcement; hence, the milkman has really no recognised cry at all, some shouting the word quickly, almost angrily, as if provoked at its awkward shortness; others call 'Be-low,' I suppose in reference to the area; while many let the metal handles drop sharply on their cans, when they stop at your door with the white mixture, and say nothing. Many residents in London, who know only the principal streets and the parks, probably think, if they notice the matter at all, that street-cries have passed away, or nearly so; but you have only to step aside out of the main thoroughfares to be undeceived. Few can stand against the rush and iron hum of Oxford Street and Piccadilly, but many flourish a few hundred yards off the chief arteries. I have several times admired the articulation of a man who frequents Soho; his respect for the consonants is very great: 'Any old sshoes or bboots—any ummbrellas, how-ever oldd.' He varies the invitation, but is always distinct and slow—walking in the middle of the roadway, and addressing the upper windows of the houses on either side. In these by-streets, however, the principal noises are from children at their play. We must not confound the street Arab with the civilised school-boy who is only taking his pastime, though to the inexperienced they are uncommonly alike; the Arab, however, *plays* but little, except at pitch-and-toss. Marbles come in and go out, peg-tops and whip-tops have their season, shuttlecocks are gradually struck into inaccessible places till the stock is exhausted; but your Arab gambles throughout the year. The tools of amusement would be *impedimenta* to him when the policeman came round a corner, or even when he heard the creak of the constable's boots.

To revert to musicians: did you never notice how singularly out of place the songs of two or three itinerant Hindu tom-tom players are? Their monotonous gutturals and drumming, among a hundred English noises, always realise to me the great gulf between the European and Asiatic: they cannot coalesce. The Savoyard with his hurdy-gurdy, and even the enterprising Calabrian peasant with his national pipes, soon accustom themselves to the ear, and become Anglicised; but the Hindu drum and chant remain inflexibly foreign and distinct, however frequently we hear them. They belong almost to another world of thought and sense. But the study of London street-noises is well-nigh endless, from the mighty roar of day to the cat-choruses when you lie awake at night. Footfalls are now rare and distinct beneath my window, and the low tide of cabs enables me to hear the scratching of my pen, and even the tick of my clock. Ah, that is a policeman's step; I hear him trying the doors down my street. There! The clock chimes half-past one. Good-night!

AN INCIDENT OF BACKWOODS' TRAVEL.

MANY years since, I was stationed on a garrisoned island at the head of Lake Huron. We called it the Debatable Post, for the Americans for years had claimed it as being within their territories; while, without exactly denying the fact, the British government continued to hold possession; and we its servants hoisted our brave old flag, and saluted on royal birthdays with as much regularity and importance as if we had stood within the shadow of the Horse Guards, instead of holding by a doubtful right that remote and solitary spot; for, in those days, the whole district of the Huron was a wilderness, untrodden save by the hunter and the red man.

We were but a handful of English dwelling among many Indians; but few as we were, one day a fearful act was committed among us, which yet further narrowed our numbers. Fortunately, it was the summer season, when communication was open with the colony, and we were glad by the first opportunity to send the red-handed criminal from among us down to the head-quarters of his regiment. Two months after came an Indian canoe with an express, summoning all the witnesses of the late deed to Toronto, to give evidence at the approaching trial; and should no other means of transport be available, they were directed to employ canoes and Indians. To my deep regret, I was one of the witnesses; and as our time was limited, three more days saw me, a brother-officer, and four soldiers, seated in two bark-canoes, and amid the waving of paddles, and wild yells of their Indian crews, commencing our lake-voyage of more than five hundred miles.

But for the thought of its object, the expedition would have been a pleasant one. Skimming swiftly along in our light shallops, beneath the influence of the rapidly wielded paddles, or, if the wind favoured us, the yet stronger impetus of a blanket-sail, past rugged mountain, rocky headland, and broad, undulating tracts, covered with the primeval forest, now glowing in the brilliant tints of autumn; while here and there stretched wide estuaries, or roared hoarse cataracts, hurling down the waters of unknown rivers to increase the lake. As we glided by them, there was scarce one for which our steersman had not some wild legend of revenge or love, or tale of Indian valour; and as we listened, it was easy to fancy the speaker the hero of his own recitals, with his high features and lofty bearing, and the long flowing war-tuft, which, Neykeemie, or Thunder, alone of all his tribe, still wore, for though of a broken and conquered nation, the young Ojibbeway could not forget that he was the representative of a long line of chieftains.

Twice in the day we landed to cook and rest and when night came, we drew our canoes up from the beach, erected our tents, and lit our fires, then slept soundly until daybreak roused us to resume our voyage. At length, we reached the lower end of the lake, where, leaving our canoes, we were glad to obtain an unspringed wagon from a neighbouring settler, in which to pursue the remaining rugged rutty hundred miles of our journey.

Our appearance in Toronto seemed somewhat to scare the officials. Since the dispatch of our summons a new governor had arrived, and, as usual, his reign had been inaugurated by an entire change of tactics, one of the first being the resolve to yield immediate ı of our island to the Americans. These eed surprising tidings; but when it was at a vessel had already sailed from the Lake Erie to bring down the troops, the nounted to positive consternation; for in ff island I had left those dearest to me, and thought was, should the vessel arrive in my in what a painful position they would be In this dilemma, there was but one course ıe, though not one that promised much—to the lake with all speed, so as to arrive, if before the vessel left. My brother-officer o ties on the island, was to remain at as were the soldiers, therefore I should be passenger back in the canoes; so I resolved g the tents and other heavy articles in the e, while I pressed on in the smaller and ıe, as an incentive to the utmost diligence, my crew a considerable reward, arranged inciple of the sliding-scale.

now the middle of October; the soft tiful Indian summer, which had made our l voyage so pleasant, had passed away, bleak biting winds which precede the rigorer of the north were now sweeping over forest, raising the former into dark billowy d stripping the latter of its myriad leaves. uited looked the aspect of sky and lake to oyage; but I had no time for such considerd my Indians faced them as readily as their ad the war-path, for Neykeemie chose the ıd strongest of his young men to accompany well and nobly did they do their duty. norning broke, they were at their paddles: ıs too wild for them to venture on, though tumbling billows boiled around us, sheeting ı which ofttimes froze upon us; and no wind ierce for them to brave, though the bitter ıck like icicles in our faces.

the fourth morning of our voyage, and, r the beams of the setting moon, we started wn. The air was intensely cold, for the r from the ice-fields of the north, well-nigh he fingers which held the paddles. But we ı gallantly, making the canoe spring like a over the waves, which rolled back from in muttering surges. As the day advanced, increased, until, about noon, it came rushus in a sudden gale, and laden with a thick snow that almost hid us from each other. far out upon the lake, and amid that ıg whirl we could no longer see our way; d no alternative but to push on, trusting o leave it behind, and guiding ourselves e by the wind. On we went, mile after le the snow still continued to pour down in the same blinding masses, till it lay every fold of our clothing, and almost boat. On we paddled, hour after hour, h each it became wilder and more dense, led round us in thick circling eddies, as ht to overwhelm us. The wind swept by e, howling gusts, lashing the waters of the tall crested billows, which threatened to r little bark. Silently and steadily each paddle, facing bravely the dangers he could when suddenly there came a violent shock k us from our seats, followed by a loud the bow, and the next moment a wave ough our canoe, she sank beneath our feet, struggling in the water.

currence was so sudden, and the gurgling glancing snow so bewildering, that I scarce ıded my position, but by a natural instinct, d out my limbs to swim. Around me, the eemed gliding like otters, but I could scarce for the snow-drift. Loud exclamations and in Ojibbeway also met my ears, but they were so rapid, and broken by the surging water, that I could not catch their meaning; but I heeded them little. In that icy water, beneath that pelting snow, and ignorant which way to seek the shore, what hope had we of life? And that retrospect of the past, which visits the minds of the drowning, glided through mine—its concluding and most painful recollection, that of the beloved and expectant ones I should never see again. Meanwhile, the Indians continued their cries, apparently lest they should separate, and I joined my voice to theirs. But after a time it struck me their voices grew more distant, and I raised mine louder. It was answered by a whole chorus of yells, and afterwards by one nearer, and a minute later some one struck against me. It was one of the Indians; and, linking ourselves together, we swam on in the direction of the voices, which now gave out a constant succession of cries.

Blinded by the snow-storm, and ignorant of where we were, or that any impediment was in our way, we had dashed our canoe against a rock, and stove in her bow. The foremost Indian had discerned the rock, towering high above his head, and it was the announcement of this refuge I had heard so vehemently proclaimed. Guided by this knowledge and each other's voices, all the Indians had contrived to scramble up the rock, when I was missed; then, with a gallantry I shall never forget, our young chief sprang back into the lake, and, risking his own life to save mine, brought me back in safety. As we rose out of the water, the keen north wind froze our garments to the hardness of armour, only far more chill; but there was a warm flush of thankfulness in our hearts that lessened its rigour. Now that the evil was accomplished, the snow began somewhat to abate, and enabled us to perceive the extent of our ark. It was a vast rock, rising into a lofty pinnacle, far above the reach of the waves. On its sheltered side was a small cavity, into which we crept to escape the fierce assaults of the wind. Cold, shivering, and wretched, we were huddled together within its narrow limits; yet that very crowding probably saved our lives, for, aided by protection from the wind and snow, it raised the temperature, and enabled us to endure the misery of our wet clothes, which gradually dried upon us. Later, we caught a few gulls upon the rock, and killed, and, like wrecked mariners as we were, ate them raw.

It appeared we were not the only wanderers out in the storm. When we first arrived on the rock, we found only a few gulls crouching in the shelter of the ledges and nooks; but as the snow cleared and evening drew on, whole flocks of lake-birds came winging their way towards it—ducks, gulls, and loons—all cawing, quacking, and shrieking, as they descended in fluttering haste, or in long swooping circles, upon the rock; and a goodly multitude they looked as they bustled about, hither and thither, each seeking his accustomed sleeping-place. In this quest, a large body of loons presented themselves before our retreat, which was evidently their domicile. For a moment, they stood as if astonished at its unusual appearance; then coolly advanced, and endeavoured to force their way in by pressing against our legs, and climbing over our shoulders, as we sat crouched upon the rock. Seizing on the boldest, Neykeemie, despite the bird's struggles, hurled him out of the cave, and the other Indians tried to scare them off by cries and menaces. These demonstrations, however, took quite the reverse to the expected effect, for without a moment's delay, the whole band offered battle. With ruffled plumage and wild cries, they dashed themselves against us, leaping upon us, and tearing us with their armed feet; striking us with their long heavy pinions, and biting us with their horny beaks; while their hideous shrieks rent the air, and summoned allies to their assistance; so that in a few minutes a compact body of assailants, literally maddened with rage, filled the entire mouth of the cave, while the background was filled with reinforcements, screaming and quarrelling in their eagerness to get to the front. The loon's strength is at all times considerable, and now fury and numbers made them no contemptible antagonists. Sooth to say, the battle was tolerably fierce; for though the Indians used their knives vigorously, and backed them with yells, rivalling the loons' own screams, there were so many candidates for glory that the gaps were instantly filled up.

At length, irritated beyond measure with this unsatisfactory warfare, one of the Indians, placing his fingers on his mouth, pealed forth the war-whoop of his nation. Another moment, and six other such fierce cries rang on the air, making the rock resound with their ferocious cadences, and rolling in threatening echoes far over the lake. Even in that moment of excitement, every nerve in my frame thrilled beneath those terrible battle-cries; no wonder, therefore, that they struck affright into our feathered foe, who at once commenced a disorderly retreat. The Indians followed up their advantage with a rush that completely dispersed the enemy, and left us masters of the field, though somewhat bruised, bitten, and scratched, by the singular combat.

After a long night of cramped-up wretchedness, the morning broke bright and clear, and we were surprised to find ourselves within half a mile of the land, which was gleaming and glittering in the sun, beneath its mantle of new-fallen snow. The lake was calm and bright as silver, so we resolved to lose no time in swimming ashore. Our plan was to encamp on a neighbouring point, which jutted out into the lake, and light a huge fire, as a beacon of flame by night, and smoke by day, to our companion canoe, which was to follow on our track, and on which was now our sole dependence; for we counted that even if she paddled leisurely, she should be with us by the close of another day. But two days passed, and no speck larger than the body of one of our late enemies, the loons, dotted the surface of the lake. Each hour we watched with increasing anxiety; but the third day passed, and still the lake was unruffled by a paddle, and so went by the fourth; and then we knew that the canoe had missed us, and that we must trust alone to our own resources—and few and poor indeed they were.

The Indians, accustomed to the chances of the wilds, and the exigencies of forest-travel, bore cheerfully the discovery that we were left unaided—nay, I am not sure that their wild blood did not bound the quicker at the thought of returning for a time to the old forest-life of freedom and adventure, from which, dwelling on the verge of civilisation, they had been in some degree drawn. But it fell a heavy blow on me: not from dread of the hardships we must encounter—I could bear them as well as the children of the wilds themselves—but because it utterly blighted my last hope of rejoining my family before the vessel sailed. When, if ever, I might reach the island, was now uncertain; and I could only hope that when the vessel sailed, they might be persuaded to go in her, and that both might happen ere the return of our companion canoe, whose report that we had hastened on in advance of them would only occasion distress. It was the general opinion that our best plan would be not to travel along the shore, where the constant recurrence of bays and headlands would nearly double our journey; but, proceeding somewhat inland, strike across the country westward. That night the Indians sat late around the fire, fashioning with their knives bows and arrows; for though in our present camp our snares and hooks kept us supplied with food, it was desirable to have some other dependence on the journey.

On the following morning, we started on this new phase of travel, plunging fearlessly into the depths of those vast woods of oak, and pine, and sycamore, hanging with long streamers of hoary moss, and garlanded by innumerable creepers, whose yet lingering leaves glowed like blossoms in the sunbeams, guided on our pathless way by the bark on the trees and other forest signs which Indians can unerringly decipher. Onward we pressed through the clustering underwood of juniper, with its green fragrant berries, and the thickets of dwarf-birch and alder; now and then winging an arrow at a partridge or hare as it crossed our steps, until darkness bringing us to a halt, we encamped beside some rill. It was at night we most felt our privations, for though we built huge fires, and cut piles of brushwood to protect us from the bleak winds which swept through the woods, they could not banish the frosty air, which our lack of wrappings made us feel keenly. However, the ingenuity which springs from necessity soon taught us to supply their want by making blankets of hare-skins, rudely sewn together with the animals' own tendons; and though their unsightliness almost exceeds belief, worn with the fur inwards, they were both warm and comfortable.

For five long days we had followed the sun's course, occasionally crossing wild mountain-ranges, at others fording shallow rivers, or, where they were deeper, swimming them, until the end of the sixth day found us on the banks of a larger sheet of water than any we had hitherto encountered. It was a new difficulty, but as night was approaching, we resolved to defer any attempt to cross until the morning, giving ourselves that time to consider what had best be done. The night was bitterly cold, but we were fortunate in finding a sheltering nook among the rocks, where we built our fire. Supper over, the usual somewhat unpleasant task of skin-blanket making was commenced, enlivened by a long-winded and dismal Indian legend, to escape both of which I wrapped myself up as well as I could, and strayed away towards the shore. I had not reached it long when a ball of fire shot out of the darkness, and came gently gliding up the waters of the estuary, beside which I stood. Larger, brighter, and seeming to ride on a sea of molten fire, that strange light came on, until it grew upon my sight a grate filled with blazing pine-knots, projected over the bow of a canoe, for spearing fish by torch-light. And though the canoe was cast in shadow, I could see stray gleams of light flashing on the upraised arm of the fisher as he poised his light weapon on high, then struck it down among the shoals of fish the light had drawn around him.

Summoning Neykeemie to the beach, we both stood watching the progress of the canoe, until it was sufficiently near for the young chief to attract its attention by a loud cry. To me the sound seemed nothing more than a somewhat prolonged yell, but to Indian ears, he told me, it signified amity, and a desire for closer communication; and so it seemed to be understood, for, turning aside from the mid-channel, the canoe drew rapidly towards the shore; but what was our surprise to perceive, by the light of the pine torches, that the fisher wore the cloth petticoat, and displayed the slender arms and soft features of an Indian girl, while a keener glance revealed that the somewhat rugged form wielding the paddle in the stern was a woman also, though an older one. Many and various as are the tasks imposed on the Indian woman, this was an unusual one, but how it befell was soon told. The husband and father of the mother and daughter had sickened and died scarce three moons since, leaving them alone in their little wigwam by the Huron shore. The Indian woman possesses none of the forest-lore of her lord, therefore the widow and her child remained patiently where they were until the Manito should send some one to guide them to their people. Meanwhile there fell on Wai-o-naisa (the Wish-ton-wish) not only the usual female duties, but also the masculine task of providing the wigwam with food; and as she could not use her father's rifle, she had recourse to snaring hares and spearing fish.

Neykeemie at once proposed we should become the hoped-for guides, and take his countrywomen on with us. This met my ready acquiescence; for even had I still hoped to arrive in time to meet the vessel, I could not have abandoned solitary women to winter in the wilderness. The permission to accompany us was received with joy. That portion of the contents of their wigwam which would be useful on the journey, it was resolved to take, and what was abandoned, I promised to replace on our arrival. I was also to purchase their canoe, for though too small to carry more than three at once, it would be of great service to us in crossing rivers and estuaries, such as lay before us, and it was so light, that when not required it could be carried on an Indian's shoulder. Never were quieter, gentler, or more patient creatures than those we added to our party. On the first morning, as soon as we had crossed the water, they began, according to Indian custom, to load themselves with all the burdens of the camp, but that Neykeemie would not allow while so many Indians were idle. Afterwards, they took their station in the rear, in recognition of the inferiority of their sex, and plodded on through the livelong day meek and silent; and, when we reached our camping-ground at evening, it was found that each had gathered on the way a pile of sticks to light our fire. Nor did their cares end there. The fire once blazing, they glided about in their quiet unobtrusive way, filling their pot and calabashes with water, skinning hares, and performing all the drudgery of the camp, as those whose bounden duty it was to do so. And such is the force of habit, that all the Indians, save Neykeemie, loitered about, indolent spectators.

To assist in menial labour is beneath the dignity of any Indian, far less a chief, and his young men looked on Neykeemie's industry with astonishment. They did not comprehend that homage to the beautiful which the chivalric young chief evinced; for Naisa, as her mother called her, was truly beautiful, with her straight slender limbs, so polished in their glowing olive tint, her soft features, fawn-like eyes, and the long raven tresses banded back so meekly from her forehead. It scarcely needed that most excellent thing in woman, the low soft voice, to win for her the heart of the young chief.

Meanwhile, winter came rushing upon us with all its rigours; sometimes bitter frosts bound both earth and water in their iron grasp; at others, vast quantities of snow fell amid terrific storms, confining us to our camp for days; when, with a fire built before some evergreen thicket, or rock, we would sit crouching in its shelter, all parties busily employed in fabricating rude snow-shoes to enable us to proceed when the storm should be past. At length our wearisome land-journey was finished, and before us, far out in the lake, lay a group of islands, one of which was our destination. The Indians fairly whooped with joy at sight of it; and that night a stately dance was held in our camp in honour of the occasion, of which I and the two women were the only spectators; that is, if the elder might strictly be considered so, for she kept time with a gourd filled with dried pease, while those grave Indians danced in a circle to the rude music of their own voices. Then followed tales wilder than I had yet heard; and songs of love and war, which, though low-toned and monotonous, were wilder still, and laden with strange rhythmical cadences, which whirled round in my brain long after silence and sleep had fallen upon the camp. With the earliest dawn, we were astir, preparing to cross the ice to the islands, which fortunately lay in a broad belt of ice—the rest of the lake being still unfrozen. The sun shone dazzlingly in a sky cloudless as that of summer, and we were almost blinded by the brilliancy with which his beams flashed and sparkled on that bed of ice, as if it had been a vast diamond. We had not proceeded far, ere we discovered that solid as the ice appeared, it had lately been broken up by a swell from the lake, and had since but superficially reunited. However, it was strong enough to bear our weight; and exhilarated by the thought that our toils and hardships were drawing to a close, we sped lightly on, still preserving the old order of march, Neykeemie leading the way as guide, the Indians and I next, and, according to inviolable custom, Naisa and her mother bringing up the rear.

Hours passed; the broad outline of our island was growing on our sight, and we could even perceive the long shadow of its hills and pine-forests darkening the gleaming ice, when a loud report like that of a thousand muskets rang through the air, and rolling far and wide over that frozen and silent plain, reverberated among the nearest islands. I had been too long in Canada not to recognise that sound, and involuntarily we all looked lakeward, fearing the ice upon our path had parted. The next moment, the same sound was repeated, but louder and more threateningly, followed by a crashing of breaking ice, and then by wild, terrified shrieks from Naisa and her mother. We at once rushed back, knowing that some evil had happened, but unable to guess what, until we came to a spot where the thin ice, cracking at right angles, had broken into a pool, beside which kneeled the aged squaw, groping wildly with her arms in the water. Naisa was not there, but there needed no words to tell her fate. She, the youngest and lightest among us, stepping upon the weak ice at the moment it cracked, had fallen through, where so many heavier and stronger had passed in safety; while, embarrassed and weighed down by her heavy clothing, she had sunk at once. An exclamation of horror and grief burst from every lip at the discovery, but there was not a moment to be lost. Every effort was exerted. Indians threw themselves on the ice, and looked keenly down into the pellucid water; others broke the ice along the cracks, in case the current might sweep her towards them; while Neykeemie, throwing rapidly aside his heavy wrappings, sprang into the pool, and dived down into the depths of the lake in pursuit of her he loved. The minutes seemed hours; and so long he stayed, that every heart began to quake lest the brave young chief had shared the fate of his betrothed; even the weeping mother ceased her sobs for an instant, in breathless fear. At length he reappeared, but he was alone; and, only pausing a moment for breath, he dived again, to rise disappointed a second time, and a third; but on the fourth time, he brought a burden with him. The other Indians drew it carefully from the water, and laid it on the ice, while all gathered anxiously round. But every effort was fruitless; the icy waters had too surely done their work; the sweet voice of the beautiful Indian girl was silent for evermore.

It was a sorrowful party that, later in the day, took their way towards the island. In all the abandonment of female Indian grief, with loud sobs and many tears, intermingled with fond reproaches to the departed for thus deserting her mother and her betrothed, the bereaved parent walked slowly on beside the corpse of her child, which Neykeemie bore tenderly in his arms. True to the stoicism of the west, the young chief shed no tear over his sad burden, and his face was rigid as steel; but it was haggard in its unspoken anguish, and the red glow of his race had faded from it. Life is full of contrasts. That night, while there was deep grief in Neykeemie's lodge, there was gladness beneath my roof, for its inmates rejoiced over the unhoped-for return of one they loved; while the vessel that had been so long my bugbear was now the cause of merriment, when I learned she lay fast locked among the ice before my door. Three days after, I aided Neykeemie to lay his betrothed in the grave. Ere I left the island in the spring, I again visited him and Naisa's mother, whom I found in the young chief's lodge, receiving from him the duty and affection of a son. Years after, when circumstances recalled me to the spot, the aged woman lay beside her daughter, and Neykeemie dwelt alone in his lodge, a silent and solitary man.

QUINCE.*

NEAR a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil Church and Steeple,
There stood—alas! it stands no more!
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master!

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants,
He won the sympathies of all,
By making puns and making presents;
Though all the parish was at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery's suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head;
Warm were his double ale and feelings—
His partners at the whist-club said,
That he was faultless in his dealings—
He went to church but once a week;
Yet Dr Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools,
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools,
And he subscribed to half-a-dozen.
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer, nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said: 'I cannot make them better!'
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short,
With—'Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle.'

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath his master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable—
Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs Glasse, and patterns;
Adine was studying bakers' bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain; and while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him;
His rugged smile, and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crossed in love,
Before he came away from college—
Some darkly hinted that his Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him,
Some whispered with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him!

I found him at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double,
Sickness was coming on him then,
To take him from a world of trouble—
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will—
The next he sent for Dr Bailey!

And so he lived—and so he died:
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand—'Ah me!' he cried,
'Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket:
And say, that when I call again,
I'll bring a licence in my pocket.

'I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
(I hope his master's shoes will suit him);
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake—or shoot him.
The vicar's wife will take old Fox—
She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

'Whether I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid—but Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection!
Tom! we shall meet again; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction!'

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* From the American edition of William Mackworth Praed's poems.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—It is requested that all Contributions to *Chambers's Journal* may be, for the future, directed to the Editor, at 47 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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NIX'S BABY.

There are certain periods of physical life—Alpha and Omega stages, they might almost be called—in which, from some deficiency on the part of the dental or digestive organs, it becomes necessary to furnish the human being with the kind of nutriment known as 'spoon-meat.' The small bald pink young gentleman on the third floor is enabled to scream so lustily, thumping his lace-bedizened bassinet the while, thanks to his beloved pap-boat, which, failing a more natural and beautiful source of aliment, affords him comfortable support. The large bald pink old gentleman with the crescent of white hair, and the check neckerchief, in the parlour, reads his newspaper so devotedly through his trim gold-rimmed glasses, and carries on his kind, good, sociable, courtly life by means of the succulent soup-basin, or the food carefully softened or finely chopped to suit the tenderness of his mouth and the exigencies of his stomach. As in the physical, so in the moral nature are there conditions in which food is to be presented for digestion in forms not too harsh, or large, or solid—the œsophagus of the mind not to be crowded with unadvisable victuals—intellectual dyspepsia to be strenuously guarded against—and, in fine, learning, information, and news only to be proffered in a *minced* fashion—after the manner of spoon-meat.

I wander into these remarks from a consideration of the state of intelligence prevalent among the tenants of a group of buildings which, at the time I made their acquaintance, bore the collective title of Mobb's Rents, and formed a hollow square of much exactness round a lamp-post, a pump, and a gully-hole, in the neighbourhood then known as Copenhagen Fields. I may as well at once warn those precise readers who love to follow an author out on a map, and literally *nail* him down to topographical correctness, that Mobb's Rents have been long since collected and carted away—that they have been wiped clean off the face of London, and can no longer be picked out on modern charts. Even their site is hardly now to be found. They were not old enough to be memorable; they were not ornamental, or even clean enough to be respected. Who cares to chronicle where a thistle grew, or where a toadstool shot up and rotted?

Small states on the continent, hedged in by powerful neighbours prone to aggrandisement, have yet, aided perhaps by natural boundaries and lines of demarcation, preserved for centuries their condition of independence and separateness; so flourished a distinct settlement, heedless of surrounding circumstances, utterly uninfluenced by aught transpiring outside its square *cul de sac*—Mobb's Rents. They had manners and customs, and views and opinions, quite of their own, had the denizens of Mobb's Rents. They never followed suit; they never imitated. 'What do they say about it at the Rents?' asked people outside, of such and such a thing. 'What are the Rents going to do?' on such and such an occasion. Their independence and isolation were fully recognised. For my part, I always wondered that the legislature, in its enactments regarding England, Ireland, Scotland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, did not also add, 'and the principality of Mobb's Rents, Copenhagen Fields.' They had different fashions, too, to other portions of the land. They ate oysters long after other Londoners had given over those mollusks. They took no note of the usual divisions of season in regard to fish and flesh; and lived generally under a more free and primitive condition. Their house-doors were constantly open—their matrons sitting on the steps while the children played round the lamp-post, or sported with the pump, or toyed with the gully-hole. Even among the infant population, there was a noteworthy idiosyncrasy—the games prevalent in other portions of the town did not necessarily obtain with them. On the contrary, I have known shuttlecock quite the general rage in London, while tipcat was the steady pursuit of the Rents. Outside the square, tops might be the fashion; but inside, buttons—nothing less. The children maintained rigorously the rights and privileges of the state in which they had been born, and fell upon with one accord, and punished summarily, any intruder upon their territory. They had internecine differences, it is true, but they suspended these to suppress a common enemy, or repel a common invader. 'How dare you touch *our* pump?' 'Get out of *our* square!' So they addressed a stranger visitor to the Rents; and upon a given signal—a violent whistle, or a prolonged yell, made to vibrate in a peculiar manner by striking the hand upon the mouth during its utterance—they summoned a general muster of the forces for warlike measures.

Perhaps it is not so much to be wondered at that the self-sufficient and self-concentrated manner of life of the Rents should result in the inhabitants receiving mental subsistence of the spoon-meat character only. It was like feeding in a cage, where it is not every morsel that can be got through the bars. The Rents could no more accept great pieces of knowledge into their intelligences, than you can exhibit large historical paintings in a back-kitchen. They were fenced off, as it were, from the great outside world, and only small things could get through to them. History occasionally flung them a stray paragraph or two of her voluminous and endless works, as she passed by the entrance of the Rents in her gaudy chariot drawn by politicians. The Charter had once stolen into the Rents on a flying-visit, but had received no very warm or intelligent greeting, and had soon made off again. A dim notion and memory of the occurrence, however, prevailed in the Rents, and the thing was disinterred now and then, and talked over in doorways in the dusk, just as though it were a ghost-story; and there was a floating idea that some wrong or other had been done the Rents at some time or other, in the matter of what was called the 'francheese,' though the understanding of this was at once various and vague.

But if the outside world was little heeded, and only got at now and then in bits and scraps, it must not be supposed that no topics of interest or events of importance occupied the Rents. A ministerial crisis, perhaps, might transpire uncared for, but the excitement consequent on the pump freezing was by no means inconsiderable. A continental convulsion, and the toppling down of a few thrones, might be known in only filmy outlines; but you should have seen the rising of the Rents when Mrs Partlett's little boy had the half-pence taken out of his hand, and his shoes and socks stolen (by a gipsy woman who sold penwipers and brimstone matches), on his way to the British Lion public-house for the supper-beer; you should have seen, I say, the intense rage and indignation that prevailed, always excepting amongst the O'Gradies on the third floor of No. 10 in the Rents, who were rather derisive than sympathetic, never wearing shoes and socks themselves, and regarding the wear of such articles by others as singular examples of weakness of mind and general absurdity of conduct. And the Rents dated from such events in their history: from the time when No. 7 was down with typhus—when Mrs Partlett's third little girl was lost for three whole days—when Mr Pat O'Grady went off in that awful attack of what was called, throughout the Rents, 'delicious tremblings'—tearing up his clothes into strips, and throwing them out of the window, and nearly succeeding in a dreadful attempt to hurl Mrs O'G. out after them, and to burn down the whole Rents by way of finale.

The sun only shone in an accidental and reflected sort of way on the Rents; he just hinted by a sidelong ray flung in like a lover's letter, half furtively, that he was rising or setting, as the case might be. The full pomp and glory of those great proceedings on the part of his majesty were no more fully displayed to the Rents, than Queen Victoria's going down to Westminster to open or dissolve parliament; so that as Mr Nix stood in the doorway of No. 3, smoking his evening pipe, there was but a blush of sunset on his massive fur-cap, reflected and shot down by the shimmer on the garret-window of No. 13 over the way. It was a fur-cap of the largest and heaviest pattern that could well be procured, for Mr Nix entertained the notion that the head could not possibly be kept too warm, and combed his hair well over his forehead, and always retained his handkerchief and other matters in his cap; and, in short, thoroughly acted up to, and worked out, his convictions on the subject. A stout, short man of good-natured, blank, not to say dull aspect, with scraps of whiskers on the summits of his plump round cheeks, like lichen patches on rocks. He is in his shirt-sleeves, which are rolled up above his substantial elbows, and his wrists and hands are dyed a rich warm brown, for he is a French-polisher by trade, and there is a fine smell of oil and varnish, and upholstery and cabinet-making about him. But Mr Nix is not comfortable to-night; he is pale and restless, and takes his hands out of his pockets and thrusts them in again—rubs his face all over with his warmed handkerchief—brings down his hair still more closely into his eyes—sucks at his pipe (it is no longer alight, but he takes no account of that deficiency)—stands first on one leg, then on the other—stares hard at the pump, as though it had been asking him a riddle—conducts himself altogether as one having something on his mind. Mrs Partlett perceives him from over the way, and comes across to him: she is a stern, stout-looking woman, strong of mind and body.

'I'm surprised at you, Mr Nix.'

'As how?'

'Standing a-lolloping about here, with what's going on upstairs.'

Poor Mr Nix looked seriously perplexed.

'In the way here—in the way there. What's a man to do? Where's a cove to go?'

'And smoking too! O you men! no more feelings than paving-stones. But it's just the same with Partlett; I might be in my coffin, and a lot he'd care. Smoking! and a life-and-death matter in the two-pair back! Ugh!'

Mr Nix flung away his pipe moodily. It broke against the lamp-post. There was quite a scramble for the fragments among the young people in the court. He stood upright, as though about to enter upon some vigorous course of action; soon, however, he relapsed again into his old moodiness.

'Where's the use? I ain't no good, you know I ain't.'

'Well, you ain't,' Mrs Partlett acquiesced with candid asperity.

'What can I do?'

'Nothing—that's about it, I think.'

'Would you go up, Mrs Partlett, please, and see if anythink's wanted, and give a help like, if you can?' Mr Nix asked, humbly—doubtingly.

'No, Mr Nix; not if you was to ask me on your bended knees, I wouldn't. There. Not as I've no feelin's—they've been my *cuss* through life; and not as I've no regard for Mrs Nix, which I have, and she's to be pittied, poor crittur; and I feels towards her, pertikly in her present state, poor dear, more as a mother or a helder sister. But isn't Mrs Wittles upstairs? Haven't she been asked? and never a word to me till this blessed moment, though it's thirteen I've had, and might be thought to have had some igsperience. Ah! and all well and 'earty, bless 'em! earning their own crusts, some of 'em; and as fine children—which I've tended them through hooping-cough and measles, ah! and small-pox too, for the matter of that, and ought to know, and am their mother, and that's more, though I say it—as you can find in the whole Rents; while *other* people—but I don't want to make no ill-feelin' nor nothink of that sort, mentioning names—as have had but two, and one of them with bow-legs, and the other with the rickets—not as it's their fault, poor things, for it's the nussing as makes the child, and so I've always said to Partlett—*their* opinion's to be everything—*they're* to be asked this, that, and the other—*they're* to give advice, and say what's to be done, and what's right and what's wrong—and I'm to be treated as so much dirt, and never given a thought to.'

'It's none of my doing, Mrs Partlett, I'm sure,' murmured Mr Nix with much penitence.

'It isn't—I know that. *You're* no fool, Nix; I will say that (he drew himself up involuntarily). Not as you've wit to spare either (he drooped again); but you know where igsperience is to be found, ah! and the vally of it; and we've been neighbours for some years, ah! before you married, long; and I always felt as Partlett was safe, go where he would—which he was younger then, and thought more of gaiety like—so long as I knew you was with him. Though I *was* surprised when you brought your wife home, I will say that. It wasn't as if she was a strong young woman with a willin' arm, as could 'elp you in your business, which she might—but a poor white-faced little chit, weak and sickly looking, as couldn't say "Bo!" to a goose—with a sweet temper, was luck, but no more.'

'Don't, Mrs Partlett—don't; not now. Call *me* what you like, but don't speak of *her* now like that—don't, my dear;' and he wrung her hand piteously; and there was a look in his fat, dull face which went straight to the heart of the large, strong, stern woman, mother of thirteen, and she softened.

'I won't, Nix; I know what it is. Here, come; we'll go up.'

'Don't mind Mrs Wittles.'

'Bother Mrs Wittles. Don't speak of her.'

And they went upstairs, Mr Nix breathing rather hard, and altogether pale and agitated; Mrs Partlett, determined, but not rapid in her movements, encouraging her companion. Presently, there arises the tiny cry of the new-born, and Mr Nix wipes away the cold perspiration that *will* gather on his brow, and the tall, lean man in black, with the kind eyes, who comes out afterwards, pats Mr Nix on the shoulder. 'A fine boy,' he says; 'and I think we shall pull through. Keep up your spirits. Ah, Mrs Partlett, how's No. 13? I'll come back directly.'

Soon Nix's baby is the talk of the Rents; and Mrs Partlett is the centre of a group on her door-steps, to whom she is narrative and judicial.

'Poor dear! a nice crittur, but no constit*oo*shun. And Nix took on dreadful, but is more composed now; just as Partlett was at first—quite a raving maniac he was then; it took two men to 'old him; but he's got used to it now. Yes, a fine child, and doing nicely, thank you, though I do *not* agree with Mrs Wittles as to what she give it; no, and never will; and if I was on my dying bed, I'd say it was poison. No, not so big as my Tommy—but he was the biggest child I ever set eyes on, and so Dr Banks said himself; and I've seen a many, let alone having thirteen of my own—but a fine, wholesome, well-to-do child, that I will say; though, poor thing, how she will ever,' &c., &c. So Mrs Partlett went on to attentive listeners.

'God bless you, Polly dear.'

'Kiss me, Ben. Is he like you, Ben? I hope he is. I think he is, about the mouth.'

'He's a stunner, Polly.'

And Mr Nix is forbidden to talk more to the poor fragile little wife. He is not a demonstrative man—not fluent of speech; he is, besides, possessed with the notion that he ought to suppress his feelings. But he is deeply moved: the tears roll down his broad fat cheeks; his French-polished hands tremble so that he buries them deep in his pockets; and finding himself very hot, he is soon standing again on the door-steps, and observed by the Rents, is much greeted and congratulated.

'Ah, Nix!' cries a little man with moist beaming eyes, a paper-cap, a flannel jacket, and a jug of beer in his hand, 'so it's all right, I hear. Little un going on well? Have a drink—for luck,' and he passes the beer.

'Thank you kindly, Mr Partlett. It *do* make a fellow alloverishness-like. I never thought about being a father—never. Can't make it out quite yet.'

'Ah, you'll get used to it, like me. You'll soon have a swarm of them round you, crawling about the floor till you hardly know where to put your foot down. They make a row, you know, and a cove has to work hard; but I don't mind that a bit when work's to be got, and the missus is a good manager.'

'It's a rum world,' quoth Mr Nix—a remark rather vague than profound, in the which he often indulged without its having any precise intelligibility, even to himself; and then, as he wiped with his shirt-sleeve the malt moisture from his lips, he muttered: 'Yes, I must work for the younker now hextra, if need be; ay, and for Polly too. She won't be up in a hurry, I'm afeard.'

I am sorry to bring a dark shadow across what I would sooner have had a pleasant page; but the clouds gathered over Mobb's Rents. Dr Banks came very often now to the two-pair back, and there was an anxious look upon his thin kind face. The poor little mother lingered through the cold weather, very pale and weakly, with quite an aguish tremble upon her, and a sharp dry cough that jarred painfully upon the nerves of poor Mr Nix. And then——

He gave over the fur-cap, and wore his Sunday hat on week-days, with a deep crape band upon it.

And another event in the Rents—the funeral; and was it too grand? I know that Mr Partlett said it was quite ridiculously so, especially as the poor dead woman had no friends or family caring to mourn over her. Of course, the cost very much exceeded the amount Nix received from his burial-club. Perhaps he was imposed upon by the undertaker, or betrayed into extravagance by his great desire that all should be 'nice and regular-like for the dear soul.' 'No one should ever throw *that* in his face,' said the poor fellow. He was so low and moody now, he thought the whole world was turning against him. It seemed a great comfort to him to have a funeral rather over-ceremonious for the Rents. It took place on a Sunday, after morning church; and it was talked about all day long, and for days after. Mr Partlett was one of the mourners, and wore the usual long crape drapery attached to his hat, rather proud than not of the mournful decoration; and possibly he deemed he was paying only a due compliment to the occasion when he kept his hat on, even during his tea and supper hours, and removed it with evident reluctance when he retired for the night. Mrs Partlett begged Mr Nix to look in and have a bit of supper at eight o'clock, promising the children should all be snug in bed, and everything very quiet. But he had no heart for it. 'No stomach for my wittles yet,' he said himself; 'but thankee kindly all the same, Mrs Partlett;' and he wished very much that it was Monday, that he might get to his work.

And he *did* work, when the opportunity came. He was at it all day long. 'There's the younker,' he would say explanatorily, if any spoke to him on the subject. 'I've need to work, I have.' And he brought work home with him to be French-polished at night. He was seen rubbing with great vehemence and persistency a large sideboard out in the centre of the Rents by the light of the lamp-post. 'It does a cove good to work, specially when he's summat on his mind,' he said. 'I can't stick indoors now as I used to—when—when *she* was here, you know. I never was a good hand at reading myself, but she could, oncommon; and I liked to see her drawing it all out of a big newspaper. And I can't go to publics, you know; I ain't that sort, so I don't hear the news much now, but I stick to my work.'

'How are you getting on, Nix?' occasionally asked some friendly neighbour of the good man, as he rubbed hard at his mahogany in the open court. But his replies were long in coming, and not always relevant to the inquiry.

'Biled linseed, that's what I always use; with dragon's blood or rose pink, may be, if the wood's very yaller. I puts the French on arterwards. But there's nothink to begin with like biled linseed and lots of elbow-grease.'

He had thought the question had reference to his trade.

And the baby? Well, the baby was doing well, as the phrase is. 'Please give a heye to the younker,' Mr Nix always requested of Mrs Partlett, or some other matron of the Rents with a kindred soul, before he left in the morning to go to his work. And the Rents grew to be very proud of Nix's baby, little Ben; he was so fair and plump, and had, O such open eyes and mouth! and gurgled and gasped, and crowed and choked in a manner very fascinating to mothers. There was quite a struggle who should aid Nix's baby the most. Even little Pat O'Grady the incorrigible—as dirty a little savage as the Rents had ever produced—softened in favour of little Ben, and relinquished his favourite toy, a dead rat rapidly nearing decomposition, to play with Nix's baby. 'Plase, 'm, and mayn't I nurse him?' he petitioned Mrs Partlett. 'No, not till you're clean,' was that stalwart woman's sentence. 'Clane is it?' says Pat; and for the first time in his life he spends half an hour at the pump in an endeavour, praiseworthy though futile, to remove some portion of the griminess that clings to him as a garment, and is amply rewarded for his exertions by Mrs Partlett's permission to carry little Ben two or three times round the Rents. 'Ah, the darlint! and he didn't cry, divil a bit, though he knocked his head agin the lamp-post.'

It was quite clear that Mr Nix never clearly understood his baby; it was always to him a great mystery, over which he spent many and many an hour of cogitation and self-examination, and numberless pipefuls of tobacco. He was greatly proud of it, and intensely fond; but he approached it with a sort of awe, and only a very partial comprehension. He was as a workman contemplating an elaborate piece of machinery, which he only understands sufficiently to marvel at. There it was, wonderful and beautiful; but what did it mean? And Mr Nix put out his hard, work-stained forefinger, and watched it clutched by the pink, plump hands of his child with a strange air of amazement and perplexity. He had evidently never given his mind to babies; they had never been to him objects of study, and he was quite astounded when, one day, his son commenced to articulate sounds something like words, and turned quite pale when, as he entered the Rents after his work, the child quitted Mrs Partlett's skirts, tottered a few paces, and caught hold of his parent's right leg, just in time to save himself from falling. 'There—think of that!' cried Mrs Partlett; 'beginning to walk by hisself. He's felt his feet long since, and not fourteen months old. You may well be proud of him, Mr Nix.' But at that moment I think he was rather frightened than proud. Little Ben had before this crawled all round the Rents on his stomach, barking like a dog; he had extraordinary imitative talent, every one admitted—even the mothers of children of the same age—that was wonderful enough. 'But to see him a-standing up on his hind-legs, going on like a human crittur! oncommon!' quoth Mr Nix, wiping his warm head. 'Well, it *is* a rum world!'

And he was such a good baby! Why, he never thought of crying, not even when Pat O'Grady let him slip down a whole flight of stairs, and his forehead was black and blue with bruises for weeks after; not even when he was teething, and well-intentioned people were always rubbing his gums with hard foreign substances to an extent that would have keenly irritated an adult; not even when there was that dreadful alarm of fire in the Rents. O the excitement that prevailed! two engines besides the parish, and a man in a 'hemblet' walking about the Rents for days after, as though the place belonged to him—thought by the younger inhabitants to be a new order of policeman, though he was in fact a fireman. And when Nix's baby was found by little Pat sitting in the two-pair back, though the room was so full of smoke that one could hardly see, let alone breathing—sitting there as good as gold, sucking his two thumbs like a little king as he was; what joy there was when Nix's baby was known to be safe! Happily, it was in the middle of the day, and Nix was away at his work, and knew nothing of it until all was over, and little Ben fast asleep in the same crib with Mrs Partlett's youngest but two, or I think the poor father would have quite gone out of his mind.

He never fairly recognised the juvenility of his offspring. He had not that power of nonsense, talk, and nursery medley for the amusement of the baby, which I have seen at the command of some fathers. He could not hold it comfortably in his arms, or nurse it properly. He had no notion even of the simple pastimes of 'riding cock-horse' or 'catchee-catchee,' which are quite the rudiments of the art of baby-pleasing. He did once bring home with him as a present for baby a large peg-top, which, though it would have been an acceptable gift to a school-boy, was somewhat ill adapted to an infant in arms, as was discovered when little Ben made desperate endeavours to put out his eyes with the peg, and choke himself by thrusting the top in his mouth. Much angry derision and expostulation from Mrs Partlett resulted from this mistaken, though well-intentioned, effort; and Mr Nix, who had not arrived at the step without much meditation, and had anticipated, and even congratulated himself beforehand upon a well-merited success, suffered acutely from his failure. An endeavour during his Whitsun holidays to introduce his tiny son, not then two years old, to the learned splendours of the National Gallery and British Museum, was attended with no better result. Little Ben, on account of his tender age, was refused admission to those institutions, much to the amazement and indignation of the parent, who was slow either to understand or forgive this slight upon his infant's intelligence.

Mr Nix now began to lay greater stress than he had hitherto done upon the subject of what he called 'edication.' 'I never were a scholard myself, not to speak on—wus luck. He'll soon get beyond me; but I can teach him summat, perhaps.' And he now and then bought a newspaper, to improve himself in his reading, preparatory to imparting instruction to his son. He read, not without exertion and much bending of brows and movement of lips, and occasional turning of the paper many ways, to get at hard words in new lights. It was a great delight to Mr Nix, on fine summer Sunday afternoons, to carry little Ben on his shoulders to the Regent's Park, where they would both sit down on the pleasant green-sward, and the father would read from his well-thumbed newspaper such paragraphs as seemed to be edifying and not too difficult to decipher. Meanwhile, baby put daisies in his mouth, and rolled and tumbled upon the grass, and crowed and chuckled in a state of excitement that seemed to border upon delirium.

'Throw open the Dar-dan-neel-lees, and what will be the attitood of—Rooshia!' so read Mr Nix.

'Boo-oo-gurroo-oo-goo,' broke in little Ben.

His father contemplated him with much seriousness. 'I don't quite understand what he means,' he muttered; 'but I shouldn't wonder but what he is quite right. Children is wonderful things, oncommon. It's a rum world.'

And after much reflection, he resumed the newspaper, and read aloud, for the instruction of his child, with occasional stoppages from unforeseen obstacles in the form of polysyllabic words lying in wait for him here and there, and making sad work of the medical man's evidence, full particulars of what the newspaper called the frightful tragedy in the Commercial Docks; little Ben the while permitting himself to make such comments, in his own peculiar dialect, as seemed good to him, or the circumstances of the case appeared to require, and Mr Nix becoming always interested and respectful and marvelling as usual.

So let the curtain fall, upon a scene, not upon a drama. A lapse of years comes, but I have no further act to bring upon the boards. I have known Nix and Nix's baby for awhile, and then they have passed away from me, just as two trains run parallel for a few minutes, the passengers in each so near they can speak to each other and shake hands, if they list; and then a whistle, and the pointsman at work upon the switch—the route diverge, and the carriages and travellers part company, and see each other but as a speck in the distance, and then no more for ever. Metropolitan improvements, as has been said, have swept away Mobb's Rents, just as a duster cleans off a speck from a mirror. And Nix, where is he? And Nix's baby?—not a baby now, at anyrate. A Guardsman, perhaps, with a white medal on his broad breast, honestly won; an engineer on the G. N. Railway, whirling royal carriages by express train to the north. Alas! I can but guess. I have no real information to give. Yet, I do hope—more, I believe—that, be he where he may, little Ben is a credit to Mr Nix's love, to Mrs Partlett's bringing up, to Pat O'Grady's fidelity, and generally to Mobb's Rents.

MORE PLUMS FROM THE LAND OF CAKES.

He who could write a popular volume upon an almost inexhaustible subject, and refrain from attempting 'a continuation,' would be more than man, and a great deal more than author. If, in addition, one receives, as did the author of *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, congratulatory communications upon his first venture 'from Connecticut, U. S.; from Melbourne, Australia; from the shores of the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia; and [especially] from Oporon, in Hutno, in Poland,' the putting forth of 'a second series' ceases to be a temptation, and becomes a fate. No living dean could resist it, and we very much doubt whether an archbishop would not have succumbed. Moreover, Dean Ramsay really stands in need of no excuse; for, although overwhelmed with voluntary contributions from his fellow-countrymen, which his good-nature has now and then admitted without sufficient winnowing, his present volume[*] contains as good things as did his last.

Surely no minister expressing the public wants in respect of weather was ever more particular in his prayer than he whom our author describes as appealing thus: 'O Lord, we pray thee to send us wind; no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noohin,' soughin,' winnin' wind.' Another divine seems to have been equally exact and specific in his objections to swearing, since in his 'fencing the tables' (that is, prohibiting the approach of those who were unworthy to receive the sacrament) he proclaimed: 'I debar all those who use such minced oaths as Faith, Troth, Losh, Gosh, and Lovanenty!' A third minister, who, if he had been in St Paul's place, would certainly not have healed Eutychus, observed one of his flock asleep during the sermon. '"Jeems Robson," exclaimed he, "ye are sleepin'. I insist on your waukin' when God's word is preached to ye." "Weel, sir, ye may look at your ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me," answered Jeems, pointing to the clergyman's lady in the minister's pew. "Then, Jeems," said the minister, "when ye see my wife asleep again, haud up your hand." By and by the arm was stretched out, and sure enough the fair lady was caught in the act. Her husband solemnly called upon her to stand up and receive the censure due to her offence. He thus addressed her: "Mrs B., a'body kens that when I got ye for my wife, I got nae beauty; yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace, I shall hae a puir bargain indeed."'

The clergy, however, do not form the subject of so many stories in this second series of *Reminiscences* as they did in the first; nor are there so many founded upon intoxication. Yet the following, perhaps, may bear comparison with any in the former volume: 'The old generation of Galloway lairds were a primitive and hospitable race, but their conviviality sometimes led to awkward occurrences. In former days, when roads were bad, and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper-party, with his lady mounted behind him on horseback. On crossing the river Urr, at a ford at a point where it joins the sea, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed till her husband reached his door, when, of course, there was an immediate search made. The party who were despatched in quest of her arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words: "No anither drap; neither het nor cauld."'

There are some admirable, though rather shocking examples of the Scottish matter-of-fact view of death and absence of sentiment, one of which we cannot resist quoting, wherein the coolness and calculation of the reply is so excessive, that the brutality of the speaker is lost sight of. 'An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his dying wife. She took him by the hand. "Weel, John, we're gawin to part. I hae been a guid wife to you, John." "Oh, just middling, just middling, Jenny," said John, not disposed to commit himself. "John," says she, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Stra'von, beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk, in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow." "Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John soothingly, "we'll just pit you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you sine in Stra'von."'

In the above anecdotes, as in the great majority of the collection, it is observable that the speakers have no intention, nor even knowledge, of saying anything humorous, and even that the chief point consists in their ignorance of having done so. Of intentional humour, there are, however, one or two excellent examples, and singularly enough (and to Mr Thackeray's confusion) all occurring in the female sex. The box of an old Scotch lady was not forthcoming at the railway station at which she was to stop. When urged to be patient, she exclaimed: 'I can bear ony pairtings that may be ca'ed for in God's Providence; but I canna stan' pairting frae ma claes.' It is just possible, though scarcely probable, that this may have been the result of pure simplicity; but the speakers in the remaining anecdotes were without doubt genuine humorists. A country minister had been invited with his wife to dine and sleep at the house of a certain laird. Their host was very proud of one of the very large beds which had just come into fashion, and in the morning asked the lady how she had slept in it. 'Oh, very weel, sir; but, indeed, I thought I'd lost the minister a'thegither.'—An old maiden lady at Montrose, during the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, was solicited for a subscription to raise men for the king. 'Indeed,' she answered sturdily, 'I'll dae nae sic thing; I never could raise a man *for mysel*, and I am no gaen to raise men for King George.'—Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hilton (commonly called Soph) entertained somewhat freethinking opinions, and the celebrated Dr Hugh Blair accordingly took an opportunity of having a little serious talk with her. 'The doctor, shocked to find her mind in such an unsettled state on some fundamental points of theology, had dwelt at some length upon the great facts connected with the primeval condition and the Fall. Soph heard it all with much gravity, and then coolly replied: "Weel, weel, doctor, it wud hae been sma' pleasure to me to rin about naked in a garden, eating green apples."'—Never was a reproof to cant better administered than by old 'Mrs Robison (widow of the eminent professor of natural philosophy) to a gentleman whom she had invited to dinner on a particular day—he had accepted, with the reservation, "if I am spared"—"Weel, weel," said Mrs Robison, "if ye're dead, I'll no expect ye."'

Of wit, as distinguished from humour, there are but two really good examples in this volume, and the genuineness of one of those is more than doubtful. 'A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over-feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry: "O doggie, doggie, and div ye live wi' your uncle tae, that ye are so thin!"' We confess that we do not believe in that attenuated and very sharp little boy. The second example is, however, both excellent and authentic. 'A conceited packman called at a farmhouse in the west of Scotland, in order to sell his wares. The guidwife was startled by his southern accent, and his high talk about York, London, and other big places. "An' whaur come *ye* frae yersel?" was the question of the guidwife. "Oh! I am from the Border!" "The Border. Oh! I thocht that; for we aye think the selvidge is the wakest bit o' the wab!"' Is it possible that Douglas Jerrold ever spoke Scotch, or wore petticoats? At all events, the reply was in every way worthy of him, and must be severely felt by the inhabitants of Berwick-upon-Tweed and its environs.

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[*] *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* The Second Series. Edmonston and Douglas.

If it be not an Irishism to say so, we would observe that one of the best portions of these *Reminiscences of Scottish Life* is that which is devoted to Yorkshire. The venerable dean's own youth was passed there, and his account of the manners of that time is deeply interesting. Some curious ancient customs yet lingered in the parish. 'For example, the old habit of bowing to the altar was retained by the rustics on entering church. A copy of the Scriptures was in the vestry *chained* to the desk on which it lay, and where it had evidently been since this mode of introducing the Bible was practised in time of Edward VI. The passing bell was always sounded on notice of the death of a parishioner, and sounded at any hour, night or day, immediately on the event happening. One striking custom prevailed at funerals: the coffin was borne through the village to the churchyard by six or eight bearers of the same age and sex as the deceased. Thus, young maidens in white carried the remains of the girl with whom they had so lately sported; boys took their playfellow and school-companion to the churchyard; the young married woman was borne by matrons; the men of middle-age did the same office for their contemporary cut off in the pride of manhood; and though the aged women did not share in this arrangement, yet the old man was carried to the grave by men whose white locks and feeble steps shewed that they would soon follow their friend and brother. The effect of these processions on a fine summer evening was very striking, especially when, as was often the case, it was preceded by old men, who, bare-headed and with tremulous voices, chanted, as they walked towards the little church, a portion of the ninetieth psalm.'

A practice existed at the proclamation of bans of matrimony which would have generally shocked the rubricians of the present day; immediately after the words, 'This is the first, second, or third time of asking,' the old clerk shouted out: 'God speed them weel.'

'In nothing was the primitive and simple character of the people of this district more remarkable than in the social position of the clergy amongst them. The livings were all small, so that there was no temptation for ecclesiastics of birth and high position in society to come to the locality. The clergy were in many cases clergy only on Sundays, and for Sunday duty; the rest of the week they were like their people. Engaged in agriculture or horse-breeding, they lived with their servants, and were scarcely raised above the position of farmers. To shew the primitive manners of many clergymen, I may mention the case of an usher in my school, who was also curate. He enjoyed the euphonious name of Caleb Longbottom. I recollect his dialect—pure Yorkshire; his coat, a black one only on Sunday, as I suppose he was on week-days wearing out his old blue coat which he had before going into orders. Lord Macaulay has been charged that, in describing the humble social condition of the clergy in the reign of Charles II., he has greatly exaggerated their want of refinement and knowledge of the world. But really, from recollection of my friend Mr Longbottom and others at the time I speak of in the reign of George III., I cannot think he has overdrawn the picture. Suppose this incident at a table in our own time: My uncle lived in what is called in Yorkshire the Hall; and being principal proprietor in the parish, he was, in fact, the squire or great man. The clergy always dined at the hall after evening-service, and I recollect the first day the new curate dined. The awkwardness and shyness of the poor man were striking, even to the eyes of a thoughtless school-boy. He summoned courage to call for beer, and, according to the old custom, deemed it necessary to drink the health of all present before he put the glass to his lips. He addressed first the old gentleman, then the vicar, then myself, and finally, with equal solemnity drank to the servants in attendance—the old butler and the coachman, who were waiting upon the company.'

The ignorance of that time was stupendous. 'There was a most unshaken belief in the existence of *witchcraft* and the power of witches, and one individual in particular was marked as having the power of injuring cattle, and blighting children, and doing many mischievous acts. I can now recall the care with which, in passing this miserable old creature, we school-boys used to put our thumb between the first and second finger, pointing it downwards, as the infallible protection against her evil influences. I do not think this individual so suspected was very anxious to *repel* the impeachment. I recollect an old neighbour telling me that on coming from market she had insinuated the charge against her of having "bad books," and that she did not positively disown it. It gave her a sort of importance, and made her an object of some fear and awe in the village.'

The meagre education given to the poor was imparted so carelessly that they often learned words without any meaning, or put on them a signification which was far from being intended. 'An old woman, who lived quite alone, and was very helpless, had adopted a little girl from the workhouse, and brought her up till she was about sixteen, when she had become a useful helpmate for her in her household concerns, and was to her as a daughter. The child, however, was persuaded to leave the old woman, and was enticed away to be servant in a farmhouse. Some of the neighbours condoling with her, and expressing indignation at the ungrateful conduct of the girl, the poor old woman meekly observed that such things were only to be expected, as we were told in Scripture they *would* happen. She then quoted Scriptural authority to that effect, adding: "You know it is said: 'Train up a child, and away he do go.'"'

The farmers of that period, whose families had been sometimes tenants on the same farm from father to son, and without leases, from the reign of Henry VIII., were by no means examples of the advantages of long descent. Their idol was money, and when they got money, they were purse-proud to an inordinate degree. We cannot close our notice of this most amusing volume better than by a story illustrative of their extravagant pomposity. 'I knew a man who, as a farmer and maltster, had amassed (for him) a good fortune, and who could nevertheless hardly read or write. When he got into quarrels with his neighbours, he used to slap his pocket, and warn his opponent: "You'd better not meddle wi' me;

I be pretty respectablish *here*." Riding home from market one day very tipsy, he fell from his horse, and lay helpless in the ditch; there he was overheard saying: "Here lies ten thousand pound!" But as if he had not done himself justice, and on second thoughts and further consideration, he added: "Why not say eleven?"'

RIVAL EASELS.

THERE have always been factions in art; and while the schools have battled corporately, there have been plenty of single combats amongst individual artists. Pordenone, painting his frescoes in the cloisters of S. Stefano at Venice, with his sword drawn, and buckler at hand, prepared for the violence of Titian, is a sample of the masters who found it necessary to combine the profession of the fine arts with the business of a bravo. Domenico Veniziano was brutally assasinated by Andrea del Castagno; Annibale Caracci, Cesari, and Guido, were driven from Naples, and their lives threatened by Belisario, Spagnoletto, and Caracciolo; Agostino Beltrano, surpassed by his own wife Aniella di Rosa (the niece of a painter of eminence), murdered her in his jealous rage; Michael Angelo was envious of the growing fame of Sebastiano del Piombo; Hudson quarrelled with his pupil Reynolds, who, in his turn, grew uneasy at the progress of his rival Romney. Northcote says: 'Certain it is that Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew in fashion!' Reynolds spoke of him always as 'the man in Cavendish Square,' where he lived, in the house No. 32, afterwards Sir Martin Archer Shee's. Hoppner, on his death-bed, writhed under the polite attentions of Sir Thomas Lawrence. 'In his visits,' said the poor sick man, 'there is more joy at my approaching death than true sympathy for my sorrows.'

The mother of John Hoppner was one of the German attendants at the royal palace. He was born in London, in the summer of 1759. The king took a personal interest in the bringing up and education of the child; who, from his sweet musical voice and correct ear, was in time adorned with the white stole of a chorister of the royal chapel. Of course there were motives attributed in explanation of the king's kindness and benevolence, and the boy himself was in no haste to contradict the slanderers who credited him with royal descent. The world chose to see confirmation of these rumours in the favour subsequently extended to the young man by the Prince of Wales, who supported him actively against such rivals as Lawrence, Owen, and Opie; and brought a stream of the aristocracy to his studio. He entered, as a probationer, the school of the Royal Academy, passing through gradually the various stages of studentship, and emerging at last a candidate for the highest prizes of the institution. He underwent few of the privations of the beginner—few of the struggles of the ordinary student. As soon as he could draw and colour decently, there were patrons for him; almost a 'royal road' was open to him. Mrs Jordan sat now as the Comic Muse, now as Hippolite; a 'lady of quality' appeared as a Bacchante. Then came portraits of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Clarence. He resided in Charles Street, close to Carlton House, and wrote himself 'portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales.' The king and queen were quite willing to favour their son's favourite, especially as they thought, with many other people of the time, that the Prince of Wales, like Visto, 'had a taste.' But soon obstacles seemed to intervene between them and the painter. They had never liked Reynolds. He had always been calm and unembarrassed in their presence—never awed or troubled—and the near-sighted king, looking close into his pictures, had pronounced them 'rough and unfinished.' He preferred the smoothness of West and Ramsay. Hoppner, full of honest admiration for Sir Joshua, did not hesitate to sound his praises even in the unwilling royal ears. This displeased the king very much. The Carlton House court, too, was going on in a way desperately annoying to good 'farmer George,' and Hoppner made himself celebrated there, for he was gay and witty, and high-spirited. The Prince of Wales having joined the Whigs, Hoppner became a zealous politician, and of the party opposed to the king. He could expect nothing from their majesties after that. Certainly he was imprudent. What had a painter to do with politics? He thus diminished the area of his prospects. It became quite impossible for Tory noblemen to sit to a stanch Whig portrait-painter. He might caricature them: and having painted all the Whigs, what was he to do? With a rival in the field, too, by no means to be despised or spoken lightly of.

Thomas Lawrence, the son of a man who had been by turns a solicitor, a poet, and artist, a supervisor of Excise, a farmer and innkeeper, and, of course, a bankrupt, was born at Bristol ten years later than Hoppner. He was the youngest of sixteen children; an infant prodigy, on a chair reciting poetry, when four years old; a little later, and he begins to draw. 'He can take your likeness, or repeat you any speech in Milton's *Pandemonium*,' says the father, landlord of the Bear Inn, posting-house, Devizes, 'although he is only five years old.' And at this age he produced a striking likeness of Mr, afterwards Lord, Kenyon. At seven, the portrait of the prodigy was taken and engraved by Mr Sherwin the artist. At eight, it seems his education was finished. Perhaps he was wanted at the inn, for the readings of the child attracted crowds of visitors from Bath. He recited at various times before Garrick, Wilkes, Sheridan, Burke, Johnson, and others. All were charmed with the boy. He was splendidly handsome, with long redundant dark curls that tumbled over and hid his face when he stooped to draw. He longed to go on the stage, as much that he might at once assist his family as for any other reason, but he was overruled. In 1785, he received a medal from the Society of Arts for his crayon drawing of Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' In 1787, being then eighteen, he exhibited seven pictures at the Royal Academy. He painted his own portrait, and wrote of it to his mother: 'To any but my own family, I certainly should not say this; but, excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of the head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London.' It was broadly painted, three-quarters size, with a Rembrandtish effect, as Sir Joshua detected when the canvas was shewn to him. 'You have been looking at the old masters; take my advice, and study nature.' He dismissed the young artist with marked kindness however. In 1789, Sir Martin Archer Shee wrote of him, as 'a genteel, handsome young man, effeminate in his manner;' adding, 'he is wonderfully laborious, and has the most uncommon patience and perseverance.' About this time he painted the Princess Amelia, and Miss Farren the actress, afterwards Countess of Derby, 'in a white satin cloak and muff;' and whole-length portraits of the king and queen, to be taken out by Lord Macartney as presents to the emperor of China. In 1791, after one defeat, he was admitted an associate of the Royal Academy by a suspension of the law against the admission of an associate under the age of twenty-four. He was opposed by many of the academicians, and virulently attacked by Peter Pindar. In 1792, he attended the funeral of Sir Joshua in St Paul's Cathedral, when Mr Burke attempted to thank the members of the academy for the respect shewn to the remains of their president, but overcome by his emotions, was unable to utter a word. In 1795, Mr Lawrence was elected a member of the academy, having previously succeeded Sir Joshua as painter in ordinary to the king—Benjamin West being elected to the presidential chair. Add to his unquestionable art-abilities, that he was courtly in manner, an accomplished fencer and dancer, with a graceful figure and a handsome face; that he possessed an exquisitely modulated voice; and large, lustrous expressive eyes—the light in which seemed to be always kindling and brilliant.

Byron did not criticise leniently his contemporaries, but he records in his diary:—'The same evening I met Lawrence the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters play on the harp so modestly and ingenuously, that she looked music. I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence, who talked delightfully, and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together. The only pleasure of fame is, that it paves the way to pleasure, and the more intellectual the better for the pleasure and us too.' It will be seen that the 'portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales' had no mean opponent in the 'portrait-painter in ordinary to his majesty.'

The factions of Reynolds and Romney lived again in the rivalry of Hoppner and Lawrence. The painters appeared to be well matched. Hoppner had the advantage of a start of ten years, though this was nearly balanced by the very early age at which Lawrence obtained many of his successes. Hoppner was also a handsome man, of refined address and polished manner; he, too, possessed great conversational powers, while in the matter of wit and humour he was probably in advance of his antagonist. He was well-read—'one of the best informed painters of his time,' Mr Cunningham informs us—frank, outspoken, open-hearted, gay, and whimsical. He had all the qualifications for a social success, and was not without some of those Corinthian characteristics which were indispensable in a man of fashion, from the Prince of Wales's point of view. With Edridge, the associate miniature-painter, and two other artists, he was once at a fair in the country where strong-ale was abounding, and much fun, and drollery, and din. Hoppner turned to his friends. 'You have always seen me,' he said, 'in good company, and playing the courtier, and taken me, I daresay, for a deuced well-bred fellow, and genteel withal. All a mistake. I love low company, and am a bit of a ready-made blackguard.' He pulls up his collar, twitches his neckcloth, sets his hat awry, and with a mad humorous look in his eyes, is soon in the thickest of the crowd of rustic revellers. He jests, gambols, dances, soon to quarrel and fight. He roughly handles a brawny wagoner, a practised boxer, in a regular scientific set-to; gives his defeated antagonist half a guinea, rearranges his toilet, and retires with his friends amidst the cheers of the crowd. It is quite a Tom-and-Jerry scene. Gentlemen delighted to fight coal-heavers in those days. Somehow we always hear of the gentlemen being victorious; perhaps if the coal-heavers could tell the story, it would sometimes have a different *dénouement*. Unfortunately for Hoppner, he had to use his fingers, not his fists, against Lawrence—to paint him down, not fight him.

He was a skilful artist, working with an eye to Sir Joshua's manner, and following him oftentimes into error as well as into truth and beauty. Ridiculing the loose touches of Lawrence, he was frequently as faulty, without ever reaching the real fascination of his rival's style. He had not the Lawrence sense of expression and charm; he could not give to his heads the vivacity and flutter, the brilliance and witchery, of Sir Thomas's portraits. They both took up Reynolds's theory about it being 'a vulgar error to make things too like themselves,' as though it were possible to paint too truthfully. And painting people of fashion, they had to paint—especially in their earlier days—strange fashions; and an extravagant, and fantastic, and meretricious air clings as a consequence to many of their pictures; for the Prince of Wales had then a grand head of hair (his own hair), which he delighted to pomatum and powder and frizzle; and, of course, the gentlemen of the day followed the mode; and then the folds and folds of white muslin that swathed the chins and necks of the sitters; and the coats, with fanciful collars and lappels; and the waistcoats, many-topped and many-hued, winding about in tortuous lines. It is not to be much marvelled at that such items of costume as Cumberland corsets, Petersham trousers, Brummel cravats, Osbaldeston ties, and exquisite's crops, should be only sketchily rendered in paint. Of course, Mr Opie, who went in for thorough John Bullism in art, who laid on his pigments steadily with a trowel, and produced portraits of ladies like washerwomen, and gentlemen like Wapping publicans—of course, unsentimental, unfashionable Mr Opie denounced the degeneracy of his competitor's style. 'Lawrence makes coxcombs of his sitters, and they make a coxcomb of him.' Still 'the quality' flocked to the studios of Messrs Hoppner and Lawrence, and the rival easels were always adorned with the most fashionable faces of the day.

For a time the rivalry was continued in a spirit of much moderation. The painters were calm and forbearing, and scrupulously courteous to each other. Lawrence was too gentle and polite ever to breathe a word against his antagonist, if, indeed, he did not respect his talents too highly to disparage them. Perhaps he was conscious that victory would be his in the end, as Hoppner might also have a presentiment that he was to be defeated. He was of a quick temper; was a husband and a father; entirely dependent on his own exertions, though he could earn five thousand a year easily when fully employed; but certainly the innkeeper's son was stealing away his sitters, even his good friends the Whigs. He chafed under this. He began to speak out. He denounced Lawrence's prudent abstinence from all political feeling as downright hypocrisy. He thought it cowardice to side with neither faction, and be ready and willing to paint the faces of both; and then he commenced to talk disrespectfully of his rival's art. He claimed for his own portraits greater purity of look and style. 'The ladies of Lawrence,' he said, 'shew a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral as well as professional chastity.' This was purposed to be a terrible blow to Lawrence. Of course there were plenty of repetitions of the remark, and people laughed over it a good deal; but in the end it injured Hoppner rather than Lawrence. The world began to wonder how it was that the painter to the purest court in Europe should depict the demure and reputable ladies of St James's with such glittering eyes and carmine lips—a *soupçon* of wantonness in their glances, and a rather needless undraping of their beautiful shoulders; while the painter to the prince was bestowing on the giddy angels of Carlton House a decency that was within a little of dull, a simplicity that was almost sombreness, a purity that was prudery. The beauties of George III.'s court were not displeased to be pictorially credited with a levity they did not dare to live up or down to; and the ladies of the prince's court, too honest to assume a virtue they had not, now hastened to be represented by an artist who appeared so admirably to comprehend their allurements. Poor Mr Hoppner was deserted by the Whig ladies; he had only now the Whig lords to paint, unless he took up with landscape art, for which he had decided talent, as many of the backgrounds to his pictures demonstrate. He grew peevish and irritable. He took to abusing the old masters, and cried out at the neglect of living men. Examining a modern work, he would say: 'Ay, it's a noble picture, but it has one damning defect—it's a thing of *to-day.* Prove it to be but two hundred years old, and from the brush of a famous man, and here's two thousand guineas for it.' Northcote tells of him: 'I once went with him to the hustings, to vote for Horne Tooke, and when they asked me what I was, I said, " A painter." At this Hoppner was very mad all the way home, and said I should have called myself a portrait-painter. I replied that the world had no time to trouble their heads about such distinctions.'

Hoppner now produced but few pictures, and these met with small success. He looked thin and haggard, talked incoherently, with occasional bitter repinings and despondency. He resented and misinterpreted, as has been shewn, Lawrence's inquiries as to his health. Certainly, there is every appearance of feeling in Lawrence's letter, where he writes to a friend, 'You will be sorry to hear it. My most powerful competitor, he whom only to my friends I have acknowledged as my rival, is, I fear, sinking to the grave. I mean, of course, Hoppner. He was always afflicted with bilious and liver complaints (and to these must be greatly attributed the irritation of his mind), and now they have ended in a confirmed dropsy. But though I think he cannot recover, I do not wish that his last illness should be so reported by me. You will believe that I can sincerely feel the loss of a brother-artist from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race these eighteen years.' Hoppner died early in April 1810, in the fifty-first year of his age. To quote Lawrence's letters again: 'The death of Hoppner leaves me, it is true, without a rival, and this has been acknowledged to me by the ablest of my present competitors; but I already find one small misfortune attending it—namely, that I have no sharer in the watchful jealousy, I will not say hatred, that follows the situation.' A son of Hoppner's was consul at Venice, and a friend of Lord Byron's in 1819.

For twenty years Lawrence reigned alone. After the final defeat of Napoleon, the artist was commissioned by the regent to attend the congress of sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle, and produce portraits of the principal persons engaged in the great war. These European portraits—twenty-four in number—now decorate the Waterloo Hall at Windsor. In 1815, he was knighted by the regent; on the death of West, in 1820, he was elected to the presidentship of the academy. 'Well, well,' said Fuseli, who growled at everything and everybody, but was yet a friend to Lawrence, 'since *they must* have a face-painter to reign over them, let them take Lawrence; he can at least paint eyes!' In 1829, he exhibited eight portraits; but his health was beginning to decline. He died on the 7th June 1830. He had been painting, on the previous day, another portrait of George IV. in his coronation-dress.

'Are you not tired of those eternal robes?' asked some one.

'No,' answered the painter; 'I always find variety in them—the pictures are alike in outline, never in detail. You would find the last the best.'

In the night he was taken alarmingly ill; he was bled, and then seemed better; but the bandage slipped, he fell off his chair into the arms of his valet, Jean Duta.

'This is fainting,' said the valet, alarmed.

'No, Jean, my good-fellow,' said Sir Thomas Lawrence, politely correcting him, 'it is dying;' and he breathed his last.

His remains were interred in St Paul's Cathedral, near the coffins of his predecessors—the presidents Reynolds and West. 'Since the days of Nelson,' said Etty, who followed the hearse, 'there has not been so marked a funeral.'

The estate of the dead man was only just equal to the demands upon it. His popularity ought to have brought him wealth, but, strange to say, he was always embarrassed. Yet he did not gamble, was never dissipated, never viciously extravagant; but he kept no accounts, was prodigal in kindness to his brother-artists, and in responding to the many appeals to his charity. Perhaps, too, he rather affected an aristocratic indifference to money. He spent much time in gratuitous drawing and painting for presents to his friends. It is probable that his death was hastened by his incessant work, to meet the demands made upon him for money. Washington Irving saw him a few days before his death, and relates that 'he seemed uneasy and restless, his eyes were wandering, he was as pale as marble, the stamp of death seemed on him. He told me he felt ill, but he wished to bear himself up.' In one of his letters the painter wrote: 'I am chained to the oar, but painting was never less inviting to me—business never more oppressive to me than at this moment.' Still he could play his courtier part in society, and was always graceful and winning. Haydon, who never loved a portrait-painter much, yet says of Lawrence, that he was 'amiable, kind, generous, and forgiving.' Further on he adds: 'He had smiled so often and so long, that at last his smile had the appearance of being set in enamel.' But then Mr Haydon prided himself on his coarseness, defiance, and hatred of conventionality, deeming these fitting attributes of the high artist.

It is only as a portrait-painter that Sir Thomas can now be esteemed. His attempts in another line of art were few and not successful. His 'Homer reciting his Poems' was chiefly remarkable for its resemblance to Mr Westall's manner, and for containing a well-drawn figure of Jackson the pugilist. Of his 'Satan calling up the Legions,' Anthony Pasquin cruelly wrote: that 'it conveyed an idea of a mad German sugar-baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle.' Over an attempt at a Prospero and Miranda, he subsequently painted on the same canvas a portrait of Kemble as Rolla.

And was he a male coquette? 'No,' answers a lady—and it is a question that requires a lady's answer—'he had no plan of conquest. . . . . But it cannot be too strongly stated, that his manners were likely to mislead without his intending it. He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a *billet-doux.* The very commonest conversation was held in that soft low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest which are so unusual, and so calculated to please. I am myself persuaded that he never intentionally gave pain.'

Perhaps he was not capable of very deep feeling, and liked to test the effects of his fine eyes. He wooed the two daughters of Mrs Siddons, never being quite clear in his own mind which he really loved. He tired of the one, and was dismissed by the other, or so rumour told the story; however, his friendly relations with the family do not appear to have ceased. One of the sisters died. 'From the day of her death to that of his own,' writes a biographer, 'he wore mourning, and always used black sealing-wax. Uncontrollable fits of melancholy came over him, and he mentioned not her name but to his most confidential friend, and then always with tenderness and respect.' It would have been more desirable, perhaps, that he should have exhibited a little more feeling during the lifetime of the lady; but perhaps marriage was not in the programme of the courtly rival of Hoppner, of the painter 'that began where Reynolds left off,' as the sinking Sir Joshua is reported to have declared of him.

PATRONYMICS.

Nobody, I should think, would go so far as to deny that a surname, as a mere matter of convenience, is a thing of some importance. It is useful to put at the end of your note of invitation; it serves to fix your individuality when it is printed in connection with your address upon your card; it expresses your nominal relation to the worldly society in which you live; it assists testators in their laudable endeavours to designate you accurately as the heir to a legacy; it is serviceable in the newspaper to apprise all whom it may concern to know who it is that is born, married, or defunct; and it adds an exquisite finish to the little plate upon your coffin. How people managed to get on so long without surnames, it is difficult to conceive; but it is not the less true, that up to the time of the Norman Conquest very few persons indeed in Great Britain and Ireland could boast of a surname. The Hatts could, as appears from a document in the Cottonian Manuscripts, the date of which is earlier than 1066; but the Hatts were probably an eccentric family. At any rate, their surname is unique in point of antiquity, and is pronounced by a competent authority 'to be the oldest hereditary surname we have on record.'

The derivation of surname has been disputed: some authorities would have it spelled sirname, as being from *sire;* others derive it from *surnom*, or *supernomen*. In either case, it may be termed a patronymic, either from its being a mere modification of the father's name, as Johnson, or from its being the actual name which was bestowed upon the father for the sake of distinction, as Longshanks. Patronymics of the former kind have been common since the time of Homer, as every school-boy knows to his cost, for they are somewhat difficult of declension; nevertheless, they were of great use as giving a Grecian warrior an opportunity of informing a Trojan warrior 'of what father he boasted to be the son,' and *vice versâ*, and of thus prolonging the actual moment of strife until some god or goddess should come to the rescue; just as now-a-days one may hear two street-boys maintaining an animated dialogue upon the question, 'Who are you a kickin' of?' until the arrival of a policeman. But the latter kind of patronymics is the more curious and interesting, offering to the speculative mind a vast field of conjecture as to their probable origin, and as to acquiescence in, or dissent from, their surnames on the part of the first possessors; for, as Thomas Hood remarked:

> A name—if the party had a voice,
> What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
> As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
> Or any such nauseous blazon?
> Not to mention many a vulgar name,
> Which would make a door-plate blush for shame,
> If door-plates were not so brazen!

Local surnames are, of course, very numerous, but rather insipid. It is not particularly diverting to know that the forefathers of the no doubt highly respectable families of Attree, Atthill, and Attwood lived near a tree, a hill, and a wood respectively; but one does feel a little curious to learn how Mr Rose came by his name. We are all aware that a young girl is likened, especially by love-smitten poets, to that elegant flower: 'My love is like a red, red rose,' is familiar to all of us; but how, except on ironical principles, that appellation came to be bestowed upon a person of the masculine gender, very likely of hirsute appearance, and not improbably of a yellowish complexion, it is by no means easy to pronounce. An explanation has been hazarded, to the effect that the name was probably given when the bearer was a child with a bloom on his cheek; but this explanation, approximating to the sensible and the highly probable, is very properly considered unworthy of notice. Ale, Beer, Porter, and Stout, too, are four names which, when appearing in company, more than when alone, are eminently suggestive: a rash person would conclude that they were in some not very remote way connected with malt and hops, perpetual thirst, and occasional intemperance; but nothing would be further from the truth. That person is hereby informed that Ale is a corruption of Earle, that Beer was so called from a place on the banks of the river Tamar; that Porter the first was a keeper of a door, and owed his surname to the Latin *porta;* and that Stout was a very valiant and courageous man, whose moral qualities won him his name. Brandy, every wiseacre will say, carries its explanation along with it: the person who was first called Brandy was much given to alcoholic drink, had a fiery face, and a nose like Bardolph's. Nothing of the sort. Brandy the first might have been a disciple of nephalism, for all the evidence there is to the contrary, seeing that the proper orthography gives us Brandi, signifying, in Scandinavian, 'one having a brand or sword.' Bruin may at first sight seem to be the same thing as Bear; but however correctly it may be assumed that the original Mr Bear was a person of savage exterior, and of general barbarity, it is by no means safe or charitable to make the same assumption with respect to Mr Bruin, who most likely was guilty of nothing more barbarous than a dark complexion. Persons of the name of Bruin, it may be observed in passing, should be careful of their spelling, else they may fall victims to the scorner; for a beer-shop keeper, whose name was Bruin, had the misfortune to write upon a board, announcing the liquor with which he was anxious to supply the public, 'Tabel Bear;' whereupon a jeering neighbour chalked underneath, 'His own Bruin,' to his lasting discomfort.

Mr Chew would have some ground for complaint, should it be urged that the protogenitor of his family was distinguished for superhuman powers of mastication: the molars of that worthy person had no more to do with his name, in all likelihood, than with that of the family of Grinders (journeymen millers), for there is a parish of Chew in Somerset, and a village of Cheux in Normandy, after either of which he might have been surnamed. Nor let the Coffins conceive that they are bound to assume a lugubrious air, as being descendants of a funereal ancestor: their name is a corruption, most likely, of Colvin, who held his lands in Devon under Edward the Confessor. The Collarbones might suppose that the first of their name was strongly developed in the base of the neck; but let them dismiss the idea at once from their minds, and fall back upon Collingbourne, in the county of Wilts. Would the Colletts believe they were in any way connected with St Nicholas? It matters little what they believe; there is evidence to shew they are; that the name Colette was originally given as a mark of veneration for the saint, and that it is equivalent to petit Nichole. The Cranstouns deserve mention, not so much on account of their name, which is due to a parish of Edinburghshire, as for their touchingly unselfish motto: 'Thou shalt want ere I want;' only to be surpassed in magnanimity by the 'Thank God, I've had a good dinner, and I don't care who hasn't!' ejaculated, by way of grace after meat, by a pious old dame of Sussex.

The Demons may rescue themselves from all suspicion of an infernal origin by these hypotheses, according to their fancy, either that Demon the first played the devil in a miracle-play, or that he was a dee-mon—that is, day-labourer—or that he came from amongst the Du Monts of France. Dickens may be taken to be a contraction of Devilkins, the diminutive from devil; or more pleasantly, perhaps, from the familiar abbreviation of Richard, as it occurs in

> Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

The first Drake was not, it is said, a feathered biped, but derived his name from the A. S. *draca* = dragon, upon an armorial shield. Drinkwater is a very interesting name, hinting, as it seems to do, that teetotalism is by no means a modern vice or virtue, in England, as Boileau and Bevelacqua prove for France and Italy; but it shews, at the same time, that Rechabism was regarded as a peculiarity: moreover, it is suggested, with some degree of probability, that the word is a corruption of Derwentwater. Dyer needs no explanation, but is noticeable as having equivalents in French and Italian—Teinturier in the former, Tintoretto in the latter. Edwards may hold up his head; his name occupies in the list of the registrar-general the twenty-fifth place for frequency, and, notwithstanding, he may possibly be descended from Roderick the Great, king of all Wales in 843, according to Mr Lower. Let Evans learn, to his chagrin, that he is only Johnson in Welsh, for Evans means son of Evan—that is, John. Of Eve it may be observed, that it is no longer a name applied to the mother of all living, but that a father of a small family rejoices in the appellation; and that, not content with thus departing from appropriateness, his parents, in defiance of compatibility, had him epicenely christened Adam. Faber the first was probably the victim of a wag acquainted with Latin, and his occupation was that of a 'wright.' Fairfax had fair *feax* or hair. Fairmanners must not pride himself upon the irreproachable manners of his ancestry, but be content to know that his name is a translation, misspelt, of the French *Beaumanoirs*. Fauntleroy is ingeniously derived from a war-cry, *Defendez le roi!* the first syllable having been gradually dropped.

Fist has no reference to boxing, or the preparation for that art, but, on the contrary, comes from *feist*—that is, fat—a state of body to be avoided in personal encounters with 'the weapons of nature.' Gabb is not an uncommon name, if an unpleasant: it may have reference to free exercise of the tongue, but it may also be a diminutive of Gabriel, as may also Gaby, reflections upon the mental capacity of the first bearer of the latter name being thus avoided. Gent may laugh to scorn all imputations upon the dress and manners of his protogenitor, on these grounds: first, that the person for whom 'pants' and 'vests' are fabricated, and whose hat is always on one side, is an excrescence of very modern growth; second, that gent in A. N. means neat, pretty, gallant, courteous, noble; third, that the name very likely owes its origin to Ghent in Flanders. Gubbins is an elegant appellation: it has two chances of derivation at least; one from the old Norman Gobion, the other from the French *gobin*, a hunchback. Gubbins will probably adhere to the former. A very singular origin is assigned to Guthrie, well known to readers of Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, wherein a poor fisherwoman politely offered to 'gut three' fishes for a king of Scotland, who, in the extremities of hunger, had modestly requested her to 'gut one to him,' and who, charmed with her ready hospitality, gratefully bestowed upon her family the surname Gutthree.

Higginbottom, whose 'fireman's soul was all on fire,' might have traced his surname to Jokenbaum—that is, oak-tree; or to a combination of *hickin*—that is, mountain-ash—with *bottom*—that is, valley; or to Hoogenboom—that is, high tree; but there is nothing in the poem wherein his heroism is immortalised to guide one as to which explanation was most to his taste. Human the first, appears to have been a 'ewe-man' (or keeper of ewes, as Tupman was a keeper of rams), with high aspirations, exhibited chiefly in his pronunciation. Hunkes is a derivative from Humphrey, on the same principle as Wilkes from William, and Jenks from John. Kinchin is a queer name; Mr Ferguson derives it, however, from A. S. *cynekin*—that is, royal offspring; but Mr Lower, by way, perhaps, of shewing how extremes meet, from a 'slang' word meaning 'a young thief:' but the German *kindchen* seems a ready derivation. Lavender, it is asserted, has nothing whatever to do with sweetness, corporeal or otherwise, but is attributed to the French *lavendier* —that is, washerman. Lover has a very romantic appearance, but unsentimental persons ascribe the origin of the name to Louviers, anciently written Louver, a town of Normandy. The Moneys need not necessarily suppose that their ancestors were possessors of fabulous wealth; there is a place called Monnay in Normandy from which their surname may have come to them. The Moons are not in any way related to the lunar planet, but are of the same origin with the Mohuns, just as the Boons with the Bohuns. The Nashes have a very curious origin assigned to their name: 'a man dwelling by an ash-tree would be called Aten Ash or Atten Ash;' and thus by dropping the first syllable, Nash would be obtained. By a similar process would be obtained Noakes, &c. One would stretch a point to find a noble origin for Nelson, but the most willing spirit can discover nothing better than Nigelson or Nicholson—that is, son of Nigel or Nichol, or a corruption of Neilson—that is, son of Neil. Ogle has nothing to do with optics, but is derived from the lordship of Oggil, in the county of Northumberland. Oliphant may come either from A. N. *olifaunt*—that is, elephant—or A. S. *olfend*—that is, camel; in either case, the first possessor of the name was evidently a person of huge dimensions, and was probably provided by nature with a proboscis or a hump. Orson should be aspirated, to give a correct notion of its etymology: it is believed to have been bestowed, in the first instance, in a spirit more truthful than kindly, upon a foundling. Paget is said to be a diminutive of Page, which explains itself. Pardew the first had apparently contracted a bad habit of profane swearing; and his favourite oath, *par Dieu*, became his surname; just as Bigod or Bigot, that of another gentleman who did not wrap up his oaths in a foreign language. Parry is Ap-Harry. Paternoster has a singular origin; the first bearer of the name having held lands by the service of saying the Lord's Prayer, or Pater Noster, five times a day for the souls of a certain king's ancestors. Pigot or Pigott is derived by Camden from *picoté* —that is, pitted with small-pox; howbeit, Picot was an ancient personal name. Pippin is nothing less than the illustrious French Pepin. Plantagenet has been long known to be derived from *planta genista* (broom-plant). Pocock is Peacock, and Powell is Ap-Howel. Price is not significative of value, but corrupted from Ap-Rhys. Pullinger is said to be a corruption of Boulanger (baker). Quaintance is a singular name, originally, of course, Acquaintance, a name bestowed on the same principle as Friend, Neighbour, &c.

Reach, a Scottish family name, is likely to mislead the unwary: it should be pronounced as two syllables with *ch* hard or guttural. Reasons have no reason to be proud of their protogenitor's mental qualities; the surname is said to be a corruption of Reeves' son. Reed is red; Ritchie is a corruption of Richard, and Rixon of Richard's son. Rum does not come from Jamaica, but, says Mr Ferguson, from O. Norse *rumr*, a giant; whence the phrase, a 'rum customer.' Sampson the first was not a Jew or a giant, but a simple son of Sam. Scudamore is a very romantic Norman name from the O. Fr. *escu d'amour* (shield of love). Talboys would suggest great height at an early age, but that idea must be relinquished in favour of *taille-*

bois, and wood-cutting, either as a feat of strength, or an occupation. Tomkins can look for no higher origin than a diminutive from the short form of Thomas; as the illustrious Villikins or Wilkins, from the short form of William. Wynyard appears to be Vineyard, pronounced by some one having a feud with the letter *v*; and Young of course originated in the same way as Neander, Le Jeune, &c.

It is gratifying to know that the prolific family of Smith still holds its own: one person in every 73, in fact, is a Smith, whilst it is strongly suspected that the Whites and Blacks are Smiths under false colours. The Joneses, however, come on very creditably, and have actually, in certain years, outnumbered the Smiths: one person in 76 is a Jones. This is the proper opportunity for remarking that our friends Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, should, if reference is had to the commonness of their names, have their order changed, and become Smith, Jones, Brown, and Robinson. Not that Brown is by any means the name most common after Jones, or Robinson after Brown, according to the registrar-general's Report for 1856: for Williams has put on a spirit, and come up next to Jones; after Williams comes Taylor; after Taylor, Davies; then the memorable Brown; then Thomas; then Evans, 'the child of the ford;' then Roberts; then Johnson; and then, eleventh in order, Robinson. One person in 148 in England and Wales is by birth a Taylor; and one in 434, at least in name, a King.

THE SONGS OF SERVIA.

Mr Owen Meredith has fallen among reviewers with a vengeance. One strips him of his plot, another of his ideas, a third of his sources of information. 'This is not thine,' say they, 'nor this, nor this. There is nothing that in reality belongs to thee, except thy rhymes and thine audacity.' Madame Dudevant, they aver, supplied the whole of his *Lucille*: scenery and characters, chapter and verse (save that *she* wrote the story in French prose), all were Georges Sand's, until Mr Meredith's Pegasus swooped down upon it, and appropriated it for a poem. That this prince of plagiarists may have made some written apology to the lady is like enough (it is whispered she shoots with the pistol), but acknowledgment in printer's ink made he none.

His *Songs of Servia*[*] have of late been just as cruelly dissected, and what is worse, 'compared'—for the comparative anatomy of literature is distressing to the living subject. The contents of this volume, 'gathered on their native soil, amid the solitudes of the Carpathians, and along the shores of the Danube,' it is more than hinted by the tremendous *Saturday Reviler* were collected in Paris. M. Dozon—to whose 'able and interesting little work' a passing allusion is made in Mr Meredith's preface—happens to have explored the said solitudes and shores before that gentleman, and to have published the result of his explorations. They were both smitten with the laudable desire of introducing the Servian muse to the western world, but M. Dozon was smitten first. In a word, if Mr Owen Meredith had never learned French—or at least been no better acquainted with that language than he is said to be with Servian—his poetical works would perhaps be less voluminous, but certainly more original. Now, we have most of us taken a purse upon Gadshill, or elsewhere, once or twice during our literary existence, but to make larceny, even from the French, the *rule* of one's life as an author, is surely reprehensible. In Mr Owen Meredith, too (and rightly is he called Owen, since he borrows so largely), who notoriously writes under a *nom de plume*, this conduct is the less excusable, for, in his rage for plagiarism, he has adopted the title of another writer, and this continual calling out of 'Stop thief,' in connection with his own name, cannot but make Mr *George* Meredith feel rather uncomfortable.

Rebuke having been thus righteously administered, we gladly proceed to the more pleasant office of criticism—that of eulogy. Notwithstanding, then, our author's obligations to the French, and to Mr Browning—in whose school he is by far the most promising scholar—he has plenty of natural talent and excessive adaptability of mind. This last gift, we do not doubt, has been mainly the cause of his divergence from the legitimate road—of his trespassing in other folk's meadows and parterres—just as litheness of limb and nimble fingers too often tempt the Whitechapel into pocket-picking. He is keen to catch not only the meaning, however hidden and subtle, of a writer—'through wordy snares to track Suggestion to her inmost cell'—but his very spirit. This faculty especially qualifies Mr Meredith for the work of translation; and his *Songs of Servia* are a pleasing proof of what he can do, even with somewhat barren materials. It must be premised that, whatever help he may have got from M. Dozon, our author has really been, in the flesh, to Servia, and heard the songs, with his own ears, in the original, which he may have been previously acquainted with in French.

It is but a very few years ago since the Servian pesmas were first reduced to writing, and rescued from the state of oral tradition in which they have existed for ages. 'Like the Greek rhapsodies, they are composed and sung about the land, from village to village, by blind beggars. The poets of Servia are the blind; and surely there is something touching in this common consecration of the imaginary world as an hereditary possession to those from whose sense this visible world is darkened. The traveller, or the huntsman, reposing from the chase in some wild wayside *méhana*, or tavern (a mere mud-cabin on the windy mountain-side, and generally near a mountain spring), as, followed by his dogs, he seats himself upon the bench by the ingle, may yet see, amid a group of eager, weather-beaten faces, the blind bard, with his hollow, wooden *gouslé*, covered with sheepskin, and traversed by a single string. This instrument is placed upon the knee, and played like a violoncello. First, a series of long wailing notes commands the attention of the audience; then a pause, through which you hear the harsh grating of the *gouslé* string; and then forth roll the long monotonous verses of the pesma.'

These pesmas are either heroic, relating to events and characters connected with the history of Servia; or domestic, of an erotic or fantastic character. Most of the former abound in atrocities which would be sickening to an English reader, and of which our author was able to select only a single presentable specimen, that which relates to the battle of Kossovo, an event which was to the Serbs what the battle of Hastings was to the Saxons. The Turkish sultan, Amurath I., destroyed Lazarus, the last Servian Tzar, with all his army (15th June 1389), at Kossovo, and from that fatal day Servia ceased to be a nation.

Ivan Kossantchitch, my pobratime,[*]
What of the Turk? How deem ye of him?
Is he strong, is he many, is he near?
Our battle, say! may we shew him?
May we hope to overthrow him?
What news of him bringest thou here?

And Ivan Kossantchitch replied:
'Milosch Obílitch, my brother dear,
I have looked on the Turk in his pride.
He is strong, he is many, he is near,
His tents are on every side.

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[*] *Serbski Pesme; or, National Songs of Servia.* By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall.

[*] The word *pobratime* (from *brat*, brother) denotes a relationship (independent of blood or kindred) between persons of the same sex, which is peculiar to the Serbs; a connection so close as to be incompatible with marriage between the one pobratime and the sister of the other.

Were we all of us hewn into morsels, and salted,
Hardly, I think, should we salt him his meat.
Two whole days have I journeyed, nor halted,
Toward the Turk, near the Turk, round him, and never
Could I number his numbers, or measure his end.
From Eràble to Sazlia, brother, my feet
Have wandered; from Sazlia round by the river,
Where the river comes round to the bridge with a bend;
And over the bridge to the town of Zvétchan;
From Zvétchan to Tchéchan, and further, and ever
Further, and over the mountains, wherever
Foot may fall, or eye may scan,
I saw nought but the Mussulman.

'Eastward and westward, and southward and nor'ward,
Scaling the hillside, and scathing the gorse,
Horseman to horseman, and horse against horse;
Lances like forests when forests are black;
Standards like clouds flying backward and forward,
White tents like snowdrifts piled up at the back.
The rain may, in torrents, fall down out of heaven,
But never the earth will it reach:[*]
Nothing but horsemen, nothing but horses,
Thick as the sands which the wild river courses
Leave, after tempest, in heaps on the beach.
Murad, for pasture, hath given
To his horsemen the plain of Mazguite.
Lances a-ripple all over the land,
Tost like the bearded and billowy wheat
By the winds of the mountain driven
Under the mountain slab.
Murad looks down in command
Over Sitnitza and Lab.'

'Answer me, Ivan, answer ye me,
Where may the tent of Murad be?
His milk-white tent, may one see it afar
O'er the plain, from the mountain, or out of the wood?
For I have sworn to the Prince Lazar
A solemn vow upon Holy Rood,
To bring him the head of the Turkish Tzar,
And set my feet in his infidel blood.'

'Art mad, my pobratime, art mad?
Where may the tent be, the tent of Murad?
In the midst of a million eyes and ears:
In the midst of a million swords and spears,
In the heart of the camp of the Turk.
Fatal thy vow is, and wild is the work;
For hadst thou the wings of the falcon, to fly
Fleeter than lightning, along the deep sky,
The wings of the falcon, though fleet be they,
Would never bear thee thy body away.'

And Milosch abjured him: 'O Ivan, my brother,
(Though not by the blood, yet more dear than all other),
See thou say nothing of this to our lord,
Lest ye sorrow his heart; and say never a word,
Lest our friends be afflicted, and fail. But thou
Shalt rather answer to who would know,
And boldly aver to the Tzar:
"The Turk is many, but more are we,
And easy and light is the victory:
For he is not an army of men of war,
But a rabble rather
Of rascals that gather
To the promise of plunder from places afar;
Priests and pedlers,
Jugglers and fiddlers,
Dancers and drummers,
Varlets and mummers,
Boys and buffoons—all craven loons
That never in burly of battle have bled,
Never have combated sword in hand;
They are only come, the beggars, for bread,
And to feed on the fat of the land.
And the dreadful dismal dysentery
Is among their men, and their horses die,
Of a daily increasing malady."'

At his dear wife Militza's prayer, the Tzar consents that, when he and all his host go forth to battle on the morrow, one of her nine brothers shall be left at home with her. Accordingly, she takes her stand in the morning at the city gate, and seizes the golden bridle-ring of her brother, the standard-bearer, as he goes by.

But 'Foul befall,' the young man said,
'The man that turns his horse's head,
Whoe'er he be, from battle-plain:
Turn thee, sister, turn again
To thy white tower! I will not yield
The Holy Cross 'tis mine to bear,
Nor turn about from the battle-field.
Not, though the king should give, I swear,
The whole of Krouchevatch to me,
Would I turn thitherwards with thee.
To-day will be the noblest day
Yon sun in heaven did ever see;
Nor shall my own true comrades say
This day, in sorrow or scorn, of me:
"The craven heart that dared not go
To the great fight at Kossovo;
That feared to find a saintly death,
Nor poured his blood for Holy Rood,
Nor fell for the Christian faith."'
He pricked his horse toward the gate,
And, through a cloud of hoary mist
Glittering like one great amethyst,
Swept forth into the morning wan.
Then up there rides in royal state,
With his seven sons, old Young Bogdan.
She stopped them one by one; she took
The bridle rein; she spoke to them all.
Not one of them all would turn and look:
Not one of them all would listen and wait;
But the trumpet sounded in the gate,
And they followed the trumpet call.

The ninth brother is no more to be persuaded than the rest, and Militza watches from her white tower alone for tidings of the battle. Two ravens, flying along a lurid sky, perch on the turret-wall, and croak to her thus:

'They have met, and ill they fare.
Fallen, fallen, fallen are
The Turkish and the Christian Tzar
Of the Turks is nothing left;
Of the Serbs a remnant rests,
Hacked and hewn, carved and cleft,
Broken shields and bloody breasts.'
And lo! while yet the ravens spoke,
Up came the servant, Miloutine:
And he held his right hand, cleft
By a ghastly sabre-stroke,
Bruised and bloody, in his left;
Gashed with gashes seventeen
Yawned his body where he stood,
And his horse was dripping blood.

She wipes the death-drops from his brow, washes and stanches his wounds, and gives him wine; but her tears run down into the golden cup that holds it, and she still questions of the war.

Then when the servant, Miloutine,
Three draughts had drained of rosy wine,

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[*] It is strange that Marlowe, in *Tamburlaine*, should have used an hyperbole almost identical with this:

'The spring is hindered by your smothering host;
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.'

Although his eyes were waxing dim,
A little strength came back to him.
He stood up on his feet, and, pale
And ghastly, thus began the tale:

'They will never return again,
Never return! ye shall see them no more;
Nor ever meet them within the door,
Nor hold their hands. Their hands are cold,
Their bodies bleach in bloody mould.
They are slain! all of them slain!
And the maidens shall mourn, and the mothers deplore,
Heaps of dead heroes on battle-plain.
Where they fell, there they remain,
Corpses stiff in their gore.
But their glory shall never grow old.
Fallen, fallen in mighty war—
Fallen, fighting about the Tzar—
Fallen, where fell our lord Lazar!
Never more be there voice of cheer!
Never more be there song or dance!
Muffled be moon and star!
For broken now is the lance,
Shivered both shield and spear,
And shattered the scimitar.
And cleft is the golden crown,
And the sun of Servia is down,
O'erthrown, o'erthrown, o'erthrown,
The roof and top of our renown,
Dead is the great Lazar!

* * *

One after one, and side by side
Fighting, thy nine brothers died:
Each by other, brother brother
Following, till death took them all.
But of these nine the last to fall
Was Bocko. Him, myself, I saw,
Three awful hours—a sight of awe,
Here, and there, and everywhere,
And all at once, made manifest,
Like a wild meteor in a troubled air,
Whose motion never may be guessed.
For over all the lurid rack
Of smoking battle, blazed and burned,
And streamed and flashed,
Like flame before the wind upturned,
The great imperial ensign splashed
With blood of Turks: where'er he dashed
Amongst their bruised battalions, I
Saw them before him reel and fly:
As when a falcon from on high
Pounce on a settle-down of doves,
That murmurs make in myrrhy groves,
Comes flying all across the sky,
And scatters them with instant fright;
So flew the Turks to left and right,
Broken before him. Milosch fell,
Pursued by myriads down the dell,
Upon Sitnitza's rushy brink,
Whose chilly waves will roll, I think,
So long as time itself doth roll,
Red with remorse that they roll o'er him.
Christ have mercy on his soul,
And blessèd be the womb that bore him.
Not alone he fell. Before him
Twelve thousand Turkish soldiers fell,
Slaughtered in the savage dell.
His right hand was wet and red
With the blood that he had shed,
And in that red right hand he had
(Shorn from the shoulder sharp) the head
Of the Turkish Tzar, Murad.'

The domestic pesmas are generally of the simplest kind, and describe a particular 'situation,' or 'relate, in rapid narrative, a particular event, commencing where the action commences, and terminating, without reflection or remark, where the action terminates.' They are often distinguished by a sort of 'playful shyness'—that which is a woman's nearest approach to humour. The relationship of brother and sister is —with the exception of the pobratime bond—held more sacred than any other, and ironical comparison frequently occurs in Servian poetry between fraternal and matrimonial affection, as in the following pesma.

A CONJUGAL DISPUTE.

All at the mid of the night, there arose
A quarrel 'twixt husband and wife;
For, the young Omer Bey and his spouse,
Falling into discussion and strife,
Wild words to each other they said,
Side by side, at the dead
Of the night, on their marriage-bed.

Had it been about anything less,
The quarrel might have passed by;
But it was not a trifle, you guess,
That set words running so high.
Yet the cause in dispute—to be brief—
Was only a white handkerchief
Broidered all over with gold,
And scented with rose and with amber,
So sweet the whole house could not hold
That scent from the nuptial-chamber.
For—the whole truth herewith to disclose—
This handkerchief bordered with gold,
And scented with amber and rose,
Had been given to the Bey—to enfold
Her letters which lay on his breast—
By the mistress that he loved best.
But his wife had a sensitive nose
For the scent of amber and rose;
And the fiend himself only knows
Whether, but for a lie, ere the close
Of that quarrel there had not been blows.

'You know I've a sister, my treasure,
The wife of our friend Zekir Bey;
I love her, you know, beyond measure,
And she, dear, on our bridal-day,
To me gave this white handkerchief,
Bordered all over with gold,
And scented with amber and rose;
Which precious, for her sake, I hold,
Though the scent of it, much to my grief,
Has troubled our nuptial repose.'

Smiling, her husband she heard,
Feeling no faith in his word,
For troubled his face was, she saw.
Up she leaped by the light of the taper,
Barefooted, and seized ink and paper;
And wrote to her sister-in-law:

'Wife of our friend, Zekir Bey,
Long live thy husband, naught ail him,
Mayst thou never have cause to bewail him!
Speak truth, and fear nothing. But say
(For truly the truth must be told)
To thy brother, on our bridal-day,
Didst thou give a white handkerchief, brightly
Embroidered all over with gold,
And scented with rose and with amber
So sweet, that the scent of it nightly
May be smelt in the Bey's bridal-chamber?'

When this came to the wife of the Bey,
She burst into tears as she read:
And 'Pity upon me,' she said,
'For I know not, alas! what to say.
If I speak truth, I put strife
'Twixt the brother I love and his wife;
If I speak false, much I dread
Lest my husband die for it,' she said.

Then the letter she laid in her breast,
And she pondered with many a sigh:
'I choose of two evils the least,
If my husband must die, let him die!
Since the choice lies 'twixt one or the other—
Any husband a woman may spare,
But the sister that injures a brother
Does that which she cannot repair.'

Thus shrewdly the matter she saw:
And she wrote to her sister-in-law:

'Wife of my brother, the Bey!
My husband is well. May naught ail him!
And I trust I shall never bewail him.
To my brother on your marriage-day
(And truly the truth shall be told)
I gave a white handkerchief brightly
Embroidered all over with gold,
And scented with rose and with amber
So sweet, that the scent—as you say,
And as I cannot doubt of it—nightly
May be smelt in the Bey's bridal-chamber.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Commission appointed, at the beginning of last year, to inquire into the condition and management of the light-houses, beacons, and buoys of the United Kingdom, have just published their report in two blue-books of no inconsiderable bulk. This, however, is a case in which all the evidence is valuable, seeing how much the safety of human life, to say nothing of merchandise worth millions sterling, depends on the efficiency of light-houses. It is valuable, moreover, as suggestive of improved management, of better appliances, drawn from the latest researches in optical science, and as affording means of comparison with the light-houses of foreign countries. In the latter particular, it does not appear that British light-houses suffer by comparison, however rigorous; in many cases, they are decidedly superior to all others, especially in the praiseworthy particular of cleanliness. More than once, during their cruise, the Commission boarded light-ships quite unexpectedly by the crew, yet found the lighting apparatus and the store-place of the cleansing materials exhibiting the climax of cleanliness where all besides was clean. We remember that in the report on American light-houses, published a few years ago by the government of the United States, there appeared frequent remarks concerning dirt and neglect. In the scientific questions are embraced the best form of reflectors, whether a light should be catoptric or dioptric, whether high or low; and the merits of the electric light.

The coasts of the United Kingdom comprise a length of 9392 miles, on which there are 197 light-houses, under the control of three distinct authorities. At the close of their thirty-two days' cruise, during which they circumnavigated nearly the whole of Great Britain, the Commission report that they 'had seen, so as to be able to form an opinion of their efficiency, 130 light establishments, of which 79 were personally inspected.' And they recommend that the government and management of all the lights in the United Kingdom, and of some few in the colonies, should be vested in one Central Board, subject to the annual visitation of the Royal Society: that the Admiralty branch of the Board of Trade should prepare the estimates to be laid before parliament; and that, 'after those estimates have passed the House of Commons, the Central Board should have the entire control.'—We hear that eight electric lights are to be established by the French government along the coasts of their side of the Channel.

While the safe navigation of our shores is thus being cared for, something has been done towards the safety of long sea-voyages in iron ships by Messrs Archibald Smith and F. J. Evans, in a highly interesting paper read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society. Mr Evans, as Superintendent of the Compass Department of the Admiralty, has a practical knowledge of the subject, which has already proved useful to mariners, as we mentioned in the past year. The present paper demonstrates the error which has grown up of late years—namely, that the larger the ship, the longer should the compass-needles be; a mistake fraught with very dangerous consequences. It further demonstrates, that the best and most trustworthy compass is that which has two pair of needles, from six to seven inches long, attached to the card, because it is less liable to disturbance from the magnetism and iron of the ship, than compasses of the ordinary construction. It is somewhat remarkable that this form of compass, which was invented twenty years ago, with a view to overcome the objectionable wobbling motion at that time prevalent in all steering-compasses, should now prove to be the best remedy for a defect involving the most serious consequences. Mr Evans's former paper was published in the Philosophical Transactions, and when the present paper appears in the same learned work, both will be available by all who take interest in the questions therein discussed.

The works for the International Exhibition of 1862, no longer delayed by an ill-advised strike, are proceeding with activity. Functionaries are appointed, and arrangements are making for the proper filling up of the details; an active correspondence with foreign countries is established; committees of advice for Finance, for the Building, for Fine Arts, for Classification, are also appointed, and announcement is made that the Exhibition will open on Thursday, May 1st of next year. The International Association for a uniform system of weights and measures are planning to promote their object by displaying in the Exhibition a collection of the weights and measures of all countries. They have agents abroad employed to collect and forward the desired articles, and agents in some of our principal towns are to keep an assortment for sale. The necessity for uniformity becomes every month more apparent with the ever-increasing traffic and intercourse between different nations; many mechanicians are exposed to much inconvenience by the prevalent diversity; and the Horological Institute, wishing to facilitate inquiry and the attainment of practical results, have appointed a committee to take the matter in hand. They look forward to the Exhibition as an occasion for personal conference, which should be turned to the best account; and in their preliminary report they mention, as an instance of the advantages of uniformity, that since gas-apparatus has been made of one uniform gauge, the laying on of gas for illuminating purposes is easier and cheaper than ever. Mr J. Fernie, of Derby, has treated of one portion of the question from a practical point of view in a paper 'On the Application of the Decimal System of Measurement in Boring and Turning Wheels and Axles,' which working engineers and machinists will know how to appreciate. Exactitude in this respect is essential to good workmanship, and if the decimal system will produce exactitude in the manufacture of railway wheels, the sooner it becomes general the better for railway travellers.

Another paper, which, like the foregoing, was read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham, describes the machinery used in the Charnwood Forest quarries for breaking up the refuse stone into lumps suitable for the repair and maintenance of macadamised roads. A trial of two years has fully proved the capability of the two mills erected, for each one delivers from 60 to 80 tons of finished stone per day of 10 hours, at a cost of 10d. per ton. The cost of breaking by hand is 2s. 6d. per ton. For each ton of raw stone put into the mill the yield is 15 cwt. of finished stone, 4¾ cwt. of coarse and fine gravel, ⅛ cwt. of dust, ⅛ cwt. waste. 'It is worthy of remark,' says the author of the paper, 'that the dust answers in most cases for all the purposes to which emery is applied in engineers' shops, and if very fine, is almost equal to Turkey dust.' Messrs Ellis and Everard of Leicester, to whom the mills belong, will doubtless get the praise they deserve from those who use the roads of Leicestershire.

Appearances indicate that the gardens and constructions of the Royal Horticultural Society at Kensington Gore will agreeably surprise the visitors on their opening 5th June next. The style and arrangement of the buildings, taken with their environment, will produce an effect of something like enchantment on the eye, and the place will be one of the most delightful recreative resorts in the neighbourhood of London, accomplished by an outlay of L.70,000. A grand flower and fruit show is to be held on the first two days of opening, when prizes of from L.2 to L.10 are to be given for fine specimens, and 'special prizes for groups of fruits and flowers arranged for the decoration of the dinner-table.'—From Sir William Hooker's annual report, we learn that the Royal Gardens at Kew are becoming more and more attractive, whether to holiday-folk or to students. The number of visitors last year, 425,314, is the largest yet recorded: a lake of five acres will ere long enhance the beauty of the gardens, and an enormous conservatory six hundred feet in length, to be used as a winter-garden, is advancing towards completion. Among the great facts for which the reign of Victoria will be remembered, we may truly say that the providing of rational means for popular enjoyment and instruction, will not be the least conspicuous. But besides all this, the gardens at Kew render most important service to botanical science, and to the acclimatisation and distribution of trees and plants, as is illustrated by a recent interesting example. There is in India a large demand for quinine, and to supply Bengal alone with this drug costs the Indian government L.40,000 a year. If the cinchona could be made to grow in India, this outlay would be saved: a quantity of plants and seeds was brought from South America, the native country of the cinchona; the plants became sickly during the voyage, and were nursed in a forcing-house at Kew until able to bear further transport, and they are now growing on the slopes of the Neilgherries. Seedlings, moreover, have been raised, and there is at present a healthy crop in the same house, which in turn will be sent to India; and so on until the cultivators in Bengal are able to propagate from their naturalised plantations. While on the subject of trees, we may mention that the ship *Lord Raglan* is bringing from Western Australia a log of so-called 'Jarrah timber,' which has been under water thirty years at Freemantle, and shews no signs of unsoundness or of worm-boring.

At the beginning of the present year, we noticed a discovery—the conversion, so to speak, of cast-iron into plumbago—which Mr F. Crace-Calvert laid before the Royal Society; and we again call attention to it as an illustration of the saying, that 'There is nothing so new as that which is old and forgotten.' In 1822, Dr J. Macculloch communicated to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, edited by Brewster and Jameson, a paper 'On Black Lead from Cast-iron,' describing certain experiments which he had made in consequence of his attention having been drawn to specimens of iron that had lain for years at the bottom of the sea, or had been subject to constant soakage in the porter-backs used at breweries. He notices the remarkable fact that certain iron guns, fished up in 1740 off Tobermory, from one of the sunken vessels of the Spanish Armada, had become so soft that they could be easily scraped, and that wherever scraped, the surface of the metal grew too hot to be touched with the hand. A similar phenomenon was observed in some of the iron fittings that had been long exposed to the weak acid present in porter; the metal, moreover, had all the appearance of plumbago, and was not reduced in bulk. The doctor tested his conclusions by experiments in the laboratory, and found that he could produce plumbago and black-lead at pleasure, without any diminution in bulk of the pieces of iron experimented on; and that the converted metal always became hot if scraped, while any moisture remained, as had been remarked of the long submerged cannon. In describing his experiments on the soaking of pieces of iron, he says, 'to procure the black-lead in perfection, the acid should be very weak, and the operation is then necessarily tedious. Acetous acid appears to be the best, and it is by this that it is produced in porter-backs, in the waste-pipes of breweries, and in calico-printing houses, where sour paste is used. If the experiment is perfect, the black-lead becomes hot on exposure to air, smoking while there is any moisture to be evaporated, particularly when the surfaces are scraped off in succession, so as to give access to the air. . . . The theory of this experiment appears very plain, and it proves, with tolerable certainty, what has been supposed, but what has not yet been proved in any other way, namely, that plumbago is a metal, and black-lead its oxide, if I may be allowed to use that term for the present instead of carbon.'

Lectures on Iron-clad Ships have been delivered at the United Service Institution by Captain Halsted and Captain Coles; the latter taking occasion to point out the changes which such ships will necessitate in the form and mode of national defences.—A door-lock has been invented which rings a bell and lights a taper on the instant that any dishonest person attempts to pick it; or it may be so arranged as to produce the light only should the master of the house let himself in late at night.—A lamp exhibited at a meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, instead of a screw to hold the glass in place, has a small bolt held by a spiral spring, which yields as the glass expands with the heat, and thereby avoids breaking.—At the same meeting, an enterprising coffin-maker exhibited what he calls Air and Damp-tight Burial Caskets; the said caskets being ornamental coffins lined with cork, deutoxide of manganese, and coats of collodion and shell-lac dissolved in benzole.—A factory has been established at Tewkesbury for the darning of stockings; and we hear that a new kind of elastic cloth, quite free from shoddy, is among the latest inventions introduced at Norwich.

May is the month of high 'Change with painters and sculptors, and by this time they have made up their minds as to whether art has or has not advanced since May 1860. Mr Bell has read a paper to the Society of Arts on the question of Colour on Statues, shewing to what extent and purpose colour was used by the Greeks, that it did not belong to their highest art, and that where colour was most used, there idolatry most prevailed. But having said thus much, he is careful to add that colour may be introduced around statues, on the floor, walls, or ceiling, with the happiest effects.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—It is requested that all Contributions to *Chambers's Journal* may be, for the future, directed to the Editor, at 47 Paternoster Row, London, E. C.

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DENTATUS THE TYRANT.

It is many years ago—during which empires have been created, sovereigns expelled, republics overthrown, and the whole political face of Europe changed and changed again—since I was sentenced to the Torture; but I shall never forget it to my dying day. I am dumb now; I complain no more; the very cause of my complaint has been rooted out, but ah! at how tremendous a sacrifice! O tyrants, who make a desert, and call it peace, how pitiless are those right hands of yours!

I allude more especially to the dentists. What I ever did, or omitted to do, which first directed against me the zeal of that savage race, I do not know. It is only Constitutional Monarchs (Physicians, Surgeons, General Practitioners, and the like) who condescend to inquire into the charges against an offending member; Despots wrench it out, without inquiry, and with one turn of their wrists. I had been warned, it is true, for a considerable period that the thing would happen; but I had also been told that there was no escape. It was Predestination under its severest and most uncompromising aspect. 'That tooth,' observed Dentatus—upon my informing him, with an uncomfortable smile, that it felt very curious whenever I suddenly bit down upon it—'that tooth must come out,' so said he at least a quarter of a year before the catastrophe actually took place. A quarter of a year! Yes; three calendar months, and one of *them* only a February, to persons in easy circumstances, without dread or care for the future; but to me, who was living from hand to mouth (for I was for ever fingering the thing), and filled with dark forebodings for the future, three entire years, and all of them leap-years.

I took a morbid interest in perusing cases of lock-jaw induced by unskilful dentists. I snatched a fearful joy from hearing that it didn't hurt so much if you were previously frozen. Frozen! (I laughed a demon's laugh.) Once—only once, or I could not have survived it; Nature, I am confident, would have given way upon a second application—*once* a piece of ice-pudding touched that tooth. It was at a large party given by a serious aunt of mine, and at which none but the most serious people were present; but I was quite unable in such a moment of agony to pick and choose my expressions. No, no more ice, I thank you, in any shape for me!

Nor had I any great confidence in the electrical machine as a painless agent. Setting aside my terror on account of my tooth, I never could stand being electrified. When at school, there was an evening-party given to us by the head-master once every term, to which we all went in our best clothes, with the air of being mere visiting acquaintances, and of having come great distances, although we all lived under one roof, and one of the attractions of this jubilee-night was an electric battery. For me, it had rather repulsion than attraction. I was afraid of it, and it hurt me. I did not like the being made to emit sparks as though I were a catherine-wheel. It was not becoming to me that my hair should stand up like corn in autumn; and it was a liberty in any man, no matter how scientific, to cause it to do so. Besides, however admirable this method of extraction might be, it was essential that the victim should keep fast hold of the wire. If he did not do this, all the electricity went, goodness knows where—into the fire-irons and window-bolts, I suppose—and his sufferings were greatly aggravated; for when a double-fanged upper grinder—a two-pair back—has to be torn up by the roots, and one expects not to be hurt at all, on account of certain precautions, if those precautions fail, the difference between the expectation and the reality is not to be expressed in words. Now, I had no sort of confidence in my being able to retain possession of the all-important wire.

Then, again, there was chloroform. That, for certain, was painless, and as some people aver, even pleasant. True. But I had also heard the same remark made in reference to death, and that was not the only connection between chloroform and that very disagreeable subject. I had read of people who could not be persuaded to wake again after that charming narcotic. Now, I was prepared to go almost any length to avoid the calamity which was impending, but not quite *that* length.

All the so-called 'painless methods' were thus therefore put out of the question. 'Ah,' observed my friend Funnidog, upon hearing of my resolve in this matter, 'I know your valour. I see you have a deal of determination; that is to say (and indeed I *was* blushing a little), determination of blood to the head. Being a man of taste, too, you would not be justified in employing an anæsthetic agent.' These heartless observations cost Funnidog my friendship. A man who could joke—make cold-blooded and laboured puns upon a fellow-creature in such a situation as mine—would shrink, I felt convinced, from no atrocity.

I put off the evil day as long as possible, but at last matters came to a crisis. When 'I could not eat but little meat,' and that had to be minced; when I examined every article of food before committing it to my mouth with the suspicion of a custom-house officer: when nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, visited me only in snatches, and those embellished with dreams in which a red-hot skewer played always a prominent part—then I took courage, and wrote to the Tyrant, saying, 'Do thy worst,' and appointing the next day for the operation. Immediately that the letter was posted the pain left me. I dined off a neck of mutton—a thing abounding in gristle and nodosities—with perfect impunity, and began to think that I had been precipitate, and that the tooth was a very good tooth after all. A carraway seed in the cake at tea, however, was the humble but efficient instrument of recalling me to a sense of my situation, and I was in the tyrant's antechamber by 10.15 on the ensuing morning.

Early as it was, there were many there before me, for Dentatus was popular—that is to say, in the same sense as an epidemic is popular; people who could not help it patronising him in amazing numbers. These persons were all haggard and careworn to an extraordinary degree. Their hollow eyes turned anxiously towards the door whenever it opened to let in another victim, only to droop down again dejectedly over the pages of *Punch*. They had, some of them, waited so long that suspense had become in their eyes worse than the torture itself. Why do not dentists keep their words like other folks, and take your teeth out at the hour they have promised to do so? Why do they furnish their antechambers with such inappropriate literature? Who that is about to undergo a trial to which the Boot and the Thumbscrew were but bagatelles, wishes to read old volumes of *Punch?* Who selects a churchyard for the enjoyment of *Pickwick* or the *Caudle Lectures?* How much better, Dentatus, would it be to set before your miserable expectants volumes of an edifying and solemn character. Out of the *Book of Martyrs* a consolation might be extracted—I mean derived—from comparison; but why excite a ghastly merriment by jest-books? It is an insult to any man with a tooth in his head to say that it is done to make us forget our woe.

> Forget! Oh, if to dream by night, and think on it by day,
> If all the attention which the mind, the heart, the hand can pay—

if *that* be to forget it, then indeed it is forgot. Nobody turns over a single leaf of those comic miscellanies. Where the stolid gaze first falls, there doth it rest; only, as I have said, when the door opens, and the severe countenance of the menial ushers in another son or daughter of misery, does it look up for a moment—agonised—from the contemplation of the Dog Toby. Why, too, is it a male menial? a wretch concerning whom a fearful whisper floats about the room, that he sometimes holds the heads of refractory victims. Why not, O Dentatus! employ rather a lovely and benignant female for this duty? 'O woman,' says the poet, 'when pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!' And surely what is true of the brow, is at least equally true of the jaw. Keep, I say, your brutal myrmidon out of our sight, and let a beautiful maiden answer our palpitating summons—our almost inaudible knocks and rings. Let *her* lead our faltering steps through your cheerless corridors; let *her* take our umbrellas from our trembling hands; let *her* gentle accents murmur, as she adds us to the foredoomed flock: 'It will soon be over, sir.'

What a varied flock it is! Ancient rams, who, as one can see, have happily not many more such tortures to undergo, and all whose dental wants the rhinoceros will soon supply: venerable sheep, with wool on the top of their heads, in the place where the wool ought to *grow*, but does not: and merest little ones—innocent, but far from frolicsome—with whom the real trouble of Life has begun, alas, all too early. Mutton and lamb are dished up alike before the Tyrant, with an equal portion of mint-sauce. Old and young, each clutch in one hand a sovereign and a shilling (lingering memento of an extinct coinage) with which to gratify, but not to satiate his maw. They will all return to him again and again, and he knows it, until death releases them from his bondage. When animals are herded together in one pen, they will—although they have not been previously introduced to one another—exchange compassionate looks, and bleats of piteous sympathy; but the Human, under similar circumstances, is mute and self-involved. Each one looks at the other as upon one who may precede him to the Tyrant's presence, and suspects him of having purchased that priority of the ill-favoured footman; for once in the antechamber, and our courage screwed up to the required pitch, we had all rather that the dreadful thing should be done quickly. All, that is, save one; a lamb of some fourteen years or so, who has been brought four hundred miles, he tells us, to be operated upon by Dentatus, but who doesn't think he can go through with it even now. His aunt is with him, who reproaches him for this backsliding, with, 'Don't be naughty, Frederic; now be a man—there's a dear.' In the midst of one of these exhortations the door opens, and the morose footman beckons to this wretched boy. 'Master Dubbiltuth, will you please to walk this way?' Master D. is not pleased—is very far from being so: there is delay, recalcitration, tears, asseverations that he is 'Quite well now, thank you, upon his honour,' and eventually something like physical violence. He is borne off, I say, to our intense horror, into the Tyrant's chamber, obviously against his wishes, and presently there arises a long howl of agony, which makes every cheek grow pale. Do we live in a free country, then, and yet can such scenes be enacted in a fashionable street? Is it possible, in case of any of *us* feeling disinclined to proceed with the matter in hand, that force—numerical superiority—will actually be employed? Shall we, too, be carried in—I distinctly saw the menial with one of the victim's legs under his arm—be *carried* into that fatal apartment? The howls subside, but there is hysterical sobbing, and we hear voices in the passage, and the shuffling of many feet.

'They have broken his jaw,' says one old gentleman in a sepulchral whisper, and I see him measure with a vacillating eye the depth of the drop from the window into the area.

Once again the door opens, and—I knew it when the handle turned, I knew it before the man's evil eye fell on me—*it is my own turn now.*

What a very small room! But then the walls, for only too obvious reasons, are constructed of an amazing thickness. What a flood of light is pouring in! 'The better to see with, my dear,' as the Wolf observed to Red Riding Hood upon a somewhat similar occasion. Dentatus is smiling blandly. What a beautiful set of teeth he wears. I wonder whether he does it for an advertisement, and whether he made them himself or not. He is wiping something sharp with a towel. I wonder what that is. I try to wonder, rather, for I know perfectly well. He remarks upon the present state of the weather, and the probable beauty of the afternoon. Afternoon indeed! What wretch would converse with a criminal upon the scaffold in early May upon the prospects of the approaching Derby? What had *I* to do with the afternoon? He hopes I shall find the chair comfortable. Yes, the *chair* is comfortable enough, doubtless, but as for the man that was in it, he had more fears than Dentatus wot of. Did I feel easy? Easy! Then I opened my mouth, and he put into it a little fairy looking-glass, and said: 'Ah, yes; I see: it will do capitally, with a little stopping.' 'Heaven bless you,' cried I, in a rapture; 'then it needn't come out, Dentatus, eh?' 'Only one need come out,' replied he. Only *one!* Then he——

It was a decent custom in the ancient Greek dramas not to shock the audience by the actual exhibition upon the stage of murders, mutilations, and stranglings; and while those sad proceedings were supposed to be taking place behind the scenes, the Chorus always used to drown the clamours of the victims, while at the same time acknowledging the justice of the sentence by crying, 'Ay, ay.' Shall I then, in the nineteenth century, shew myself more barbarous? No. They who have experienced my sufferings during those succeeding hours—mere seconds by the clock, however—will not need to be reminded of them; while those who have not, can never be brought to comprehend them by description. Suffice it to say that, when I recovered my senses, Dentatus was waving aloft a sort of miniature three-legged stool in ivory, which he professed to have extracted from my jaw. 'Are you sure that it is the right one?' inquired I, in faltering accents. And I was quite delighted to find that he was offended by the mere supposition of such a mistake. We parted the best of friends, and indeed I felt in love with the entire human family. When at the hall-door, I again encountered Master Dubbiltuth and his aunt stepping into a carriage, my heart quite yearned towards him.

'I congratulate you,' said I, 'though I fear you must have suffered almost as much as I'—for I was sure my own case was quite unparalleled.

The young gentleman looked a little sheepish, as his aunt replied: 'Oh, the naughty boy would not let Mr Dentatus touch him. He felt so faint and hysterical, he said, poor dear, and so we are going back again.'

And he actually did return those four hundred miles with as many teeth as he brought with him. What a silly young fellow he was, say you, to be so afraid about such a little matter. Just wait till *your* turn comes, however. I only know that if I could have told beforehand what was going to happen to *me* when I went to Dentatus, I'd—— But I forbear. You will know all about it yourself, sooner or later. I dare say you have one or two of those little black specks inside your grinders which are the heralds of this sort of catastrophe. You have none! Then I sincerely pity you, for the disease must have flown to the roots, and that is the worst of all cases. It produces what is truly called the 'incurable toothache'—incurable, that is, without the intervention of Dentatus.

THE MILITARY FRONTIER.

When a breathless messenger carried to Prince Metternich the tidings of the revolution of July, the veteran diplomatist rapped his jewelled snuff-box with all the grace of the old school, and calmly remarked: 'L'Europe ne veut plus de ses anciens cochers.' And yet, the epigram once spoken and duly applauded, its wily author bent his whole energy to bringing back the skittish team of nationalities to the sober jogtrot of official routine; and not unsuccessfully. Even the earthquake of 1848 failed to shatter the fabric of that Austrian empire which it shook so fearfully. The heterogeneous mass of jarring races and jealous creeds remains to this day still blended in unwilling union, and in spite of bankruptcy and misgovernment, Cæsar can yet point with pride to his legions and his provinces.

Of all the countries beneath the sceptre of his majesty the imperial, royal, and apostolic, the two whose blind loyalty to the House of Hapsburg was most thoroughly relied upon, were the Tyrol and the Military Frontier. Schwarzenberg and Metternich had felt the pulse of each dependency of the Kaiser's, and knew but too well the dangerous love of freedom that smouldered in every Hungarian heart; how Italy loathed the stranger, and Bohemia cherished visions of independence, while even Vienna had a maudlin sentiment in favour of liberty. But the paternal despots knew also that the Tyroler's rifle was ready to be levelled at the breast of any insurgent reformer, while the Military Frontier offered a multitude of hardy soldiers to repress the national spirit of Hungary. Thus matters stood twelve years ago; but bad government has alienated even the fierce bandogs of the Kaiser: the Tyroler has left off telling his beads, to read newspapers, and murmur against rulers who insist on managing the men and things of the nineteenth century according to the maxims of the dark ages; and even the rugged frontiersman is lending his voice to swell the indignant protest of wronged and trampled Hungary, and has begun to talk of franchise and suffrage, of parliaments and the ballot-box, in a manner which strikes dismay into the prim bureaucrats of the imperial Chancery.

Of all the provinces united in what the purists of Vienna still love grandiloquently to describe as the Holy Roman Empire, the Military Frontier is the most anomalous and peculiar. Europe contains no similar instance of a country without an aristocracy, without commerce or manufactures, where the state of siege is chronic, and martial law the normal condition of affairs. The Military Frontier is an enormously long but narrow slip of territory, measuring a thousand miles from end to end, and stretching along the Turkish frontiers of Austria, from Povile, on the Adriatic Sea, to the most northerly pass of the Carpathians. It is divided into four portions, of which the extreme westerly and easterly sections are by far the most important and interesting—the first of these being the Croatian; the second, the Transylvanian Frontier. The Slavonian Frontier and the Hungarian Banat, in the middle of the semicircular sweep, are less noteworthy than those first named. But these four portions, under their respective generals, form one prodigious camp: the whole Military Frontier is a vast and warlike Utopia, where every citizen is a soldier, where Rittmeisters answer to nobles, and all the litigation is carried on before the convenient tribunal of a drum-head court-martial. When the Turks were driven back from Hungary in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they left a desert behind them, studded here and there by ruined towns, roofless castles, and towers ingeniously constructed of Christian skulls. To this ruthless devastation we owe the Military Frontier, designed by the emperors of Austria as a barrier against the inroads of the Moslem, and the entrance of the plague. Quarantine and garrison to civilised Europe have those hardy borderers been for hundreds of years, and they have done their work manfully. An Argus eye has been kept on the barbarian outposts of the oriental world, and not in vain. Many a baffled army has been forced to retire with loss and disgrace from the limits of Christendom, many a fell pestilence has been nipped in the bud through the agency of this strange institution, which for centuries has kept watch and ward for our behoof, with scanty thanks and for a meagre recompense.

But now that the work is over, and the need no longer exists, the warrior race of colonists are setting up their claim to share the usual lot of mankind. The danger is past and gone; Turkey no longer has will or power to invade anybody. The horse-tails are laid by in dust and mildew, the Prophet's scimitar is blunt and edgeless, and the great Blood-drinker, as his courtiers still call Abdul Medjid, prefers champagne to the traditional beverage of his ancestors. The plague has faded away, as well as the old Ottoman pugnacity, for, for thirty years, there has not been a case at Constantinople. Roum and Anadol, Syria and Egypt, know the scourge only by report, and Tripoli alone cherishes the enfeebled pest in her brown plains; and yet the old precautions are kept up along Christendom's southern fringe, sternly as when the destroying angel hovered every few years over the whole of the orient world, shaking down poisonous dew from his black pinions. Forty days of quarantine await any luckless voyager who may cross the border of the sultan's territories, and the cordon of villages allotted for the performance of the probationary period would make a sanitarian shudder. As for passing the line unobserved, it would require a ball-proof man to do that. Night and day, the triple posts are linked together by an ingenious complication of patrols, pickets, and sentries, and it is about as safe to traverse the district without an escort as to thrust one's hand into a hornet's nest. Five-and-forty thousand of the peasants are under arms at a time, according to their rotation of duty, duly enregimented, and doing feudal service for their lands. The soil belongs to the crown, and is divided into fiefs of small extent, held upon the purely feudal plan by a class of sturdy yeomen, who pay rent only with the musket and bayonet. Seventeen regiments of infantry—an Austrian regiment is numerically equal to an English *brigade*—a naval force, and a regiment of hussars, are maintained by the borderers, and for border duty. The soldier—if we except the hussar—gets no pay, and even finds himself in powder and pipeclay, just as the ancient militia of England did in the Arcadian epoch, when standing armies were unknown. The officers, however, receive such pay as the imperial, royal, and apostolic treasury can afford, and are often more indebted for subsistence to their rations than their nominal salary in paper florins; indeed, I have known a major to place his chief dependence upon hay, receiving, as he did, forage for seventeen horses. The officers have no sinecure, however, for the patrols and rounds are kept up, however needlessly, with as jealous a vigilance as if the seraskier, with a hundred thousand Turks under the crimson standard, were marching towards Vienna. The soldier does his work well and cheaply, and providing his own cartridges, he learns to be thrifty of saltpetre and lead, and seldom fires till he is sure of hitting. He knows every inch of the country; he is trained from childhood to face storm and snow, the blinding showers of winter, when the gale hurls the white flakes like thistledown over the trackless steppe; the dark night, when the long-drawn howl tells that the wolves are growing fierce with famine.

The Western Frontier is much harassed by wolves; the Bosnian forests are full of them, and in midwinter they cross the border in droves, desperate with hunger. Many a wild tale have the dwellers in frontier farms to relate of houses beleaguered through the long hours of darkness by the gray prowlers, of folds scaled by the yelling horde, of truant children whose bones were found at the edge of the wood, relics of the frightful feast. Now and then, a sentinel perishes in this miserable manner, and it is frequently necessary to keep up great fires in the more exposed situations, and to double the guards against the four-footed enemy. A few years ago, a singular escape took place. A lonely sentry, surprised by the wolves, took refuge in a tree, and had the forethought to tie himself to a bough, lest he should become exhausted before his persecutors left the spot. It was a bitter night of frost and wind, with a clear starry sky, and for hours he remained on his perch, shivering in the icy gale, and looking down at the drove below, that howled and sniffed hungrily about, or reared themselves against the trunk of the tree, pawing and scratching like dogs. They stayed till morning; and when the sergeant arrived with the relief, the sentry was found a paralysed cripple, from the effects of cold and cramp.

But it must not be supposed that wolves and hard weather are the only foes of the border soldier, especially in the west. The Croatian border is ji what the Scottish border must have been in the da of William of Deloraine. We have amongst us many who cherish a theoretical affection for the go old times, that it must be a kindness to indicat nook of earth, not more than two or three hundr miles beyond the sound of a railway whistle, whe the good old times may be witnessed in full a practical operation. The Croatian frontier is tl nook, a spot compared with which the Spanish sier are barren of adventure, and the Abruzzi comm place and conventional. Austria has barred (progress from the Military Frontier, and the peo practise the simple virtues of their ancestors. Wh the peasant has gone through his turn of mart duty, he lays aside his uniform, dons his red or b cap, his embroidered jacket, Illyrian sandals, a queer barbaric finery, and comes forth a cattle-lift Difficult is it, when gazing on the wild groups w frequent the markets of Agram or Carlstadt, w long Turkish pistols stuck ostentatiously in th gaudy sashes, and long hair streaming over th white mantles, to realise that one is still in Austr Nor are the petronels and daggers for purposes absolute ornament; both sides of the border a peopled by the same half-tamed race, the Turki Croats being perhaps a shade the wilder of the tribe but the habits of the opposite neighbours are identic Yanos of Austria selects a moonshiny night for pleasant little excursion over the border, dashes in Turkey with a party of armed horsemen, and retu with a drove of 'annexed' cows, having perhaps p off some trifling grudge against Yanos of Bosnia, burning his house over his head. Yanos of Bosn nobly contemptuous of any law but the *lex talion* gathers a select circle of his Moslem and Christi friends, gallantly armed and mounted, and harries t barns and cattle-pens of his namesake on the Kaise soil, not improbably cutting a throat or two in t course of his retaliation, and perhaps carrying off M Yanos to the land of the cypress and myrtle, 'romance of the harem' which brings down Neme in the shape of an Austrian colonel. Austria has special treaty with the Sublime Porte, by virtue which she is entitled to march troops over the bord into the Bosnian pachaliks, to burn, slay, sink, a destroy, as seems good to her, without any interru tion of the usual amenities of diplomatic intercou between the two powers. Thus, the good understan ing is kept up; the envoy of Austria and the viziers the sultan smoke the pipe of peace together, a exchange compliments and sugar-plums, and all t while perhaps a brigade of the Kaiserliks are marchi in long array through the Bosnian maize-fields, and Turkish village is in flames.

But it must be owned that the Turco-Croats a troublesome neighbours, and need an armed police repress and chastise their outrages, although scarce such a force as exists. Besides the borderers, certain amount of regulars garrison the frontiers, a the Kaiser's officers sigh when their turn comes f banishment into that savage region, destitute theatres and ball-rooms. But to an observant mi there is something of deep interest in the extraordina jumble of races, tongues, costumes, and charact displayed in this outpost of Christendom. There a Slavonians and Magyars, Illyrians and Servia gipsies and Bosniaks, the wealthy, soft-spoken Arm nian, who seems to be a commercial Midas, a who turns all he touches into gold; and the ha heathen herdsman, who esteems the dexterous th of a sheep or a calf above all other accomplishmen There is the Jew, pliant and courteous as a teach of deportment, and speaking dialects enough to enti him anywhere to a professorial chair. There a Wallachians calling themselves Romans, conve ing in Latin nearly as good as that of Teren or Juvenal, and boasting their descent from t conquerors of the world. There is the moody, hot-tempered Hungarian, the Bayard or Hamlet of what platform orators love to describe as the 'nationalities;' and the chivalrous Szekler, a hussar from his cradle, and who boasts himself more Hunnish than the so-called Huns themselves. There is the Slowak, with his ear for music, and his turn for agriculture; the Saxon colonist, or possibly the immigrant from Bohemia, growing rich by patient industry and instinctive thrift; and beside him is the bright-eyed Croat, who can ride and drive, herd cattle, steal cattle, rob and fight, and no more. There ends the list of Croatian attributes; and yet a traveller cannot but feel that he is among a quick-witted people, far swifter to catch a hint or comprehend a remark than the Germans in general, and of fine physical powers and great vivacity. The Croats have never had fair play. Austrian rule has blighted their prospects of keeping step in the grand march of the world. They have been kept to be the Kaiser's Cossacks, terrible to his foes from the very savageness of their habits, and from the evil lessons of their Turkish neighbours. Hence it is that a war in which the Croats figure furnishes such ugly paragraphs to the journals, and such grisly pictures of massacre and burning to the *Illustrated London News*. They are of old Slavonic stock, and in bygone days had a kral of their own, and a realm for him to reign over. But the king of Croatia, like his brother monarch of Bosnia, was but an ephemeral potentate, toppled over, or set once more on his unstable throne, exactly as Hungary and the Lower Empire, and the power of Cæsars and of sultans, contracted or expanded. And at last, the Turk swallowed all. Such part of Croatia as now belongs to Austria, land won back, inch by inch, from the shadow of the crescent, and bought with a great price in blood, is preserved distinct from Hungary, under the semi-feudal rule of a ban, who answers more accurately to the position which the Earls of Mercia held under Ethelred and Edward, than to any more modern example.

The serpent policy of Austria has always been to weaken Hungary by keeping Croatia and Carinthia, Illyria and Dalmatia, and Transylvania and Bukowina separate from the ancient constitutional kingdom of the Magyars. Hungary, which to-day demands that these unduly severed branches should be grafted again upon the parent stem, claims the Military Frontier also, and is answered by the imperial Chancery with a blunt refusal. The borderers, say the sages of Vienna, are not freemen, but predestined from the cradle to a career of pipeclay and the goose-step: they are soldiers, not citizens, and cannot therefore vote for a deputy or debate on politics. They must continue, as before, to be of the opinion which their commanding officers are graciously pleased to entertain. There is something ludicrous, were it not painful, in the notion that the second half of the nineteenth century should have dawned upon a European race formally denied the exercise of discretion on any topic, and whose duty is held by themselves and their rulers to consist in childlike obedience. Of course, even with us, the Articles of War and the Mutiny Act must ride roughshod over Magna Charta. It would be intolerable that a corporal should argue the point with his colonel, or a coxswain confute his commander by the aid of syllogisms; but imagine a whole nation of soldiers, devoted from infancy to drill and discipline, taught in the earliest youth to reverence a cocked-hat and to adore a sword-knot, and never presuming to differ in judgment from a regimental superior!

The rewards of this anomalous people are almost equally peculiar. It has been mentioned that the peasants hold their lands of the crown, by martial tenure. But with this primitive feudalism is interwoven the patriarchal system, producing the oddest effect. The fief is supposed to belong to the oldest male member of a family, who is called the goszpodar. Around this family chief cluster sons and grandsons, brothers and sisters, nephews and cousins, until a perfect clan is collected under a single roof. Three or four generations dwell in the same house, and dine at the same table, a little commonwealth that may amount to a mere dozen of individuals, but which often exceeds eighty. The patriarch, or goszpodar, is prince and president; and his spouse, the goszpodaricza, rules with awful sway over kitchen and storeroom, and exercises authority over the feminine republic. A double portion of the produce is allotted to the august pair, and the rest is equally divided, though land and cattle are the inalienable property of the household, and cannot be possessed by any one person. The goszpodar is a governor, but a governor in council; the men of the family have a vote when any grand constitutional question raises a stir in the little domestic parliament. Money, or clothes, or furniture, are individual belongings, and no drones are suffered in the hive. At first sight, a very charming tableau of primeval manners and antique simplicity is here presented. An artist—say Richard Tinto, Esq., A.R.A.—could make a delightful picture of the family group: the playful children, the kerchiefed matrons and maidens, with raven hair elaborately plaited with ribbons and silver coins, in Greek fashion; the bronzed husbandmen; the blooming striplings; and for apex of the human pyramid, the white-haired old patriarch, reigning blandly over a smiling assemblage of the loyal and the loving. But perhaps sometimes the real may fall short of the ideal, and disappoint us cruelly. The benevolent grandsire may be a close-fisted capitalist, economising on the family meals, and swelling his private hoard by judicious cheese-parings; or he may be a choleric, violent old fellow, bullying the weak, squabbling with the strong, and keeping the family in perpetual hot water. Again, he may be, and often is, a drivelling dotard, a mere *roi fainéant*, with his sceptre 'in commission,' and the mayor of the palace may turn out a very King Stork on the hands of the luckless tribe. Then, how very possible is it that Materfamilias, Madame the Goszpodaricza, or she-patriarch, should happen to be a shrew, with a sharp temper and a shrill tongue, never quiet, never ceasing to rate and scold, among her score of kindred handmaids. The very idea of family jars by wholesale, and the squabbles of relatives in so extensive a theatre, has something distressing to a philanthropist; and it is to be feared that many a stalled ox, with its traditional seasoning, is served up at those Homeric banquets in a crowded Croatian farm.

Then the Frontiersman, poor fellow, is doubly a vassal; he wears the twin yoke of the clan and of the Kaiser.

> The adventurous boy, who asks his little share,
> And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,

is by no means a popular personage on the Military Frontier. If any 'adventurous boy' does 'ask his little share,' he is by no means certain to get it, unless he be a very vexatious scamp indeed, fit to leave the Frontier for the Frontier's good. If he takes that kind of permission which is proverbially attributed to our French neighbours, he is deemed a deserter from hearth and guardroom, from his grandfather and his captain, and is hunted down by the Eumenides of the family and the battalion. If he formally solicits, from his military and social superiors, leave to carry his thews and sinews, his brain and muscle, to some other market of the world, he is very likely to be snubbed and browbeaten. Suppose he perseveres—that the colonel gives a grudging consent, and the goszpodar echoes it in a similar spirit—still the poor fellow has to run the gantlet of the black looks, the reproaches, and the wrath of his swarming relatives. He goes, and no old shoe is flung after him for luck, no good advice and kindly predictions of future greatness cheer the young aspirant; and if he is followed by any 'gossip's prayer,' it is probably that, when he meets his deserts, he may find a gallows sufficiently remote not to reflect disgrace upon his affectionate kinsfolk. Even if a youth or maid venture to wed a member of some other family, this act of independence is treated as a sort of petty treason. The offender has a smaller portion from the common stock than if he or she had mated within the pale of consanguinity, the goszpodar is sulky, and the queen-bee querulous; while each cousin considers himself or herself to have been most shabbily treated, and determines to give the intrusive foreigner no cordial reception to the hive. The consequence of this is, that relationships ramify and blend to a degree that would offer a tough knot for the ingenuity of Doctor's Commons. Most of the people are Greeks, of the old, non-united communion. In every village you see the domes of their churches flashing back the sunlight from the garish green and gold, the burnished copper and gaudy paint, so dear to the Christians of the east. There are plenty of Catholics, too, and of Protestants. The latter are subdivided into Calvinists and Lutherans. All over Hungary and its borders, the former are numerous, and in those lands, at least, the followers of Calvin and the faithful of Rome live in mutual toleration and brotherly accord. But directly you find a Lutheran colony, you are surprised by the jarring and sparring, the polemical skirmishes and wordy battles so familiar to us nearer home. Curiously enough, the Lutherans squabble as fiercely with Calvinists as with Romanists. The Greeks predominate, however, on the Military Frontier; and some of their priests have studied and fasted at Mount Athos, or other of those huge monasteries which still pour forth their hosts of fierce-eyed preachers, pale-cheeked and shaven as to the temples, over the whole Levant. The Frontier really is the boundary between the east and the west, a truer border than the Bosporus affords. For all practical purposes, Asia begins on the Bosnian line, three days' journey from Vienna; indeed, you cannot bring a Turk to own that Turkey is in Europe at all; he waves aside your maps, and pooh-poohs your globes and charts with a sublime fatuity. Where the muezzin chants, and the minaret rises, where the sultan reigns, even with vicarious sway, as in Wallachia, the Moslem believes himself beyond the pale of infidel Europe. Even the Military Frontier is semi-oriental. I have seen the true eastern salaam performed there with genuine eastern grace; and though the borderers are enthusiasts for their creed, not a few of the children may be seen in the dress of Asiatics, while the customs of the country bear little analogy to anything in Western Europe. After growing accustomed to scarlet caps and embroidered jackets, to sashes and sandals, and the startling spectacle of an armed population, it is impossible but to be struck by the reflection—'How rich everybody is!' North Croatia is a land of rags and poverty, of sterile mountains, wretched hovels, and a Tipperary of beggars. But the Frontier, especially the Banat and Slavonia, contains a peasantry abounding in creature comforts. The men, warmly clad in blue and white woollen, with shaggy mantles and leathern greaves, wearing broad-leaved hats stuck full of flowers and ostrich or peacock feathers, look like magnificoes when compared with the bloused peasantry of France and Belgium; and the women have ornaments enough to set up a French village. Then everybody drives his own wagon and horses, and generally at a rattling gallop, in the wild whip-cracking Hungarian style; and everybody has cattle and buffaloes, and sheep, and poultry, and swine, and all sorts of roots and grain, and meadows whereon to graze all the cavalry of Scythia. Everybody's house, too, seems snug and in good repair, standing in its blooming garden, or ranged in one of the enormously broad streets of the villages, with a double row of leafy linden-trees before the door, water murmuring past, bees humming among the blooming flowers.

I never saw on the Frontier the squalid poverty, the tatters, the hunger, the crushing misery, too frequent in lands of higher pretensions. Part of this comparative wealth is due to the fertility of the soil—a soil which repays tillage right bountifully—and part, no doubt, to that very patriarchal system of which I have complained. The 'house communion' dwarfs the intellect to develop the muscles; ideas are cramped by it, and education blighted, but the little republic takes care of its own helpless ones, and screws the full meed of work out of those capable of exertion. Law and opinion forbid idling, even to a genius or a misanthrope. No one may shirk his duties, when so many have a vested right in his industry. Skulking and 'malingering' are hopeless tactics in the publicity of the household, and under the scrutiny of so many jealous eyes, the most incurable dawdler that ever sent in an *ægrotat* at college would be compelled to work in a Frontier family. No poor-law is needed; the goszpodar is a substitute for relieving officers and boards of guardians. There is not a mendicant to be seen, unless it be a gipsy from Hungary. Everybody looks fat, merry, contented, and warmly clad. But this is the very thing noted in countries tilled by slave-labour, and which induces enthusiastic southerners to contrast the plump negro of Virginia with the gaunt weaver of Spitalfields. Most countries have had the choice between liberty and well-fed servitude. We in Britain made our election long since between a free life and vegetable torpidity; and after many a year of compulsory work and a full meal, the Slavonian of the Frontier is beginning to discover that man is something higher than a machine, and that it is better to be a needy freeman than a pampered slave. There is some trade in the country, limited to the exchange of its raw materials for goods from the world of mills, and looms, and forges. The paper-currency of the empire serves as a circulating medium; and it is marvellous to see the gravity with which a buyer will produce his portfolio full of greasy bank-paper, wretched little florin-notes, and segments of the same, and promises of some Austrian Abraham Newland to pay twenty kreuzers, or sevenpence farthing, on demand, and so forth. Silver is regarded with a superstitious reverence, so rare is it, and eke so beloved. The gift of a silver florin is to a Frontiersman what a string of beads is to a savage. How he hugs it, and gazes at it, and breathes on it, and rubs it bright with the skirt of his blue coat, and bears off the precious thing to add to his hoard in some recondite stocking! But gold, the yellow metal that is so potent an enchanter elsewhere, is on this frontier of heathennesse utterly misconstrued, vilified, despised. Austria has kept gold out of the empire, until the people have ceased to believe in it. Even in Vienna, it is sometimes grudgingly taken, with dark looks and evident aversion. On the Frontier, it is not seldom flatly refused as a means of payment, and pushed aside in scorn. It is worth a journey to Jaszenovacz to witness a phenomenon so refreshing and novel as that of gold being treated to the cold shoulder. Yet, though nobody is poor, Dives does not exist in his pomp and luxury; there are no gentry, no nobles, except in the Banat. The Banat is rich indeed, with a soil that bears crops the most prodigious, in return for sorry agriculture, and whose pastures fatten those huge herds of cattle which feed half Austria. But the Banat is wofully unhealthy; malaria and marsh-fever make it nearly as empty, every wet year, as the Campagna of Rome itself. But the matchless black soil, six feet in depth, is too profitable to be deserted; colonists are coaxed to barter health for wealth, and estates have been sold to rich Armenian cattle-dealers, who have been further gratified by patents of nobility and the rank of count.

There is a good deal of smuggling, of salt and tobacco chiefly, along the border-line, but the patrols exercise scrupulous vigilance. The worst of the matter is, that quarantine rules complicate the revenue regulations. Thus, when a Wallachian shepherd is surprised in carrying a huge lump of green rock-salt across the Austrian line, he is careful to fling it down, with a rag or two beside it, and to flee for his life. He is safe when once out of gunshot, but the unlucky guards are saddled with an awful responsibility. They must not pick up that piece of salt; they may not abandon it; they are bound to go through formalities unnumbered about it. Night and day, a sentry watches the salt and the rags, and lets no one come near them. Probably the smuggler abandoned his property high up on the bleak Carpathian Mountains—never mind that! Cold or hot, in storm or shine, watch and ward must be kept on that fatal importation; in fact, the salt has to perform quarantine. Meanwhile, subalterns report to captains, majors to colonels, stamped papers fly over the country like hail, the general signs, the doctors countersign; there are memorials and orders issued, all about half-a-crown's worth of salt. At last, the health-officers go up the mountain, kindle a fire, fumigate rags and salt, solemnly grasp the rags with a pair of tongs, as St Dunstan handled the nose of Apollyon, and burn them in the fire. Then, after the salt has been sprinkled, smoked, and disinfected, out come pen and ink and stamped papers, and a regular *procès-verbal* is drawn up, and then, amid great rejoicings, the salt is pronounced to be free from plague, and 'compromised' salt no longer, but fit for human solace and refection. So it is confiscated for the emolument of the imperial, royal, apostolic treasury. And all this when there is no plague nearer than Tripoli, in Africa!

The Transylvanian Frontier boasts of the superb Szekler hussars, considered by Austrian critics the finest light horse in Europe. They are a local corps, born to wear dolman and kalpac. One very remarkable body of soldiers pervades the entire thousand miles of border; these are the Serreshans, a troop of scouts, armed, dressed, and accoutred in Turkish, or rather in Turco-Greek style. They wear the oriental garb, carry ornamented yataghans, and the long Turkish pistol, and are distributed in small numbers along the line. They act as guides to the ordinary troops; and as they are all smart and daring fellows, and perfectly aware of everything that is said and done in the neighbouring Turkish provinces, they are invaluable as a sort of human sleuth-hounds. The courage and adroitness of these men are most remarkable: trained from youth to espial upon a foe so cruel and vindictive as the Turk, their powers of observation equal those of a Red Indian; they bear all fatigues and privations cheerfully, face all perils, and pass their lives gaily amid thrilling incidents which would insure the success of a railway novel. Unfortunately, these desperadoes have not improved in morals from contact with barbarians; they are pitiless as their foes, and they share in one very horrible superstition common in the border provinces of Turkey; this is, that he who eats the heart of a young child will be rendered invulnerable, or at least ball-proof. There is said to be more than one Serreshan still alive who has resorted to so shocking a talisman as this. Most of the Serreshans are employed on the western or wildest frontier. But there are many on the Transylvanian border, too, where bloodshed and rapine are not uncommon, although the Bosnians are far fiercer than the Wallachian shepherd-robbers. The central parts of the Frontier, protected by the Danube and a line of guard-horses, are but little molested; and no doubt half-a-dozen regiments of mounted police would replace effectually the whole force of the feudal militia. Transylvania, within the Military Frontier, possesses a watering-place, with baths and healing waters, where a major of hussars presides over the hygeian fountains, and ordinances for the government of the Brunnen are published by beat of drum. One of these is curious: it is requested that any visitor having a calf, pig, or sheep to kill, will not slaughter it on the promenade or Grand Parade, a commodious block having been provided for the accommodation of those who seek pleasure or health at the Carpathian spa.

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

Bright Bellingham—by the by, he was no relation to the man who shot Perceval—had a capital business when steel engravings were respectably paid for, and an annual was thought the most indispensable part of the Christmas cheer in genteel houses. His plates were the glory of the *New Year's Garland*, the *Christmas Rose*, and half a score whose names I have forgotten. He was the chosen artist of fashionable Magazines, Court Albums, and Caskets of Beauty, which then abounded. Bright's income was consequently large, but unfortunately his outlay was larger. Mrs Bellingham was no manager; moreover, she liked style and fashion; and Bright's wedded happiness had been rather amply crowned with nine daughters, to be finished, dressed, brought out, and got off, if possible. They lived in Bryanston Square, gave splendid parties, went to Ramsgate every summer, and to Brighton every winter; went up the Rhine, and down the Mediterranean; always hired a carriage for the season, and kept Bright bare and busy. In spite of his returns from the Garlands and the Caskets, Bright's Christmas bills were not always paid when the next came in; but the honest man did his best to make ends meet. He worked hard, and staved off creditors, took in pupils, of whom I was one; whereby I got acquainted with the family.

Bright was a small genteel man, quietly vain of himself and all that was his, the easiest flattered soul I ever knew, and generally good-humoured when accounts were not troublesome. Mrs Bright was a large showy woman, made for the exhibition of dress and millinery. Nobody could set off gowns and bonnets to better advantage; and she lived in the persuasion that getting the newest fashions, and bringing out her girls, comprehended the whole duty of woman. There were five of the Misses Bellingham out when I had the honour of their acquaintance. They were all pretty, and regularly varied as to fair and dark, the one always coming next to the other. Of course, they all played and sang, dressed and danced, thoroughly understood the wheedling of papa when anything new was wanted; and every one expected to captivate a lord. There was some controversy regarding the charms of the Misses Bellingham in our studio: one voted for Florence, another for Charlotte, and a third for Clara, as the queen of beauty among her sisters. My convictions were in favour of the youngest, Miss Julia Jane—a curious combination of names, formed, I believe, by her father's anxiety to name one daughter—she was hoped to be the last—after a kind old aunt who had brought him up, and by Mrs Bright's determination to have no vulgar names in her family. It was said she had taken strong measures to have the Jane dropped; but Bright remained faithful to his aunt's memory, and the young lady latterly preferred her vulgar name, because somebody—I charitably believe it was my cousin Hawkins—put it in her head that she bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of Lady Jane Grey. If so, the luckless lady who lost her head by coming too near the crown, must have been lovely as well as learned, for Miss Julia Jane, when I first saw her, early in her seventeenth year, was as pretty a brunette as could be found in London; and though the smallest of the brought-out sisters, she was a good deal the liveliest, and the cleverest, too, in the opinion of us young men. I believe the four seniors snubbed her in a gentle, sisterly way; Miss Julia Jane didn't mind that. In the persuasion of her likeness to the ten days' queen, she took to studying Greek—I can't say with what success—contemned novels, read only the old poets, pronounced dancing frivolous, and, when she could recollect her great character, looked uncommonly grave and sober.

Hawkins always insisted that a figure prefixed to a story in the *Casket* called the Queen's Revenge, and considered one of the highest efforts of Bright's genius, had been designed from her. We all thought Hawkins had authority in such matters; he was Bright's most promising pupil; and the little man, when he was in good-humour, used to prophesy a future of plates and vignettes for him sufficient to stir up our envy. Hawkins had personal advantages also: he was the handsomest and most dashing young fellow among us; it was our standing wonder where he got the money to dress so well, for Hawkins was an artist's son. His father had left him nothing but a mother and two sisters to do the best he could for; a couple of uncles in the city, who had never got on in business; and a rising reputation, cut down by the scythe of death. Mr Bellingham received, according to advertisement, only a limited number of pupils. What the limits were, I never knew; but his terms were high, and Bright was so particular about antecedents and connections, that some people thought he had an eye to chances for his girls. Our number consisted of Cousin Henry Hawkins, the promising artist; myself, who have since taken to business, and turned out a respectable city-man; young Serle, who was engraving mad then—he had been studying for the bar before, and afterwards became an M.D.; and lastly, Carl Werner, the German, from whom nobody expected anything but awkwardness.

Werner's family had come from Hamburg, and settled in London about the time when the French occupation did such ill service to their city. They were all merchants in the Baltic trade; but Carl, like a true German, found out that the counting-house did not agree with his inner life, and took to engraving out of his moral consciousness. It was Mr Bellingham's decided opinion that Werner never would be an artist. He paid the fees, however, went out and came in as quietly as the cat, worked away in a corner of the studio, from hour to hour, without looking up, while we three talked nonsense, discussed our acquaintances, or tried the boxing-gloves in the absence of our master. Being young men of genteel connections, and more or less eligibility, we had the honour of assisting at most of Mrs Bright's parties. Even Werner was admitted to the select circle. She had made it out that his father had a paying business, and Carl was the only son; but in our designs on the hearts of the Misses Bellingham, none of us stood in dread of Werner. He was tall, loose hung, large featured, gaunt, and stooping. For upsetting things, stepping on ladies' dresses, breaking glass or china, and putting the wrong word in the wrong place, I never knew his equal. Not that Werner was intentionally rough or careless; the damage he did troubled him more than anybody else; but by nature he was awkward in hand and foot, looks and tongue, and, to crown his charms, he had a slow, drawling manner of speaking, and a slight deficiency in the organ of hearing. The girls called him poor Werner. Mr Bellingham said he would never get beyond wood-cuts; but Mrs Bright, especially after she had made out about his father, maintained that Carl Werner was a sensible young man; and I think she had designs upon him for the eldest daughter, Miss Florence, who had been out seven years, and had three broken-off engagements. Strange to say, notwithstanding his awkwardness, and our common belief that Werner was a nobody, Carl Werner was sensible. In all matters that required more than common judgment, in all difficult cases, scrapes, and misunderstandings, whenever judicious advice was wanted, and ways could not be seen clear, even the promising Hawkins consulted Carl without restraint and without reserve; for, besides being the best-natured fellow in the world, he had such sound honour and honesty, that no interest could prevent him from speaking exactly as he thought, and no bond was requisite to bind him to secrecy.

I learned to value him for those qualities after he made up a quarrel, which threatened to be serious, between Cousin Hawkins and me. If the truth must be told, it originated in a picnic at Hornsey Wood, and a flower that fell out of Miss Julia Jane's bonnet. Well, most men play the fool in like fashion some time in their lives. I had been thinking myself an ill-used man, and also of avenging my wrongs by shooting Henry; but having taken the precaution to consult Werner—I don't remember his arguments, for it is five-and-twenty years ago—he succeeded in convincing me that my cousin was not to blame; that girls would change their minds; that perhaps I had mistaken my position, and that it was beneath a man to quarrel about picnics and falling flowers. I suppose it was the service rendered on that occasion which made Hawkins apply to Werner in his perplexity some two months after. Lady Jane, as we called her, would not accept a ring or make an engagement without papa's consent, and Henry's prospects were not of the most brilliant order. Besides, Mr Bellingham professed an objection to parting with his girls, except in due rotation, and beginning with the fifth daughter scarcely accorded with that family statute. But Werner was known to have influence with Mrs Bright. There was no difficulty in asking his counsel, for he had no rival vanities; indeed, the honest fellow had never been known to make the smallest advances to womankind but once, when he was found reciting part of a German play to Lady Jane in a corner of the back-drawing-room, and caught the lively girl laughing at him in the opposite mirror. There was great fun among us concerning that recitation. Werner joined in it after his own wind-dried fashion, remarking, that from the glance he got of himself in the glass, it was no wonder Lady Jane laughed; but the passage was fine, if she had only understood German. Lady Jane got severely scolded by Miss Florence for the impropriety, but it was all over and forgotten before Hawkins's business came on. What advice Werner gave him, I cannot tell, nor what persuasions he brought to bear on the old people; but my cousin emerged from the back-parlour one morning looking as if he had won some hard-fought field. It was afterwards observed that Miss Julia Jane wore a ring on the appointed finger; that her four seniors were out of humour for some time, and Mrs Bright told everybody how ridiculous it was that that child should be engaged. They were to wait three years till Hawkins had a position; but before half the time, they got tired, as anybody would, of being always invited, and set together, quizzed, remarked upon, and made jealous, with the other amenities of engaged life. The Bellinghams were tired, too, and as Hawkins had made his début in the engraving world by illustrating Lord Petworth's 'Ode to Spring' in the *Literary Diamond*—the plate consisted of a tree, a magpie, and two bunches of duckweed, but Bright said there was execution in it, and his prospects were begun—the young people were allowed to go to church and be made fast with the usual formalities.

I have always remarked, that when a set once gets broken by the migration or settlement of any of its members, the rest soon scatter away, and so it proved with the Bellinghams and their studio. A few years brought many changes to that select circle. Serle found out that the medical profession was the field for his talents; I discovered, with the help of a mercantile uncle, that business would pay me better than engraving; Werner finished his apprenticeship, and commenced his profession with all sorts of good wishes from his master, who, however, did not expect him, more than ourselves, ever to finish a plate respectably. In the meantime, the day of Annuals was waning; Bright's plates were not paid for as they had been; and as family expenditure could not be diminished, the little man's difficulties increased to such a degree, that relations, friends, and pupils found it necessary to keep at a safe distance from him and his. I believe there were eventually writs and executions issued; but he escaped from them and his fair family by slipping quietly down the valley of the shadow where bailiffs cannot follow, after an attack of bronchitis, about the time that Amulets, Gems, and Caskets were selling for Christmas. Their relatives, and everybody within their reach, had terrible work settling Mrs Bright and her girls. They opened a seminary for young ladies, but it wouldn't do; they went out as governesses, and never kept a situation longer than the first quarter. I can't recollect all the varieties of lady's business in which they did not succeed, but five out of the eight got off by desperate exertions. I understand three of them were considered low matches, and not spoken of by the remaining trio—by the by, Miss Florence was one of them—when they and their mamma were finally established, to the great relief of their friends, in a small boarding-house at Broadstairs.

Before that happy arrangement was concluded, Serle had taken the degree of M.D. at the London University, married an alderman's niece, and bought a practice in Finsbury; I had entered into partnership with Clarke and Sons, and induced the eldest of Clarke's daughters to become Mrs John Robinson; a Mr and Mrs Hawkins were getting deep into the cares of the world, as represented by an uncertain income and an increasing family. Theirs was the most decided love-match of the three, and I believe they got on as well as most married people. It was true, Mrs Bright heard and rehearsed some complaints of Harry's staying too late at the Social Bantams, and Hawkins's mother and sisters thought he might have got a better manager. The days of Lady Jane-ship were over with her; the time of white gloves and attitudes were gone by with him. The promising young man of our studio never attained to his master's place in the esteem of print-publishers—his plates brought in little—Julia Jane was not the best of housekeepers—there were five children in as many years—the pair were getting careworn—and we, together with all their friends, wondered how long their heads would be kept above water. Sometimes I thought it served Lady Jane right for her behaviour at the picnic; sometimes I pitied the poor little woman for having married the poverty-struck artist instead of his well-doing cousin. Mrs John Robinson knew nothing of that; but it was a mighty puzzle to her how christening robes, birthday frocks, and similar contingencies could be got out of Hawkins's earnings, till one evening—I believe it was over gin and water—he let out to me that Julia Jane had an income. 'We don't know exactly how it comes,' said Hawkins. 'Cuttleman and Co. pay her twenty-five pounds every quarter-day, and say they are bound in honour to tell nothing about it; but old Bright had a brother who disgraced the family by going to sea—before the mast, you understand—and never turned up since. That man had a great liking for Julia Jane in her infancy, and she believes the money comes from him; but we think it better not to talk of it; people might make misconstructions; and by all accounts, Uncle Bob, as she calls him, would be no help to a family's gentility.' I promised strict secrecy; and except what Mrs John did to circulate it among her private friends, the story of Cuttleman and Co.'s transaction was known only to us four who had got acquainted in Bright Bellingham's studio, and kept up the old friendship in spite of our far diverging ways.

I think Carl Werner kept the secret best; perhaps because he was the only bachelor among us. Poor Bright's prophecy, which had so signally failed concerning his son-in-law, proved equally wide of the mark with regard to him. From the time he commenced business on his own account, Carl worked away at the engraving silently and steadily, as he used to do, in the corner of the studio, made no acquaintances, looked after no young ladies; and if he had any amusement except perpetual smoking, an occasional trip to the theatre when there was a strong tragedy on, and a row up or down the Thames with a wherryman whose grandfather had come from Germany, no mortal could guess what it was. He worked, however, and maintained himself without a farthing from his family. The old gentleman in the Baltic trade had not exactly cast him off for taking to plates, but he left Carl to work out his own purpose with great philosophy, and sent to Hamburg for a nephew to fill the place destined for his son in the concern, and probably in his will also. Carl worked on, and in process of time it was discovered that the pupil whose *ne plus ultra* was to be woodcuts, could do line-engraving in first-rate style, could give the best paintings to steel and paper, could form designs of his own which rejoiced the hearts of all who dealt in illustrated books. Carl's reputation rose, and so did his returns; but his mode of life never varied; he lived in two second-floor rooms in Craven Street, Strand, because the landlady understood him, and didn't object to smoke; he wore the same loosely-put-on clothes, always rusty, and never made in the fashion; he came sometimes to see Serle, sometimes to see me, and occasionally asked us to his rooms, where things were wonderfully snug, notwithstanding undisturbed dust, and an atmosphere compounded of it and tobacco. From Hawkins he kept something like distance—we thought for fear of the professional patronage which might be wanted; for Carl was prudent, and understood how to save money. We knew he was laying up in some bank, but never could get the sum or purpose of his savings out of him: only once, when he had been working some years, Carl gave us to understand that the amount was considerable, that he had made his will, and constituted Serle and myself executors.

It was not twelve months after that disclosure, at which we had both laughed and wondered, when Werner was in the midst of a plate which was to fix his fame for ever among the print-publishers, that he went down to Sheerness with his friend the wherryman one rough March day; and how it happened not even the newspapers could tell exactly, but the boat was upset in a squall somewhere off the Medway. The wherryman and two other passengers were picked up by a cutter's boat, but Carl was never seen till some days after, when a bargeman found his body floating out to sea. His father and family took charge of all that concerned the funeral. I believe there was some grief among them in a quiet German way; but Serle and I, being executors, had his will solemnly read by a lawyer from Doctors' Commons, and found that, exclusive of a mourning-ring to each of us, and a trifling legacy to his landlady for understanding him and the smoke, the whole of his savings, amounting to three thousand pounds, which had been gathered out of his plates and designs through hard-working years, and lodged with Cuttleman and Co., were bequeathed to Mrs Henry Hawkins, formerly called Miss Julia Jane Bellingham, in testimony of the friendship and respect entertained for her by her father's pupil. The testament concluded with a strict injunction to us to keep his drawings, but destroy all the written papers we should find, without allowing them to be seen by any eyes but our own. The drawings, as might be expected, were well worth preserving, for Carl was a born artist, and I have some of them yet; but the written papers consisted entirely of letters in his own hand, and in German; bundle after bundle methodically sealed with his crest; and all addressed to Madame Carl von Werner at half-a-dozen different streets and numbers, where we knew my cousin Hawkins had encamped; the latest being directed to his present residence, Filmore Terrace, Kensington. As executors, we had a right to look into that mystery, and we did it. Letter after letter was opened and read by us both. There was between Serle and me a smattering of German, so we understood enough to see that they were all addressed to his beloved wife, Julia Jane, who was separated from him by what he called the malice of Fate; but they were to meet again at some indefinite time and place; and more loving, true-hearted letters I never saw.

'You see he never sent one of them, and she would not understand a syllable of them if he had. What a strange mode of building his castle in the air,' said Serle. 'I always did think that German play wasn't recited in the corner for nothing.'

'Was he insane, Serle?' said I.

'Perhaps he was on that point, but Carl's insanity was not of a common kind. We had better burn these letters, and say nothing about them.'

The letters were burned before we left the room, and Mr and Mrs Hawkins never knew anything except that she had been left three thousand pounds by Carl Werner's will. Hawkins ever after spoke of him as a noble fellow; but his poor little wife, who had lived and borne up so well through their days of difficulty, sickened and died in the following autumn; and Henry, after doing the inconsolable for thirteen months, married advantageously into the family of a successful engraver, who had thought Carl a rival. He has since become in a manner successful himself; but the whole Bellingham lineage daily denounce him for not having shared Lady Jane's three thousand with them; and Serle and I, when we happen to be alone together—which family-men cannot often be—sometimes talk of those strange letters, and our poor friend the married bachelor.

ANTIQUE GEMS.

It is a common error to confuse Gems with precious stones; whereas gems should signify carved or engraved stones only, such as cameos or intaglios. At the coronation of the present Czar at Moscow, the Countess of Granville, our ambassador's wife, eclipsed the rest of the company—exceedingly rich in jewels though the great Russian families are—by her magnificent ornaments, the triumph of art over mere material wealth. Others were in a blaze of diamonds and 'glimmer of pearls,' but those, however valuable, could, if lost, be replaced; while the English lady's *parure*, composed of eighty-eight gems selected from the best specimens in the Devonshire collection of Greek and Roman art, could never be reproduced. Mere decoration, however, is the lowest use to which these exquisite embodiments of taste and skill can be put. The historian and the antiquary are both indebted to them. They indestructibly preserve for us, although in miniature, the exact representations of the most celebrated works of the ancient sculptors, long since destroyed or lost. 'The Apoxyomenos of Callicrates, which was pronounced the "Canon" or model of statuary in bronze, but which, together with almost all the other works in that metal, has perished in the times of barbarism, is allowed by all archæologists to have been the original of the famous intaglio in the Marlborough cabinet, an athlete using the strigil, itself also classed amongst the finest engravings known. The Apollo Delphicus, too, supporting his lyre upon the head of a Muse by his side, a subject often reproduced without any variation, and usually in work of the greatest excellence, is incontestably the copy of some very famous and highly revered statue of this deity, then in existence. Again, amongst the Mertens-Schaafhausen gems, the attention is attracted by a singular design, the same god armed with his bow and arrows in his one hand, and with the other holding the fore-feet of a stag standing erect; the whole composition betokening an archaic epoch. There can be small doubt but that this little sard has handed down to us a faithful idea of the bronze group by the early statuary Canachus, which from its singularity was accounted the chief ornament of the Didymeon at Athens: an Apollo thus holding a stag, the hind-feet of which were so ingeniously contrived by means of springs and hinges in the toes, that a thread could be passed between them and the base on which they rested, a mechanical *tour de force* thought worthy by Pliny of particular mention.'

Gems supply us with pictures of the usages of domestic life amongst the ancients, giving us authentic details of the forms and construction of innumerable articles used in war, navigation, religious rites, the games of the circus and arena, the representations of the stage, with the costume, masks, and all other accessories of the scenic performance. In a good collection of impressions from ancient gems, the student will see the various pieces of armour of the ancient Greek or Etruscan warrior carefully made out in their minutest details; and the obscure subject of the construction of the ancient trireme has been principally elucidated by the representations thus handed down to our times. The disputed chronology of Egyptian history has been already to some extent, and will doubtless be yet more fully made out by the aid of the numerous scarabei and tablets bearing the names and titles of the kings, whenever a more satisfactory mode of interpreting their hieroglyphical legends, than the present conjectural method, shall have been discovered.

Surely, then, the study of Antique Gems is not to be one despised, or set down in the finical company of Genealogy, Heraldry, or the Art of Illumination. It seems, indeed, to be peculiarly fitted for one whose life is passed in lettered ease, and we are much indebted to Mr King, of Trinity College, Cambridge, for his admirable exposition of the matter.* His enthusiasm was, of course, ready laid, like a housemaid's fire, for such a pursuit, and has increased with application, or he could never have set about, and far less completed, so large and interesting a volume out of such materials. A hack writer could not have rendered the subject readable, even if he himself survived the compilation; but with our author it is a labour of love, and he goes about it as though he were composing something in praise of his mistress. He does not believe it to be in the power of Time or Chance to hurt his favourites. 'Once a captain, always a captain,' he applies to all gems, no matter how ancient. He protests that the breastplates worn by the Jewish high-priests—the earliest instance on record of the art of the gem-engraver—are still shining somewhere.

'It will sound incredible to the ear of the uninitiated, but every one conversant with the nature of gems will admit that these most venerable productions of the glyptic art *must still be in existence*. No lapse of time produces any sensible effect upon these monuments, as is testified by the numerous seals even in a softer material, vitrified clay, bearing the name of Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses himself. Their intrinsic value also, as the finest gems that could be procured by the zeal of a race trafficking all over the world, must have rendered them objects of care to all the conquerors into whose hands they fell, and though removed from their original vestments, and reset in various ornaments, they must have always ranked amongst the most precious state jewels of the captor of the Holy City. This doubtless was the cause that the breastplate belonging to the first temple is not mentioned in the list of articles sent back by Cyrus to Jerusalem. The breastplate in use after the captivity, and described by Josephus, was carried to Rome, together with the other spoils of the temple. Of the subsequent fate of these treasures, the more probable account is, that they were transferred to Constantinople, and deposited by Justinian in the sacristy of Santa Sophia. Hence, there is a chance of the gems emerging from oblivion at no distant day, when the "Sick Man's" treasury shall be rummaged! What a day of rejoicing both to archæologists and to the religious world will the identification of one of these sacred monuments occasion; a contingency by no means to be thought chimerical in an age which has witnessed the resuscitation of Sennacherib's signet [of which a woodcut is given], of his drinking-cup, and of his wife's portrait.'

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* *Antique Gems*. By the Rev. C. W. King, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Gems of considerable antiquity are still extant, with legends in the Rabbinical Hebrew character; as also huge gold rings with inscriptions on the shank, used at the celebration of the marriage-ceremony.

Concerning the materials used by the gem-engraver, we find the following interesting particulars. The carnelian, and its superior variety the sard, has the first place, as the stone most commonly used, and the best adapted for the work. The most ancient intaglios, such as the Etruscan and Egyptian, are cut on red carnelians. The sard is a finer variety, tougher, more easily worked, and susceptible of a higher and more enduring polish. The name is derived from Sardis, whence they were first imported into Greece. Chalcedony is called white carnelian by our lapidaries. Next to the sards rank the onyx, sardonyx, nicolo, and agate. The sardonyx is a white opaque layer, superimposed upon a red transparent stratum of true red sard. The common onyx has two opaque layers of different colours, usually in strong contrast to each other, as red and white, green and white. The agate is of the same substance as the onyx, but the layers are wavy, and often concentric. The nicolo is an abbreviation of the Italian *onicolo*, a little onyx.

Jaspers were the *seal-stones*, par eminence, amongst the Romans. Pliny distinguishes several varieties, the best with a purple, the more common with an emerald tinge. The spotted variety, called bloodstone, anciently bore the name of heliotrope, or sun-turner, from the notion that if immersed in water, it reflected an image of the sun as red as blood. Garnets were favourite stones with the Romans, as also the Persians; and from the frequency with which portraits of the Sassanian monarchs appear engraved on this gem, it would seem to have been regarded by the later Persians as a royal stone. The carbuncle, which is a deep red variety, is always cut in 'cabochon.'

That the emerald and ruby should yield to the engraver's skill may seem to the unlearned in these matters somewhat surprising; Mr King, however, mentions some fine examples of both. Perhaps one of the most curious stories ever told about a gem, is one related by Herodotus concerning the *emerald* signet of Polycrates, the work of Theodorus of Samos. Polycrates was on terms of close friendship with Amasis, king of Egypt, but his power increased so greatly, and he was so uniformly successful in his enterprises, that his friend Amasis wrote to warn him not to incur the jealousy of the gods, but to avert it by casting away voluntarily that thing the loss of which would most pain his soul. Polycrates, having read the letter, and conceiving that Amasis had given him good advice, began to consider which of his valuables he should most grieve to lose, and this, he decided, was his favourite emerald signet. He accordingly manned a fifty-oar galley, went on board, and ordered it to be put out to sea; and when at a considerable distance from the island, he took off the signet, and cast it into the sea. This done, he returned, and grieved over the loss as a great misfortune. But some six days after, a fisherman having caught an exceedingly fine fish, carries it up to the palace, as a present to Polycrates; when, lo! upon the servants opening the fish, they find in its belly the seal of their master. He, deeming the event superhuman, wrote an account of it to his friend Amasis, who straightway sent a herald to Samos, to renounce the friendship of a man who was thus *over-fortunate*, and alleging as the reason, that if some dreadful calamity at last befel Polycrates, he might not himself be grieved for him as a friend. Mr King mentions a sardonyx shewn in Pliny's time, and pretended to be this famous signet, but he is decided in his belief that the signet was an emerald, and as precious for the work of the artist as its own intrinsic value. Perhaps this stone also will turn up in the ransack of the sultan's treasury.

As another instance of a remarkable emerald intaglio, may be mentioned the one said to have been engraved with the head of the Saviour, by command of the Emperor Tiberius, who desired to see the portrait of so famous a person. Engravings, pretended to be copies of this gem, are not uncommon, and they give a mild but weak expression to the countenance, with a shelving forehead.* Smaragdus, the ancient name of the emerald, is a Greek corruption of the Sanscrit Smarakata. Gem-engravers were said to relieve their sight, when wearied by over-exertion, by looking at an emerald, so effectually does its mild green lustre refresh the eye. The hyacinthus was identical with our sapphire. The diamond has never been engraved; in fact, the art of cutting and polishing this gem was only discovered in the fifteenth century by Louis de Berghem, and the first ever cut by him was a large one, weighing fifty-five carats, belonging to Charles the Bold, and now known as the Sancy Diamond. The following is told of a famous sard signet in the Paris collection. 'In the last century, as the Abbé Barthelemy was exhibiting the rarities of the Bibliothèque to a distinguished antiquary of the day, he suddenly missed this ring, whereupon, without expressing his suspicions, he privately despatched a servant for an emetic, which, when brought, he insisted on the antiquary's swallowing then and there. In a few minutes, he had the satisfaction of hearing the signet tinkle in the basin held before the unlucky victim to the love of antiquities.' Polycrates himself could not have been more disconcerted by the return of his gem from the deep, into which, for a very different purpose, he had cast it.

It would appear that nature herself sometimes anticipates and outdoes the skill of the engraver. The agate of King Pyrrhus was said to have been marked naturally so as to represent Apollo holding the lyre, and surrounded by the nine Muses, each with her appropriate attribute. Agates occur at the present day marked with figures which it seems almost impossible to ascribe to a mere freak of nature. Amongst those in the British Museum is one representing the head of Chaucer covered with the hood, as in his well-known portrait, the resemblance of which is most extraordinary; and yet the pebble is evidently in its original state, not even polished, but merely broken in two. But in most of these 'nature-paintings,' the natural veins and shadings of the stone have been probably much assisted by the imagination of the beholder.

If nature, however, imitates art, art has not been slow in repaying the polite attention. It is almost impossible for any one not 'a scholar and a gentleman,' as well as a lapidary and a man of taste, to tell whether the thing offered to him as an antique gem is genuine or not. The devices used to entrap, not the unwary, but the most sagacious, are well-nigh numberless. Beside the execution of the gems, which is at least as difficult a thing to estimate as that of a painting, the precious stones themselves have from very early times been imitated. Crystal, heated and plunged into a tincture of cochineal, becomes a ruby, and into a mixture of turnesole and saffron, a sapphire; while the carbuncle of ancient times, as of to-day, was made out of the same comparatively cheap substance. The crystal being cut to the proper form, its back is painted the required colour, and then it is set in a piece of jewellery. To baffle this, in the case of the chrysolithus, Pliny expressly mentions that the stone was set *open*. 'Although the Roman jewellers made false jaspers of three colours by cementing as many slices of different stones together, and hence its name *Terebinthizusa*, they do not seem to have been acquainted with doublets, the favourite device of the modern trade, by which a thin slice of real stone is backed by a facetted crystal, and then so set as to conceal the junction. The ancient frauds in coloured stones were entirely confined to the substitution of pastes for the true, to detect which Pliny lays down many rules—some fanciful enough, but containing one that is infallible, that by means of a splinter of obsidian, a paste may be scratched, but not a real stone.' After such ingenious frauds as these, the Cingalese, who cut such very fine emeralds out of the thick bottoms of our wine-bottles, to sell to the 'steamboat gentlemans,' may be considered to be quite unsophisticated; as also the Brighton lapidaries, who cast old glass fragments into the sea, which the attrition of the shingle soon converts into the form of real pebbles. 'These tradesmen,' as Mr King wittily observes, 'do literally cast their bread into the water, and find it again after many days.' We rather suspect that the eye is not greatly refreshed by the contemplation of the Brighton emeralds, and that even 'if engraved with the figure of a beetle,' they would not be very 'advantageous to persons having suits to monarchs,' as Pliny says the magicians of his time declared emeralds to be. The amethyst, as its name implies, was supposed to prevent intoxication, and was therefore invaluable set in a ring, and worn at supper-parties. The ruby, being powdered, and taken in water, was a certain though expensive cure for liver complaints, as well as a most trustworthy lightning-conductor. The chrysolite, bored through, and strung on an ass's hair, was capital for expelling devils. But the amber had the most excellent though dangerous qualities, for if laid upon your wife when she was asleep, she would confess to certain peccadillos, which it was not likely you would have otherwise got out of her.

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* Intaglios representing purely Christian subjects are of the rarest possible occurrence in works of real antiquity.

Mr King tells us that the Egyptian scarabei, or 'beetle-stones,' are the earliest monuments of the glyptic art in existence. The beetles are cut out of basalt, carnelian, agate, lapis-lazuli, and other hard stones, but are as frequently made of a soft limestone, or of a vitrified clay, the harder stones appearing to have been *filed* into shape by means of a piece of emery. The softer substances were probably fashioned into the beetles, and then engraved with a splinter of flint; for Herodotus speaks of the Ethiopian arrows being headed with the stone by means of which they engrave their signets. The earliest method of wearing them was that of simply stringing them intermixed with other beads, as a necklace, the engraved base of the scarab serving at the same time the purpose of a signet. The Assyrian and Persian cylinders were similarly pierced with a large hole passing through their length, for a string, and in this manner worn round the wrist as a bracelet. The discovery of the process of cutting intaglios on the harder gems is due to the Assyrians.

Concerning the signets mentioned in the Old Testament, Mr King observes that 'it is always as being borne on the hand, and never on the finger. Thus, Tamar demands the seal and twisted cord (chotam and pethil), usually rendered "ring," "signet," or "bracelet:" again, Pharaoh takes the signet off his own hand, and puts it upon that of Joseph: thus, also, the expression, "the signet upon my right hand:" thus, too, the young Amalekite brings to David, as the ensigns of royalty, the diadem and the bracelet taken from the corpse of Saul, apparently because the latter contained the royal signet. Pliny also expressly asserts that the use of finger-rings was of no very great antiquity. A curious kind of natural signet was used by the Athenians of the time of Aristophanes, the invention of which he jocosely ascribes to the subtle genius of the misogynist Euripides. As it was found that the wives were able to get themselves a fac-simile of their husbands' signet for half a drachma, and thus to open, without fear of detection, all the stores sealed up by their lords, Euripides had taught the latter to seal the wax or clay securing the doors with bits of *worm-eaten wood*. The curious windings and intricate curves traced on the surface of the wood by the "fairies' coach-maker," were quite beyond imitation, and supplied a signet that could not be counterfeited.'

With that hint to husbands, we must leave this volume of Mr King's, who has skilfully contrived to popularise, without degrading, a subject not only 'caviare to the multitude' (which is but little to say when caviare can be got in Piccadilly for a shilling per pot), but one especially dull and unattractive to their eyes.

POND-FISHING.

YOUR grand salmon-killers turn up their noses at us, but we don't care. Look at those little boys coming home in full chatter after a half-holiday's catching sticklebacks. Most of their game, it is true, died, from having been handed about too long for inspection—they have got one alive in a physic bottle, poor little beast! as much perplexed as a mermaid would be in a water-butt—but its captors are happy as Scrope when he shot his biggest stag. Don't those boys recall your days of triumph when *you* caught sticklebacks?—when you took a worm, tied him round the waist with a thread, and let him down into the middle of a shoal? Didn't they bite, one at each end? It was not so much a bite, though, as a shameless gobble. Often the worm, excusably enough, threw them off when they had got half an inch of him stowed away inside; but your stickleback is a bold feeder, and soon gets over a check. One at each end, the rest fussing about, and trying to help, the two lucky fellows persevere, and swallow on till their noses meet in the midst; then you gently lift them out, and draw them off their dinners, the worm doing the same service over and over again, till he grows limp and white.

From these early essays, to the finished diplomacy employed with shy, heavy carp, Pond-fishing has held its own as the favourite pursuit of thousands. Look at the floats in the tackle-shops, where a varnished pike swims in mid air, like Mohammed's coffin between heaven and earth. Look at the floats I say—fat, tapering, transparent. Do not they recall pleasant visions of the days you spent by the weedy moat, where the water-hen crept under the hollow bank, and the dragon-fly sat upon the bulrush; of the dark hole beneath the willow, where the conscious cork made circles in the still water, and then sailed sideways off, or sank with unequivocal decision? Talk of the small skill needed in this humble sport. I should like to see a deer-stalker catch moles. No, no! We grant you all the respect you ask, ye fly-fishers; but do not suppose every tench caught with a float is a fool, or that it is easy to fix a hook in his leather jaws, because you hide it with a worm instead of a hackle. In the first place, worms are not all alike; and if you will listen for a minute, I will tell you how best to provide this first essential in pond-fishing. Take a spade, you suppose. No such thing. Wait for a clear dewy night, and then, provided with a candle and a pot of moss, step quietly on to the lawn; there, as you hold the flame low down, you will see the subterraneous population of the soil taking the air. With the tip of his tail left inside his door, Mr Worm stretches himself out at full length in the cool wet grass. Some, you see, are large, coarse, and dark; let them lie; they might be of use, if you wanted to catch eels, but to other fish they offer small temptation. Look again: there is a superior animal, made altogether of finer clay, and quickened with purer blood. Notice his form—head elongated, tail flat, colour pinky, with a dark line running down his back. Pick him up; he is the right sort. Yes, I thought so. You laid hold of his head, and he slipped through your fingers quick as thought, back into his hole. No—press his tail first just where it dips into the ground; then gently taking him by the body, he will lose his presence of mind and gripe of his threshold at the same time, and come up easily enough. There; put him in the moss, and go on. Thus hundreds may be taken. But mind you don't stump about like Rumple Stilkskin, or you will jar the ground, and frighten the worms back into their holes before they can be touched.

To-morrow we will try for some tench.

Which way is the wind? East. Then you might as well fish with a bare boot-hook, for not a fin will you touch. No, not east—south-west. Ah, well! then we will try; but I fear the sky is too bright, even though the wind is in the right quarter. What I like to see is a soft gray underflight of clouds slipping slowly along; or a warm rain; or a mass piling up ammunition for a thunder-storm, while the horses stand head to tail beneath the chestnuts, with mutual civility, whisking off the flies, and pounding the dusty grass. No; the day will be too bright—the sun reigns; the hot shimmer rises from the heated soil, making the hedges tremble, as though quivering with wind; the mown hayfield is slippery beneath the soles of your shoes, and the grasshoppers raise their strident chorus as you brush them up with your feet. No fishing to-day—we will look over the tackle, and try in the evening.

What line have you got? Ah! it is as well we didn't start at present. Just add three or four more lengths of gut; and, please observe, don't try to tie them together when they are dry, or they will crack. Put them into your mouth, if you have no water handy. See how I manage it. Now that the gut is soft and limp, I tie the end of one piece simply on to the other, in a common knot; then I tie the end of the second piece on to the first in the same manner; then I pull the two free ends till the knots slip along and catch against each other. Fastened in this way, gut will neither fray nor part.

Now for the rod! Yes, that will do—long, light, stiff in the hand, supple at the point, with rings not hanging loose, but fixed, and large enough to let, if need be, a kink in the line pass through. In the evening, we will try our luck.

What shall we do meanwhile, do you say? Ground-bait? O no; not for tench; nor often, indeed, for any fish. I remember a friend of mine who was promised a day's sport in a piece of ornamental water. He threw in store of bread and clay, mingled in orthodox proportion; and coming the next morning to the spot with rod, gaff, and creel, found a dozen ducks with their ends up, full of glee and his ground-bait. If you like, you may take my casting-net down to the mill, and try for a few of those dace: we want some bait for Jack.

Now it is past six o'clock, and we must be off. See, the horses have left the shade, and the cows are licking up the cool grass in the middle of the meadow. It is feeding-time, and the tench will be sharp set.

Here is the pond, an old clay-pit, with crumbling sides, and clear spots among the weeds, shewing where the water is the deepest—just the place for tench. Now, then; put your rod together, and leave a good length of gut beneath the float. Bait with one of those clear-complexioned worms you found upon the grass-plot. Yes, put a big one on—*parvum parva decent*—and with shortened line, lower him gently by that patch of weeds. There let the float rest, and do not be in a hurry to strike when you see it move.

Bustling men, who cannot work and wait, may sneer if they will at the silent patience of the angler; what know they of the still charm which creeps over the senses, helping them to take in with half-unconscious appetite the blessed influence of evening, when the coolness of the earth meets the sinking fire of the sunbeam, and sends an equal pulse of life through every blade and leaf. Then the watcher who stands beside the pool receives into his being that calm which marks the brethren of his craft. He is angling, it is true; he speculates on the indecision of the fish, which—maybe even now deep in the cool water—are circling with suspicious hunger round his bait, loath to swallow, still more loath to leave, the luscious worm. Yet, meanwhile, he gathers in, through open senses, store of nature's truth; he sees and marks, with tenacious observation, countless traits of life—the persevering industry of the insect, the sociable intelligence of the bird, the short history of the summer plant, the steady progress of the growing tree, the shifting architecture of the clouds, the ceaseless machinery of all around that dies to live and lives to die in perpetual succession. But, look! there is a bite. See, the float is uneasy—makes little rings in the water. Now it moves slowly off—now it dips a quarter of an inch—now it rises up, and lies upon its side: that is sure symptom of a tench. Draw in your slack line, lest you hit your rod against that overhanging branch. Now, strike! Yes, you have him; he is a fine fellow too. See how he rolls the water up with his tail, like the blade of a revolving screw; down again, head first! Give him play, but by all means keep him in the midst of that clear spot. Ah! he is yielding to the, to him, mysterious power from above. Another last dive, and then he can barely keep his head below the surface. Be quick, but gentle, with the landing-net; tow him within its open mouth. There; he is safe—at least in our view of his position. No, poor fellow, that muscular curving of your strong back is of no use to you in the new element to which you are transferred; your slimy life among the weeds is over now; you have swallowed your last mouthful, and must play an altogether passive part throughout your next appearance at a feast. Tench are best plain boiled; carp are only vehicles for sauce. I remember once, when the evenings were warm, catching a number of tench long after sunset. Every fish in the pond was awake; you could hear them 'kissing,' for the tench makes a small smacking noise with his coy little mouth, just like that of a neat kiss—you could hear them kissing in the weeds by the dozen together. It was too dark to distinguish the float, so I shortened my line, let the bait hang about a foot beneath the surface, and landed a good basketful.

Though tench generally need careful fishing, they will sometimes bite in scenes of considerable publicity. When a lad, I used to go every year along with a large party, all boys, old and young, to a big pond about twelve miles off, which was crowded with small perch. We fished from a boat, that held about a score of us. O silent shade of Izaak Walton! the craft, when equipped, was a perfect scare-fish, combining every appearance and movement most likely to terrify the game. What with the rocking of the boat—the scrambling over the seats—the shouting and signalling to those on shore—the incessant splashing of fat floats, red, yellow, blue—and occasional recovery of the upper half of a rod flung bodily into the water—the paddling with our hands over the side, and the throwing in of scraps of sandwich-paper and empty bottles, the thing kept up as much disturbance as an eight-oar in a fit.

But still, if the weather proved very soft and propitious, we used to catch a number of eager little perch; and now and then, strange to say, a biggish tench. On those memorable occasions, all the rest took in their rods, and let the fortunate prize-holder play his fish; but, directly he was landed, or boated, in went the nineteen floats over the lucky spot at which he had been hooked. I need not say we never caught two running.

The carp is the shyest of all pond-fish, and requires both fine tackle and careful approach. Strange as it may seem, even in places where they are accustomed to human society—as in a moat around a farmhouse—they distinguish and suspect the angler. He must not only fish for them very early in the morning, but conceal himself while he does so. Creep up behind a bush; then with a short line and unobtrusive float, run your rod quietly out over the bank, and lower your bait without disturbance. There; your hook is neatly covered with a lump of tough, well-kneaded paste, and you have stuck a fresh gentle on its point. The float stands motionless up, reflected double, without any slack line hanging in the water.

It is a June morning, and very early, for the distant church-clock has just struck three. Man is asleep, breathing the loaded air of close chambers, his grimy chin and tumbled hair sunk deep in the suffocating pillow. Meanwhile, nature is awake; while you crouch behind your ambush on the moat's bank, or stand like a rifleman behind that pollard willow, you hear the lark singing as he mounts to meet the sun. See, there is a thrush with a snail in his bill; he is looking for a stone on which to crack his breakfast. Ah, that will suit! How he whacks the shell upon it! pausing every now and then to catch a tighter grip of its writhing inmate. Miserable snail!—your armour will soon be all chipped off, and you will have to slide, naked, down your captor's throat. Any one can find many of these sacrificial spots at the edge of a coppice where thrushes abound, shining as if smeared with gum, but with numerous fragments of snail-shell littered about, and bearing witness to the nature of the varnish with which the stone is covered. Look, too, at the ants—hurrying about with lots of baggage, like railway-porters five minutes before the express starts: how those *pupæ* manage to survive such apparently rough and incessant shifting, always surprises me. Look, too, at the swallows and martins, breakfasting off the meadow, shaving the grass tops, and whipping up a mouthful at a time, thirty miles an hour. The rooks, now—I always feel an especial respect for them, they have so much of the good old-fashioned country-gentleman air about them—see what a pleasant conversational meal *they* are making meanwhile in that soft, newly ploughed field. But we must be looking after our carp. Ah! I thought we had provided the right victual even for those dainty aristocratic palates, and they have not found us out, not yet at least. Keep low behind the bush—watch your float—see how steadily it sweeps off—how steadily it dives. Yes, a fine fish I declare. Bait again; you will have another before the homestead turns out, and the yardman stumps up to see, but spoil your sport. Put up your rod; shoulder your fish; and when you get home, and join the lazy sleepers, who by this time have shaved, and come down smug and brisk, 'perhaps you won't' breakfast yourself, as young Bailey says in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, 'perhaps not; O no.'

TWO DAYS AT CANTON.

Last Thursday, May 30, Captain K—— and I set off precisely at 8 A.M. from Hong-kong port for Canton. The steamer by which we were conveyed was three stories high, and very comfortably fitted up. We had a long passage for so good a boat, not reaching Canton till 8 P.M., though the distance from Hong-kong is but 100 miles; but we had a tide of seven knots an hour against us all the way. I can say nothing of scenery, as we had rain and fog all day.

As we came to anchor, the rush of boats alongside was dreadful: they smashed and crashed each other horribly, and being managed by women, the shouting and talking were *not a little*, in a language strange and unmusical. Every boat had its lantern waving about on the end of a long pole. They are the best river-boats I have ever seen, beautifully kept, each having its little joss-house or temple, sitting-room, and kitchen. The Chinese are very fond of pictures—every boat is full of them. In the boat I was in, I was struck by seeing one of the battle of Waterloo, and next to it another of the siege of Rangoon. The boat-women dress very neatly, and get up their long black hair in a wonderful and elaborate manner. In these boats, there is a small place in front for two rowers, and a place behind for a person to scull and steer with a long oar; even the largest junks use these, which are worked by a number of men. The boat-population of Canton—of persons who *live entirely* on the river—is estimated at 100,000; the population of the town itself at 2,000,000.

We soon reached our destination—the house of a Mr Scott, a merchant, a very kind and hospitable gentleman. Here we were so fortunate as to meet the Rev. Mr Gray, who has resided ten years in China, and devoted all his energies to the study of the language of the Chinese, their manners, laws, and religion. This gentleman—a most delightful companion—very kindly offered to be our guide through Canton. He first called our attention to the lodging-house boats on the river, in which Chinese travellers stop, for the boat-population is quite distinct from that of the land, and has very little to do with it. We walked through the ruins of what had once been English factories, but destroyed by the Chinese in 1856; they were in the outer town, a place of vast extent, but not called 'the city,' being outside the walls of Canton, inside whereof, a few years ago, no European was admitted; but which is now polluted by the presence of every sort of western barbarian, or the Red-handed race, as the Chinese call them. We visited the temple called Pai-ti-musinun; the deities there are a snake and six turtles. We had only the honour of seeing the god's skin, which he had just cast. This serpent is supposed by the people to be the evil spirit; as such, they pray to it, and make it offerings of eggs and birds. In the gardens was a tree, in which were placed two figures, a man and woman, said to represent the first created human beings. The six turtles were placed in a tank, and also worshipped as evil spirits. We enjoyed the interesting sight of seeing them fed. A tablet in this temple contained an inscription, which the Rev. Mr Gray translated for us nearly as follows: 'Two cousins had a dispute about a large property, which was settled in favour of him whose claim was unjust by the mandarin of the district, bribery and corruption having been used. The unsuccessful cousin, knowing this, went to Pekin to petition the emperor; he sounded the petitioner's trumpet, which always hangs at the gate of the palace, and was admitted, having first received a certain rank, without which no one can enter the emperor's presence. He looked on him with a favourable eye, restored to him his property, cutting off the heads of both cousin and mandarin. The petitioner, on returning to his native city of Canton, erected this tablet to commemorate the justice and virtue of the emperor.'

The streets of Canton are all very narrow; and when you stand at one end, and look down, you see nothing but a vista of Chinese signboards, which they hang end-ways down each side of the shop. We went through the dog-and-cat market, where they are first fattened, like fowl with us, and then dressed in various ways. Mr Gray pointed to a very nice-looking skinned animal which was for sale in a shop, and said to me: 'What is that?' I replied at once: 'A young pig.' He pointed to the feet; then I saw it was a dog! In the same shop, they were pounding up a mixture of cat and dog into a sort of pudding. As for frogs and rats, they were as common as possible; but the shops and articles of food were so clean and nice-looking, I think I could have eaten anything I saw.

After following Mr Gray at a quick trot through the narrow streets, the Chinese taking very little notice of us, except to salute with a frequent 'Chin, Chin,' we turned into a gambling-house, which was full of Chinese playing in a most eager manner for great piles of *cash*, which, curious to say, is the only coin known in China, being a square piece of brass with a hole in the centre, by which they are strung. The Chinese are dreadful gamblers, particularly the ladies. *They* manage by sending their servant to a gambling-house for a paper, on which is marked a number of figures. Having first asked the direction of some favourite deity, the lady selects and marks off a certain number of those figures. The owner of the gambling-house has followed the same plan with a precisely similar card. The next day, the lady sends in her card: if the figures marked off correspond, the lady loses; and for every figure which does not, she receives a certain amount.

The Chinese bring their religion into everything they do, never undertaking anything without first invoking the direction of some god.

We visited the private house of one of the greatest men in Canton, Howqua by name—with whose famous 'Mixture' every English reader is acquainted. We did not see the great man, but were introduced to his son, and had the pleasure of taking tea with him in very small china cups. The room in which we were was not unlike an English-room, with tables and chairs, and Chinese pictures on the walls. We were shewn round an extremely pretty garden; a bridge thrown over some water looked the original of that on the old willow-pattern plate. The house was very large, and built, like all Chinese houses, with that peculiar roof you know so well. A gentleman's house in China is always of great size, for when a son marries, he is expected to live with his father for at least five years afterwards.

We were introduced to the tutor and painter of the family, for Howqua kept him chiefly to paint for the amusement of the ladies. When we saw him he was painting exquisitely beautiful flowers. On taking leave we said 'Chin, Chin,' and our host 'Good-by,' which was the whole extent of our Chinese and of his English.

We then visited what was indeed a contrast, a large open space called the Beggars' Square. It is a refuge for all those who are destitute and sick, where they receive every morning medical attendance. It is the only attempt at a hospital in Canton.

We called at a government public school, but it was not school-hour, so we only saw a few young fellows, who looked at us with astonishment. The principal room was a large hall, with rough tables and benches, and the professor's chair at the top. In the adjoining college we were introduced to the most learned man in Canton. Mr Gray had some conversation with him; but as for us, we could only look on and say the usual 'Chin, Chin.' Leaving this learned gentleman, we looked in at the Tea Guilders' Hall, said to be the prettiest building in China. It is a favourite place for theatricals, of which the Chinese are very fond, and call them 'sing-song.'

We next paid our respects to a great Chinese doctor, the 'Sir Philip Crampton' of Canton. The entire front of his house was covered with testimonials which he had received for great cures he had effected; so also were the walls of the room in which he received us. I forget his name; but he was a fat, pleasant-looking old fellow; with a remarkably fine pig-tail, and very long nails. When he heard I belonged to his profession, he paid me great respect, and took my hand, holding it in a most affectionate manner. Our visit, I am sorry to say, was a very hurried one, as we had no time to spare; but I believe we saw more in that one day—thanks to Mr Gray—than many have seen in weeks.

Next day, we renewed our inspection of Canton, and paid our respects to a lady-abbess; for the Chinese have institutions very like convents, in which young ladies devote themselves to religion and a single life. Near this, we entered a house where they were mourning for the dead. Everything was covered with black—pictures, furniture, &c.; and numerous lights were burning round the body, so as to remind me of an Irish wake. The relatives change their dresses of silk for garments of a very coarse material, which is a token of mourning. They have a curious practice of dressing up the dying person in his most gorgeous apparel, so that few Chinese die in peace, for as soon as they imagine he is near his end, they make a rush to get on his finest clothes before he dies; in fact, the poor patient often dies in the act. In this way, many a man's life is shortened, who, if left to himself, might have even recovered.

We entered an eating-house, which seemed conducted very much like one of those in the Strand, and quite as clean, the only difference being the use of chop-sticks, of which I bought a pair. Close beside it was a tea-house, and the scene which met my eyes was deeply interesting. We entered a very long room, beautifully got up in green and gold carved work. Down each side of this room was a row of small tables, at which were seated a couple of hundred Chinese, partaking of tea and cake. The first thing that struck me was that they were all *poor* men; and next, the little noise and good order of everything—the waiters, indeed, were running about receiving payment, and there was a buzz of many voices, but no loud tones or angry words; and as I stood and looked at this strange scene, I thought, what a contrast it afforded to the gin-palace of our large cities! For ten cash, which is about three-halfpence, the Chinese get as much as they can eat and drink.

We visited some cooking establishments, and anything cleaner or nicer I never saw.

We then went to the Temple of Disconsolate Women, which is devoted to all females unhappy from any cause; and, as you may suppose, it is much frequented, for the Chinese, like the Turks, may have as many wives as they please. If a woman wishes to *curse* another, she comes here with a figure cut in paper to represent her enemy, and attaches it to the altar with the head turned down, and one of these I took the liberty of bringing away with me, by which, I suppose, I broke the curse.

Leaving this temple, we passed through a *live* cat-and-dog market, where they were fattening before sending them to the butchers. This brought us to the temple of the Two Hundred *Worthies*. It is a mistake to call them gods; they are only statues of men who have distinguished themselves in the empire. After death, they have been made saints, as it were, and as such, are prayed to by the people. This is a most interesting place; but it would have taken more time than we could give to examine each statue; so, passing through the jaid stone-market, from which is made all sorts of beautiful and very valuable ornaments (it is a lovely green colour), and through a coffin-makers' street, we came to the Temple of Longevity, or Noah's Temple, as Mr Gray called it. To us, this is one of the most interesting temples in China, proving that the Chinese recognised there having once been a flood which covered the entire earth; and their account is almost the same as ours. In this temple is the representation of the man, of his three sons, and their three wives, who were saved from the flood. The statue of Noah is a huge thing. Placed behind, are *three* figures, said to represent the Great God of Heaven. One of the sons of Noah is represented with *red* hair and beard, and is said by the Chinese to be the father of the red-handed Westerns. In part of the same temple are three huge figures, which represent Time Past, Present, and Future; the attitudes are very good. We also saw the Temple of Eternal Felicity, which was not very striking, except for its beautiful marble pagoda.

All this was *outside* the regular city of Canton. We now entered the city by the western gate, which, before 1856, no barbarian had ever passed through, or if he *did* enter the city, never came out alive.

We soon came to the great pagoda of Canton, nine stories high, and each story twenty feet—a wonderful structure, said to be seventeen hundred years old. It was predicted at the time of its building, that whenever the top fell in, some great misfortune would befall the city. In August 1856, the top fell in, and in September, the English were in possession of Canton. We next passed through the Tartar general's yeman or palace, which is now a French barrack; this brought us to the Bottle Pagoda, which reminded me of one of the round towers of Ireland. Near this was the great temple of Confucius, which contains the only image of this great man in China. This temple bears marks of the bombardment of Canton, and one cannon-ball is lodged right at the feet of Confucius.

The temples are all very similar, being built of wood and stone, in some cases, handsomely carved. There is one called the Temple of the Five Genii, of which Mr Gray told us the following tradition: Some five hundred years ago, five genii, in the form of five rams, entered the city of Canton, and said: 'Peace and plenty be to this city.' No sooner had they said this, than they turned into five stones, for which this temple was built, and which five stones I saw. They are held in great veneration by the Chinese. Here also in a rock is shewn the impression of Confucius's foot, and a very stout gentleman he must have been to have left such a mark.

We finished our day by visiting an old Chinese general, the court-house, and prison. In the court-house, we saw two mandarins about to have sentence executed on some unfortunate beings. When they saw us, they chin-chinned, and sent away the prisoners and the instruments of torture.

We walked through the prison—a most wretched place. Some prisoners were chained to large stones; others had huge boards round their necks, which hindered them from resting in any position, and this some of them had worn for months. Many had their legs and arms broken and distorted with the application of torture. Here we saw the mother of the great rebel Tie-ping-wanns.

The next day, we rose at 5 A.M., and walked all round the top of the wall of Canton, which is seven miles long. After breakfast, we went with Mr Gray into the suburbs to see the country-house of a Chinese gentleman, and near it, one of the finest temples in China. The same evening, we took leave of our hospitable friend, and steamed down the river to Hong-kong. The evening was beautiful, and I never enjoyed anything more than that excursion.

SPRING.

She comes, she comes, o'er hill and meadow-land,
Green leaves and blossoms garlanding her way—
She comes, she comes; blessings on every hand,
Life where her footsteps stray.

We have not known her coming, but the Earth
Through all her pulses feels a quick'ning thrill,
And hears afar the rustling wings of birds,
Beyond her sea-girt hill.

And up and up, o'er all the awak'ning land,
Rise the pale blossoms—handmaids of the Spring,
In their fair morning beauty, 'neath the calm,
Wide shelter of her wing.

And hushed the wail that o'er the startled land,
From her vexed shores, the storms of Winter bore:
Peace to the troubled hearts whose loved and lost
With Spring return no more.

For He who sends her bids the world rejoice;
The multitude of islands shout afar;
Gives to the day the covenant of the skies;
To night, its evening-star.

'Let all the earth rejoice!' The freshened air
Thrills with the burden of each new delight,
Grows day by day each budding scene more fair,
Each day the sky more bright.

Soon shall the Earth, beneath her glowing smile,
Flush into fairest beauty, and the days,
With all the promise of their morn fulfilled,
Be one long noon of praise—

Praise on the hills, from whence the glimmering streams
Wind to the woodlands, where the violets blow—
Praise in the valleys, where the breezes gay
Soft o'er our gardens blow.

X.

To Contributors.—It is requested that all Contributions to *Chambers's Journal* may be, for the future, directed to the Editor, at 47 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

IF the Horatian maxim concerning a written work—*Nonumque prematur in annum*—were strictly acted up to by everybody concerned, how severe a blow would be dealt to the publishing interests of the country! Of course old gentlemen love to quote this counsel of the Latin poet purely on account of its soundness and wisdom, and not at all because it involves a nice, cheerful, snubbing sort of treatment of the young author!

But fancy men really suppressing their literary creations for nearly a decennary! Think of the changes that years bring about—even nine years. Contemplate your own portrait taken some while back—the dashing water-colour drawing by your old friend Verditer—he declared that he had caught you in a very happy moment, and he has depicted you a romantic-looking creature, with flowing hair, in a flowery dressing-gown; your fine eyes gazing well up and out of the picture. Is that like you now? Are you not, in truth, a little ashamed of your old poetic, Book-of-Beauty expression? Study also, if you can, your letters written nine years back, and your diary of that date, if you kept an ample and an honest one, and you will find your mind has changed just as much as your body. Are we any of us the same persons we were a short time back? Is that individual who calls himself my friend Robinson—a man of feeble frame, short stature, and not robust mind—is he the same as the boy Robinson, my schoolfellow, a creature of gigantic form and enormous strength, who used to bully me fearfully some while ago? He himself declares that he is so. I confess I scarcely believe it. I cannot find in this frail man a single feature or trace of the monster boy. And for myself, I cannot conceive that a person of my inches, both as to height and girth, and of my burden—I know I nearly exhaust the ordinary stock of weights when I get into the scales—can be the same being who was maltreated as a boy by Robinson. I should like to see the person calling himself Robinson attempt it now.

Some men—Clive, for instance—surveying their past actions, have marvelled at their own moderation. When I contemplate certain behaviour of mine, I am amazed at my own extravagance. A few skirmishers, we are told, during the Crimean war, had at one time advanced so far into Sebastopol, that, had they been supported, they might have captured that stronghold long before the date of its actual fall. So, by an almost unconscious audacity on my part, when a very young man, I do believe that I was nearer the possession of a young, and rich, and beautiful wife, than I have ever been since, or am ever likely to be again. I certainly was a very young man when I knocked at the door of old Mr Wigley's house in Harley Street, with the object of formally applying for the hand of Miss Fanny Wigley; and I am very much astonished now when I consider that old audacity.

He was an early man, I had ascertained. He took his breakfast at half-past eight every morning in the back parlour, which he chose to call his study, chiefly, so far as I could discover his reason, because he there kept his stock of boots. These were all of the Wellington pattern, and were ranged in front of the fireplace semicircularly, very much as Caspar disposes the skulls in the incantation scene in *Der Freischutz*. I remember that similitude occurring to me on the morning of my visit—the opera being then in the heyday of its popularity. Mrs Wigley and the young ladies breakfasted at a much later hour in the front parlour. But as my object then was to see Mr Wigley, and have with him a certain private discussion, of course it was advisable for me to call upon him at his house in Harley Street before he started upon his daily pilgrimage into the city. Having made up my mind to this course on the previous evening, need I say that I was kept awake by the thoughts of it nearly all night, and arose at an absurdly early hour to carry my plan into execution.

Concerning myself, I must disclose that I was at that time an articled clerk in the house of Messrs Blotherstone and Blackland, the eminent solicitors in New Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields—that I had occupied a stool in their office for about two years—that I was entirely dependent for my support on the remittances I received from my relatives in Cheshire—and that I occupied second-floor lodgings in the house of a bootmaker in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—pleasant apartments enough, but for the all-pervading smell of leather that distinguished them. I know that one seemed to eat, drink, and breathe leather there, and the fits of sneezing with which visitors were seized on their entrance, were really remarkable. I was a young man, as I have said. I shaved a good deal; it was not at all necessary, but I did it: I had lively hopes concerning a sickly-looking tuft on my chin. I was prone to pomatum, and partial to side-curls, brought round with elaborate care well over my ears and on to my temples. I was fond of musk and bergamot, and trousers very tightly strapped under my boots—tightly strapped trousers were then quite *de rigueur*. I humoured fashion to the top of her bent; my straps were so tight that walking was difficult, and sitting down perilous, if not impossible. Fortunately, we were then in the old broadcloth and buckskin days; we had not fallen into the present epoch of flimsy tweed and general shoddyness. People *dare not* trust themselves with tight straps now. The bobtail, skimping, and indecorous coats in which modern young gentlemen appear, were not worn then. You put on the first thing in the morning what would now be regarded as an evening coat—a grand, sound, expensive, uncomfortable garment, high and hard in the collar, tight and long in the sleeves, with several buttons about the wrists, cuffs (that could be turned over if you so listed, and thereby exhibit a lining of velvet), long and streaming swallow-tails, reaching to the calves, and with the mysterious horizontal semicolon of buttons high up in the small of the back. Such was a coat in the times of which I am narrating. Tailors do well to designate modern attire evasively as Wrappers, Talmas, Paletots, &c., for indeed such things are not coats by the side of the coat in which I went to call on old Wigley. There were other shaped coats even then. You could wear, if you pleased, a superb *pelisse*, with rich silk lining; or a magnificent *surtout*, in which you were at liberty to go any lengths in the way of fur collar and cuffs, or thick silk braiding up the front, as worn by the gracious monarch then sitting, rather heavily, upon the throne of Great Britain.

Mr Blotherstone was an old friend of my father's. Almost as a matter of favour, and in consideration of that friendship, I was received into the office of the firm in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the ridiculously low premium of three hundred guineas. For this amount, I was at full liberty to work as an unremunerated copying-clerk for five years. I remember that Mr Blotherstone had promised my mother most faithfully to watch my progress and look after me in London, as though I were his own child. He fulfilled this undertaking by shaking hands with me once, asking me to one dinner-party, and to two evening-parties at his house, and by losing sight of me altogether afterwards. But the fact was, there were four articled pupils in the office, and I don't think he ever knew precisely which was which. It was at the evening-parties that I first had the pleasure, the happiness, the intense and inexpressible delight of meeting Fanny Wigley. My presence at Mr Blotherstone's seemed to be a sort of passport to other evening-parties, at which I also met Fanny Wigley, and danced quadrilles with her. I wore pumps and ribbed silk stockings, after the fashion of the period. No gentleman would then have dared to enter a drawing-room with his boots on. I danced quadrilles with Fanny Wigley, and the dear delicious old triple-timed waltz. How the swallow-tails used to fly out in that beautiful dance! I had met her six times, when I determined to ask her hand in marriage; of course, I had been passionately in love with her from the first moment of my seeing her.

She was a beautiful creature, with delicate features, and gazelle-like eyes. Her flaxen hair was twined round her high carved tortoise-shell comb, and interwoven with blue ribbon and sprigs of forget-me-nots. She was small in stature, and perhaps, at that time, a little too thin for abstract beauty, though it seemed to me that her ethereal and sylph-like figure was absolutely perfect. I could not forget how slender she once was, when I saw her, the other day, panting and rather overcome with the heat and with her walk, a very stout lady, standing with her tall daughters near the house of the elephant in the Zoological Gardens, and inspecting the grave deportment of that noble animal? But I am anticipating. It seemed to me the height of earthly bliss to waltz with Fanny Wigley, and minister to her wants at supper-time. These were simple and beautiful. She ate only of blanc-mange and macaroons, though she did not object to her plate being filled and refilled with those luxurious condiments. I deemed them quite an appropriate food for her, and that they supplied all the nourishment that birds and angels could possibly require.

I made no secret of my passion: youth is ever confiding. I blushed, and stammered, and tore my glove; still, I avowed my love. She turned up the lovely gazelle eyes, and said: 'Thank you,' and then asked gently for a little sherry and water. I pressed my suit upon her. She said I had better speak to her papa, and added, that she should like 'just one more macaroon.' Could a lover's prayer be acceded to in a more touching and exquisite manner? I spoke boldly of my love everywhere; I was fond, perhaps, of giving my affection an airing. I was proud of possessing a passion; it seemed a grand and manly sort of thing—very nearly as good as whiskers. I talked of it at the office, rather looking down on the other articled pupils, in whose limited experiences there were no affairs of the heart. I took counsel on the subject even with old Higgins, the common-law clerk, who had a general reputation for knowing everything. He was not, strictly speaking, a very gentlemanly person, but he was very wise and wary. 'Take my advice,' he said solemnly, after a huge pinch of snuff: 'make love as much as you like, but don't you trust yourself near a pen and ink. Don't write no letters—none of that; then, you see, you can't hardly commit yourself, and they can't get hold of you with a breach of promise, or anything of that kind. Do you see all these papers? Well, they're all the letters in a breach-of-promise case. We're for the plaintiff, and shall make a good thing of it. By the by, there's a copy wanted, on brief paper, for counsel. You may as well make it; you don't seem to be doing much.' I thought at the time that he took rather low views of human nature, but then, you see, he was a common-law clerk.

I took for granted that every one I encountered on that eventful morning knew all about me and my mission. It seemed to me that my character was stamped all over me in large letters, just as a bad note is marked with the word 'Forgery' at the Bank of England. 'Lover' was written on my glossy hat, on my shining curls, on my tightly strapped trousers, on my velvet-lined coat-cuffs. The early milk-women were conscious of my proceedings, and the postmen, and the bakers with hot rolls in green baize, and the sweeps, and the beggars who proffered me lavender, pressing it upon me as though it were a necessary of life, and bergamot and musk were by no means perfume enough for one man. All knew that I was journeying to Harley Street to ask of her parent the hand of Fanny Wigley—even to the cook, who was cleaning the door-steps of Mr Wigley's house—a massive woman, with whom it was difficult to arrive at an understanding as to whether she purposed that I should pass on the right or the left of her, until it was almost necessary, at last, to gain an entry to the house by clearing her as in a hurdle-race. *She* knew why I came to Harley Street, as did also the tall footman, who appeared to be full-dress as to his legs, encased in white stockings and sulphur-coloured plush, and in dishabille as to body and arms—for he wore a soiled gray jean jacket—and who ushered me rather unceremoniously, I thought, into the back parlour, where Mr Wigley was sitting at breakfast. The street-door being open, there had been no occasion for my using the knocker. Does he conceive that I came with a ring? I asked myself; for Mr Wigley did not appear to heed my entrance, and the footman had not announced, nor, indeed, asked of me my name. Mr Wigley was bent upon tapping his second egg, breaking the shell very neatly all over the top of it. I was disappointed at my reception, I confess. I had flattered myself, and my glass had flattered me, that my appearance was irreproachable, if not positively commanding. I knew that I was red in the face—very red, I may say—and that my cravat felt at that moment a little too tight for me, somehow; but, with those exceptions, I was conscious of nothing disentitling me to a gracious welcome at the hands of Wigley.

I made use of the opportunity afforded me for contemplating my presumptive father-in-law. I detected at once a singular likeness between the shape of his shining bald head and the egg he was so busily tapping. A picture, for a moment, appeared before me of a giant form, with a monster spoon, standing over old Wigley, tapping his cranium into a number of neat compound fractures, just as he was tapping the egg. He was portly, but pale, with a sandy fringe of hair at the back of his head, and two sandy tufts of whiskers, triangular in plan, on his cheek-bones. He had sandy projecting eyebrows over his pale, blank-looking blue eyes, and a white frill, fastened by a sandy-coloured Scotch pebble brooch, guttering out over his large protruding sandy waistcoat. I could not find a trace of resemblance to my angelic Fanny. Still he was *her* father, and to be venerated by me accordingly, and loved and tended affectionately. I may as well say that I think, upon the whole, Mr Wigley was rather a dull man. He was the head of the eminent firm of Wigley, Bigley, & Co., bullion brokers, Ingot Court, Great Winchester Street, City. I did not know then, and I do not know now, anything about bullion brokers and their proceedings. I associate the occupation with the idea of immense wealth, though I cannot imagine any talent possessed by old Wigley in any way resulting in money. But then there are certain businesses that are popularly supposed to work themselves, merely requiring the presence of an elderly gentleman to sit in a snug office and read the newspaper the while. Perhaps the business of a bullion broker is of this kind: for such an occupation, Mr Wigley was clearly formed by nature.

I had met Mr Wigley on two or three occasions: he was generally to be seen at the evening-parties adorned by the presence of Miss Wigley, either losing half-crowns at the whist-table, or in a torpid state in the corners of rooms waiting for supper or his carriage to take him home. I think we had once shaken hands feebly and flabbily, from not knowing exactly what else to do with ourselves, on the occasion of an introduction to each other by Mr Blotherstone. But he evidently had forgotten all about me now. I took a chair. He started at this, and looked hard at me. I bowed with a winning politeness.

'I've come, Mr Wigley'—— I said.

'Oh! ah! yes; but, perhaps, you'd better see Mrs Wigley,' he interrupted, nervously tattooing on the table with his fat white fingers. 'Mrs Wigley always attends to these sort of things. I never interfere—never.'

'But I thought it desirable'——

'Yes, of course, but it isn't,' he said.—'You don't seem to me to look very strong,' he continued abruptly, staring at me.

I thanked him, informing him that, on the contrary, I was very strong indeed, much stronger than I looked perhaps, and availed myself of the occasion to make inquiries concerning his own health. These, however, he quite disregarded. He fixed his eyes steadily on the bright silver tea-pot.

'How long have you been in your present situation?' he asked, rather of the tea-pot than of me.

'Two years,' I answered. 'I have three more to serve.'

'Oh, three more to serve!' he repeated wildly, evidently not in the least understanding me.

'I shall then have done with Mr Blotherstone,' I continued.

'Oh, you come from Mr Blotherstone?' he cried, with an amazed expression on his face.

'Yes,' I said. 'I'm his articled pupil, and I've come here, Mr Wigley'—and I'm sure I spoke with much feeling—'to ask your consent to my union with your daughter Fanny. Mr Wigley, I love her.'

'My daughter Fanny!' and he started up. 'Bless my soul! To think of this!' and he fell to rubbing his bald head to a brilliant polish with his handkerchief. 'Mr Blotherstone's articled pupil! My daughter Fanny! Marriage! Dear me! Have you any means?' he asked.

'None whatever,' I replied. 'But I love her, Mr Wigley, to that extent'——

There came the flutter and rustle of a muslin morning-gown, and a lady of large mould entered the room. She was a brilliant-looking woman even then, though she was Fanny's mother, with a tendency to dark red in her brunette complexion.

'O Charlotte,' cried Mr Wigley to this superb lady, and an air of intense relief came to him at a moment when, in his embarrassment, I felt sure he was about to say: 'Take her, then, you dog. Bless you, Fanny, my darling; bless you both: may you be happy.'

'Won't do at all,' Mrs Wigley said firmly, after a glance at me—'won't do at all: will never match Joseph.'

'My dear,' cried old Wigley in an agony, 'it's not the new f——' (my impression is that he said *footman*, but, as he lowered his voice, I cannot be quite sure). 'It's Mr Blotherstone's articled pupil come to propose for Fanny!'

Mrs Wigley looked at me inquiringly. I felt my cheeks burning, and wondered they did not set fire to my shirt-collars, they were so hot. She gave a hearty laugh.

'Stuff and nonsense!' she said. 'Pooh, pooh! What a foolish boy you must be. I remember you now. We met you at Mr Blotherstone's and somewhere else. Fanny goes back to school next Monday. You mustn't think of such things. Have you breakfasted? Let me give you a cup of tea. There's cold fowl there. Or will you have some broiled ham?'

She blew away my offer of marriage with one breath.

I don't know how I got away from Harley Street; I only know that, on leaving, the footman in the sulphur plush whispered, grinning: 'You must be a jolly flat to think you could come after me!'

To this day, I have had a difficulty in understanding that singular observation.

I have hinted that I have seen Fanny Wigley since. Perhaps I kept my offer for nine years, or longer, and then did not publish it. Don't imagine that my passion was too suddenly suppressed. A single frosty night will sometimes destroy a whole season's fruit: and, if you take it in time, a fire that else would burn down your whole house, may be put out with a pail of water. Mrs Wigley was my frosty night, my pail of water.

WEAPONS OF WAR.

Arms offensive are naturally divided into two distinct classes: the first, and largest, includes missiles and instruments of projection, adapted for slaying at a distance; the second class embraces the weapons for close fighting. It is with reference to missiles that invention has been most active, and to their perfection have been directed those recent improvements which threaten to revolutionise the art of war, and to necessitate entirely novel tactics. The very name of artillery, which we now attach exclusively to cannon, is derived, according to some of the greatest of French grammarians, from *arcus*, a bow; in our English translation of the Old Testament, the same derivation occurs; and when Jonathan the son of Saul gave his bow and arrows into the keeping of his page, the word 'artillery' is expressly used. Artillery, then, on the authority of Vossius and others, implied merely an engine for shooting arrows and other projectiles, and the earliest and most general engine of the kind is unquestionably the bow. The bow is the oldest of historical weapons of this class; in one form or another, it has pervaded the world; and even in America, where so little similarity to the customs of the old continent existed, the Spanish discoverers found this universal weapon in the hands of the rudest tribes.

One remarkable exception, and only one, occurs to this general use of the bow; the natives of the Austral continent, and those of the various Polynesian archipelagoes, have no knowledge of the bow in any shape: their only missile weapons are the spear—thrown not only by hand, but by a perforated throwing-stick—and that very curious device, the boomerang. The latter, which we only see in Europe in the form of a toy for children, consists of a curved piece of flat wood, bent nearly at right angles, and with sharp edges, and possesses the singular property of returning to very nearly the spot from whence it has been cast; indeed, it has been asserted that some Australian blacks can fling the boomerang so as to bring back with it the stricken bird to the hand of the hunter, and although this may be fabulous, at anyrate an instrument so ingenious as to puzzle philosophers has been invented by those most degraded of all aborigines. The Maories of New Zealand, a much higher race, whose shrewdness and robust valour have hitherto preserved them from the usual doom of savages, were equally ignorant of the bow, nor had they boomerangs; but it is a curious testimony to the value of the former weapons, that when, fifty-eight years ago, some intelligent New Zealand chiefs were brought to England to receive instruction, and to do homage to their Great Father, King George, they were as much delighted with the old English bows, shewn to them in the Tower armoury, as with the musket itself, and were disposed to value the one as highly as the other, both being equally new to them. The earliest bows on record were those used by the Hebrews and their enemics, and during the heroic period of Greece. But these bows were slight and weak; they were only drawn to the *breast*, and not, in the fashion of our own English yeomen, to the *ear*, and the shafts were feebly propelled, and ill aimed; while *toxotes*, or archer, was an absolute word of insult and scorn, in such contempt were the light-armed marksmen held by the heavy-armed warriors who fought in chariots.

Among the Jews, the arrow seems to have been more formidable in battle, but still the sword and spear were the main reliance of an army; and it was not until after the multitudes of Xerxes were poured upon Europe, that we find missiles rise to high consideration. The strength of the Great King's army seems to have mainly consisted of archers. There were the Persian and Parthian horsemen, who used short, but strong bows, and whose chief manœuvre was to wheel abruptly, and discharge clouds of arrows as they fled before the foe; there were the tall Ethiopians, with six-foot bows, and short shafts tipped with porphyry; the Bactrians, Arabians, Scythians, and a hundred other races, with those twanging bows and barbed reeds which their descendants used against the Crusaders. But the easy and signal discomfiture of this great armament probably confirmed the Grecian victors in their scorn of missiles, as the resource of timid Asiatics, unfit to sustain the shock of their heavy-armed hoplites; and though the flanks of the Roman legion were always protected by archers and slingers, these light troops were little esteemed until after the troops of Crassus had been overwhelmed by the Parthian arrows. The bow, the favourite weapon of Orientals, continued to be used on horseback, and was therefore short, and the arrows were always very light, of the *arundo*, or reed. The string was but drawn to the breast; the range was short, therefore, and the accuracy of no aim could be relied on, though, on foot, certain talented marksmen shewed a skill worthy of better arms. Domitian, who was able to plant successive shafts between the extended fingers of a slave; and Commodus, who, with crescent-headed arrows, decapitated successive ostriches in the Roman circus, were notable instances of this. But it was not until the Scythian tribes, known as Huns and Turks, began to press with the weight of resistless numbers on the empire, that Rome thoroughly adopted the bow. The Scythian bow differed much from the Bactrian, or ordinary horseman's bow, of Asia: it was long, and of powerful make, being of wood or horn; the reed-arrows, iron-tipped and barbed, were of unusual length, and carefully weighted; and the string was drawn to the ear, not to the breast, thus lengthening the range, and adding precision to the aim.

It was the Emperor Gratian who first publicly assumed the barbaric dress, the rattling quiver, and the ringing bow of a Scythian warrior; but for centuries during the decline of the Eastern Empire, the Roman soldiers fought on horseback and in armour, using this formidable bow which they had borrowed from the Tartars. In the early middle ages, the archer had degenerated, and the bow was of little account until the Norman Conquest. William of Normandy, a scholar and a general of originality, revived the long Scythian bow, and the Scythian mode of drawing the arrow to the ear, and the Norman arrows went far to win Hastings, besides giving a cruel death-wound to Harold the Unfortunate. The art of archery, thus renewed, was readily adopted by the Anglo-Saxons. Then came the days of Sherwood Forest and its company of jovial outlaws; and the fame of Robin Hood, of Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudesley, exalts them over all living and dead brethren of the bow; albeit little deemed stout Robin, when striking the king's deer, and not sparing the sheriff of Nottingham, that it was to the Scythians that he owed the art of drawing the silken string to his ear in launching his unerring shafts. Indeed, no other nation but the English retained the practice of thus handling the bow; the French, Italians, Flemings, drew only to the breast, and their arrows were weakly and vaguely aimed; while Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were mainly won by the

Fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath.

Nor could even the hardy Scots, natives of the same island, ever learn the use of the English bow, or the art of drawing the string to the ear. Archery seemed a science peculiar to South Britain. A few of the wondrous cloth-yard arrows are still in existence; they are of the above extraordinary length, but very slender compared to those of modern make, being no thicker than a tobacco-pipe, with long steel heads and large wings mostly of peacocks' feathers, though some are fledged with the 'gray goose plume.' The six-foot yew-bows which survive are of great strength and stiffness, and could not be strung except by a skilled artist of stout muscles. They were usually kept in cases of woollen, the spare strings being in a little box at the archer's baldric or belt, where his twelve arrows were borne. Flodden was the last important battle in which the bow played a chief part. It was last used in England in the Great Civil War, in irregular skirmishing.

The sling, a weapon almost coeval with the bow, never became as popular. Apart from David's victory over Goliath, the sling is scarcely spoken of in Scripture. Some of the wild tribes in the host of Xerxes carried slings, and there was always a corps of slingers attached to a Roman army, who sometimes projected pebbles, and sometimes bullets of iron or lead. But no nation ever evinced the same skill as the natives of the Balearic Isles, who, according to Pliny, could strike a mark at great distances with the sling, and refused food to their children until they could hit the desired object, set up as a target on a post. The air-gun, for propelling darts, was known to the Greeks, but only as a toy, capable of killing small birds at a few paces. The blow-pipe for shooting arrows by the breath, seems to have been peculiar to South America. It is among the tangled forests of Demerara and Guiana that the red Indian carries to the chase his long cane-tube, five feet in length, and with his poisoned arrows brings down the birds from the top of the gigantic trees, or pierces the acousta, sloth, or squirrel, at a hundred feet off. The pellet-bow of the Gonds of Hindostan is another ingenious device, but cannot properly be called a weapon of war. The crossbow was of Norman invention, it is believed, though its origin is claimed for Italy. It never was a favourite English weapon, but those nations who were sorry shots with the longbow made great use of the arbalist, which, with its bender of steel or tough yew, its boll or butt, like that of a gun, and its groove, in which the steel-headed bolt lay secured until the trigger loosed the string, could send its dart above a hundred yards, with much force and precision. But the longbow had a superior range, for every English yeoman was expected to make good practice at twenty score, or four hundred yards. Now-a-days, the most accomplished toxophilite limits his efforts to a quarter of the distance. The spear thrown by hand is a very old weapon. The Orientals still make use of the djerid, a short javelin flung by a horseman, and it differs but little from the darts of their ancestors, which are nearly identical with the Roman pilum. The stout, short javelin was grasped with the whole hand, and thrown with great force; in a strong and practised hand, it did much execution, and the Anglo-Saxons, before Hastings, preferred the dart to the bow. All ancient nations used it during the classic epoch, and most savages have been found to use a light sharpened reed, thrown with the fingers rather than grasped in the hand. The Persians are still expert with the javelin, but it is a poor weapon, when opposed even to matchlocks.

The only other weapons, or more correctly engines, which the ancients possessed for throwing missiles, were the ballista, that hurled stones, and the catapult, that propelled darts, by mechanical force and human labour. The scorpion was a variety of catapult; the onager, or wild ass, a kind of ballista. The ballista was most useful in battering a fortress that could not be scaled or reached by the ram; Titus used a powerful train of them, throwing enormous stones, at the siege of Jerusalem; and Josephus records their effect upon the walls of Joppa. The catapult was generally mounted on the ramparts of a beleaguered city, to hurl darts among assailants, but was sometimes used by the besiegers to set on fire the hostile town, by means of flaming arrows. The ballista was used in the middle ages, and even when gunpowder was known. Edward I. employed these engines in battering the strong castle of Stirling, and it is said that they threw stones of three hundred pounds. The mangonel, or fixed cross-bow, was another Norman device. It was mounted on the walls of a town or castle, and the strong steel spring, wound up by a windlass, projected a heavy steel-shod bolt with considerable force, piercing any armour of ordinary manufacture. The sling was still used, but was held in slight esteem.

With respect to the Greek fire, that mysterious compound, and its effects, it is hard to separate the real from the fabulous. We may well believe, however, that it was long the bulwark of the Lower Empire, and the terror of the Mohammedans, and that its appearance was on the whole more dreadful than the actual effects produced. Still, it long repulsed the Saracens from the Greek capital, until a slave conveyed the secret to the califs; and the Arabians, in turn, directed its terrors against the original inventors. Princess Anna Comnena describes it—the Greek fire—in glowing terms; and we gather that it was a bituminous fluid, ignited, and spouted forth from copper tubes, which projected from the bows of the Byzantine galleys, and were generally formed into the heads of dragons and other fantastic monsters, breathing flame from their gaping jaws. These floods of liquid fire sometimes proved unmanageable, as in the naval action between the fleet of the Emperor Alexius, in the Bosphorus, and that of the Crusaders under Baldwin, when the Greek admiral's awkwardness or misfortune produced the conflagration of his own vessels. But this was only one form of this famous fire. Joinville, the knightly chronicler of the Crusade, describing the *fea Gregeois* as applied to the attack of fortified places, speaks of a fiery dragon, 'about the thickness of a hogshead, which flies with a noise like thunder, and shakes the citadel.' Here, probably, we may trace an earlier kind of war-rocket; and, indeed, long before Sir William Congreve's invention, the rocket was used in war, both in China and India, and occasionally in Persia and Transoxiania, according to D'Herbelot. The Indian rocket, especially, was a very formidable affair, furnished with iron barbs to insure its adherence to any wooden building it might hit, and setting fire to all combustibles within reach of its jets of flame. The Greek fire was last employed in European strife at the siege of Ypres in 1383. Such, without enumerating devices of dubious authenticity—as the burning-glasses with which Archimedes fired the besieging galleys at Rhodes—were the means of offence of a missile nature possessed by the ancients. The discovery and application of gunpowder brought a new and tremendous agent into the field.

The earliest cannon, called bombards, were clumsy constructions, composed of iron bars laid lengthwise, and hooped together with iron. In some cases, wooden planks were substituted for iron bars; and in Germany some bombards were constructed of the trunks of trees, hollowed out, and encircled with iron hoops. The early cannon were very large and heavy, difficult to move, and slow to load. Their shape was ungainly, shallow, and wide-mouthed, and more resembling the old-fashioned mortar than what we call a cannon. They threw bullets of monstrous size, however, chiefly of stone, and made havoc with castle walls, or in a pitched field, though to charge them required above half an hour, and they burst frequently. Edward III. seems to have been the first monarch who employed cannon, in 1327, against the Scots, and afterwards at Cressy against the French. In the capture of Berwick from the Scots, the new cannon proved of signal utility, from the dismay and confusion produced among the besieged by so novel and resistless a danger. The enormous stone-bullet-throwing guns gradually became extinct, or, like Mons Meg at Edinburgh Castle, survived merely as curious relics; but at the taking of Constantinople, in 1453, Mohammed II. employed against the devoted city a thousand pieces of ordnance, the most powerful battering-train the world had ever beheld; and these guns threw stone-globes of great weight. The only effective monsters of the kind that still remain are the Titanic cannon which guard the passage of the Dardanelles, and which throw round bullets of white stone, cut by hand in the Magnesian quarries, and weighing a thousand pounds avoirdupois. It was one of these colossal missiles which snapped like a pipe-stem the mizzen-mast of Admiral Duckworth's flag-ship, when the British squadron forced the passage of the Straits; and on this occasion, only four shots were fired, one of which parted into two pieces as it flew heavily hurtling across the narrow sea. One of these guns lies at the Castle of Europe, another on Asia Point, at the opposite castle, along with a pile of stone-balls, of which but thirty are made annually, at great expense. The Pacha of the Dardanelles, in 1854, presented two of these great bullets to the admiral commanding in chief, Sir James Dundas, by whom they were brought to England.

Very slow was the progress of improvement, even after guns began to be cast and bored, instead of being built of hoops and bars. Brass cannon, though too costly for national use, were made of great beauty and excellence for particular occasions, and were employed by the Spaniards and Portuguese in their maritime conquests, by the Barbary corsairs, and by most privateers. But brass guns have two great defects, besides that of expense—they soon grow dangerously hot, and must cool before they can be reloaded; and what is worse, they droop at the muzzle, become worn in the bore, and burn away at the touch-hole—all owing to the softness of the metal. Excellent bronze guns have been made, but their price is high; and the recent practice against the Tangstow Forts, in China, has proved that bronze is not equal to steel, the French *canons rayées* of the former metal having turned out less powerful by far than Sir W. Armstrong's gun. For centuries, the iron ordnance continued to be little esteemed, and gun-metal, a variety of bronze, harder than the fine bronze used by statuaries, was the substance of which all the best cannon were made. It is needless to distinguish between culverins and sakers, falcons and falconets, and all the light wall-pieces and field-pieces that were gradually substituted for the old bombard. Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, preserved at Dover Castle, and cast in Holland, as the Dutch inscription testifies, is a beautiful piece of artillery of its kind, and was long vaguely considered competent to throw 'a ball to Calais green,' an idea suggested by its remarkable length. Cast-iron ordnance was not made till the reign of Edward VI., nor mortars till that of Henry VIII., who employed them against Boulogne.

So our ancestors went on, first inventing the cannon that threw solid shot, then the mortar for projecting hollow spheres stuffed with powder and bullets, then the howitzer that improved upon the mortar, the petard to shiver gates, and the red-hot ball to fire shipping and buildings; until the medium gun and the long gun succeeded to the wide-mouthed carronade of the naval service, and field-pieces were made of lightness and portability sufficient for rapid evolutions in the presence of an enemy.

The pedigree of the present rifled-musket must be traced from the clumsy hand-cannon, a mere diminutive of a bombard, placed on a board, and fired with a match, through various stages, to the present form. After the hand-cannon gave place to the hand-gun, the arquebuse, caliver, and musket, all of which were matchlocks, or more correctly pieces, that required to be fired by a match, it was long before the soldier could dispense with a rest, and fire simply from the shoulder. One of Queen Elizabeth's musketeers, for instance, would have been encumbered with gun and matchbox, bandoliers and primer, a rest on which to fix his gun, and a spear or sweyne's feather to stick in the ground in front of him, for his defence, and, lastly, with a sword and dagger, where now the soldier moves lightly, with his Enfield rifle and bayonet, against the foe. Prince Rupert, a most admirable marksman, and a better inventor than a general, was the great introducer of new weapons, in his day. He devised a revolver, or repeating firelock, a century and a half before Colonel Colt saw the light. To Rupert we owe the first wheel-lock or snaphaunce, the parent of all flintlocks, as a means of discharging guns and pistols, and an improvement on the primitive match equal to that of percussion upon the flint itself. Rifling and other excellent amendments are ascribed to Rupert, who did more for the perfectioning of firearms than any one for a century after. The rifle was first naturalised in America, where, in daily struggles with wild beasts and wilder men, the hardy colonists learned to appreciate that weapon which afterwards did such signal service against the royal troops, and from thence it was brought into use in Europe. But though the Tyrolese, and other mountaineers, fond of the chase, adopted the rifle by the middle of the last century, our armies, and those of our neighbours, never employed it. By this time, the grenadiers had given up carrying the bag of hand-grenades to which they owed their name; Brown Bess had been taken into that high and intimate favour from which she was but the other day discarded, and the pike had been fairly voted obsolete. Battles were won by bayonet-charges, for the most part; and as a thousand cartridges were expended for every fatal shot, we need scarcely wonder at the immense amount of powder uselessly burned, or that many daring commanders should have obtained the repute of being bullet-proof. Indeed, the old smooth-bored musket, with its spherical ounce-ball, was much more useful as a pike-staff for the bayonet, than for absolute shooting. Unless by chance, or against great masses of men, no certain result could be looked for; no tuition was afforded to the troops; a marksman was supposed to be heaven-born, like a poet; and if a soldier could load and fire with rapidity and machine-like regularity, he was not to distress himself as to the destination of his ounce of lead. By most careful trials, with rests and without, under official scrutiny, it has been ascertained that at 100 yards not one ball could be induced to go straight to the mark. At about 30 yards, a good shot can fire with tolerable certainty, but the deflection of the bullet increases in geometrical ratio, and the leaden sphere flies off into space, a wandering comet.

Still there were reasons against arming the troops of any nation with the old, many-grooved rifle of the American hunter or the Jäger of Tyrol. Rifles of this kind are not fitted for the cartridge; they need the very nicest care in loading; their powder must be measured out to a grain, patches and balls adjusted with sportsman-like precision, the shot rammed well home, the mallet being often necessarily employed, while a rifle of this sort needs constant wiping, oiling, and internal polish. It was justly thought impossible to put into the hands of careless and ignorant men a weapon so delicate, so slowly charged, and so apt to foul. Then, too, the range of a Yankee rifle is inferior to that of a smooth-bored gun. The rotary motion of the bullet absorbs much of the force that should act in propelling; and the rifle of America, though effective at 100 yards, at 300 yards 'throws wild,' and delivers the ball with little power. The heavier German rifle is not of much real use over 200 yards; and even the huge two-ounce tiger-rifles and four-ounce elephant-rifles used in India are sighted only up to 300 yards, and seldom shoot truly at that range. Now, a smooth bore, with all its waste and windage, still throws the lead further than an old rifle, if only you can verify the fact by finding the ball, which you rarely can. I have myself found a bullet deeply imbedded in a tree, 240 yards from where I was firing at a mark, with round balls and a smooth bore. The long Moorish guns bring down wild-fowl with large shot at above 100 yards, and with ball at 180 yards, according to the authority of Mr Drummond Hay. There is at Woolwich a gun, once belonging to the king of Siam, of wonderful range; indeed the matchlocks and gingals of the East always outmatch our muskets, and during the recent operations in China, some of the Tartar gingal bullets fell among our people from a distance of 1400 yards—an extraordinary distance, almost equalling the Whitworth range. Smooth bores throw elongated shot much further and truer than spherical balls; and from partial experiments at Vincennes, it would almost seem as if there was more merit in the long bullet than in the two-grooved tube that projects it, and as if smooth bores deserved another trial with conical shot.

The invention of the two-grooved rifle, of the Lancaster polygonal rifle, and the successive improvements that bear the name of the Enfield, Minié, Whitworth, Jacob, Prince, Henry, and others, struck the knell of the old fatalist system of random shooting. Scarcely a day elapses without the journals recording the praise or blame of some new breech-loading or muzzle-loading rifle, from the Prussian needle-gun to those wonderful devices that can be discharged twenty times in a minute, and which fire 1800 shots without fouling. The very worst of these is far better than the old musket or the old rifle. The muzzle-loading pieces can all of them be charged easily, a wooden rod and a light push being capable of ramming home the charge, where once, for rifle-loading, the mallet was needed, and great force used. Some muzzle-loaders emulate breech-loaders in celerity of charging, and merely require the cartridge to be dropped down the barrel, without a touch of the ramrod; while the breech-loading pieces, the best, in many respects, are beginning to be free from the old objection of wearing away at the joint, from the effect of the red-hot gases generated during explosion. The double rifle of General Jacob is a remarkably good, though costly arm, shooting a mile with six feet of elevation, and with a lower trajectory than most pieces, except the Whitworth. The rifle-shells and liquid fire-shells, invented by Captain Norton, General Jacob, and others, add tenfold to the efficiency and powers of the rifle, and at 900 yards, the practice at Hythe is always excellent, while the superior shots attain accuracy at ranges up to 1800 yards. For cavalry, the breech-loader is invaluable, although the double rifles long used by that very efficient body of sharp-shooters, the Cape Mounted Rifles, are highly esteemed by all practical men. The revolver, though valuable in its way, requires great improvements before it can be put into the hands of the army at large. It is delicate, dangerous, and not trustworthy, from being so liable to get out of order; this remark applies chiefly to self-acting patents; but even Colt's pistol, which requires the use of both hands in cocking, is apt to be found disarranged in the hour of need. Many officers of great professional merit prefer a double pistol, loading at the breech, to any revolver.

Of the Armstrong gun, it is impossible to speak too highly: its power of rending masonry, and transpiercing targets; its terrific shell, dividing into fifty-eight fragments, with a separate death in each; its accuracy, range, and lightness, have been tested at home and in China. The Whitworth gun, and other cannon of its class, with their four, five, and six mile ranges, and great power, are wonderful improvements on ancient gunnery; but rockets remain nearly as Sir William Congreve left them. Capricious, though destructive engines, they have failed to realise their inventor's predictions, and supersede artillery. Yet rockets have the one great merit of requiring no gun to propel them; a light rocket-tube alone is wanted; and where transport is scarce, there is much to be said in favour of this modern emendation of the Greek fire, iron sheathed and stickless.

Weapons for hand-to-hand fighting are generically divided into clubs, axes, swords, spears, and daggers. The club is the oldest of all, but it only survives in the waddy of the Mayal, and the cudgel of the Persian mountaineer; even the metal mace, which was copied from it, and the maul, used by knights in Western Europe, are now extinct. The short horseman's battle-axe used by the retentive Orientals, and the Indian tomahawk, are the only representatives of the war-hatchet. This, too, is an ancient weapon. The painted Britons had their little flint-axes, which we call celts; the Romans bore a *bipennis*, or double-bladed axe; the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, and after them the early English, with Richard the Lion-hearted at the head of them, used this kind of huge broad-bladed axe as a national weapon. The brown bill was as familiar to the hand of the Englishman as the yew-bow. But the bills went out with the defensive armour, and that weapon was last seen in war when some of the Highlanders joined Charles Edward in the Forty-five, armed with the Lochaber axe, which had a hook at the end, for scaling walls. The spear is, of course, very ancient. Even now, the only weapon of the Pampas Indians is a long reed-spear, hardened by fire, and measuring from sixteen to twenty feet. The spear and pike were universal arms; all savages possess them: pikemen were once the staple of all armies, and knights knew no sport so joyous as the breaking of lances. But the use of the lance did not survive that of armour; and after the Spanish infantry, with short swords, had utterly routed the Teutonic Lanzknechts at Ravenna, those formidable stands of pikes, which had once seemed impregnable, fell into contempt. The lancers of European armies are seldom thought as efficient as other dragoons; and though some of our Indian irregulars can perform prodigies of skill with the spear, the weapon is gradually giving place to the carbine. The dagger and dirk once played a great part in warfare, and still, in the East, the creese of the Malay is his best weapon; and the Ghoorka allies, with their kookies, or heavy curved knives, proved more than able to rout the sepoys in personal encounter. But the best use of the dagger was to suggest the bayonet. Tradition assigns this invention to a corps of Basques, or natives of the country near Bayonne, in the service of Louis Quatorze, who suddenly stuck their long knives into the muzzles of their muskets, and with this improvised weapon routed the foe; hence 'bayonet' from Bayonne. This arm was first called a 'fixing dagger.' It was not in general use until Marlborough's wars, and since then has been constantly employed, being the soldier's best friend; and, indeed, the chief use of Brown Bess was to carry it. The sword-bayonet is a decided improvement on the old triangular blade; but the bayonet, in its present form, agrees ill with the modern arms of precision. The pressure of the bayonet-ring, in battle, causes an unequal expansion of the metal of the rifle-barrel, that is fatal to good shooting, and spoils the bore terribly. Moreover, no shot is likely to go straight that is fired from a piece with fixed bayonet, and the very shock given to the thin tube of the Enfield by a thrust with the bayonet, is most hurtful to the weapon's shooting qualities. If the musket, now meant for hitting as well as shooting, is still to be a pikestaff, it should have an extra rib attached to it, to which the bayonet might be adjusted with a catch, so as to save the inevitable injury done to the barrel.

The sword is an old and favourite weapon. It is older than history, and as old as legend itself. There have been, and there are, swords of every variety. The first swords were glaives and falchions of brass, and to these succeeded the broad curved scimitar of Asia, and the straight, short, double-edged sword with which the Romans conquered the world. The latter, called a Spanish blade, and forged at Toledo, was long the national weapon of Castile. Our riflemen (privates) bear a weapon nearly similar. While the East adhered to crooked blades, to those wonderful Damascus sabres that were said to cut metal like cloth, to the tulwars of India and the scimitars of the Saracens, the West ran into the opposite extreme, and for centuries the long, straight, two-handed sword was in fashion. Some of these tremendous blades, which were used on horseback and foot, were five feet long, not reckoning the handle. They could not be unsheathed without pulling the sword over the shoulder, and weighed above twenty pounds. The Tyrolese mountaineers used them against the French and Bavarians in Hofer's patriotic struggle against Napoleon; and some of the Highlanders, in 1715, still retained the true claymore—glaive, or *gladius-mhor*, the great sword, in Gaelic—which always required two hands. Then came the age of short weapons, of walking rapiers, of small swords, court swords, and other mere toys; while, about the end of the last century, the cavalry of the British army were armed with an absurd scimitar, curved like a hoop, and incapable of giving point under any circumstances. The French invented the sword-bayonet, and the excellent broadsword which their cavalry have now used for sixty years. We followed suit, and our swords are now well enough shaped, and of fair steel; but they are generally blunt, and will remain so until we are blessed with military authorities modernised enough to give our dragoons a wooden or leathern sheath, and consign the old rattling iron scabbard to the limbo where Brown Bess now happily reposes.

WELSH YARNS.

IN TWO HANKS.

I AM going to babble for a few pages about a Sleepy Hollow village in South Wales, in which, when quite a youngster, I spent a year or two. I fancy—although, indeed, I hardly know why I should fancy—that my memories of the places and persons in it and about it may not be devoid of interest. I shall record my reminiscences at random as they rise.

I.

Here is the old, whitewashed, thatched farmhouse I visit almost daily, the pet of its honest, hearty inmates, who generally manifest their affection in huge hunks of apple-pasty. The front-door stands open all day long, and even at night is merely latched, for burglaries are unheard of in this Arcadian district. The room I enter is low, and dark, and close. From the ceiling depends a wooden framework, which looks like an inverted table that has sent its legs through the joists up into the room above. On its boards lie sides of bacon, 'backstone cakes' (thin grindstones of unleavened flour, water, and salt, baked on a round iron plate), the apple-pasties which are treats to me, but the ordinary fare of the farm-servants (Titanic tarts, a yard long, almost a foot wide, and four inches thick), an old boot, a straw horse-collar, and a fowling-piece covered with cobwebs, from the barrel of which dangles a pair of rusty spurs, with broken rowels, and cracked and shrivelled straps. Like a black swan upon its nest, sits on the hearth a mighty kettle, snugly surrounded with gray, feathery wood-ash and smouldering wood-ember of a sullen red. The kettle in South Wales is scarcely ever cold, 'a dish of tea' being the Welsh hostess's 'glass of wine'—the beverage she offers to her very numerous gossips. On each side of the yawning fireplace—as big as a small room—runs a wooden settle, on which, in the long winter evenings, master and mistress, man and maid, sit sociably together, smoking, knitting, harness-mending, and coquetting. Facing the fire, there is a double tier of bed-closets of oak—dully gleaming with grease and friction—just like 'bunks' on board ship. One of the rooms above has two such tiers, affording, with its camp-bedstead in the middle, sleeping 'accommodation' for nine persons; here, as below, of different sexes. The other room, known as 'the prophet's chamber'—being set apart for the exclusive use of the Methodist 'travelling-preacher' from the 'circuit-town,' on his fortnightly visits—contains a rickety four-poster, with curtains of white dimity, a chintz-cushioned arm-chair, a toilet-table made out of towel-covered tea-chests, and bearing a cracked looking-glass (which, in addition to its crack, possesses the imperfection of making every one who looks into it appear to have the mumps), piled volumes of Wesley's *Notes and Sermons*, in beef-gravy-coloured binding, and his Hymn-book, in rough, red sheep; whilst round the walls are hung sundry black-framed portraits, cut out of the *Arminian Magazine*, of Messrs This, That, and Tother, 'preachers of the gospel,' who seem to have considered it essential to their evangelical character to brush their hair straight down over their foreheads, as if in readiness for the operation of the small tooth-comb.

From the combined kitchen and 'keeping-room,' already described, opens on the left the 'parlour,' a small angular chamber, with a planked floor (whereas that of the other room is partly flagged, and partly made of 'concrete,' worn here and there into deep hollows). One of the corners holds a triangular cupboard, full of gaily-coloured crockery—'decanters' is the local phrase—constantly exposed to view, since one of the valves of the double-door has been wrenched from its hinges, and, according to careless Cambrian custom, never replaced; and the other, from the want of a bolt, rests against the black oak panelling of the wall. On the side-table, propping and flanking a tea-tray, emblazoned with a bird of nondescript genus but most brilliant plumage, lie a county history, Fox's *Martyrs*, and Adam Clarke's *Commentary*, in ponderous folios and quartos. Above it are two hanging bookshelves, holding *inter alia* some book on physic, Blackstone's *Commentaries* (full of portraits of fat-faced judges, whose flowing wigs I contrast with the scanty locks of the ministers above stairs, arriving at a dim conclusion that Law commands, whilst Gospel forbids the use of bear's grease), Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* (which I have to read upon the sly, and therefore enjoy so far, but of which I can make neither head nor tail), and *Henry, Earl of Moreland*. The last I have full liberty to peruse, it having been republished by 'the great and good Mr Wesley,' as the one novel in the world fit for Christians to read. Over the mantel-piece, circled with silhouettes of less famous members of the family, and even placed above the portraits of the Rev. John and Charles Wesley and Mr Fletcher of Madeley, hangs a miniature of a bright-haired, blue-eyed young man in naval uniform. On the mantel-piece, buttressed with spiny-backed, smooth and pink lipped tropical shells, stand a quadrant and a dirk. The black leather of the sheath, and the black wood of the mysterious instrument, are mildewed, and the brass of both is streaked and dotted with a bluish green; for long before I was born, they were sent home as the last relics of the young midshipman, who had risen from before the mast to be cut down, not in fair fight with the French, but by sunstroke in the Gulf of Mexico, to his proud, sorrowful father in the far-off Welsh hamlet. I have heard the story from the old man, who has outlived his six stalwart sons, and now lives with his son-in-law, to whom he has given up his farm.

Dressed in brown coat of Quaker cut, knee-breeches, stockings of undyed yarn, and buckled shoes, and with his long iron-gray hair combed back over his collar, the patriarch—whose only duty now is to preach on Sundays in the little chapel he built long ago, on the other side of the front-yard—crosses his hands upon his horn-headed staff, and tells me many stories. How, when a youth, he and another youth rescued John Wesley from a mob, to whom he had come to preach on the hillside; how they set him on his feet again, and stood by him whilst he preached; how, suddenly as the sun went down, a universal terror seized the mocking crowd, and wild screams rent the stillness of the twilight—those who had been fiercest seeming most afraid—some of them in their agony of horror wallowing and foaming on the ground. How, happening to turn his head one day as he was ploughing, he saw the French fleet standing in for the bay, when, leaving the plough in the furrow, and the oxen to look after themselves, he darted home, put on his Fencible uniform, and snatched up his musket; how the drum beat for the Fencibles to muster on the green, whilst the lightest boy that could be found was sent off on the fleetest horse at full gallop to the nearest military station with the news; how the women and children were hurried inland, but after all, when almost inside the bay, the French ships tacked, and proceeded northwards. How, when he was quite a boy, there was a dreadful famine and fever in the village; how the poor died in their cottages like rotten sheep, with none to tend them, none to bury them, or roamed about like spectres, praying the farmers to give them food; how, when his father refused them corn, his mother used to get up at midnight, steal into the barn furthest from the house, and pour wheat and barley into the aprons of the wretched women clustered outside; and how neither she nor the miller who ground the corn for them gratis, took the fever themselves or lost one of their households, whilst almost all the farmers had sickness and death in their families. How, in the days when tea was very dear, the farmers' wives used to club together for a pound, and assemble at *my* farmhouse to drink it when their husbands had gone to market, afterwards hiding the tea-pot in the wood-stack in the rickyard. How the lone ruined cottage on yonder mountain side was haunted by the spirit of a man who had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost—a spirit with such awful eyes that any one who looked upon them was instantly struck blind; and how, through the broken windows of the untenanted farmhouse in the valley, devils might be seen dancing on the anniversary night of the death of the last tenant, who, forty years ago, administered a sham-sacrament to his drunken boon-companions, and fell down in their midst a corpse. How there had long been a feud between the family at the Castle (which Oliver Cromwell battered, afterwards stabling his horses in the barn between *my* farmhouse and the chapel) and the B——s of R——, one of these, four generations back, having married and murdered one of those; how her brother, a ship-master, then in the Isle of Man, saw the murder committed in a dream, and when he came back, had his sister's coffin taken up to prove it; how a nail was found driven into the skull behind the ear; how the murderer was hanged; and how, ever since, the two kindred families had abstained from all friendly intercourse, and often fought when they met at market.

Sitting in the shade of the lilac tree that checkers the sunlit front-yard, and by its luscious clusters—ever blooming in my memory—counteracts the unsavoury odours of the adjacent *mucha* (a yard entered by two whitewashed gateways without gates, and devoted to cow-houses and a monstrous oblong dunghill); or on the green mouldering bench of the summer-house, in a garden a medley of leeks, nettles, cabbages, roses, docks, slovenly box-borders, and milk-white blossomed privet, and with ivy growing over its gray, lichen-mottled walls; or lolling in the warm grass—starred with buttercups, or snowed with apple-blossom—of the little orchard on the other side of the lane, in company with the farm-dog, Pincher, who cocks his clipped ears and blinks his absurd eyes ever and anon, as if he would make-believe that he fully understood everything that was being said—I listen to the old man's tales, very proud that he should think me worth talking to; for though he does believe in ghosts and dreams, and may, perhaps, as a superannuated man, be treated at times with scant respect by those of his own household, I know that he is 'the Oracle of Law, Divinity, and Physic' to all that country-side, having made more wills than any attorney, preached more sermons than any parson, and cured more people than any doctor in it. The curate, the Methodist minister, and the pedler (a greater man than either of the former, in my estimation, because he can tell us so much of the outside world, when he pays us his rare visits), all like to chat with the old man, and listen attentively to his replies. Besides, has he not written poetry, and dialogues, and things which have been printed in the Swansea newspaper, which we get once a week; and to a child like me, is not the man who has appeared in print something more than human.

The orchard stile adjoins the upper village-shop, the principal wares in which seem to be peppermint drops and candles. A little further on, on the other side, is a hollow, into which the ewes belonging to the farm are driven night and morning to be milked; and very delicious sheep's milk it is, and splendid curds and whey it makes, as I, a frequent visitor of the farm-dairy, and a favourite even with the grim 'Aunt Betty'—all women past forty are aunts, all men past fifty uncles, in this part of the world—who presides over it in a faded plaid 'bedgown' and crushed black hat, can testify from ample experience. Further on, still, is the village-green, where geese and donkeys most do congregate; a solid, whitewashed, low-pitched, thatched farmhouse, dating from long before the Commonwealth, and conferring the third village patent of gentility on its tenant—the first appertaining to the parsonage, the second to the Castle farm, and the fourth to that with which the reader is already familiar—and a few whitewashed, thatched cottages, with tumble-down lean-to stables, in which, when not turned out to graze upon the Marsh (almost every cottager in Our Village owns a horse, the horses being fed upon chopped furze and potatoes), circle the green. In front of each cottage-door, on one night of the year—St John's Eve, I think—a furze-fire flames and crackles. On some holiday—King's Birthday, Coronation Day, or such like—I am jolting over the green in one of the country cars, a springless vehicle with a high-railed back, like an old-fashioned chair for a giant set on wheels. The horse that draws it has a blinkerless headstall, and a cart-saddle over which a thick chain passes, and the reins are made of rope. A simple halter is often the car-horse's only bridle. We are going to spend our holiday in a picnic at a headland in the neighbourhood, renowned for wrecks. As we leave the village behind us, the country becomes more open. Breezy downs, with undulations as bright and smooth and graceful as the folds of a green velvet robe, sweep down to beaches which no foot seems to tread; or, previously cropping out in limestone boulders, are abruptly terminated by limestone crags. Presently, we pass through more than one village inhabited by people of an unknown tongue, who, when they speak, seem to be in a furious passion because they cannot spit out something sticking in their throats. The English we have left behind is not remarkable for orthoepy or syntax—'brag' being its equivalent for 'brig,' and 'come he,' 'come she,' its forms of what *should* be the *second* person singular of the imperative—but, at all events, it is more intelligible and euphonious than this awful Welsh, which it appears impossible to pronounce without hemorrhage.

Arrived on the north side of our little Morea—a turf-capped lofty wall of ruthless cliffs, gradually sinking on the right into a broad flat beach, behind which a lonely little white parsonage looks out upon the bright blue waves—we see the Inner and the Outer Head: the former, a raised, grassy tableland, separated at high-tide from the shore; the latter, a tall stern gray crag, with one patch of turf upon its landward side, joined to the Inner Head by a low, curved, narrow isthmus of rock, that affords no footing in the calmest weather, and over which in storm the water hurries and hisses in seething snow. Whity-brown sheep are grazing on the Inner Head; and on the Outer stands a black-faced ram, gazing in stupid fear down on the wide chasm he has been unaccountably impelled to leap. With plenty of rich grass upon the Inner Head, the scanty bit of herbage surely cannot have been his inducement. Back he must jump again, or stay there till he dies; for the Outer Head, rising in proud, gloomy perpendicularity, like a truncated, splintered pillar, is inaccessible to man. Many and many a time, when the white spray has been driven by the howling wind in a zigzagging, interlacing shower high over its tall head, have fingers clutched franticly and fruitlessly at the wave-worn column, to which even sea-weed cannot cling; and then the wrathful sea, which smiles so sweetly now, has dragged back its victims, and choked them in its returning rush. Here and there, a crowbar is firmly fixed along the edge of the cliff; to the bar is fastened a rope, and to the rope a quarryman, plying his trade as he sways hither and thither in mid-air, or plants himself on a projecting narrow platform. In a plumb-line course, or bounding from ledge to ledge, the great boulders of limestone seek with a sullen splash the sand beneath the brine, and are carted away at low-tide. Half-way between the cliff-top and the beach, there is a hollow known as the Devil's Cave. How far it runs inland, is not known. The quarrymen, who take their meals here, and leave their tools here, have never ventured to go further in than some two hundred yards. Here, at sundown, the story goes, whenever that night, or the next day, a brave ship will be dashed to pieces on the pitiless Outer Head, the Evil One kindles a fire, whose lurid flames burnish the dusky billows with a bloody, troubled brilliance. When that long line of ill-omened light is seen trembling on the sea, the fishing-boats fly back to port; and 'Heaven and hell will be fuller before to-morrow night,' say the cottagers on the hillsides.

Besides hunks of apple-pasty, Aunt Betty's curds and whey, the old man's stories, stumpy-tailed Pincher's company, and *Henry, Earl of Moreland*, I have other inducements to draw me up to the old farm—up the Castle Hill, and through the Castle farm-yard (a route I do not much affect, having a dread of E., the half-mad tenant of the Castle, a dried-up little man in rusty black, who stops his pony when he sees me coming, keeps calling out 'Boy!' until I have got up to him, then lifts his whip, stares at me for a moment, and trots on without saying another word; and also of a huge boar, with tusks like little sickles, which always *will* plant itself against the farm-yard gate when I want to open it); or mounting with difficulty the smooth stone slab with zigzag stone steps on both sides, which is the South Welsh stile, through the garden at the back of the Bull Inn (wherein I more than once espy the pretty young landlady being very heartily kissed, and am thereupon kissed by her, presented with halfpence, and earnestly adjured not to tell my 'mar' or anybody else what I have seen, under penalty of a visitation from Bogie that very night), through E.'s close, and through the elm-shaded green park, and the rock-dotted 'Yetlands' (in one or other of which last two, although I escape E. and E.'s boar, I am almost sure to see E.'s fiery-eyed bull shambling from the furthest corner of the meadow to cut me off before, with my heart in my mouth, I can gain the asylum of the gate or stile); or past the front of the public-house, where the small crews of the few coasters that now and then visit the bay are looked upon with great reverence by the other revellers as experienced mariners who have seen the world, and know yonder English hills—resting on the sea in the horizon, a filmy cloud of wood-smoke blue—as well as they know Cefn B——; through the lower village, with its green, stagnant duckponds, its whitewashed hovels, so clean without, so foul within ('What's the use of scrubbing a floor?' says many a Welsh cottager; 'it'll get dirty again'); its shop, more ambitious than that in the upper village, displaying sundry rolls of gaudy ribbon, with a bladder of lard on one side and a box of raisins on the other; its beer-shop, frequented by the 'fast young men' of the neighbourhood—'Tom of the Parsonage' (a saucy English groom), and one or two labourers on whom the squire's gamekeeper has his eye; its weaver's, where I stand for half an hour watching through the window the shuttle dart fish-like through the tight upright threads; its tiny Baptist chapel, whither on Sunday afternoons grown-up people, even gray-haired men and women, as well as children, 'go to Sunday-school;' and up the steep, narrow, rocky Holloway—a lane like the dry bed of a torrent, which leads between high hedges, whose dog-rose sprays marry blushfully overhead, and on whose banks the foxglove in profusion nods its bells, to the foot of the wall of the old farm's garden.

When I reach the quaint old place, there is the young bull-calf, with budding horns, like marbles driven into his forehead, to ride and tease—to make a scape-calf of for the iniquities of his papa in the Yetlands; or the lane is blocked up with penned-in sheep, and the front-yard littered with wool, and filled with squatting men, and struggling or pensively resigned wethers and ewes yielding their fleeces to the shears, whilst those already shorn trot off, shivering and perplexed, but still pleased to find themselves on their legs again, to the home close; or a bullock is to be killed in the barn, and, when killed, divided between the house and one or two neighbouring farms, which subsequently will return the compliment (a system of mutual accommodation rendered necessary by the circumstance that there is no butcher's shop in the village, and which the cottagers imitate when they kill their pigs); or hay or corn is being carted in the primitive vehicles, which probably preserve the fashion which prevailed centuries ago—shafts, with connecting battens at the bottom, and a high back, set on a pair of low wheels; or they are burning lime in the briar-embosomed kiln in the 'off-farm,' and want a horse to be sent them; when, if bay, black-maned Diamond or chestnut-coloured Phillis be at home—the black mare Violet is too young and skittish for my guidance—I am hoisted on to the back of the big beast, feeling as if I were a mahout on an elephant, and despatched at an amble, jolting from side to side with legs stretched out like a pair of open compasses, along the freshly scented lanes; or, if the day be rainy, I 'play at parsons' with golden-haired little Tilly in the chapel, banging away on the desk of the green-baize movable pulpit in orthodox style, until I am almost smothered with the dust; and then, knocking down my rostrum, I chase my 'congregation' over the forms which serve for pews, until I obtain my stipend in the shape of sundry kisses, boxes on the ear, and scratches.

THE CHINESE AT HOME.

AMONG the many plans resorted to for introducing Christianity in civilised pagan communities, that o combining the duties of the missionary and medica professions appears to have succeeded best. Th experiment has been going on for many years i China; and a work lately placed before the publi by one of the labourers, Mr William Lockhart, prove to be one of decided interest.

During the many years in which he was placed i daily, almost hourly, contact with the inmates of th hospitals, Mr Lockhart obtained a close insight int their character; and this knowledge is placed befor the reader in such a plain unpretending way, that although you are told to consider it only a sketch o the people and their dispositions, you lay down the book with the conviction that you have at last learned what a Chinaman really is. Strange, indeed, is the character we see—presenting such a heterogeneous mass of good and bad, selfishness and piety, of amiable feeling and barbarous cruelty, as we could scarcely beforehand have speculated upon as a thing of this world.

'Filial obedience,' says Mr Lockhart, 'is recognised as the foundation of their institutions, popular and governmental; and the principle is universally developed in a manner which has no parallel in any other nation.' The son will give his life for the father—the father for the son. An instance of this came before the notice of a relation of the writer while quartered in China. A Chinese boatman had murdered an English sailor, but escaped. Some time afterwards, a decrepit old man came and asked to see the captain of the vessel. He announced himself to be the father of the murderer, and said he had come to die for his son, as he was old, and had not many months to live, while his son's life was young.

Filial obedience being the foundation of their code of religion, they appear to have reaped the promise of the commandment, being the oldest empire in the world. Next to this virtue comes the desire after knowledge and wisdom. We have all heard of the learning of the Chinese, yet few of us are aware to what an extent this desire is carried, or how highly the result is prized. Every village possesses its school, and boys of all ranks are sent thither at an early age. Young as they are, they seem aware of the value of education, and are quiet, industrious pupils. When the village preparatory school has been gone through, a boy is placed under the charge of a more accomplished master, and by him led through the Chinese classics, and crammed for the local examinations, which are three in number, and are conducted under the superintendence of the magistrate. Those who pass, obtain their degree, and then go in for a second examination, which qualifies them for a third, the Sew-tsae. This is an affair productive of intense and general excitement. Lists of the candidates are placed upon the city walls, and crowds wait outside the examination-hall to hear the result. As soon as the list of the successful candidates appears, hundreds of copies are struck off and sold to hawkers, who run about the town selling their good or bad news, carrying a small yellow flag as an advertisement—a decided improvement upon the noisy vociferations of our English hawkers.

As the students are all anxious to despatch messages to their homes, and they have no electric telegraph, they are provided with carrier-pigeons, which carry the sentence of success or disappointment, written upon a slip of stiff thin paper, rolled up and tied to the leg of the bird in the usual manner.

The possession of this first degree is a great advantage. Among other things, the holder is exempted from corporal punishment, and is in reality rendered henceforth independent, almost every civil post and distinction being open to him. This, however, is only the first step on the ladder. The next is the Ken-jin; the third, the Tsin-sye—the latter meaning much the same as our LL.D. A fourth examination takes place every third year, and gives the highest rank attainable—namely, that of literary chancellor. The Ken-jin examination is very difficult, and so severe, that many of the examiners, as well as students, sink under the immense tension of mind and body. Two instances came under the immediate treatment of Mr Lockhart in his capacity of doctor. Two gentlemen of the rank of literary chancellors applied to the hospital, both being afflicted with paralysis, which had been brought on by the severe and long mental exertion required at the examination for Ken-jin, at which they had been superintendents.

Another of the Chinese virtues is charity. They spend both time and money for the relief of their less fortunate brethren; and in every town they provide hospitals and asylums for the succour of the wretched. The native practitioners give their services gratuitously, while the chemists take it in turn to supply the necessary medicines, for all of which nothing is demanded; and the only thing required is that, if possible, the friends of the patient must supply him with food. They have cemeteries where the poor are buried, 'though,' says the report of one of the Shang-hae dispensaries for 1845, 'it is far more praiseworthy and meritorious to attend to persons while they are alive than to afford coffins for them when they are dead.' The foundling hospitals are well supported, the children being taught either to follow some trade, or to be domestic servants, while many of them are adopted by childless couples. Next in order comes the Humane Society, for the recovery of the drowned; though, if the methods of restoring animation mentioned by the author are always put in force, we should prefer to be drowned effectually in any portion of the globe to being revived in the Celestial Empire.

While so sedulous to heal the sick, the Chinese are even further behind than most European nations in the art of preventing disease; they make the open drains in the middle of each street the receptacles of every description of filth and refuse. These communicate with the numerous canals that intersect almost every Chinese city, and in time the canal becomes literally blocked up. When it reaches this pitch, something must be done for the sake of navigation; and what is done is simply this: the deposit is shovelled up and laid in gigantic heaps upon the banks, in the streets, or elsewhere, in any convenient place. The consequent effluvia are dreadful, and however callous a Chinaman's olfactory nerves may become, his health must suffer. Strange to say, in what appears to our ideas such a 'very hot-bed of cholera,' that fearful disease has been no more prevalent than in countries where more attention is paid to sanitary rules. Though cholera keeps aloof, other fevers are frequently met with; but on the whole, the scale of disease is wonderfully low, the reasons apparently being these, that the people spend most of their time in the open air; that the construction of their houses allows free ventilation; and, lastly, that they wear warm clothing during the cold months, and are thus enabled to retain a comfortable and healthy degree of warmth, without having resource to hot air, close rooms, and imperfect ventilation, which are now generally acknowledged to be the prolific source of consumption and diseases of the respiratory organs.

Much as we are addicted to 'a cup of tea,' the Chinese love it still more. With them, the kettle is always boiling, the tea-cup always at your service. Shops appropriated to tea-drinking are regularly authorised, and placed under the surveillance of the police. Here friends meet to chat, smoke, and drink tea, often listening to the eloquence of some scholar, who is invited by the proprietor to amuse and attract his customers.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat had, it would seem, its origin in China, and is extensively carried on. 'In the vicinity of most of the cities are large establishments for the hatching of ducks. These houses comprise a suite of long low rooms, with several offices attached. The country people, in the spring and summer months, bring large quantities of eggs, which are purchased at a cheap rate. These are put in flat baskets into a sort of fireplace made of brick and plaster, open at the top and closed below, much like the recess for a boiler. Below the open space is a very small charcoal fire, to warm the mass of brick. When the place is warm enough, the basket of eggs is lodged within, and covered over by a thick plaited straw-pad, to retain the heat; and after a day or two the basket is removed to another similar recess, which is slightly warmer. The eggs are turned over once each day, and carefully excluded from cold air or wind. After the required number of days, close upon the time of production, they are taken out of the baskets, and laid side by side upon a large table; the table is about thirty feet long by fifteen wide, and covered with cotton wadding. When the eggs, to the number of a thousand or more, are arranged, they are covered with a thin cloth, and over this one or more thick cotton quilts are placed; the removal of these, as soon as the ducklings are found ready to break their shells, reveals an extraordinary scene. In all directions, the little creatures are working themselves free, causing a curious crackling from the fracture of the shells. An attendant watches the table day and night, to remove them as they emerge all folded up, and apparently very weak, but soon scrambling over the other eggs. They are removed to a basket in a warmer room, and fed by and by with flour and water. In a day or two, their down has grown sufficiently to cover them, when they are sold to persons who come from the neighbourhood periodically to buy them. The process is carried on only during spring and summer, and the house is used for a lodging-house for the rest of the year.'

Every one who reads Mr Lockhart's book will feel he has really obtained an insight into the character of a people he until now only knew as a nation, and must feel interested deeply in the success of the working out of the system of medical missionaries.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAILWAY.

I CANNOT conceal from myself that one of the most prominent facts of my everyday life is the Roundabout Railway. Every seven minutes and a half of my waking existence, that wonderful institution asserts itself so clamorously, that I am in no danger of forgetting it; and though I have long ceased to consider it a nuisance, as I once did—for habit reconciles us to everything—I have not yet arrived at the happy condition of the Yankee waiters at the Niagara Hotel, who, deaf, through custom, to the roaring of the waters, can hear a pin drop on the floor, in spite of their everlasting thunder; so I hear each recurring train as it rushes through its deep ditch of a cutting at some fifty paces from my fireside, and can time my movements by them, if I like, without looking at my watch. I quarrelled savagely with the Roundabout Railway at its first intrusion some years ago, and grumbled at it and its projectors like a Briton, as I had a right to do; then I began to tolerate it—then to make a convenience of it—and at last to like it. In the course of the last seven years or so, I have taken all manner of advantages of the Roundabout Railway, and now I mean to turn it to account once more by getting an article out of it.

The Roundabout Railway is the pet of the Londoners, being patronised by them to a much greater extent than any of our iron roads; and it owes its popularity to its excellent character for punctuality and safety, as well as for some other special qualities and conveniences which will make themselves evident as we proceed. It abounds in stations and termini, in London and out of London, and at all points of the compass. People walk on to it from a level; they climb up to it by endless flights of stairs; they get down to it through long galleries and shafts and staircases combined; and they burrow underground to get at it, and emerge upon its platforms through trap-doors, like the ghost of Hamlet at Sadler's Wells. Then, while it is the most cosmopolitan of all roads, doing hourly business with all imaginable grades of society, and travelling to and from all points of the compass at once, it is at the same time the most intrusive and impertinently familiar of all the railways reckoned up in *Bradshaw*. It is positively shocking to see the liberties it takes, and the rude manner in which it mixes itself up with the private and domestic concerns of us modern Babylonians. Starting from the very centre of the old city, upon a level with the tiles and chimney-pots, it cuts and carves its way among the dwellings in the most remorseless manner. Here it knocks off a roof, a stack of chimneys, and an outhouse or two; there it shaves away a gable-end; and anon it cuts Mr Perkins's dormitory into halves, leaving only a moiety for that gentleman's truckle-bed and wardrobe. The effect of its coming to such close quarters among the lieges is a very various kind of revelation to the men of observation who travel by it—a sort of obligatory introspection into the *sancta sanctorum* of numberless domestic temples, whose mysteries, but for its impertinence, had been sealed for ever from the gaze of the curious.

As one is whirled along the line, little interesting spectacles are presented to us seriatim in a species of endless living diorama. We see now the family washing getting up in the garret, where Mrs Suddles and the two eldest Miss Suddles are rubbing away elbow deep in three several tubs, while a third damsel, in a state of picturesque dishabille, is expediting the preparations for drying on the roof. Then it is policeman Z 25, snoring under the blankets, with the window thrown up just to let in the steam from the engines, by way of a refresher, this close muggy morning, while his glazed hat is airing on the window-sill. Next it is a cobbler seated at his kit in his 'parlour next to the sky,' and hammering away at the sole of a Blucher boot, while five little cobblers *in futuro* pause from pottering among the bristles and wax-ends to gape open-mouthed upon the flying train. Then there is the fat beadle of Waddlebrook Within, in that six feet state-berth of his, fussing about amidst his gold bands, his purple plush inexpressibles, his magnificent robe of office, all glittering with the precious metal, and his huge mountain of a cocked-hat. He has about as much space in his garret as a terrier caught in a rat-trap, or a silkworm in its cocoon, and has to wriggle perspiringly to get himself into his finery. But for the rush of the train, you would hear the marriage morning bells pealing from Waddlebrook steeple. Mr Beadle hears their loud banging all too plainly, and it is that he may be in time to meet the wedding faces at the church door, that he works so hard at shuffling on his mortal coil. Another moment, and there is Mrs Maggs, the fish-porter's wife, dishing up a smoking mess of something substantial for Maggs's breakfast, who, having been walking up and down ladders in Billingsgate Market, with a couple of hundredweight or so on his head, ever since three o'clock this morning, wants to fall-to without a moment's delay. You see his cavernous jaws dilate at the instigation of the savoury fumes, but you see no more, for you whiz past—and lo! there lies poor Bolter, who is down in the ague, all solitary and forlorn, and tucked in among the physic bottles, to shiver himself well again as fast as he can, having nobody to console him the while, because Mrs Bolter is obliged to be off scouring the streets with the hand-cart of whelks, periwinkles, and stewed eels, in order to keep the pot boiling for the benefit of the little Bolters and her sick husband. Then comes the seamstress at work upon a fourpenny shirt, with her worn wan face close to the window; or perhaps it is the sackmaker, earning a better wage at coarser work, and stitching away with her packthread to make up her bundle for the wharf; or, better still, it may be the shoebinder, working cheerily in expectation of the fair reward that sweetens toil. And lo! there, an empty chamber with a bill up announcing a lodging to let—Lodgings—with a look-out against the black brickwork of the railway viaduct, exactly twenty-seven and a half inches from your nose: who wouldn't be tempted with such a prospect? You note, as you sweep along, that in a good proportion of the windows, spite of the smoke and the steam of the engines, the omnipresent soot and blacks and chimney-blessings, there are flowers that elsewhere would be all a-growing and a-blowing, but here are withering and fading away, and that numerous dingy pots, empty or tenanted only by a dry twig, attest the persevering attempts of the denizens of this dusty region to convert it into a garden.

All these things, however, are but a vision of a few minutes, and then the scene rapidly changes. First there is a wider prospect; the city with its domes, and spires, and towers spreads itself out to view, while in the other direction a forest of masts and yards mingles with the stacks of chimneys, and an unmistakable odour of pitch and tar and mouldy cordage is borne upon the breeze. Then the train stops, and if you are bound to the river-side, you get out, and transfer yourself to another, in company with numbers of jolly young watermen, or ancient mariners, and whatsoever things are of the brine, briny, all the way from Wapping to Woolwich.

But not being bound to the river-side, you bid adieu to affairs marine, and skurry on in a direction inclining to the northward, and ere long you have exchanged the urban and commercial for the suburban and rural. You rush over other railways, and under other railways, and across other railways; London begins to retire on the left, and the broad level country open on the right; and there glinting fitfully under yon white cloud, if you are sharp enough to catch a glimpse of it, you may see the river Lea—old Izaak Walton's river Lee—meandering its way through the meadows and marshes into the Thames; and perhaps you may remember that it was there that the pious old biographer of George Herbert and John Donne, while he impaled his living, writhing baits upon the barbed hook, 'handled them tenderly,' dear good man, as a Christian should do, 'because they are God's creatures.' In a few moments more you are at Bow, where was the 'scole' at which Chaucer's prioress learned her indifferent French, and which was famous for its cakes and cream in the days of bluff Harry the many-wived. From this point you begin to range along the limits of the recreative region affected by Eastern London. Victoria Park stretches almost down to the railway embankment, and country alehouses, taverns, and tea-gardens approach still nearer, taking, in fact, a position as close to the line as they are allowed to come. Thither resort the lieges from Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Bethnal Green, and Whitechapel; and there you see them lounging at ease on summer evenings under clouds of tobacco-smoke, or flying their pigeons, or labouring at skittles, or gymnasticising among the poles, swings, and cross-bars. And see, down in yon paddock there is a tent pitched, with the union flag flying from the central pole, and long tiers of benches ranged on the left, for the convenience of the sporting gentlemen who are inclined to venture a little spare cash on that tall fellow in the azure vest and white pants, bound above the knees with a tricolour ribbon, who is stepping out so vigorously along the beaten path fringing the boundaries of the paddock. That is the celebrated pedestrian, Slapper, who has pledged himself to do sixty-five measured miles a day for twelve consecutive days of twelve hours each—and is at this moment doing it. Slapper is a grand favourite with the connoisseurs of pedestrianism; it was he who licked the famous teetotal champion down at Scranford Beggs, and walked him off his legs in nine days—an exploit which the teetotal chroniclers said nothing about. He is doing the present unrivalled feat for a purse of a hundred guineas, as the placards have it—and we heartily wish he may get it—though who is to pay the money does not appear. It is rather monotonous and weary work for the stalking professor: it has rained cats and dogs for six days out of the nine that he has already trudged it, and he cannot shirk a single yard of the allotted measure in the face of the time-keepers who are there to register his daily doings. His patrons and backers drop in from time to time to see how he is getting on; and as the decisive hour approaches, there will be a rush from all quarters to the scene of action, to witness his triumph or his defeat, and a grand explosion of pigeons from pockets and bags, to carry the news to the sporting editors.

As a rival attraction to the walking phenomenon, another rural hostel announces a bout at single-stick on a fair stage every evening, open to all England, and calls upon all the lovers of a broken head to come and enjoy that supreme luxury free, gratis, for nothing; the only stipulation being, that you shall subscribe a sovereign in case of your winning the silver cup, which is honestly worth five-and-twenty shillings, but which, as the challenger is a notorious adept in his elegant art, and has broken three hundred heads within the last three months, is not a very probable event. A third speculator gets up a wrestling-match, also open to all England, under conditions somewhat similar; and a fourth, soaring a little higher, and with a view, no doubt, to family patronage, sports a balloon, which you may see from the railway lifting its huge bald head among the trees, and swaying this way and that in the driving rain.

The train again pulls up at Hackney station, and you look down upon the old church with its time-worn tower, and the quondam village, with its orchards and gardens, and teeming population, now a vast suburb, and almost itself a city. Here lived Pope's miser, John Ward; here were the mansions of the old nobles, Vere, Rich, and Brooke; here Matthew Henry preached and commented; and here Strype, the historian, lectured for more than thirty years, and here died—a nonagenarian.

Although we started from the city with our faces eastward, we are journeying due west shortly after leaving Hackney, and are running in a straight line for Merry Islington. And here we can but remark how wonderfully the landholders' opinions of the Roundabout Railway have changed between the dates of its projection and completion. We remember well when it was surveyed what monstrous prices they got for their slips of land, on the plea that the adjacent acres would thenceforth be good for little or nothing; and now they exact still more monstrous rents for said acres on building leases, on the ground of the railway's proximity and convenience! Everywhere, the tall rows of houses come down to the railway cutting; princely villas have their gardens abutting on it—and it would seem that no ground-rent, however exorbitant, will induce the builders to keep their distance. We see little of the merriment of Islington, for we make a mole-like passage through it underground, or in gloomy cuttings, and only emerge into fair daylight on approaching the Caledonian Road, where we gradually pass from deep fosse to lofty viaduct, and thence look down from a giddy height upon the Great Northern line where it tunnels under the new Cattle Market, and starts on its career to York and beyond. At this point, especially if it be market-day, we are invaded by butchers, drovers, carcass-men, and cattle dealers and agents; and we pass whole droves of oxen and sheep stuck up in sidings, and bound for the market pens. On again, over house-tops and warehouses, manufacturing yards, waste building-ground, and pasture-meadows, through Camden Town—stopping there for a minute—and then onward still to that interminable network of rails, the iron Champ de Mars, which is the manœuvring ground of the North-western. Here we finish our roundabout, having encompassed the major portion of the modern Babylon.

The Londoner's pet railway would hardly be so popular as it is if it did no more than is detailed above. But it does far more—does everything, in fact, for the locomotive citizen that a railway can do. It is not only the ever-ready highway to and from all the roundabout stations, but it is the high road to Hampstead Heath, to Kew, to Richmond, to Hampton Court, to Windsor—to Stratford, to Tilbury and Gravesend, to Southend at the mouth of the Thames—to Epping Forest; and to numberless other intervening or outlying places of popular resort, whose names would fill a long column. In consequence, it is notoriously the pleasure line for those classes whose holidays are brief and ephemeral, and who must perforce return to harness on the morrow. It is, of course, during the summer and on sunny days that the holiday traffic is at the greatest. It is then that the stations are crowded with noisy multitudes, and the carriages thronged to running over, while thousands after thousands are whirled off in all directions to the paradise they have severally selected. It happens occasionally that successive parties who have flown off to some favourite place of resort in batches during the day, seduced by the charms of the weather, by an extra good brewst of ale, or by their own fun and frolic, will all elect to return together and by the last train. In this case, it is not fortunate to be one of the number, the packing being something terrific: all classes are unavoidably bundled in together wherever they can be stowed—forty are said to be squeezed into the room for ten; and we have heard the transit described by a sufferer as a species of black-hole experience, endurable only from its brevity and the certainty of speedy release.

After all, the holiday affairs, large as they are, are but an exceptional feature in the Roundabout Railway. Its serious business is mainly commercial, with a mixture of the convenient. It is more a capacious omnibus, open to any number of passengers, than anything else. It travels to and from all the city stations at omnibus fares, and its principal patrons are those who conduct, control, or transact the business of London in some way or other. Every morning, it runs express trains from its several termini; and at the hours when business commences at the Bank, at Mark Lane, at Mincing Lane, at the Exchange, and other marts, it pours in whole battalions of business men to do the world's work. Again, in the afternoon, it runs expresses to carry them home to dinner; and though it works with unerring regularity all day long up to eleven at night, carrying all London wherever it likes to go, it is only for the accommodation of the men of business that it cares to deviate from its jog-trot pace. As a rule, its trains do not travel fast—they cannot do so, owing to the shortness of the several stages, which does not allow of time for getting up steam to full speed. It is mainly owing to this fact that it maintains so excellent a character for safety; we can hardly remember an accident of any consequence having occurred upon it, and none that could be fairly laid to the charge of its own servants.

In the department of luggage, the Roundabout Railway is almost as formidable as in that of passengers. The amount of goods hauled from the Docks to that vast receiving-ground on the North-western is something almost fabulous. Sometimes, in our evening walks, we hear from far the thunder of a goods-train as it comes at express rate along the Hackney cutting. Think of threescore luggage-vans, chained on to a couple of mighty engines, and stretching over a quarter of a mile in length. As it roars, and pants, and bounds along, shaking the solid ground, we can compare it only to a travelling earthquake, and feel relieved when it is fairly out of sight and hearing. In busy times, this luggage-hauling goes on through the night, and we are startled and literally rocked in our beds by the lumbering masses as they shriek, and crash, and clatter past.

Of course the Roundabout Railway is a well paying concern; it is rumoured, indeed, that the dividends are first-rate; but not being a shareholder, I can say nothing decisive on that head.

THE SWAN.

The snowy-plumed bird of Apollo, although he lost his sacred character with the fall of paganism, did not with its divinity sink into utter nothingness. He shared with the peacock and the pheasant the place of honour at chivalric banquets, as the silent witness of stern oaths and knightly vows. When the news reached London of Comyn's death by the hand of the Bruce, and the latter's assumption of the royalty of Scotland, it was before the swans that the aged, enfeebled, but still martial Edward swore to avenge his follower, and punish the rebellious Scots. In *The King and John Thomson's Man*, old Dunbar alludes to this curious mode of taking an oath—a custom that survived the denunciations of two councils of the church:

> I would give all that ever I have
> To that condition, so God me save!
> That you had vowèd to the swan,
> One year to be John Thomson's man.

In England, the swan holds the pride of place as a royal bird, and in old times, the master of the king's swans was as important a personage as the grand falconer, or the master of the buckhounds of modern days. The possession of a brood of swans was a privilege allowed only to the happy possessors of freeholds of the annual value of three marks (L.3, 6s. 8d.), and many were the pains and penalties enforced for the due protection of the rights of the crown. From Lammas-time to Easter, the placing of nets or drags in any common river or stream, the setting of 'snares, limes, nets, or engines' for the capture of swans, and the hunting of water-fowl with dogs near any haunt of the royal bird, was strictly forbidden. The owner of any dog that chanced to kill a swan, either of *malice prepense* or by misadventure, was liable to a fine of forty shillings. Any one catching a swan upon the wing, was required to deliver it up to the master of the swans within four days' time, in which case he was paid eightpence for his trouble; if he failed to obey the law in this particular, he was mulcted of forty shillings. To drive away breeding birds from their nest, was an offence punished by a year's imprisonment, in addition to a fine. No swan-owner was permitted to fill the situation of swan-herd either to himself or any one else; and it was ordained that no swan-herd, fisher or fowler, should vex any other swan-herd, fisher or fowler, by way of action, except before his majesty's justices of the session of swans, to whom all disputes, in which those birds were in any way concerned, were referred for adjudication.

Swan eggs were valued at the rate of thirteen and fourpence each, and any thief detected purloining them from the nest, was compelled to make compensation at that rate. If he ventured to steal a living bird, the stolen swan, or another in default, was hung up by the beak in a barn, and the thief obliged to give the swan-owner not only his property, but also as much corn as would cover the swan, the grain being poured on the head of the bird until the beak was hidden by the heap.

Royal swanneries existed at Clarendon, in Wiltshire, and at the Isle of Purbeck. The abbot of Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire, was privileged to hold 'a game of swans' in the estuary formed by the Isle of Portland and the Chesil Bank, and to seize as his own any unmarked swan found within a certain distance. This swannery, the largest in the kingdom, passed from the church at the dissolution of the monasteries, and is now the property of the Earl of Ilchester. The universities of Cambridge and Oxford possessed the like privilege; the swannery of the latter was rented in the sixteenth century on the condition, that the holder delivered four fat swans yearly, and left six old ones behind him at the end of his term. Eton College also had a right to keep a game of swans on the Thames, but the city companies of the Vintners and the Dyers have long been, and are yet, the greatest subject swan-owners on the river. They still go up the Thames every year, to mark the young birds, and take the number of the beautiful creatures. The swan-marks—annulets, chevrons, crosses, crescents, and such-like designs—are cut upon the bill with a sharp knife. The royal swan-mark of Queen Victoria consists of five open pointed ovals, two cut lengthways, and three cut transversely. Two nicks is the mark of the Vintner's Company; and although doubts have been raised respecting the circumstance of that ornithological curiosity the Swan with Two Necks originating in a corruption of 'the swan with two nicks,' the fact that the first landlord of the famous inn was a member of the corporation goes far to sustain the truth of the surmise.

Swan-upping, or hopping, has long been shorn of its stately ceremonies. The marking of swans used to commence on the first Monday after St Peter's Day, in the presence of the master of the king's game or his deputy, a fine of forty shillings being imposed on every cygnet or swan marked without his knowledge; and the razing, altering, or counterfeiting of any swan-mark, was punished with a year's imprisonment and a penalty of three marks. The marks were duly registered, and a yearly fee of fourpence per mark exacted for the benefit of the royal swan-master, who was also paid twopence for each cygnet, and a penny for each old bird marked at an upping, besides being supplied with a dinner and supper befitting his position. Any old birds found unmarked were claimed for the crown, and if any were by mistake marked doubly, they were kept in a pit, where 'the king's subjects might have right of them,' so that the rightful owner might recognise and receive his property, which in default was seized for the use of his majesty.

The royal bird was once a standing dish at all great banquets; no less than four hundred graced the tables at the installation dinner of Nevill, Archbishop of York. In the reign of Henry VIII., the market-price of swans was two shillings, being fourpence less than that of a prime fat wether. One might now search the metropolitan poulterers' shops a long time before seeing a swan exposed for sale; but at Norwich, so famous for its geese, swans are still eaten. The swan-owners of the county send a certain number of cygnets—some fifty or so altogether—which are placed in a small pond, and supplied with as much barley as they choose to eat. By the beginning of November, they are fit for the table, when they are sent back to their expectant owners with the following rhymed instructions for cooking them:

TO ROAST A SWAN.

Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar,
Put it into the swan—that is, when you've caught her;
Some pepper, salt, mace, some nutmeg, an onion,
Will heighten the flavour in gourmand's opinion.
Then tie it up tight with a small piece of tape,
That the gravy and other things may not escape.
A meal-paste, rather stiff, should be laid on the breast,
And some whited brown paper should cover the rest.
Fifteen minutes at least ere the swan you take down,
Pull the paste off the bird, that the breast may get
brown.

THE GRAVY.

To a gravy of beef, good and strong, I opine,
You 'll be right if you add half a pint of port wine.
Pour this through the swan—yes, quite through the
belly,
Then serve the whole up with some hot currant-jelly.
N.B.—The swan must not be skinned.

The bird familiar to British eyes is the Mute Swan, found wild in Russia, Siberia, Poland, Lithuania, and East Prussia, and introduced from Cyprus into this country by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, where it soon became half domesticated. The mute swan builds its nest of reeds, rushes, and coarse herbage near the edge of the water, and usually prefers an island home. The female lays six or seven eggs, which are guarded jealously by her mate, who is able and willing to give battle to any intruders, for each family of swans retains a watery district to itself, and resents to the death any invasion of its territory. Of this pugnacity, 'Old Jack' was a notable example. Hatched in the garden of old Buckingham House in 1770, and petted by Queen Charlotte, he became, after his translation to the park, the king of the waters of St James's, drowning intrusive puppies, and even making insulting and mischievous urchins expiate their misdoings by a good ducking. For nearly seventy years, Old Jack held his own against all comers. In 1840, unfortunately for the aged monarch, a flock of Polish geese made their appearance. Jack, who had a thorough old-fashioned British hatred for foreigners, at once declared war against them. The new-comers, nothing loath, accepted the challenge, and the lately peaceful waters became the scene of perpetual conflicts, till one fatal day the whole of the alien force bore down upon Old Jack, who received a death-wound while contending gallantly against his foes at the unequal odds of twenty to one. His bravery earned him an obituary notice in the morning papers of the next day.

During the first year of their existence, the royal birds are known as cygnets; in the second, they become gray birds; and the third, receive the full title of white swans. In some ordinances respecting swans of the sixteenth century, the male and female are distinguished as sire and dam. Above London Bridge, they are familiarly called Tom and Jenny by the floating population of the river; but we believe the most orthodox names for the two sexes are 'cob' for the male, and 'pen' for the female.

The black swan, well known to every schoolboy as the *rara avis in terris*, was long after Juvenal's time supposed to be a non-existent bird. Sir Thomas Browne classes it with flying horses, centaurs, hydras, harpies, and satyrs, as 'monstrosities, rarities, or poetical fancies, whose shadowed moralities requite their substantial falsities.' It is a native of New South Wales. Mr Bass was astonished at Port Dalrymple by the sight of at least 300 black swans swimming about in an extent of water of about a quarter of a mile square. A pair were brought over to England in 1801, and presented to the Earl of St Vincent, who gave them to Queen Charlotte. The female unfortunately died in moulting, and her mate taking wing, was shot by a keeper while crossing the Thames. Succeeding importations proved less unlucky, and the black swan is no very uncommon sight now-a-days. In size and strength, they are inferior to their white brethren, and generally get worsted in any encounter they may have with them. But no rule is without an exception. At Lord Shannon's seat at Castle Martyr, in Ireland, a black swan attacked a white one, killed him, and took possession of his widow.

We are taught that out of nothing all things were created; certainly, the musical reputation of the swan was created out of nothing. The tradition of Apollo's bird singing his own requiem is as old as Homer's epics, and is alluded to by Apollonius Rhodius, Philostratus, Anacreon, Aristophanes, and other ancient poets; but the fading away of the swan's life in music exists only in the imagination of the rhyming race, and has no better foundation than the ancient belief that swans could only hatch their eggs in 'a crack of thunder.' When Prince Henry is told that his father sang in the frenzy of death, Shakspeare makes him say:

> I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
> Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
> And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
> His soul and body to a lasting rest.

And Emelia, killed by her subtle husband, declares she will

> Play the swan,
> And die in music.

Waterton watched the last moments of a favourite bird in the vain hope of catching at least some plaintive death-note. But though naturalists have long shewn the fallacy of the popular belief, poets are as unwilling as players to give up a stock 'property,' however opposed its use may be to truth and nature. Even the master-bard of our own time yields to the temptation, and sings how

> The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
> Of that waste place with joy
> Hidden in sorrow. At first, to the ear,
> The warble was low, and full, and clear;
> And floating about the undersky,
> Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
> Sometimes afar and sometimes anear;
> But, anon, her awful jubilant voice,
> With a music strange and manifold,
> Flowed forth in a carol free and bold.

The only member of the swan family that has any claim to musical honours is the Hooper, Elk, or Whistling Swan, which emits a peculiar note resembling the repetition of the word 'hoop' several times in quick succession. The Icelanders think the sound melodious, and compare it to the higher tones of a violin, but their judgment may be warped by the fact of the said notes heralding to Icelandic ears the coming of warm days and short nights; for less favourable critics have likened the cry of the hooper to the grating of a rusty sign swinging in the wind. Whether harmonious or inharmonious, the sounds are produced by means of a curious piece of animal mechanism. 'The cylindrical tracheal tube passes down the neck, and then descends between the forks of the merrythought to the level of the keel of the breast-bone, which is double; and this windpipe, after traversing nearly the whole length of the keel between the two plates, is doubled back as it were upon itself, and passing forwards, upwards, and backwards again, ends in a vertical divaricating bone, whence two long bronchial tubes diverge, each into their respective lobe of the lungs.' A well-grown hooper will measure five feet from his bill, and his wings extended measure from tip to tip about eight feet. He is courageous, but easily reconciled to captivity. In summer, he abides in the northern regions, in Scandinavia, and within the arctic circle; in winter, he visits Holland, France, Italy, and our own island, and sometimes reaches still further south—to Egypt and Barbary.

In external appearance, bearing a close resemblance to the hooper, Bewick's Swan is quite distinct in its specific characters. Besides being smaller, and having a reddish rather than a yellow tinge on the head and nape, the disposition of the trachea is different. Bewick's swan has little of the grace and majesty of the mute swan, is very gentle in its disposition, and spends most of its time out of the water.

Mr Yarrell, the acute naturalist, added the Polish Swan (*Cygnus immutabilis*) to the list of species. Unlike the rest of the family, the Polish swan possesses a white plumage from its cygnetship. It had first come under the notice of Mr Yarrell as an article of commerce among the London dealers; but during the severe winter of 1838, several herds or flocks of Polish swans were seen flying along the north-east coasts from Scotland towards the mouth of the Thames, and several were shot on the way.

America possesses two species of swans, one resembling in some particulars Bewick's swan, and almost equalling the European hooper in dimensions; the other is larger still than that bird, being nearly seven feet in length. This is the Hunter's or Trumpeter Swan. It breeds as far south as latitude 16 degrees, but principally within the arctic circle, sweeping across the valley of the Mississippi as winter draws near at a rate of a hundred miles an hour. Hearne, who is our authority for this extraordinary speed of flight, says the cygnets are very delicate eating, and the older birds when roasted equal to heifer beef. The trumpeter supplies most of the swan-down which reaches England through the agency of the Hudson's Bay Company. The 'keetchee wapecshews,' as the Cree Indians call them, are as noisy as their European congeners, although Hearne had so little music in his soul as not to be able to perceive any melody therein, and so little charity in his heart as to be 'sorry that it did not forebode their death.'

WORK.

> WORK! What is life but work? and work is life.
> With man, an inward prompting that impels
> The forces of his being to one end:
> And in the concentrated strength of mind
> Is all improvement, even as the drops
> Of rain that swell the current of the stream,
> And aid its strength, until the pond'rous banks,
> And large o'erhanging trees, yield to the flood;
> So do obstructive superstitions fall
> Before the oneness of the modern mind,
> Whose current, swollen by recorded thought,
> Doth undermine false-fronted prejudice.
> The godlike part of us can hardly cease
> From work, for in our senseless hours of sleep,
> What laboured dreams will Fancy build
> Upon the hard foundation of our couch!
> Of work, whose fruit is beauty, and painless joy,
> Witness the toiling shrubs whose leaves prepare
> The scented blossoms of our meads and hills;
> Or with rare work, distil the subtle juice
> That fills the bloomy skins of purple grapes.
> What else is life but work? A life of deeds,
> Or greater still, the laboured master-thoughts
> That fast impress the age in which they spring
> With their eternal seals and lines sublime,
> Whether on marble, or on yielding clay,
> Or on the hard enduring metal's face,
> To speak to ages of a task complete.

CHARLES EDE.

On Saturday, 6th July, will be published in this Journal,

A TALE,

ENTITLED

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

To be continued every week until completed.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—It is requested that all Contributions to *Chambers's Journal* may be, for the future, directed to the Editor, at 47 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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GOING ABROAD.

WHAT is the good of it? says old Grimsire, whose hat, when off duty, is always on a peg, either in the office or at home. Especially, what is the good of going abroad? To racket about anywhere is bad enough, but to do it in a crowd of jabbering foreigners is humiliating as well as tiresome. Others, again, assert that the great good of it is felt in the relish with which one enjoys home afterwards. There is something in that; but the pleasure does not spring from mere contrast, or home might be made sweeter by a month at the workhouse, or a tour on the treadmill. Travelling, however, is intrinsically pleasant to some, or they would stay at home. Those who have tried it once almost invariably repeat the experiment, until it becomes a habit. The desire comes to almost all—the fruition to an increasing number. Do not the promoters of the Exhibition of 1862 tell us that the railways can bring into London six times as many per day as they could in 1851? This is a striking proof of the growing multitude of tourists, as well as of the increase in goods-traffic. The objection to travelling, based upon our grandfathers' indifference to it, might be urged with equal force against the use of the penny-postage or the pocket-handkerchief. We could live without either—and many do. But it is a great relief to get clear away from our work, though it be only for a week or less. There is a kind of hunger for recreation, which nothing but a change of scene can satisfy. You cannot sufficiently detach yourself from the instruments and apparatus of business without leaving them. The miller's man could not enjoy a whole holiday in a mill, though others carried the sacks and furled the sails. The sailor would not be refreshed by a cruise. We always see country-folks run up to town for relaxation, and townspeople escape to the country for the same purpose. Who fill the exhibitions, great and small? Who wander through the British Museum in June? Who dive into the Thames Tunnel, and whisper in the gallery of St Paul's? Who spend weeks in seeing London sights? Cockneys? Not they. Burfurd's Panoramas, and Wyld's Great Globe itself, have no charms for them. Let the barrister loose from court and chambers, give the clerk a month's respite from the office—where will you find them in a week? On the top of Monte Rosa, or among the Cumberland lakes. I put up last summer at an out-of-the-way châlet six thousand feet up in one of the Alpine chains, and found a dissenting minister from Glasgow, an inspector of schools, and a London police magistrate, in wide-awakes, to say nothing of an archdeacon in highlows and a flannel shirt, discussing the shortest climb to a neighbouring peak. The charm of travelling is its total change from our daily drudgery and stale scenes. The very houses of London are breaking out on all sides, away from the rattle of omnibuses and cabs. From whatever side you approach the metropolis, you meet a number of prim villas coming out to take the air in double lines, like school-girls on a walk—like them, too, dressed in the last fashion, and disengaged.

Of all travelling, that on the continent is the most refreshing. It has its supposed drawbacks, no doubt. The steam-packet is the first. This is like the bitter taste of the medicine from which we promise ourselves relief. Why is a steam-boat worse than a sailing-vessel? It is not only the sudden change of motion, which a steady side-wind on the sails would prevent, but the smell of the machinery in addition. The other day, I was crossing the Channel in a breeze. Now, I am generally what is called a good sailor, and on this occasion ate my dinner on board with relish, and smoked a cigar afterwards on deck. While I was doing this, a stoker came up from the engine-room, carrying in his hand an oily swab, or bunch of rags, with which he rubbed down the machinery. He came up, I say, with the swab, and stood to windward of me, airing himself. I was just thinking the smell of the oil rather unpleasant, and suggesting to myself whether the suspicions I felt would justify me in moving to windward of him without absolutely admitting I was more apprehensive than annoyed, when he turned round to descend to his den, and at the same time used the swab as a pocket-handkerchief. A rhinoceros would have yielded to this.

Another supposed drawback to a tour on the continent, is often the tourist's ignorance of any language beside his own. I believe, however, that almost anywhere, if you talk English, somebody will come. But suppose he does not, I really think that the sensation of not being understood is rather entertaining than otherwise; it makes the change you are seeking more complete. You have always a good reason for helping yourself to what you want, and can persist in small excursions, intrusions, and general indulgences, on the ground of prohibitions being unintelligible.

Moreover, when you travel, say by carriage, and fail to satisfy a succession of hostlers and discontented *garçons*, you have the greatest advantage in not understanding them. Their satire, both direct and indirect, may be withering, but you don't know it. They can't insult you except by gestures and grimaces, which are often worth money to see, instead of being the reward and consequence of a just economy. You pay your bill with good coin, and add what you believe to be a sufficient douceur. What if you are entertained with a pantomime at your departure? Then, again, when you are angry yourself, what a relief to abuse the offender in the strongest language you can command! He is none the worse for it, while you are all the better. He does not understand a word, and you would have been sorry, half an hour afterwards, if he could. Since it must take two to make a quarrel, and the rejoinder is more irritating than the original insult, all dangerous provocation is neutralised, and yet the excess of steam is blown off by both. It is a great thing for a reply to be unintelligible.

Most of the ills of travelling are made by tourists themselves. In the first place, they frequently settle beforehand where they will go, and mark out their route. Now, I would by no means dissuade them from this. Let them study books and maps before they start; let them ask experienced friends; for thus they realise the coming pleasure. Yet the most elaborate plans are better discarded; it is better not to follow the proposed route. It is delicious to defy the arrangements of a campaign, and revel in the consciousness of errant independence. Many people, I am afraid, not only draw out their route beforehand, but follow it, and so create a fund of reproachful conscientiousness and apprehensive responsibility.

These are the wretched people, too, who conceive themselves expected to see the lions of every place they visit.

The visitation of churches, especially, is a great feature in their movements. Half of them don't know the difference between Etruscan and Chinese architecture, and yet you may hear them after breakfast asking waiters out of a phrase-book the nearest way to St Pierre's, and at dinner, telling one another of the curious monuments they have seen, and the old women at prayers they have interrupted. Nothing, it has often been remarked, makes a sensitive Englishman more ashamed of himself indirectly, than the irreverent behaviour of his fellow-countrymen in foreign countries, and their ill-concealed, too often openly displayed, contempt of the devotions they witness. I heard, two years ago, when I was in Switzerland, of sound Protestant principles being carried out to a remarkable effect. A tourist found himself one cold evening at the monastery of St Bernard. The monks, it is well known, give food and shelter freely to all comers with noble catholicity. There is a box in the chapel, with a little slit in it, where you may drop a donation; but your attention is not drawn to it. No one asks or knows whether any particular traveller gives anything or not. Well, our friend warmed himself at the fire, ate his fill, drank his fill, tucked himself into bed, slept his fill, got up the next morning, said his prayers, had his breakfast, picked his teeth, and then proclaimed that he should give nothing to the monks, lest he should countenance popery!

If you visit churches, remember what they are.

Picture-galleries are often a snare. How deeply have I pitied the haggard groups who gape listlessly along the galleries of the Pitti Palace and the Louvre! Why will a man who knows nothing about them, not have the courage to refuse to look at pictures? There he is, working wearily through the catalogue, often misapplying its directions, and shading his eyes at a daub, when he thinks he is admiring a Rubens. Collections of prints sometimes cause sudden discomfiture to pseudo-connoisseurs. I knew a man who went to the famous collection of engravings in the Corsini Palace at Rome. He drove to the door, and was shewn up into the room where they were kept, when a polite custodian asked him *what* he would like to see. They were all in portfolios; and, for the life of him, he could not hit all at once upon the name of an artist to cover his confusion, and be quite sure he didn't mistake a painter for an engraver. He didn't dare ask that clerical-looking librarian, in a cassock and black velvet skull-cap, for Cruikshank—first, because it looked unlikely; and, secondly, because he didn't know how to put it in Italian.

What, then, should a man look at, if he has no real interest in churches, palaces, or museums? There is an endless fund of gratification, if he will draw upon it, in merely prowling about, with his eyes open. Let him only feel in his conscience that he is not playing the hypocrite, and he will find everything interesting.

There is another piece of advice I would give to every traveller: smile at the bills. Take one with another, and the expense will barely exceed your estimate at the worst. But never suffer little extortions to annoy you. You are, we will suppose, charged double the intrinsic value of your meal; well, if you will keep on calculating the price of mutton, you had better have stayed at home, and stuck to the shop. At anyrate, Boniface must live; and what better opportunity for him to realise this resolution, when he hears a hungry moneyed Englishman ask: 'Esker voo zavey kelker shose poor deenay?' Half the year he is without customers, unless you count those who order coffee, call for a toothpick, smoke their own cigars, and spit on the floor. He can't live on *them*. Somebody must help to pay the rent and feed the little ones.

If you want to travel with comfort and economy, go to the second-rate inns, and live on the best. The tariff is lower, and you squint proudly among the blind. You are welcomed and dismissed with attention. Now, in your big hotels, the same orders and money would probably produce either indifference or contempt. You are handed over to the Boots, while the *maître d'hôtel* hurries forward to worship some nob who drove up while you were getting off the omnibus, or trying to explain yourself to an extortionate cabman.

Never travel first-class abroad, or you will find yourself in the company of English invalids. To me, the travelling in the society of foreigners provides continuous matter for odd observation. Their hats, their queer articles of luggage, their patient respect for the arrangements of the road, and the officials, are always surprising. See them flattening their noses against the window of the waiting-room, as the train pulls up; notice the submissive way in which they shew their tickets to the porter, and the politeness with which they touch their hats to society when they enter the carriage. We might take a leaf out of their book here.

Then, when the journey is done, how patiently they wait for the luggage, which the porters will not let them touch till the van is emptied, and all is arranged under the initial letters of the passengers' names, or the different points of their departure. That great moustached fellow will watch the process without a murmur, though he has only a tight little hair-trunk, with slips of wood nailed on it, and sees it deposited, close by, among the first. He must wait, perhaps, for twenty minutes, while the porters jabber over illegible directions, and arrange a whole wagon-load of packages with provoking conscientiousness. He must wait; he has no *Times* to write to—he must wait, though his dinner be doing the very same thing in the next street.

One often, however, forgets the obedience due to regulations. I recollect that once last year—I forget at what station—believing myself rather late, I tapped at the window of the ticket-office. Up rushed an elderly official, and checked me with horrified gestures. Had I offered to sneeze while kissing the emperor's hand, he could not have shewn a greater sense of the impropriety; so I blushed, and waited half an hour.

In dining at *table-d'hôtes*, always take something of what is offered, however disguised. Otherwise, when you have missed several opportunities, you may all at once find yourself pulled up with *compote*, and left with nothing between you and starvation but a tureen of stewed plums. Those table-d'hôte dinners have a trick of sudden finality; the meal comes to a lamentable and untimely end; and there is not even bread and cheese wherewith to fill the vacuum which you abhor. Chickens and salad are generally the last course; when they come, it is then or never. Do not be coy, however tempted to let the chance slip by, while you are wondering why French fowls have always four legs, to say nothing of duplicate drumsticks, as if they had been lame, and used crutches, which were cooked at the patient's decease.

Choose your wine before dinner begins, and the waiters are committed to the handing about of plates and dishes, or you will have to go without your glass after the soup.

Walking tours have great advantages, especially if you ride a good deal; then you avoid both luggage and fatigue. Moreover, when on foot, you have to look down and pick your way so constantly in the best, that is, wildest parts of your route, that you see little or nothing of the scenery. It is better to miss the sight of a rock or mountain, than bruise your toe against a stone.

The secret of all travelling is to be unfettered—to cast off those conventional irritating restraints which are necessary at home, and to move about when, how, and where we like, in our own foolish, easy way. This allows both body and mind to uncoil themselves; thus we get that without which labour and rest are insufficient, however carefully balanced—namely, recreation.

THE HEARTH.

When Edmund Burke, on the French army being daily expected in our island, implored a large audience of farmers and esquires to fight like men, *pro aris et focis*, he used the very strongest argument that can be addressed to a Briton. It was very well for Sheridan to raise a laugh against the orator, by irreverently translating the Latin passage into a request to fight 'for the hares and foxes,' but the sentiment was a good and true one. We all love our homes, and the most sacred of all wars is that waged in defence of the hearth and the altar. It must be owned, however, that the fireside, with all its genial and tender associations, is an institution peculiar to Europe, and that the records of Scripture history do not assign it to the elder races of mankind. The tent-pole, or central prop of the canvas dwelling, fills, in the estimation of an Arab, the important place which we Westerns have assigned to the hearth. And as it is with the Arab, so was it with the Hebrew of the patriarchal period; and so is it with all those nomads of Aramaic, Mongol, or Persian stock, who wander over the boundless plains of Asia. The dwellers in tents uniformly kindle their fire in the open air; they make little use of it save for cooking; they are generally put to straits to provide a sufficiency of such wretched fuel as the deserts can supply; and the fire is regarded rather as a nuisance than as a domestic shrine. But when, following the obscure stream of history, we get to the Greek of classic days, we find the fire in high esteem. A myth consecrated its origin: Prometheus stole the spark from the jealous heaven of the Polytheist, and something of a celestial character clung to the bright visitor. In Hellas, the fireside was sacred. The suppliant who knelt upon the hearth, though he were the bitterest of private or public foes, was safe in that sanctuary, and insured not merely life, but kindly hospitality. The most dreadful sentence that could be passed against a bad citizen was the denial of fire and water, which debarred the hunted wretch from pleading the old privilege. Not that the Grecian fires were of a character adapted to please an Englishman's fancy. Fuel was never too abundant in stony Greece; and although the Athenians were not obliged, like the Assyrians of Babylon and Nineveh, to burn dried grass, nor to make argol fires, like the Tibetans, they were exceedingly ill provided with the wherewithal for a cheerful and steady blaze. Thorns, roots, and stumps of dead olive-trees, the half-rotten tendrils of useless vines, wreckwood, and charcoal brought at considerable expense from Thracian forests, were the resources of Attica. Timber was too precious to a nation of ship-builders to be wasted in mere combustion, and the 'coals' mentioned in sacred and profane chronicles were merely lumps of charcoal, which were used by artisans, as well as for domestic purposes.

The Romans were better off in this respect, for Italy, fertile in all respects, abounded in wood ready for the axe. In the early days of the republic, in especial, there was no lack of fuel; the logs were roughly piled upon the broad hearthstone, mingled with an armful of brushwood, and ignited, while the family gathered literally around the ruddy glow. It may be justly doubted whether Cincinnatus could boast the possession of a chimney—a refinement originating in the houses of the wealthier patricians, and which gradually diffused itself among the farms and cottages of the rustic outdwellers of Rome. It is curious to observe how the sacred character of the hearth, derived, it is probable, from the traditions of the Hellenic colonists in Magna Græcia, died away as luxury progressed. As long as the primitive log-pile blazed and crackled, the homely virtues and charities abode beside that somewhat smoky altar of household happiness. The suppliant could crouch upon the hearth, sure of pity and protection; the traveller was fed and warmed; family ties were cherished with fidelity and affection. Then came a long era of triumph, and the plunder of all nations, and the demoralisation of the robbers, as they quarrelled over the distribution of the spoils, and the touching old picture of the farmhouse hearth, and its merry kindly group, has vanished like a dissolving view. Instead, we find the huge palaces and villas of the patricians deriving their warmth from hypocausts, and hot-air flues and pipes, and subterranean stoves, and all the elaborate apparatus which the spade has revealed alike in Shropshire and in Salerno. We find the fire banished from polite circles, and hidden out of sight, like a useful but ungainly slave.

Meanwhile, the artisan or the farmer has but a poor chafing-dish full of incandescent charcoal to replace the noble pile of roaring fuel that warmed his grandsires when Rome was young. The mountains are nearly bare of timber now; the oaks have fallen beneath the hatchet of dead-and-gone generations; and no plain man can afford the cheery fires of old. Indeed, since the Empire commenced, the ancient yeomanry have been decaying and disappearing within many a league of the Eternal City. Great gangs of slaves, toiling under the orders of some senator's steward, have replaced the free agriculturists of former days; and already the question is mooted, whether it would not be as well to trust for corn to Egypt and North Africa, and give up the tilling of the Campagna as a troublesome speculation. Within the city, the plebeian has but the mockery of a hearth, and his attachment to it is but the shadow of a sentiment. He has his little altar still, his household gods, his Lares and Penates, and he gratifies those little twopenny images at uncertain intervals with a whiff of burning charcoal, a pinch of incense, or a sprinkling of sweet herbs and sour wine; but the old charm is gone. The poor Roman, when he wishes to be warm, trudges to the public baths, which emperors and consuls have built for him, and where he finds hot air and hot water, shows and pantomimes, music, soap, towels, shampooing, shade and sofas, gratis, or nearly so. Yet a little while, and he will look for board as well as washing to the bounty of government, will open his mouth to be fed by Cæsar's hand, will receive his daily dole of Mauritanian wheat, and clamour for *panem et circenses* as the only aspirations of mankind. Of course, the old sanctity of the hearth, the pristine hospitality, conjugal faith, family affection, are all over for the motley population of the Mistress of the World. Nor, indeed, is the domestic fireside a favourite topic with such perfumed dandies as Horace and Ovid, or with Swift's prototype, keen-witted, venom-lipped Juvenal, though bluff Virgil had a Georgic taste for the rough plenty and Arcadian ethics of a farmer's life.

The nations that had bowed to the Roman yoke, in Western Europe at least—Gaul, Briton, Spaniard, and Belgian—were not slow to adopt the Roman method of warming their dwelling-places. In the better class of houses, at anyrate, the hypocaust was imported, along with the bath, and the atrium, and the cubicula, and the mounting-block, and the Mosaic flooring, and pavement of herring-boned bricks. At Shrewsbury, at Seville, at Arles, there they lie beneath the crust of the earth, ready for the mattock to unveil them, those crafty contrivances of Roman architects for diffusing heat throughout the apartments from the vaults beneath. In our own time, we have rediscovered a process which is thus proved to be two thousand years old. But, however comfortable in a climate which was probably more severe than at the present day, these hidden hypocausts were fatal to sociability, to family gatherings around a pleasant blaze, and to all the homely genii that delight to haunt a hearth, from the cricket to the fairy. No one can wax sentimental, or jovial, or tender on account of an equable current of warm air ascending through holes in the floor. A great element was wanting in the household life of the early centuries, A. D., among the provinces and colonies of Rome. The resistless tide of human life, force, shrewdness, and valour, that set in from the north to submerge the old empire, was the proximate cause of the revival of the fireside in its best aspect. Those Goths and Vandals—our martial ancestry—at whose onslaught upon the enervated Queen of Nations we are taught to shudder in our school-days, did not come empty-handed from their Hercynian woods and Danish swamps. They took much, but they also gave much; they braced up the crazy constitution of the worn-out world with a healthy but unpleasant shock like that of a shower-bath in chilly weather. Among other benefits, they conferred that of the hearth. The hearth, with the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, meant a great deal: it implied not merely comfort, but hospitality, charity, justice; a knightly respect for women, which the Roman never dreamed of; protection for the weak; good-fellowship—the brightest and best germs of that chivalry which was hereafter to blossom, bear fruit, and run fantastically to seed. It must be admitted that this same hearth, with its mountain of logs and boughs, heaped on a flat stone, and disseminating volumes of the most pungent smoke around the low-roofed hovel, was by no means adapted to civilised requirements; but the people of Northern and Central Europe had a noble indifference to this trifling drawback. Even so late as the reigns of our Plantagenet kings, the great bulk of English cottages had no chimney, although a hole in the thatched roof provided a means of exit whereof the smoke could avail itself at pleasure. Nor, when about the period of Elizabeth's accession, brick chimneys became all but universal additions to the lath and plaster, or cob-walled, or half-timbered tenements of the rural population, were grumblers lacking. Old persons wagged their heads against the effeminacy of modern comforts, and predicted that the French would conquer the degenerate wretches who objected to be smoke-dried, as the gaffers of an earlier date had been. Grave men recorded in solemn printed books their scorn of the innovation, and their high opinion of the virtues of smoke in all its branches.

In the good old days, said these recalcitrants, colds, coughs, and catarrhs were unknown among the peasantry; rheumatism was kept aloof by the hot vapour; and if the eyes of aged folks became bleared rather earlier than need be, in consequence of the smothering fumes they lived in, why, their forefathers had partaken of the same trifling infirmity centuries ago. Still, the chimneys triumphed. For hundreds of years the population of England burned wood, until lack of thrift had exterminated the virgin forests. But when Sherwood, and Needwood, and Charnwood, and many a famous woodland besides, had been thinned by the axe—when the Weald of Kent had been stripped bare, and the Weald of Sussex had yielded up its myriads of oaks and ash-trees and holly stems to supply the iron furnaces of the south, long since cold and desolate—a great dearth of fuel was felt throughout the land. In vain did parliament, ever meddling in those old days, and always to no purpose, decree that firewood should be sold for viij pence the cord, no more and no less; the immutable laws of profit and loss, of supply and demand, were too powerful for all the edicts of Westminster. Then came in sea-borne coal from the pits of Durham and Northumberland, called sea-coal by all the dwellers in Cockaigne and the southern counties, in virtue of its transport on shipboard. A great struggle took place about this coal, which was prohibited by act of parliament again and again, which was first used by smiths and metal-workers, then adopted for domestic purposes, and which gradually asserted the mastery over the more expensive timber. And so it fell out that cheapness and convenience proved an overmatch for the acts passed in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV., and that London swore a lasting allegiance to the sable dynasty of Wallsend. But, although in the Lowlands of Scotland, and in England north of Trent, much coal was burned, the city of London alone, in all probability, consumed as many black diamonds as all the rest of the archiepiscopal province of Canterbury put together. Where coal could not be wafted by water, it could not be consumed at all. The enormous cost of land-carriage in those days of robbers, and floods and quagmires, and caravans of packhorses, acted as a prohibition more effectual than any legal one; and as neither decent roads nor canals were in existence, it is evident that only in seaports, or where a navigable river gave admission to the Newcastle coasters, could the inhabitants of Southern England replenish their fires with pit-coal. Ireland, the greater part of Wales, Devonshire, the fenny East Anglian counties, and the Highlands and borders of Scotland, depended on peat for their share of warmth and comfort. So late as the year 1690, one cargo of coal, shipped in a Leith brig, and called by the consumers 'black stones,' furnished the annual supply of fuel for the town of Inverness; nor did any other burgh in the ultra-Grampian regions import the means of artificial heat. To this day, the peasantry of Dartmoor and other heathy districts of the west are accustomed to gather round a crimson glow of burning peat; and to this day, Huntingdonshire retails the produce of her swampy fens in every part of the Home Circuit. But in the England of the Tudors and Stuarts, the turf which the moors and bogs then yielded in sufficient plenty, was the resource of the poorest class alone; the gentry adhered to log-fires, the yeomen and traders to piles of roots and small wood, eked out by peats, unless, indeed, the proximity of a friendly river allowed some convenient barge to bring its freight of sea-coal to their doors.

We are apt to attribute to our ancestors a certain profuseness of expenditure, a great-souled liberality, which the records of past ages do not really warrant.

Thus we read of their Homeric feasts, of their hecatombs of slaughtered cattle, their mountains of fish, game, and poultry, their pasties, their hogsheads of wine and tuns of ale, their very fountains spouting good liquor for the delectation of a thirsty public, and we marvel as we read. Then we gradually begin to make out, through the haze of antiquity, that these were but exceptional fits of prodigality; that the very importance attached to a feast, proves how plain and sparing was the diet of those who exulted so heartily over one overfull meal. We remember the corned beef of the squire, the salted eels of the churl, the rye-bread and its scrap of salt-butter, the long winter without fresh provisions, the paucity of vegetables, the absence of groceries, and our admiration cools for the two or three tremendous festivals, when gluttony and guzzling were the order of the day. So with fuel. We sneer at our degenerate fires even as we plunge the poker between the narrow bars, and talk grandly of the mighty blaze that roared of old up the wide-mouthed chimney, of the great pile of burning wood, of the deeply glowing embers that formed caverns of ruby light beneath it, of the giant Yule-log that lay smouldering through the long and merry Christmas-night. Alas! for the elder days of earth! But truth will out; and true it is that our ancestors were wofully stingy in this same article of firing, to our notions at least. Certainly, they had a monstrous fire in the hall, bellowing and flaring half-way up the chimney, and another in the kitchen so potent that the poor half-naked scullions who turned the spit were oftentimes roasted beyond all human endurance. But my lady the châtelaine, if she had a parlour, oratory, withdrawing-room, or other apartment for her separate use, had no fire in it; and in the bitterest cold of winter, her bedchamber was fireless too. No fire in the nursery, no fire in the oak-parlour, where Sir Thomas was wont to sit among his six books, his cross-bows and fishing-tackle, his account-books and tally-sticks, and which his great-grandson afterwards dubbed the 'study.' The delicate maiden with a hectic cheek and a frail constitution, had no fire in her chilly bower with the diamond-paned lattice: young Kenelm or Gualtier, her brother, read his law-books in the Temple, wrapped in an old furred gown, to save fire. To save fire, the villagers muffled themselves up in such mountains of greasy, frouzy old rags, with such heavy woollen hoods on their heads, and such antediluvian padding on their unwashed shoulders, that doctors attributed the falling-sickness to this unhealthy habit. Even princesses fared little better. We may read even now how bluff Harry the Eighth gave orders under his royal hand that no fires should be permitted in any bedchamber throughout the palace, save only for the king, the queen, and that Lady Mary who afterwards figured so unfavourably in the annals of Fox. The Lady Elizabeth went fireless to bed in mid-winter, and made her toilet without fire even in the great frosts. Prejudices have deep roots, and we may read in those compendiums of Domestic Medicine which have been the family oracles of Britain for forty years past, strong protests against the pernicious luxury of a bedroom fire.

But hitherto we have been occupying ourselves solely with the rude old fire of logs, with its cavernous chimney, its dogs or andirons of metal, and its wonderful waste of caloric. Sea-coal, however, necessitated a grate; but the old grates were mere cages to imprison the fuel, and ventilation was not in the least understood. A more thrifty race than ourselves, the careful Hollanders, devised an economical substitute for the open grate, and the Dutch stove was readily adapted by ship-builders as superior to the original brick fireplace of the cook's galley or caboose. Indeed, this invention was a great stride in social science; it implied a good rudimentary acquaintance with the principles of physics; it proved an immense saving in cost and trouble. The Germans adopted the Dutch stove, improved upon it, and beautified it, and the Russians pushed the improvements yet further. Stoves were made of iron, steel, and bronze, of tiles, of white or coloured porcelain, of brass, gilded, lacquered, and adorned till they formed the chief ornament of the room which they warmed. By degrees, the whole of the Scandinavian and Sarmatian races, as well as High Dutch and Low Dutch, had firmly engrafted the stove as an institution in their homes. But these saving constructions never found much favour in Britain; our ancestors adhered to their open grates; while the French, whose only fuel was wood, then, as now, very dear and sparingly used, kept to their andirons and bellows. There was one radical defect in the Dutch stove, which could not be removed even by loading the fabric with all the ornament possible to the most floridly Teutonic fancy: the close stove 'burned up' the air—that is to say, it produced an unnatural dryness and lack of elasticity; the slow combustion did not provide for the rapid flow of oxygen which an open fire affords; and the exterior of the stove, extravagantly heated, decomposed the aqueous vapour always floating in the atmosphere, absorbed oxygen, and liberated hydrogen to be breathed in by the lungs. Hence follow headaches, a swimming of the brain, giddiness, sickness, and a quasi-suffocation. Many of us have known what it is to gasp in a German or Dutch room, to feel dizzy and sick, and to marvel at the natives, who can endure the dry close atmosphere without inconvenience; for doubtless the constitution can be seasoned into an ability to bear this artificial sultriness, since we see millions of tolerably healthy folks contented to eat, drink, live, and love, within the circle of the stove's influence.

Remedies were proposed by learned men of all lands. There was the Arnott stove, for instance, deemed invaluable for conservatories, but which has never been commonly engrafted on domestic architecture. There were Vestas, and stoves with Greek titles that tasked the memory and the tongue, and others too complicated to be intrusted to the care of the most neat-handed Phyllis. Probably, Count Rumford, Ruhmkopf, Rumkorf, or whatever the accurate version of the word may be, a scientific gentleman whose name has been more often and more cruelly mangled than those of perhaps any of his contemporaries, did better service than the rest when he set to work to improve the open grate of our forefathers. Thanks to him, and to the promising school of philo-ventilators which he founded, our fireplaces are much superior to those at which the Belindas and Lavinias of the last century warmed themselves. To them we owe the increase of draughts to feed the fire, the narrowing of chimneys, the register stoves and flues, the improvements in fenders, chimney-cowls, and all that relates to getting more caloric and less smoke out of a given quantity of coal. Still, much remains to be done; and as long as there are stupid builders, careless or prejudiced ironmongers, and a public ignorant of first principles, so long shall we find a large percentage of our fellow-citizens suffering under the scourge of smoke, soot, chill, and discomfort. A happy compromise was the open stove, first invented in England, but known in Germany as the 'Prussian' stove, and believed in Belgium to be the product of a Batavian projector. This device gives out more heat than the English fire, and at less cost, while it never smokes, and is but little liable to the reproach of 'burning up' the air of the room. A vessel of water placed on even the largest and hottest stove of this kind, is enough to preserve a due amount of watery vapour in the atmosphere. The great merit of stoves is in their blowers, and a blower is an immense aid and improvement to any fire, whether of wood or coal. In England, the few blowers in use are taken off when the fire has burned up, but in Italy and Switzerland they are worked up with a small windlass into a concealed recess.

On the whole, as matters stand, we Britons and the people of Belgium are perhaps the best off in point of artificial warmth. The Germans and Russians are rendered chilly and cold-blooded by the heat of their airless apartments; the French, except the most opulent of them, are pinched with cold to an extent we can scarcely appreciate, and many a decent bourgeois sits and shivers over three sticks of smouldering wood. The Spaniards are still worse off. Madrid is often cold, and the chafing-dish of poison-breathing charcoal, around which a family will gather, is a sorry substitute for a hearth. In Italy, sudden cold makes as much havoc among the poor as cholera itself. The people on the shores of the Caspian can only obtain warmth by kindling the naphtha that bubbles up around them; and in India cold is dreaded by old and young. The Chinaman has no true hearth, though in his family altar, with its statues of ancestors, we may trace a strange resemblance to the Penates and Lares of the Romans of old. But when the gilt paper and incense have been burned, the descendant of the race retires with bows and genuflexions, and no pleasant savour of home and the living world intrudes upon the reverence due to the departed. In all the world, the hearth occupies no such sacred place in the national sympathies as with ourselves in Britain. Our continental neighbours live too much in public to appreciate the feeling with which the island people cling to that shrine of the affections. With many educated and well-to-do personages abroad, home is but a place wherein to sleep, or perchance to lie by in during illness, all pleasure and interest being without doors. Our American kindred might have been expected to have retained, along with many another legacy from Britain, the British love for the domestic hearth. Not so. Mr Hawthorne may exhaust himself in regrets for the abolished fire, in execrations on the usurping stove—the close stove in its most direful form, shrivelling up youth, and bloom, and beauty, and making fair faces old before their time. But America has adopted, with exaggeration, the *coram publico* life of continental Europe. We, in Britain, are the only true Fire-worshippers, the only real votaries of the bright blaze, the social circle, and the group of kindly faces, from age to infancy, that make the sunshine of the Hearth. And long may it be so!

WELSH YARNS.

IN TWO HANKS.

II.

I AM wandering over the burrows with the curate's liver-coloured pointer, Jerry. When first I made his acquaintance, I mistrusted him somewhat, tracing a resemblance between his hanging jowls and general contour and those of the blood-hound in my Peter Parley's *Tales of Animals;* but since I discovered that he would devour bread and butter with innocent enjoyment, I have ceased to fear his moist black muzzle, and we are now fast friends. Whenever he has no professional duties to perform, Jerry leaps the white gate of the parsonage stable-yard, and trots off in search of me. As soon as he finds me, he circles round me barking, then suddenly makes a butt at me, and knocks me down. With his pink tongue hanging out, and his hot breath puffing on my face, he stands panting over me for a minute or two with an air of triumph, but presently, with an apologetic expression in his merry brown eyes, he suffers me to rise. When I am on my legs again, he crawls round me on his belly, as if—the old humbug!—he thought I was going to beat him; but in a minute or two shakes off his humility and the sand that is sticking to him, and darts hither and thither at a wild gallop. Jerry is the only dog, except the gamekeeper's long-bodied, short and bandy legged, gingerbread-coloured terrier, that can bound over the burrows and live. His reverend proprietorship and educational advantages protect him from the ruthless gun which Cox levels at all other canine trespassers on the warren—a picturesque jumble of sand-hills. Some are covered with a web of grass, and thyme, and variegated moss, softer to the foot than a velvet-piled carpet; others are merely dotted with sedge, sickly pale and ever sighing, and fans of fern, glossy green in summer, in autumn richly red. Here, the sand lies dry, and loose, and silvery; there, moist, and firm, and tawny, with every rabbit's footprint sharply cut; and yonder, again, ribbed by the west wind blowing from the bay in front, or the east wind blowing from the marsh behind, where the villagers' horses have free pasturage. There must be myriads of rabbits in these burrows. Almost everywhere you see their intersecting tracks. They sit before their holes, making faces at you, or flipping their moustaches. They frolic out a little way, like boys crying 'Chevy!' at prisoners' bars; and then, if you pursue, the brown-coated, gray-vested little sauce-boxes scamper back in their short gallop, impertinently flinging up the sand, and their heels, and their funny little fat white 'fuds,' in your face, as they dive into their subterranean galleries. Jerry may be an unexceptionable dog when he is out with his master, but he certainly does not content himself with pointing when he is out with me. A suspicion of this circumstance may perhaps account for Tom's frowning on our friendship, and the scowl Cox gives us when he meets us. No sooner does a rabbit *look* 'Chevy,' than Jerry is after him. The only captive, however, that he ever made was a poor little baby-bunny. Very proud was Jerry on that occasion, and the remembrance of his triumph seems to mitigate his mortification, as time after time he comes back to me rabbitless and out of breath.

Through the burrows, from the marsh to the beach, winds a natural road. At the end of it, just behind the belt of blue shingle which separates the burrows from the beach, stands the squire's mother's bathing-machine—a ponderous structure, painted stone-colour, and used about three times a year, when four horses are required to pull it down and up the wave-worn rattling stones. In this I play at Noah's Ark. With my mind's eye I see tramping before me, two and two, the beasts, birds, and insects in orderly succession (rather annoyed, I must confess, because the only actual beast I have won't walk in line, but keeps darting about like a cracker). I mount the steps, lure Jerry with some difficulty up them, and shut the door. The real splash and moan of the waves a few yards off aid my fancy. If Jerry would but be quiet, and not keep scratching at the door, quite sceptical as to the Flood which is supposed to surround us, I could see rows of cages, like those in Wombwell's menagerie, watched over by short-waisted, long-coated little men and women, like Blue-coat boys, and float for miles over the weary waste of waters; but such is his impatience to get out, that our deluge seldom lasts more than five minutes: we are scarcely inside the ark, before we are high and dry upon Mount Ararat. Once I find a young sea-gull in the bathing-machine. With a piece of string tied to its leg, it is ejected from the little window to play raven, and then lugged back to take the part of dove.

Jerry is not always with me when I ramble on the burrows. When he is not, I am sure to see and to be pursued by Silly Sally, the village idiot, who wanders about handcuffed. Making hideous faces and uncouth noises, she chases me over the sand-hills, her manacled hands moving from side to side just as if she were sculling a boat. In vain I double, drop down in hollows, and hide under fern. Soon I hear her heavy panting approaching me, and with a vacant laugh she rolls me out of my covert with her foot. This accomplished, she is satisfied. She smiles blandly, as if she had been shewing me some polite attention, and nods in the direction of our cottage, to intimate that she is going to see 'Madam,' as she calls my mother, who speaks kindly to the poor creature when she knocks at the back-door, gives her something nice to eat, and dresses her galled wrists.

I have another terror connected with these burrows when I am alone; but this I do not flee from, but by some unaccountable fascination, am compelled to seek. I just remember old Herbert, a labourer on the old farm, and the peculiar cry he used to give when he wanted to attract any one's attention; I remember, too, that he went away to the workhouse. My next recollection about him is, that I wonderingly followed a crowd of villagers, headed by old Herbert's former master, over the burrows early in the morning; they were looking for something with frightened eyes. At length, in a deep hollow, they espied a dark spot on the white sand. They drew near, and found the corpse of an old man, in coarse brown pauper costume. It was old Herbert. Then I heard how, in the middle of the night, every member of the farm-household had awaked, exclaiming: 'Why, that's old Herbert's voice!' how with one impulse they had run to the front-door, and found no one there; but looking out, had seen a livid blue light shining in the middle of the burrows; how it had moved slowly on to the churchyard, dancing up and down at what must have been the lych-gate; and how then they knew that it was a corpse-candle, and had resolved to search in the morning for the old man, who, having got a holiday, had set out to spend it at the farm on which he had laboured from his boyhood, but had dropped down and died on his toilsome way over the heavy sand. The wind has long since obliterated his footmarks on the opposite slope, and smoothed over the deep dent he made in the bottom of the basin when he fell, but no foot save the rabbit's now leaves its print on the circling sweep of silvery sand. The pale sedge sighs sadly round it, and I peer down awe-stricken on the silent amphitheatre which death has solemnised.

Beyond the burrows lies the shell-bed; at low-water, a plain of sand, asterisked with star-fish, spangled with jelly-fish, strewn with brown and claret-coloured podded sea-weed, white fragments of cuttle-fish, thorny sea-urchins, and the glittering cylinder-homes of caddis-worms; dotted with earth-works like incipient mole-hills, from the shafts in which bound the transparent 'hoppers' like acrobatic shrimps, and exhibiting, where the sun has baked the sand into a pie-crust-like crispness, a conchological mosaic, in which shells of every hue and structure mingle, from the frail bivalve, as delicately white and pink as a maiden's-blush rose, to the rough, bronze-coloured razor-shell, with its pearly lining, and the homely whity-brown, corrugated cockle. Through the shell-bed flows, to meet the sea, the Pill; a stream in which shoals of mullet frolic in the moonlight, and which, so long as it flows seaward, secures to the dwellers in the district free commonage upon the neighbouring mountain, and the fee-simple of as much of it as in one night any two of them can enclose and cover with four stone walls and a thatched roof. At all events, such is the popular belief.

Cefn B—— is too far off to be often visited. Four or five times only, I make that pilgrimage. Crossing the little stone-bridge that spans the Pill, I toil up a rocky road, under the shadow of the chestnut-trees that stretch their branches, laden with broad fans of verdure and pagodas of blossom, over the rough park-wall. The bees buzz round the flowers with drowsy industry, and the pink and white petals fall in a slow, soft shower of summer snow. A runnel of crystal water, gurgling round moss-covered stones, flows merrily down and across the hill. The black-bird flutes in the hazel-copse which surrounds Cox's cottage—its gable covered with mouldering, crucified vermin. Half-hidden by a tuft of downy primrose-leaves, lurks in the right-hand stony, mossy bank a cozy robin's nest. Or I turn off at right angles from the bridge, and follow the marsh causeway—between reeds and rushes, amidst which dragon-flies, with gauzy wings, and slim bodies of steely sheen, and tiny blue butterflies bedropt with blood flit restlessly in the summer sunshine—up to the white park-gate. Through the young plantations of gloomy, angular larch and fir; beneath the gracefully spreading ancestral elms; between the swelling banks of emerald turf; past the hydrocephalous-looking 'House' of heavy-roofed dull-red brick, with white stone mullions and copings—its terrace-gardens in a rush of geraniums, and its fish-ponds illuminated with yellow water-lilies, and creamed over with *confervæ*, now and then agitated by a vain, petulant carp, weary of remaining motionless and unnoticed in mid-water—past the old ruined Castle (castles are almost as plentiful as black-berries in South Wales), wall-flower-bannered, ivy-draped, and jackdaw-haunted (the only arrow-slit uncrumbled being that through which, centuries ago, hissed the shaft which, directed for her unlawful lover, slew the lady of the manor's lord), I trudge along the winding, gravelled park-road. Either course brings me to the Towers, a castellated lodge, in one of whose candle-boxes lives old Molly; enjoying almost a sinecure as a gate-keeper, since the squire only visits the place about twice a year, and his mother keeps horses but for the light cart, the driver of which, of course, has to open the gates for himself.

The Towers are the post-office for our village, and some half-dozen others beyond. Here the driver of the mail-cart, olive picked out with red —whom we regard as semi-military, on account of his bushy whiskers and swagger—drops once a week a tiny bundle of letters, as he passes on to more important localities—letters which, on an average, are heard of and fetched by those to whom they are directed in about a month; and hence he carries, on his return-trip, the sparse replies of our district. Besides her wages and postal perquisites, old Molly makes a little by her literal Welsh yarns, which she is always spinning, and which she sells to the yarn-buyer, who visits us twice a year in a green van, laden with Welsh flannel and gay plaid-cloths, which Cambrian Celts affect quite as much as their Gaelic congeners. A little way beyond the Towers, Cefn B—— begins to swell out of the high table-land which forms its pedestal. At old Molly's, therefore, I stop for rest and refreshment on my mountain excursions. However hot the day may be, her little room is always full of a scent of burning wood, which smoulders on the whitewashed hearth. With a low-crowned rusty black hat above her mobcap, and a yellowish-white kerchief crossed upon her breast, she sits in her short red-blue-and-green-checkered bed-gown, turning her humming spinning-wheel, and mumbling to herself with toothless jaws. She knows what I want, and points to a cupboard, from which I bring out an apple-pasty, a bit of backstone cake, or a yellow dish half-full of 'flathen' (a coarse custard); or if it be her dinner-hour, I am regaled with 'white-pot' (a toothsome combination of milk and flour), fried bacon, and 'laver-bread' (a dark green sea-weed done up into oval cakes, sprinkled with oatmeal, and cooked in grease). Sometimes, when the old lady is in a very good humour, she unlocks a chest, carefully takes out a bottle, and lets me taste the *metheglin* which the Castle housekeeper has sent her.

At the very foot of the mountain lives the Castle steward, whose saucy little daughter divides my heart with golden-haired Tilly. Her prettiness has something to do with my devotion, but her possession of a pony more. This we catch and saddle—the Welsh side-saddle being a pack covered with blue cloth—and then 'ride and tie' up the rough hill-side, shaggy with rank grass. From the top, we can see far off—beyond the moorland purple with heather, and roamed over by wild-cattle, beyond the green meadows, the yellow cornfields, and the dusky woods—a long blue bay, dotted with snowy sails, and at its head the smoke and steeples of a town. That glimpse of the busy world from our lofty mountain solitude, where the wide-spreading silence is only broken by the summer wind faintly rustling the long grass, the panting of the pony, now and then a chirrup from a bird, or a chirp from a grasshopper, and the low ubiquitous buzz of burnished flies, has a strange influence. We pity the poor creatures condemned to live in yonder grimy place, and yet long to be among them—to see something more of life than that which almost stagnates on our side of the mountain. Along its undulating ridge we run and canter until we come to Arthur's Stone—a huge mass of granite, supported on two or three slender granite props. King Arthur, walking in Devonshire, felt a pebble in his shoe; he took it out, and chucked it across the sea; a few splinters were chipped off, and became its supports as it lighted in the hollow in which we behold it. That is the legend attached to the Druidical remain. It is begirt with a circle of stones, and every one who visits it must add a pebble to the heap. Beneath it is a clear, shallow, holy well, whither in Catholic times sick people came in crowds to drink and be healed. Protestantism kills many of these graceful superstitions. The well's border is no longer trodden bare; grass springs freshly round it now, and the blue-bell grows on its very edge, mirrored in a glassy sheet, only troubled by a funny little black-faced mountain-lamb and a dandified wagtail, whisking about the glossy tail of his dainty dress-coat, and bowing to his *vis-à-vis*, as if the lamb had politely requested the pleasure of taking water with him.

Out with old 'Uncle Richards' and his grandson lobstering in the bay. The boy pulls slowly along whilst Uncle Richards lets down the 'plumpers'—shallow nets fastened to iron rings, and baited with bits of dried fish on strings which stretch across. At length, all are dropped, and the brown bungs of the long float-line bob up and down on the green waves. Then we pull off a little way and wait. The bay is unwontedly lively this morning. There are other boats out fishing, and smacks dredging for stone. An Ilfracombe brig is loading with limestone at the quarries—the long red scar on the sloping wood upon the left, above which towers our shattered castle, and at the foot of which nestles our gray old church. The squire's schooner-yacht is in, slim and trim, contrasting oddly with the clumsy, slovenly collier, beached and unloading on the sands, where her cargo is divided after a very primitive fashion. No weights or measures are used, but the coal is piled in as many heaps—equalised by eye only—as there are consignees. The names of these, written on slips of paper, are then shaken up in a hat, and a man goes round and flings one, taken at random, on each heap. The farmers who have clubbed to buy the coal, perfectly satisfied with this guess-work partition, then cart their shares away. I have plenty of time to look about me before we pull back to haul up the nets. Some distance outside the bay, there is a light-coloured patch upon the purple sea—green as spring-corn at the edges, but toning off into a sickly yellow. This is the Silver Shoal, where, years and years ago, the Spanish treasure-ship went down, and where, when Uncle Richards was a boy, the village fishermen often went out to dredge for dollars; but very few were picked up; and it is now an indubitable article of village faith, that the spirits of the drowned crew guard the coin; and that the man who would obtain it, must go out when there is a new moon at midnight, after having sold himself to the devil. Opposite the green whispering wood upon the left—where the cuckoo calls, and primroses and cowslips light up the shadiest recesses with a golden glory, and the violet adds its fragrance to the sweet soft scent of last year's mouldering leaves, and the pale wild-anemone trembles beside the mossy tree-roots—there stretches on the right a range of stern, storm-stained, and wrinkled crags, capped with gorse ablaze with bright-yellow blossom. There is one break in the frowning wall, a sweep of sand, over which two individualised rocks, with pinnacle-tops—the Great and the Little Tor—stand sentry. When the tide is low, some three miles of the road to the market-town can be saved by fording the Pill, and traversing this winding gap; but when the tide has turned, it fills with such rapidity that many a life has been lost through recklessly racing a horse against the sea. One, I remember, was lost last fair-day. A party of holiday-makers were returning from the town by moonlight; amongst them were two young farmers and the coquettish cause of their rivalry. The one she really meant to marry chanced to be in disgrace that night; nothing that he did or said could please her: she gave all her smiles and attention to the lover for whom, in fact, she did not care a straw. Exasperated by her capricious cruelty, when the cavalcade reached the turning whence the bridle-path slopes from the main road to the sands, the slighted swain intimated his intention of parting company, and riding home that way. The soberest of the party, remembering the state of the tides, expostulated with him, and had almost prevailed upon him to relinquish his mad project, when the fickle fair one remarked: 'Oh, let him go if he likes; I daresay he won't be missed!' The poor fool instantly clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped headlong down the slippery path. Next day, the horse was found drowned upon the beach, but the rider was never seen again. The girl, after going half-mad about him for a month, married the other lover, and now, it is said, he beats her. On Cefn B—— to-day, though elsewhere the sky is clear, rest cloud-wreaths, festooning down its sides like the clewed-up mainsail of the collier.

But it is time to look after our plumpers. Owen pulls back to the float-line, and swiftly along it, whilst Uncle Richards hauls up net after net as quickly as his mahogany-coloured hands can move. Some bushels of crabs we get—all of which, with the exception of one or two 'whoppers,' we throw overboard again—and four or five of the objects of our quest, sooty black, mottled with muddy orange, which we transfer to the 'well' of our boat. Most of both crabs and lobsters are minus a limb or two. There was a thunder-storm the night before last, and this, Uncle Richards says, accounts for the deprivation—crabs and lobsters, when frightened, being in the habit of getting rid of the means of running away from what frightens them. A talk about storms in general ensues, and the old man tells me of the awful tempest during which, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, the old church and the old parsonage—the present church and parsonage are by no means architectural chickens—were engulfed. When the plumpers have been baited and dropped again, Uncle Richards bids Owen pull into the shadow of the wood, that I may have a peep at the church beneath the sea.

Quite plainly we can make out the double row of columns and the broken arches, two or three fathom beneath the rocking boat. As the green, clear sea swells over them, they shatter and shimmer, and then for a moment are motionless again. Oysters and limpets cluster on the corbels. The font, and the octagonal stone pulpit, and the columns, and the broken arches, are gay with streamers of many-coloured tangle. Up the aisle no human foot has trodden for centuries, a shoal of fishes glides with glancing scales. There is no trace left of the old parsonage, save that heap of masonry beside the blighted gnarled old tree that overhangs the water. The little plot of grass beyond, dotted here and there with a tuft of daffodils, which have a pensive look, maugre the golden splendour of their swaying crests, is still called the old parsonage-garden. As the tired quarrymen, swinging their powder-horns, and the quarrywomen, taking home their rough wooden sledges (made of unbarked shafts, the ends of which bump along the ground), pass the place on foot and on horseback in the evening twilight, they sometimes see, they say, an old stooping grayhaired man in a black cloak, with his back towards them, watering the flowers, and hold their breath as they go by; for should the spectral 'old parson' be disturbed in his gardening by a human voice, he turns and scowls, and the man or woman on whom he scowls will sleep in the churchyard before the year is out.

Above the rocks—draped with sea-weed—vividly green, silky and ribbony; olive-coloured, gloomy-looking and bladdered; pink, scarlet, and purple, delicate as silken fringe; knobbed with limpet-shells; bebuttoned with red and green, and blue and orange-coloured, and milky-white, velvety sea-anemones; and full of crystal pools with floors of golden sand, in which tiny fishes swim, and through which clumsy little mottled green crabkins sprawl—a narrow path, hedged with periwinkle, leads from the parsonage to the churchyard. Almost every grave is a coffin-shaped flower-bed, fenced in with a low border of whitewashed stones, and planted with primroses and wall-flowers, sweet-williams, lilies of the valley, and London pride. On one side is the shady whispering wood, on the other the bright murmuring sea. A fairer, calmer cemetery—sleeping-place—in summer time could scarcely be conceived. There are very few tombstones. The flowers tended, the border-stones whitewashed with pious care, tell of survivors' love far more truthfully and touchingly than words cut out for wages, and then left to be obliterated by slugs and slime. The churchyard holds but one 'grand' tomb—a palisaded stone-chest beneath the chancel-window, 'Sacred to the Memory' of a mysterious lady, who came to reside in the village nobody knew whence—but there somehow got afloat a rumour that she had been too familiar with the Prince Regent,—who lived alone there, who died alone there, and now lies buried there, the clerk hints, under a feigned name. There is another stone-tomb in the graveyard, beneath which lie four boys who were drowned whilst bathing on the Sunday, and which furnishes an unfailing text for admonition to the school-mistress, as Sunday after Sunday she leads her flock, or rather drives her mob of wild, shaggy-maned little colts and fillies along the path which passes it to church.

Church and Methodist meeting are here on very amicable terms. When there is service at the one, there is none at the other. One Sunday there is service at the church in the morning, and at the Methodist chapel in the afternoon; the next Sunday, the order is reversed. The curate, though he *is* a wild young fellow, and has broken his collar-bone whilst galloping after the hounds, goes now and then to the Methodist preaching; and the saintliest Methodist would not think of taking the sacrament from any hands but those of his rollicking young parish priest. Something of the old Catholic reverence for the priestly office lingers in the village. The men, in their creased Sunday coats of pepper-and-salt frieze, pull their forelocks—the women, resplendent in many-coloured plaids, scarlet whittles, frill-bordered, gay-ribboned caps, and glossy, tall, black beaver-hats, make a courtesy when they pass the pulpit—even when the parson is not in it. A queer old place is the church inside. The effigy of the knight in the chancel, the Creed, and Commandments, and the one or two mural tablets, are green with slime; the pulpit, the reading-desk, and the pews are rotten; the earthen-floor is greasy with damp, and so uneven, that people bob up and down like piano-hammers as they walk along the aisle, or cross from one seat to another. Hither, however, very contentedly, come the village bride and bridegroom, preceded by a fiddler, and followed by those who have been honoured with 'biddings' to the wedding, and who are expected to subscribe enough, during the subsequent carousal at the Bull, to start the young couple in life; and hither, dotting the green hill-slopes with moving specks of black and red, and almost exhausting the Bull's 'accommodation for man and beast,' the country people, male and female, from miles around, converge on foot and in the saddle, when any one they respect is to be buried.

My recollections are not exhausted, but I am afraid my readers' patience must be, and therefore I here cease my prate.

TOMKINS MARRIED.

The mushroom villas which form a sort of fairy ring round London, increasing in circumference month by month, are not perhaps entitled to that rusticity which their names affect. Bobadil Bowers and Clementina Cottages are to *bonâ-fide* Devonshire residences what Damon and Clarissa are to actual shepherds and shepherdesses; still, there are make-believes—mock-turtle soup, for instance—which are much better than the realities they represent, and I do wish that some literary genius would pluck up courage to beard Carlyle, and write a defence of Shams. A shepherd in the flesh eats onions, which his biscuit-china representative does not; and though a rural retreat in Wales or Westmoreland is very pleasant in its way, how far it is from the club!

No. 1 Morley Park Villa, my present home, is certainly not an ideal house: in style of architecture, it bears a strong resemblance to those mansions which the young are accustomed to draw on their slates when they are supposed to be engaged in arithmetical calculation; and the walls, which are but one brick in thickness, are plastered over with some composition like the iceing of a Twelfth-cake, which *will* peel off every winter, to the great disarrangement of the words *Morley Park Villas*, which are stuck up on the forehead of my house, and which wriggle sideways and topsy-turvy as the cement loosens, until they resemble Hebrew rather than Christian characters, so that our abode has occasionally been taken for a synagogue. Nor am I quite comfortable about the foundations, for we were rocked in an alarming manner by the gales last November; nor did the logical suggestion of Mrs Share, of No. 3, 'that if the Villas had intended to fall, they would have done so long ago,' entirely reassure me. But what are these trifling drawbacks when balanced against our advantages? Our Villas are within twelve miles of Hyde Park Corner, ten minutes' walk of the railway station, and a quarter of a mile of the Thames. They are eight in number, each surrounded by about half an acre of garden; and these gardens are none of your newly laid out plots, with a few baby laurels and embryo rose-trees dotted about them, but are gay with mature flowers, fringed with thick shrubberies, and adorned by lime, chestnut, and cedar trees of fifty or sixty years' standing, which throw a grateful shade over mossy lawns, where thrushes and black-birds hold their diets of worms. Behind our Villas lies a nobleman's park; while the road in front, by which they are approached, divides them from a farm in a high state of cultivation. Report speaks of fabulous sums offered by Building Societies for this park and farm, which have all been hitherto refused; and so, despite our proximity to London, we are slightly pastoral, and surrounded by a faint halo of poetry and pigs.

It was in June, and shortly subsequent to my marriage, that I first took up my residence in Morley Park Villas. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the roses were—and the north-easterly gales were *not*—blowing; and altogether the weaker points of the place were not perceptible, while the strong ones came out in bold relief, so that I began to think that I had stumbled upon Paradise, and to prove myself equal to the situation, took up gardening. I have no curiosity in my composition, and so I cannot tell how I came to be watering in the shrubbery which divided our garden from that of No. 2 one evening. There were no plants there which particularly required that attention, and there were others elsewhere which did; perhaps I was in an absent fit; perhaps I was fated to know who our next-door neighbours were; anyhow, there I found myself sprinkling the hardiest of laurels and glancing over the hedge.

I saw a young man, with a red face and a wide-awake, lounging on a garden-seat in his shirt-sleeves, with a long pipe in his mouth, *Bell's Life* in his hand, and some brandy and water on a table before him, and was turning away in disappointment, when a peculiar movement of his head made me stop, stare, set down the watering-pot, and sidle off to the left, to get a better view of his face, while a feeling of tarts, cricket, and switching-blocks stole over my senses as I recognised an old school-fellow; a man, too, whom I had often wished to hear something of, for he had been a character, rather a bad one, it is true, but still original and eccentric, and I have a peculiar weakness for the society of people who are unlike the mass of their fellow-creatures. So I called out, 'Tomkins!'

'Hulloa! Come round, and have something. Who are you?' was the indiscriminately hospitable reply.

So I went round, and presently he recognised me, for it so happened that I had once done him a good turn, and one of his extraordinary peculiarities was a memory for that sort of thing.

'Well,' said he, when old reminiscences had made him communicative, 'do you know I have got a wife in there?' and he pointed to the house.

'Indeed! Have you been married long?'

'Pretty well about two months.'

'I am sure I congratulate you. I am in much the same position myself. Our wives must become acquainted.'

'For goodness' sake don't bring a lady near me!' he cried; 'I have escaped from all that sort of thing at last. Why, what do you suppose I got spliced for?'

'Love?'

'Gammon! Do I look, now, like a fellow who would do anything so romantic as that?

I must confess his appearance was not that of a fish likely to rise to any 'fancy flies;' so I suggested the matrimonial ground-bait: 'Money?'

'Not a farthing. I had to set her up in clothes and hair-brushes for the wedding. No, I married for peace and quietness.'

'Never heard of so paradoxical a proceeding in all my life before. Suppose you tell me all about it.'

'Well, I will. You remember me at school? I was not very happy there. The masters were for ever wanting me to learn Latin and Greek, and my tastes did not lie in that direction; the boys, too, were rather particular fellows about dress and manners; and as I did not come up to their standard in those matters, they used to treat me in a supercilious sort of way, which always made me feel uncomfortable. Even when they wanted to borrow my money, or get me to treat them, they called me "Good Tomkins!" or "Honest old buffer!" or some half-patronising name or another, which bothered me exceedingly, for I never could be sure when they were laughing at me. I would have given anything sometimes for a good downright quarrel with one of my polite tormentors; but the fellows knew better than to push me too far, for I was strong and wiry, and could spar, not to mention that my guardian (my parents were dead) let me have plenty of money, and neither boys nor men are apt to quarrel with those they can get anything out of, if they can help it. Perhaps, being a shy sort of fellow, I imagined a good many slights which were never intended. Anyhow, I did not live comfortably with either masters or boys; I always felt alone as it were, and made no friends; and so I used to skulk off in play-hours to Tom Badger's yard, where we kept our dogs and hawks, you remember; and there I would spend hours with the Bilbury Chicken, and Joe Noggins the pigeon-fancier. They would sit and drink with me, and be grateful for what I gave them. They looked upon me as a gentleman, listened to what I had to say, and gave in to my opinion; and I felt at my ease with them, which I never did with you fellows. At last, old Switcher got an inkling of my habits, and I had to leave. My guardian was in a violent rage when I got to his house, and went on about proper pride and station, and so forth, till I got angry in my turn, and repaid him with some insolence; upon which he said I was a reprobate, and he would have nothing more to do with me; whereat I gave him a cheer.

'He did not keep his word, however, for he sent me to a private tutor, whose groom was a capital fellow; and soon after I had a commission in a light cavalry regiment. That was worse than school. I never could understand my brother-officers; for, though they would swear and drink like coal-heavers, there was always a something about them which I could not pick up, and which I cannot explain or define; and when thrown off my guard by the general freedom from restraint which was apparent after mess sometimes, I was continually saying or doing something which brought them all up as stiff and grave as parsons. I overheard one of them say one day: "Poor Tomkins, what a blackguard he is! but one must make allowances for such a good-natured fellow;" and I know that was just the feeling they all had about me. I should have been much happier as a private trooper—if I could have kept moderately sober, that is—than as an officer. How I used to long to go and join my men when I passed them drinking at the beer-shops! However, that was quite out of the question, so I made some acquaintances amongst the farmers round about our quarters, and had a quiet boose now and then with them. If there had been a war, and some fighting to do, I think I might have won some respect in the regiment, and then perhaps I should have done better; but as there was no prospect of active service, I sold out when I came of age, for I had five thousand a year, and where was the use of stopping in the army till I should be turned out of it?

'After this, I gave gentility a fair trial, for the uncle who had been my guardian got hold of me, and persuaded me to go down to an estate I had in Norfolk, where he and his family came and kept house for me; and all the county-folk gave dinners and balls, to which I was dragged, and at which the people made a fuss about me, and tried to marry me to their daughters, till at last I could stand it no longer; so one night I lowered myself and a carpet-bag from my bedroom window, and went to London, where I got into what you fellows call "low company." I do not think I spoke to a gentleman—certainly not to a lady—for a year and a half. What sort of people did I associate with? Why, all sorts. I went up the river with bargemen; I patronised sparring-cribs, and never missed a fight; I took the chair at different clubs of small sporting-tradesmen; I did not care, so long as I was with a set of fellows who were my inferiors in education and fortune, and who looked upon me as a bit of a swell. That was the sort of life for me; and I daresay you wonder how I ever came to give it up. Well, as I was never quite what you may call sober at that time, I have no very clear notion of what the row was about; but there *was* a row. You see, I ran through a good deal of money—how it went, I cannot tell: some fighting-men who played at cards may have had some, and I used to drop a little at pigeon-shooting and skittles; and then some foolish fellows got a cheque for five pounds from me, and turned it somehow into one for five hundred, but did it so clumsily, that it was detected; and there was a shindy, which got into the papers, so that my uncle and a set of other relations, who had before attempted to make a gentleman of me, came to hear about it, and they got a pack of lawyers and doctors together, who took a mean advantage of a little touch of *delirium tremens*. It was made out that I was not fit to be trusted with the management of my own affairs, and for three months I was treated just as if I had been cracked! Even when I was declared all right again, my relations would not let me alone: they made me take a house at Brighton, where they used to come and stay with me, and bore me to death, particularly an old aunt, who made me read tracts, and who said I was a brand, and it was her mission to pluck me. As far as I can make out, that has been the mission of a good many people! You may wonder why I put up with all this; but there were several reasons for it. You see, my uncle really had done me a service, in rescuing a good slice of my property from the maws of a set of money-lenders, who were lapping it up pretty fast, and so I did not like to fly in his face; then I am an easy sort of fellow, apt to be led by the nose, and Brighton was not such a bad place after all; for I made friends with the fishermen, and used to go out with them in their smacks. Capital fellows some of those sailors were, who could tell stories and sing songs by the hour together. They were the best companions I ever met for one thing, that they were just as jolly without drink—and they never got drunk at sea—as with it, which was never the case with the set I got mixed up with in London.

'The man I liked best of them was an old salt of the name of John Rudd, who had a small craft of his own, in which I have spent many a rough night, far happier in my pea-jacket and sou'-wester than I should have been dressed up in a white choker and a stiff black coat, in one of those solemn drawing-rooms into which my relations were for ever trying to drag me, and from which, to their intense disgust, I used often to escape to a quiet pipe and glass of grog at old John's cottage, when he was on shore.

'Sometimes, too, when he was at sea, for he had a wife and daughter who always gave me a hearty welcome, and who were much pleasanter people to talk to than any of the fine ladies I met out in society, in whose presence I felt shy and awkward, and afraid of saying something I ought not. Mary Rudd was always bright and cheerful, and seemed glad to see me; and it is nice somehow to see a pretty girl look pleased when you come into the room. Not that I got at all spooney, you know, not a bit of it; I never even talked any nonsense to her, for I always thought, in a vague way, that if I married at all, I must, as a matter of course, choose a lady; but I did not mean to marry; and as for anything else, I would have kicked myself if I had dreamed of such a thing. However, it seems that my relations took their own view of the object of my visits to the Rudds, for one morning my uncle and former guardian came into my room with an extra grave face.

"Glad to see you," said I; and that is one of the nuisances of polite society, one has to lie so! "What will you have?"

"Thank you," said he, with the sort of bow the Duke of York's Column would make if introduced to the Victoria Tower. "I have not come here for the purpose of partaking of your hospitality, but to speak to you on a subject of serious importance."

"Hulloa," thought I, "what is in the wind now?" for I knew from experience what all those fine words betokened.

"Those nearest related to you in name and blood," he went on, "and most interested in upholding the honour of the family, have lately met together for the consideration of certain matters affecting yourself."

"Very kind of them, I am sure."

"And they have requested me to convey to you their earnest remonstrance and unanimous resolution. We are all grieved to see that you retain your unfortunate predilection for low company. Now, Robert, how is this? Have you not the blood of an old family in your veins?"

"Perhaps it is beginning to run thick, like a barrel of beer near the bottom," I suggested.

"Did you not receive a polite education?"

"O yes; I was kicked by the boys who were bigger than myself, and was just as polite to those who were smaller."

"Did I not get you a commission in a crack regiment? and, in short, have we not all done what we could to make a gentleman of you?"

"Certainly you have, and very much obliged I am; but you see I am unfortunately but a sow's ear, an article utterly unsuited for the manufacture of a silk purse."

"I fear you are right; but do not make the task utterly hopeless by contracting this low marriage."

"What marriage?" cried I in great astonishment.

"The report has reached us that you are about to take for your wife a female of the lower orders—a creature of the name of Rudd, a fisherman's daughter; and I am deputed to inform you, that if you inflict this last disgrace upon your family, we shall feel it to be our duty to repudiate you altogether."

"Wait a bit," said I; "let me clearly understand you. Do you mean to say that if I marry Rudd's daughter, none of you will come near me again?"

"That is the decision we have arrived at," he replied.

"Will not my cousins come and stay with me as they have done?"

"Certainly not."

"Will no one ask me out to dinner-parties?"

"No."

"Nor balls, nor concerts?"

"As far as we are concerned, you will be debarred from all society."

"You would not cut me in the street?"

"I fear it would be our painful duty to do even that."

"Then," cried I, slapping my hand on the table, "I'm"——

"Hush!"

"——if I don't do it!"

"Do *what?* Are you, then, so infatuated as to give up all your family for the sake of this girl?"

"Infatuated! not a bit of it: the idea never entered my head until you put it there. Many thanks for the hint, old gentleman; I'll go and make her an offer at once!"

'And so I did, and married her within the month, and I have not seen or heard of one of my relations since. It is delightful; I have no one to bother me, and I do just as I like—— Eh, what is it, Jane?'

'If you please, sir, missis wants to speak to you.'

'Eh? Ah! say I am coming.—You see,' he added, turning to me, 'my wife is a bit jealous of *this*,' and he tapped the spirit-case which stood on the table; 'and though, of course, I am not ruled by her in any way, yet still I think it better during the first months of our marriage to let her down easy; but I see it is no use trying to humbug you, you are in the same boat, poor fellow!'

'Please, sir, missis says'——

'I'm coming immediately—Good-by, old fellow; glad to have a chat with you in this way; but, I say, don't *call!*'

MODERN MEXICANS.

MEXICO is cut in twain by the tropic of Cancer, yet its temperature varies from that of the torrid to that of the frigid zone. Its interior consists of volcanic rock, thrown up into mountains, whose peaks are clothed in perpetual snow, graduating downwards to the shore-line of the Atlantic and the Pacific, where the heat is tropical. In the course of a day's travel from the coast to the mountains, changes of temperature are experienced equivalent to those of a long voyage over many degrees of latitude. The slope from the sea to the heights of the Cordilleras is broken by broad steps of table-land, vast plateaus formed in filled-up hollows between mountain and hill, floored with horizontal strata of tertiary deposits, which are again covered with constantly accumulating layers of alluvium. A good idea of these immense plateaus is given by Humboldt when he says of them, that although without roads, a wheeled-carriage might pass over their gently undulating prairie-land for one thousand miles, and meet no obstruction. Upon these plateaus, at heights of 3000 to 8000 feet from the sea, in a climate corresponding somewhat to that of Northern Italy, and well fitted for Europeans, the great mass of the Mexican people in ancient and modern times have dwelt. Mexico contains about 1,200,000 square miles, in which there are many barren tracts, and tracts only fertile under irrigation; but on the whole it is a well-favoured, fertile, and beautiful land, and might be the home of a populous, prosperous, and wealthy nation. In its varied climes, the fruits and cereals of every region on earth may be grown, and every animal reared. Its mineral wealth is great; and every one knows that its rocks, baited with gold and silver, tempted Cortes and the Spaniards to its conquest.

Scarcely less varied than the climates of Mexico are the races which inhabit it. In their variety they spring from three roots—the aboriginal Mexicans (called Indians), the Spaniards, and the negroes. These have freely intermarried, and produced distinct varieties, which some number at twenty-five. Then, too, it is said there are about one hundred and fifty tribes among the Indians who speak from fifty to one hundred languages; these are exclusive of the red Indians, who range on the northern frontier, who hunt and dig not, and whom Mexico shares with Canada and the United States. The negroes do not form a large part of the population of Mexico; most of them were introduced as slaves in the days of the rule of old Spain, but all are now free. The hot parts of Mexico are the paradise of runaway slaves from Texas and Louisiana. In Mexico, there is no prejudice against colour; negroes are freely sought in marriage, and even Europeans settled in the country take wives of negro blood. The entire population of Mexico is reckoned to be under 8,000,000, of which about 1,500,000 are of Spanish descent, 3,500,000 Indians or aborigines, 2,000,000 Mestizos or mixed Spaniard and Indian, and 600,000 or 700,000 negroes, mulattoes, and zamboes, the offspring of the Indian and negro. Over all, the Spanish element is supreme in language, religion, manners, and law.

There is no one who reads his newspaper who is not aware, that in lawlessness and disorganisation no country in the world exceeds the republic of Mexico. For years we have read of nothing but insurrection following insurrection, and revolution revolution; president this succeeding president that; until, in their confusion and obscurity, all reckoning in Mexican politics has been lost. Mr Tylor, with his friend Mr Christy, spent the months of March, April, May, and June 1856, in a visit to the city of Mexico and surrounding districts, collecting antiquities, and seeing and hearing all they could of the country and its inhabitants; and the result is before us in a very pleasant volume.*

Mr Tylor landed at Vera Cruz, the port of Mexico, on the Gulf; a well-built Spanish town, but a melancholy place. It stands in a desert of sand, which reflects the sun's rays with intolerable ardour. From June to October, no north wind clears the air; the rain falls in torrents, and forms great stagnant lagoons, emitting pestilential vapours; and in the town the yellow fever rages; so that Vera Cruz has earned the name of 'the city of the dead.' Bound for Mexico, 250 miles inland, Mr Tylor was advised to defer their journey until the following day, as the robbers who infested the way, knowing the steamer had arrived, would be on the look-out for the diligence. This counsel was wisely adopted, for their steam-boat comrades, who started that day, were stopped and plundered of all they carried. The diligences had then just commenced running, after having been discontinued for several months, owing to the disturbed state of the country. Next day, they took their places in a strong American-built diligence, and commenced the journey along a railway, which had been started some time before with great energy, and advanced fifteen miles on the way to Mexico, and there was abandoned. With some detours, owing to Puebla being in a state of siege, they were safely dragged and jolted over no roads and bad roads up to Mexico.

The city of Mexico is situated in a plain as large as Lancashire, 7500 feet above the sea, and surrounded by hills, amongst which are two snowy mountain peaks. In this plain are five lakes, without natural outlet, into which the country is drained. Had the valley been at the level of the sea, it would have become a great lake; but at its altitude, the atmosphere is rarefied, and evaporation goes on with such rapidity as to keep the accumulation of water in check. On the margin of the largest of these lakes, Tezcuco, a sheet of shallow water salter than the Baltic, stands Mexico. On its swampy islands, the Aztecs founded the ancient city, having taken refuge in marshes, as did the Venetians, to be safe from their enemies; so Mexico has been called the Venice of the New World. Cortes, with great regret, was compelled, by the necessities of war, to destroy the Aztec city, confessing it the most beautiful thing in the world. Bad as was its site, he rebuilt upon it, filling up the smaller canals, and widening the thoroughfares for carriages—things unknown to the Mexicans, who had no beasts of burden. Cortes maintained the old lines of the streets, running towards the four points of the compass; and thus the street-views all terminate with fine effect in the country against the hills. It was soon found that the city, in the event of heavy rains, was subject to terrible inundations from the lake, and the Spanish home-authorities sent out orders to move the capital elsewhere. They were too late; and instead, a magnificent piece of engineering was undertaken, whereby a passage was cut, draining off the excess of water from the highest lake, Zumpango, and the Rio de Guatitlan. By this means, and by the wholesale destruction of the forests, making the new country bear some resemblance to the arid plains of Castile, and turning the earth into a kind of natural evaporating apparatus, the area of the lakes has been greatly reduced, and the waters of Lake Tezcuco in the dry season now lie four miles off Mexico. The causeways which once connected the city with the dry land still exist, and have even been enlarged. They look like railway embankments crossing the low ground, and serve as dikes when there is a flood, a casualty which still often happens.

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* *Anahuac: or Mexico and the Mexicans, Ancient and Modern.* By Edward B. Tylor. London: Longmans & Co. 1861.

Mexico, at the present day, contains about 185,000 inhabitants, and is a grand and picturesque city. Its numerous churches and convents are built in that renaissance style which began to flourish in Southern Europe in the sixteenth century, and has held its ground there ever since. High façades abound, with pilasters crowned by elaborate Corinthian capitals, forming a curious contrast with the mean, little houses crouched behind the tall front. Columns with shafts elaborately sculptured, and twisted marble pillars of the bedpost-pattern, are to be seen by hundreds, very expensive in material and workmanship, but very ugly; whilst the numbers of puffy cherubs, inside and out, remind one of the monuments of St Paul's. The cathedral is a very grand building, but dwarfed by the immense square, the Plaza Mayor, in which it stands. The truth is, that the architecture of Mexico would be voted vile and barbaric by artists, whether of the Classic or Gothic school. As to the interior decoration of the churches, the taste displayed is still worse; the richer ones are crowded with incongruous ornaments—gold, silver, costly marbles, jewels, stucco, paint, tinsel, and frippery mingled together in the wildest manner. The houses of the inhabitants make little attempt at display; and those of the lower orders, or Indians, are simple huts of *adobes*, or mud-bricks dried in the sun.

The church and the army are the two leading and supreme estates of Mexico, to them all else being subordinate; and when this is said, the wretchedness and unquiet of the country are well-nigh explained. Priests and soldiers have extraordinary privileges, and are not amenable to the civil tribunals for debt or for any offences. They must be judged by courts whose members belong to their own body; and in these special tribunals, one may imagine what sort of justice is meted out to complainants and creditors. The law-code of the clergy consists of 'the Sacred Volumes, the decisions of general and provincial councils, the pontifical decretals, and doctrines of the holy fathers!'

The best measure of the influence of the church is the fact, that when Mexico adopted a republican constitution, in imitation of that of the United States, it was settled that no church but that of Rome should be tolerated; and this law still remains one of the fundamental principles of the state, in which universal liberty and equality, freedom of the press, and absolute religious intolerance form a strange jumble. The only change the revolution brought to the church, was making the payment of tithes optional instead of obligatory, which has caused considerable loss of revenue, although the duty of paying them is constantly enforced, and a clause to that effect inserted in the catechism, between the ten commandments and the seven sacraments. The possessions of the church are very great; it is said to own half of the city of Mexico, and the whole of Puebla, a city of 70,000 souls. Its revenue is estimated, at the least, at L.2,000,000, or two-thirds of that of the state. Curiously enough, however, the number of ecclesiastics is not large, and is decreasing. In 1826, the clergy, secular and regular, were 6000; in 1844, 5200; and in 1856, 4600. One would have supposed that a profession with so little to do and with such rich prizes would be crowded. The chapter of Guadalupe have been known to lend a million or two of dollars at a time, though most of their property consists of land. The pope's power in Mexico is more nominal than real, as he found when, some years ago, he attempted to interfere about church-benefices. The character of the Mexican priesthood is very low, and a grief to all good Catholics; fathers of families do not care that a priest should enter their houses. Of course, there are many exceptions. Some of the country curas lead most exemplary lives, and do much good; so do the priests of the order of St Vincent de Paul, and the Sisters of Charity; but then most of these are not Mexicans, but Europeans. The sale of indulgences is open and unblushing. At the door of the church of San Francisco in Mexico, relates Mr Tylor, stood a tall monk selling relics, and shouting in a stentorian voice: 'He who gives alms to holy church, shall receive plenary indulgence, and deliver one soul from purgatory.' Mr Tylor bought some, but there did not seem to be many other purchasers; and he afterwards found that a few pence would buy all sorts of church indulgences, from the permission to eat meat on fast-days up to plenary absolution in the hour of death; but the trade once flourishing, seems now used up. The great influence of the priests is among the women of all classes, the Indians, and the poorer and less educated half-castes. The men of the higher classes, especially the younger ones, seem to have little or no respect for the priests or for religion, and are generally sceptical, after the manner of the French school of freethinkers. The young dandies of Mexico flock to the doors of the fashionable churches on Sundays, and stare at the ladies as they pass in to mass, who seem flattered with that attention.

The Indians make the best Catholics, and heartily enter into and enjoy the rites of the church. The decoration of the churches, the processions, the music, and the dances, are quite to their liking.

The Mexican army consists of twelve thousand men and two thousand officers, not counting those on half-pay—which is an officer to every six men, and among them sixty-nine generals! Only a fraction of these know anything of the art of war. The political agitators, whose ceaseless intrigues give Mexico no rest, are chiefly found among these soldierless officers. The evil of their endless insurrections consists less in the bloodshed, for never out of Mexico were 'decisive victories,' 'sanguinary engagements,' 'brilliant attacks,' and the like, got over with less loss of life, than in the utter want of security to person and property they induce. Thousands of deserters, from an army without rule or discipline, prowl about the country, robbing and murdering all who resist them. Some presidents have striven hard to reduce these intolerable abuses, but their lease of power has been too short to allow of much being effected. Santa Ana was especially severe; he caught the robbers, and garrotted them in pairs, until the country felt safe. Lynch-law has been sanctioned, and you may punish your robber yourself if you are able. Comonfort also tried to do his duty in reducing the army to a reality, and in bringing both priests and soldiers under the common law; but the clergy and part of the army set up a rival president, and reform had to be abandoned. As might be expected, the republic is deeply in debt, and year by year it sinks deeper and deeper; and 'Mexican bonds' are little better than waste paper on the Stock Exchange.

All go armed in Mexico; even the Indians, who are quiet and gentle, carry their knife. In the quarrels amongst the hot-blooded Spaniards and half-breeds, daggers are freely drawn and used; and seldom an evening passes in the city of Mexico, in which there are not one or two murders committed under the effects of passion and strong drink. On Sundays and holidays, matters are still worse; and on the Palm Sunday which Mr Tylor spent in Mexico, fourteen slaughtered men were brought to the police-office in ones and twos from various parts of the city.

In a country so devastated and unsettled, agriculture, mining, manufactures, and commerce are in the most backward state. There is scarcely a good road to be found in Mexico, and all things are carried about on men's and mules' backs. The land is fertile, but wretchedly cultivated; and so few and difficult are the communications between district and district, that sometimes famine prevails in one neighbourhood, and plenty in another. The chief export is silver, of which five millions sterling are sent to Europe annually; that is, about twelve shillings a-piece for all the population. Gold, cochineal, and vanilla are also exported, but they are trifling in amount compared to the silver. The imports are chiefly Manchester goods, woollens and hardware, all of which the Mexicans themselves attempt to produce under heavy protective duties, with the usual serious national loss, inconvenience, and want of success.

Foreign merchants resident in Mexico have little quiet and many difficulties. It may be that a period of rest has occurred; buyers are many, and prices good, and hundreds of mules are engaged in carrying their wares up from the coast; but all at once there is an insurrection, or a *pronunciamiento*, as it is called. The street-walls are covered with proclamations; half the army takes one side, and half the other, and crowds of volunteers and self-made officers join their ranks, in hope of pillage and future gain; barricades are thrown up, cannon roar, and musketry clatters from the flat house-tops, killing peaceful citizens now and then, but doing little execution on the enemy. The poor merchants have, of course, to shut up, and keep close within doors; trade is at an end, and their merchandise is very likely seized or lost on the way. At last the revolution is over; a new president is inaugurated with pompous speeches, and the newspapers announce that the glorious reign of justice, order, and prosperity has at last begun. The merchants come out, and are compelled to illuminate their houses on account of what has been to them loss or utter ruin. Since Mr Tylor was in Mexico, merchants have fared still worse; the revolutionary leaders have put some in prison, and forced money out of them in the name of loans, much as King John did out of his Jews. Outrages like these do not bear repetition; it is the story of the man with the goose and the golden eggs over again.

Silver-mines are Mexico's specialty. When we mention Mexico, we think at once of silver. The yield of the mines since the days of Spanish rule has declined—not because they are exhausted, but because less energy is expended on them. It is said the richest mines are in the northern states, on the borders of Texas, a territory given up to the red Indians, who do not work. When the republic was first constituted, some English companies entered into mining speculations, and lost great sums through inexperience: one of them, the Real del Monte Company, sunk nearly a million sterling, got no dividend, and sold their mine and plant to two or three Mexicans for about L.27,000: the Mexicans laid out L.80,000 more, and now draw, it is said, L.200,000 a year from the concern. At this day, there are a good many Englishmen and Cornish miners engaged in the silver-mines; but the mere hard labour is done by the Indians, who work for little, but whose thieving is a perpetual plague. Every night they are searched as they leave the mines; and although almost naked, they contrive to hide and carry off the precious ore in their mouths, ears, and hair. The Indians lie and steal without scruple: to steal successfully, is a triumph; and to be found out, a misfortune, but no disgrace. The church has done little or nothing to improve Indian morals. Owners of mines and plantations are compelled by law to provide a chapel and a priest for their labourers, for the celebration of mass on Sundays and feast-days; and as many of their managers are Scotchmen, little love is lost between them and the priests, whom they roundly accuse of sharing in the thefts of the Indians.

The Indians are a poor, helpless, servile race; idle to begin with, their long subjection to the Spaniards has not improved them. They are content to live from hand to mouth, and spend any unusual gain in drink and riot; a little labour gives them all they require; their women grind, cook, spin, and tend their crowds of babies; and the men, when in the humour, dig in their gardens, or fish a little, or lie about, dreaming away their days. In some parts, where they far outnumber the Spaniards, they have risen and driven them away, and there is sometimes a talk of Mexico for the Mexicans; but it is a notion put into their heads by political agitators, and any serious attempt to realise it would soon be drowned in blood.

Mexico, unlike the United States, is one of those countries in which the contrast between great riches and great poverty is most striking. The mass of the people are very poor; while there are some capitalists whose incomes can scarcely be matched in England or Russia. Fortunes like these have been chiefly made in mining. Wealth seldom keeps long in families; the children squander what the fathers have won; and in the third or fourth generation, the family resumes its original poverty. With few outlets for honourable activity, the army is the resort of many of the best young men, while others take to disreputable 'loafing' habits. Mr Tylor tells this story of a rencontre with a youth of this sadly numerous class:

'Nothing particular happened on our journey, except that a well-dressed Mexican turned up at the landing-place, wanting a passage, and as we had taken a canoe for ourselves, we offered to let him come with us. He was a well-bred young man, speaking one or two languages besides his own; and he presently informed us that he was going on a visit to a rich old lady at Tezcuco, whose name was Doña Maria Lopez, or something of the kind. When we drove away from the other end of the lake, towards Tezcuco, we took him as far as the road leading to the old lady's house, when he rather astonished us by hinting that he should like to go on with us to the Casa Grande, and could walk back. At the same time, it struck us that the youth, though so well-dressed, had no luggage; and we began to understand the queer expression of the coachman's face when he saw him get into the carriage with us; so we stopped at the corner of the road, and the young gentleman had to get out. At the Casa Grande, our friends laughed at us immensely when we told them of the incident; and offered us twenty to one that he would come to ask for money within twenty-four hours. He came the same evening, and brought a wonderful story about his passport not being *en règle*, and that unless we could lend him ten dollars to bribe the police, he should be in a dreadful scrape. We referred him to the master of the house, who said something to him which caused him to depart precipitately, and we never saw him again; but we heard afterwards that he had been to other foreigners in the neighbourhood with various histories. We made more inquiries about him in the town, and it appeared that his expedition to Tezcuco was improvised when he saw us going down to the boat, and of course the visit to the rich lady was purely imaginary. Now, this youth was not more than eighteen, and looked and spoke like a gentleman. They say that the class he belonged to is to be counted rather by thousands than by hundreds in Mexico. They are of Spanish descent; they get a superficial education, and the art of dressing, and with this slender capital go out into the world to live by their wits, until they get a government appointment, or set up as political adventurers, and so have a chance of helping themselves out of the public purse, which is naturally easier and more profitable than mere sponging upon individuals. One gets to understand the course of Mexican affairs much better by knowing what sort of raw material the politicians are recruited from.'

It is scarcely necessary to say, that in Mexico literature has no native existence. The newspapers are filled with mere squabbling, as far from politics in their higher sense as statesmanship is from gossip and intrigue. Almanacs, catechisms, and the lives of saints, cover the few book-stalls, with translations of French novels, in which 'the agony is piled high.' *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Mr Tylor found in wide circulation;

and in a monastery, French novels done into Spanish lying about, and the subprior busy reading *Notre-Dame de Paris*. Popular education is at the lowest ebb. The discipline of the schools is ineffective, little is taught, and the attendance is irregular. The entire control of the schools is in the hands of the priests, and their own culture is so restricted and imperfect, that they are scarcely to be blamed for the meagre fare they provide for the people. Their own course of instruction was stereotyped centuries ago, when all learning was included in divinity, casuistry, logic, and metaphysics; and beyond these, few even at the present day venture. Mr Tylor had some conversation with a young man who had just left the Seminario of Mexico, where he had passed through a long course of theology and philosophy. He was astonished to hear that bull-fights were not universal in Europe, and he had not the faintest idea where England and France were, nor how far they were from one another.

Insensible to higher intellectual enjoyments, the Mexican citizen passes his leisure in bull-fights, cock-fights, and in gambling. The bull-fights are greatly lacking in spirit; the bulls are cautious and cowardly, and the matadors poor at their brutal business. Another game they have with the bull, is frightening him round the ring, and then tripping him up with the lasso from horseback. The people are immensely fond of this sport. In cock-fighting, Mexicans excel, and it is the favourite and universal amusement of the people. Santa Ana, now that he has retired from politics, spends his time at Carthagena in that sport. It affords abundant opportunity for betting, and the Mexican seems a born gambler. He bears his losses with the greatest composure, and if ruined, does not commit suicide, but sets to work to earn enough for a new stake. The government, to its credit, has done something to restrain the passion for play, but with slight effect. Where there is no education, and no secure outlets for industrial activity, what can men do but gamble and sport?

In view of these facts, Mexico is not a country to think of with satisfaction; nor do we observe any signs to encourage hope for the future. It has been the desire of some that, by degrees, the United States should annex its provinces, having made a commencement with Texas; but the States have now their full share of troubles without the addition of those of Mexico. The Indian population, also, will ever prove a serious obstacle to absorption in the Union, as they could scarce be admitted as citizens, and their presence as aliens would prove more troublesome than even negro slavery. As Spain, too, is beginning to revive, it may be that she will find opportunity to resume her ancient sway in her finest possession, and hold it with wisdom won from the severe experience of the past. Conjectures like these are idle, and are seldom justified by events; but beholding a land so rich as Mexico lost in idleness and abuse, one instinctively seeks comfort in picturing means to a happier fate.

GIVING OUT MONEY.

In the amusing autobiography of Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, edited by Sir Walter Scott, Carey tells us that, when a young man at the court of Queen Elizabeth, though he had little assistance from his friends, yet he managed to keep company with the best. 'In all triumphs,' he says, 'I was one, either at tilt, tourney, or barriers, in masque or balls; I kept men and horses far above my rank, and so continued a long time.' He, however, lets us know how, on one occasion at least, he replenished his exchequer. 'In 1589,' he continues, 'having given out some money, to go on foot, in twelve days, to Berwick, I performed it that summer, which was worth to me two thousand pounds, which bettered me to live at court a long while after.'

Giving out money, as the reader will now suspect, was a kind of betting, managed in this manner. A, for instance, gave out certain sums of money to B, C, D, E, &c., on condition that if he, A, duly performed some proposed feat, the money should be paid back to him in double, treble, or other proportions, as might be agreed upon. A somewhat similar mode of betting is sometimes practised among sporting-men at the present day, the parties recording the circumstance by merely entering the conditions of the wager in their betting-books. But, in the olden time, it was considered a much more serious matter; and, consequently, the articles of agreement were drawn up in regular legal form by an experienced lawyer. One of the original agreements or indentures for this very giving out of money, by Carey, is among the Burleigh papers, in the Lansdowne collection of Manuscripts, in the British Museum. We may imagine how delighted Sir Walter Scott would have been, when editing Carey's memoirs, if he had known of the existence of this curious document. The agreement is entered into with Sir Robert Sidney, who afterwards, on the death of his uncle, Robert Dudley, the unworthy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, succeeded to the earldom of Leicester. He was son of the brave and politic Sir Henry Sidney, who had so long been Lord President of the Welsh Marches, and Lord-deputy of Ireland; and was a younger brother of the English Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney.

Carey was the son of Henry, Baron Hunsdon, the cousin-german of Queen Elizabeth, and chamberlain of her court; though the stern queen never herself alluded, nor suffered her chamberlain to allude, to the blood-relationship existing between them. The agreement, which we give entire, as a curious illustration of the Elizabethan era, is written in what is termed chancery hand. The legal year then commencing in March, the date, January 1588, signifies 1589 in the historical (our present) mode of reckoning. And it appears that Carey 'gave out' twenty pounds to Sidney, on condition of receiving one hundred if he accomplished his undertaking. The deed is endorsed thus:

Sir R. Sidney 100.
20. 1588
to Mr Rob. Carey
when he goes from London
to Berwick a foot in 12 days.

Be it known unto all men, by this present, that I, Sir Robert Sidney of Penshurst, in the county of Kent, knight, do hereby covenant and grant for myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators, and with Robert Carey, Esquire, son of the Right Honourable Henry Carey, Baron of Hunsdon, his executors and administrators, that if the said Robert Carey, at any time hereafter, shall, in person, go and perform a journey, on foot, from the city of London to the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, within the space of twelve days entire, and they successively following one another, next after anie of the said Robert Carey his attempts, and setting forth of the city of London to perform the said journey, without fraud or guile; and after the said journey so gone and performed, shall thereof give public notice at the usual place appointed for the payment and receipt of money, in the Royal Exchange in London, that then, the said Sir Robert Sidney his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, or some or one of them, shall and will, within the space of one month then next following, well and truly pay or cause to be paid to the said Robert Carey his executors, administrators, and assigns, or to some one of them, the full sum of one hundred pounds of good and lawful money of England, at the font stone in the Temple Church near Fleet Street, London, without fraud, covin, or further delay. To which covenant, well and truly to be performed, I, the said Sir Robert Sidney, do, by this present, bind me, my heirs, and administrators, in the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds, in the current money of England.

In witness whereof, I the said Sir Robert Sidney have set my hand and seal the 25 of January 1588, in the xxxi year of the reign of our Sovereign Ladie Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.

Signed, sealed, and delivered
in the presence of R. SIDNEY.
H. SEYMOUR. GEORGE CAREY.

Ben Jonson, in *The Comical Satyre of every Man out of his Humour*, published in 1600, ridicules this mode of betting, and the formal style in which the agreements for it were worded, by introducing the following scene, wherein one Puntarvolo instructs a notary to draw up an indenture of this description—Puntarvolo giving out money, to be paid back fivefold, on his return from visiting the court of the Grand Turk at Constantinople, in company with his dog and cat. Jonson was the humble friend and panegyrist of Sir Robert Sidney, so, it is quite probable, that in the character of Puntarvolo, he satirised Sir R. Carey—he had been knighted then—the winner of eighty pounds from his revered patron. Indeed, Jonson, in his description of Puntarvolo, very happily hits some of the most salient points in Carey's character: 'A vainglorious knight, over-Englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity, the very Jacob's staff of compliment. A Sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that for want of flatterers he commends himself to the floutage of his own family. He deals upon return, and strange performances, resolving, in despite of public derision, to stick to his own particular fashion, phrase, and gesture.'

PUNTARVOLO'S LODGINGS.

Enter Puntarvolo, Notary, and Servants, with the dog and cat.

Punt. I wonder Monsieur Fastidious comes not! But, notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

Not. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with them presently.

Punt. Well, then, first the sum is to be understood.

Not. (*Writes*). Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our several appellations, and character of my dog and cat must be known. Shew him the cat, sirrah.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended bound is the Turk's Court at Constantinople; the time limited for our return, a year; and that, if either of us miscarry, the whole venture is lost. These are general, conceivest thou? or if either of us turn Turk.

Not. Ay, sir.

Punt. Now for particulars: that I may make my travels by sea or land, to my best liking; and that hiring a coach for myself, it shall be lawful for my dog or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not. Very good, sir.

Punt. That I may choose to give my dog or cat, fish, for fear of bones; or any other nutriment that, by the judgment of the most authentical physicians where I travel, shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. That after the receipt of his money, he shall neither in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as magic, witchcraft, or other such exotic arts, attempt, practise, or complot anything to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat. Neither shall I use the help of any such sorceries or enchantments as unctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar: understand you? but that all be performed sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. That for testimony of the performance, myself am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog a Grecian hare's lip, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

Not. (*Writes*). 'Tis done, sir.

Punt. 'Tis said, sir; not done, sir! But forward: that upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one, according to the proportion of the sums put forth.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. Provided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either myself or these be visited by sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion, upon fair and equal terms.

Not. Very good, sir. Is this all?

Punt. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good notary.

Not. As fast as possible, sir. [*Exit.*

A detailed account of Carey's walk to Berwick would be very interesting, but he does not further allude to it. He gives some particulars, however, of a rapid journey he made a few years afterwards from London to Edinburgh, on a very important occasion. Determined to be the first to tell James VI. of Scotland that he was also king of England, Carey, immediately after Queen Elizabeth's death, stole out of Richmond Palace at three o'clock of the morning of Thursday, the 24th of March 1603, and rode to London. Leaving London between nine and ten o'clock of the same morning, he rode to Doncaster that night. The next night, he reached his own house at Witherington; and early on Saturday morning, he again took horse, and reached Norham, the last English village on the Northumbrian border, by noon. 'So,' as he relates, 'I might well have been with the king at supper-time, but I got a great fall by the way, and my horse, with one of his heels, gave me a great blow on the head, that made me shed much blood. It made me so weak, that I was forced to ride a soft pace after, so that the king was newly gone to bed by the time that I knocked at the gate [of Holyrood Palace]. I was quickly let in, and carried up to the king's chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.' After some further conversation, on leaving the king for the night, James said to him: 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman, and a loving mistress; but take here my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and I will requite this service with honour and reward.' Carey's honours, however, did not come so speedily as he expected. It was not till 1621 that he was made Baron Leppington; nor till the death of James and coronation of Charles in 1626, that he was created Earl of Monmouth.

THE BLACK-BIRD.

THE glossy Merle, who wildly sings to me
Of gnarled oak, and of deep sylvan shade,
Hath note so mellow, that he seems to be
The choicest songster of the forest glade.
There is about his voice a luscious sound,
As full of richness as the bloomy peach
While yet upon the tree, so ripe and round;
Or, as the soft grand foliage of the beech.
The quaint sweet sounds pour from his amber bill,
As if of scarlet berries they were born;
His love-notes are so gay, they seem to fill
With joy the sunshine of the early morn.
They do remind me of the coppice side,
Of mossy stumps, the wrecks of ancient trees;
And of his chosen spots in ditches wide,
Within whose banks dwell the great humble-bees;
But more than these, the farm down in the dell,
Filled with the visions of my early years;
And of two aged forms, I loved so well,
Who fell asleep, amid my infant tears.

C. E.

On Saturday, 6th July, will be published in this Journal,

A TALE,

ENTITLED

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

To be continued every week until completed.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—It is requested that all Contributions to *Chambers's Journal* may be, for the future, directed to the Editor, at 47 Paternoster Row, London, E. C.

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A BACHELOR'S PROTEST.

To the women of England, the humble protest of me, Jones. Whereas I have borne it uncomplainingly for fifteen years (having been a sufferer at a very early age); whereas it has increased rather than abated; and whereas it has lately reached its climax in the matter of zones, I think it would be criminal in me to keep any longer silence. In-doors and out-of-doors, at home and on visits, at the opera and at church, at the concert and the Sunday-school, in the morning and in the evening (to say nothing of the afternoon), on foot and on horseback, in carriages and in cabs, in flies and in omnibuses, at hotels, at taverns, at pastry-cooks', at hairdressers', at chemists' and druggists', at magasins de modes, of course, and particularly at railway stations, it confronts me in a manner which amounts to aggravation. I can bear it no longer in silence; and when that dreadful moment comes at which I shall make it necessary for a coroner and twelve respectable gentlemen to devote a little of their leisure to the consideration of my state of mind at the time when I committed that rash act, it will be some consolation to reflect that I have left upon record my humble protest; and I hereby take the opportunity of assisting the jury to come to a satisfactory conclusion, and to give a reasonable verdict. It will not have to be *felo de se*, nor will it have to be *temporary insanity*, but *a state of mind naturally induced by the recent introduction of zones.*

I say *zones*, because I am not aware of the technical name for the articles to which I allude; but it will be readily guessed, that I mean those bands which it has lately seemed good to our countrywomen to wear round their waists, to the great torture and mental anguish of impoverished bachelors. The bands are of various kinds; but the favourite material, I should say from observation, is a sort of gold thread —at least it looks like gold thread at the distance at which I am obliged to remain, and I haven't yet acquired sufficient resolution to ask for information. They suggest—now, don't they?—the necessity under which young women lie of having something or other —a girdle, for lack of anything better—round their waists; and, being fastened in front by a clasp, which is made, it seems to me, a great deal more conspicuous than is at all necessary, they throw out, as it were, voiceless hints about linking and uniting. At least I find it so. If they would wear the clasps behind, I shouldn't mind it half so much; but as long as they are in front, they catch the eye immediately, and then you find that all your ideas get into pairs, and you are haunted by a general notion of union, and you wonder whether anybody knows of any just cause or impediment why all mankind shouldn't be joined together in matrimony.

Now, it 's my firm impression that the originator or originatrix of these zones or girdles was actuated by a very deep purpose; which purpose was, that the mind of the beholder, who saw by ocular contemplation the symmetrical appearance presented, might be concentrated upon a consideration of the advantages of union as a state or condition; and if it be so, I think it is exceedingly unfair, for it will be remembered that another Jones (no relation of mine, I am happy to say) took the trouble to prove, by exhibiting to the world, in the columns of the Leading Journal, the impediments which existed against a matrimonial connection on his part with his cousin Fanny, that it was impossible for any one with no more than L.300 a year to become a living example of the blessedness of marriage. I put it, therefore, to a discerning public to decide, whether or no the satisfactory demonstration of the anti-nuptial Jones has had its proper effect in 'fair' quarters; whether, on the contrary, it has not been received with the utmost scorn and contempt upon the part of those whom people, regardless of terminations, denominate the 'sect.' And I do not confine my remarks to those fair virgins only, the influence of whose fascinations would, in all probability, extend over a circle embracing for the most part men of the L.300 a year stamp; but I consider them applicable to the whole gender. For if the anti-nuptial Jones's argument is good for anything, it amounts to this, that no man can afford to marry on his own income, unless it be so large that he will not be called upon to make any sacrifice or any appreciable reduction in his personal expenses and enjoyments by marriage; and as we know how few there are in that enviable position, we may exclude them and their possible brides from our consideration. It is sufficient for us to know that, according to Jones, the labourer cannot afford to marry until he becomes a foreman; the foreman, until he becomes a master; the master, until he becomes a capitalist, and so on; the curate cannot afford to marry until he becomes a rector; the rector, until he becomes a dean, and so forth; the ensign must be a captain, and the captain a major, and the major a lieutenant-colonel, before connubial bliss is attainable; in fact, everybody must get a step higher than he is to-day, and then when he has got that step, the same law applies *ad infinitum*: so that I say once more, from the housemaid to the titled lady, none can expect to marry in their own circle. Clearly, therefore, women are in the wrong if they endeavour to incite their immediate acquaintances to wedlock: it would be only a kind attention on their part if they would make themselves as hideous and repulsive as possible; if they would sit in sackcloth and ashes, and pour dust upon their heads. But do they? Do they condescend to anything of the kind? They may pour dust upon their heads, but it's gold dust, and only dazzles instead of disenchants the victim; and the only approximation to sackcloth habiliments that I have seen are cloth cloaks, sack-shape, with a most excruciating little hood, which is not at all necessary, and only causes an additional pang to the sufferer.

I vow that, since the publication of Jones's masterly production, they seem to me to have sought after enchantments more than before. It was hard enough to gaze in impecunious despair when the daughters of the land were in the habit of wearing, for the avowed purpose of cruelly improving their figures, what rhymes to 'rustle;' and now they have advanced a step further, and adopted crinoline. Not that I've the least objection to crinoline and the beauty of curves in the abstract. My objection arises simply from the fact, that it is another grievance. A dreadful Nemesis sometimes punishes them; for, alas, how many of them have been sacrificed to Vulcan! This punishment is harsher than any I would inflict upon them. Still, I feel personally obliged to any young lady of my acquaintance who, either from eccentricity or from philosophy, appears in this age of balloon-resembling skirts as straight as a ghost in a winding-sheet. In fact, the first part of my protest is directed against crinoline as part of an organised scheme for overthrowing the designs of Jones the anti-nuptial. I have tried to overcome my feelings by a plan truly English: I have discovered that crinoline is uncommonly cheap, and have endeavoured to despise it accordingly; I have found out, by diligent inquiry, that you may obtain crinoline net petticoats (the word is printed in the windows) for the very reasonable sum of one shilling and sevenpence half-penny each; steel French muslin jupons, for four shillings and sixpence; steel crinoline skeleton petticoats, for four shillings and threepence; crinoline horse-hair petticoats, for five shillings and sixpence; black moreen, for three shillings and fourpence; and lustres, at four shillings and ninepence, with 'every novelty in reps' (I don't know what they are) 'and quilted eider-down,' at corresponding prices; besides which, if there be any objection to hoops, I find there is an Australian starch which will answer the same purpose very economically. But it's of no use in the world; I only see the effect, and not the cause, and of course I can't ask what is the nature of the particular cause, and how much it cost, so that I am equally a victim, whether I behold the result of an expenditure of one shilling and sevenpence half-penny, or of a tremendous outlay on Australian starch.*

Next, I protest against the boots. Any young lady of humane feelings would wear thick shoes, a little too large for her, to walk in, and broad-toed sandals to dance in; yet what do we see? What, I should say, is it impossible for us, if we use our eyes, not to see? Kid boots, fitting like a glove, with a heel that taps upon the pavement and your feelings simultaneously, and white satin shoes with an ornamental rosette. And why the rosette? Vanity of vanities, it is of no earthly use; it has no more to do with keeping on the shoe, than the ticket inside your hat with keeping that on; it is only another feature of the gigantic scheme. I firmly believe it is symbolical, but fortunately I don't know what a rose may signify in the language of flowers; still I protest against it. Moreover, I protest against stockings, both white and coloured, except black; and I protest against the custom of lifting the dress for the sole purpose of displaying the foot and a few inches of stocking; it can't do the possessor of the foot any good, and it's hard upon a susceptible observer. If the dress is too long, have it shortened, but don't trifle with a man's feelings. I know that in lifting a dress, the hand is exhibited to considerable advantage, and that the glove in that position is stretched so as to conceal the creases; but that is just what I wish to protest against; the more elegance, the more I protest; and if I had my way, all marriageable-maidens should be forced to go without gloves, and to bite their nails; for there is a great deal in nails nicely kept, and I protest against them. Furthermore, I protest against hair-nets, both plain and bedizened; blue, red, green, mauve, and magenta, spangled with beads, and hung with fourpenny-pieces or rupees: nets are frightfully symbolical, and though they look so frail, are strong enough to catch men.

After nets, I protest against bonnets: I protest against retreating bonnets, and I protest against projecting bonnets; they are equally dangerous, and equally provoking. The former seemed to offer an invitation; the latter appear to throw out a defiance. The former said: 'Do, if you like;' the latter say: 'Do, if you dare.' The latter have, in my humble opinion, been adopted in consequence of men failing to take advantage of the former; they are expressive of pique; they say: 'You wouldn't when you had an opportunity, and now you shan't, if you would.' Observe the sort of peak—or poke, I believe, is the technical term—which stands out threateningly, and warns you off. The osculatory character of the former caused a nickname to be attached to them, which it is unnecessary to allude to; and the latter are said to be called the 'keep-your-distance' bonnets. However, I protest solemnly against both.

Then there are the veils: I lift up my voice against them. As long as they were plain, I had no objection: plain veils, of a brownish-green hue, I consider admissible—nay, worthy of commendation; they disfigure the countenance, and lend a lugubriousness to the features highly conducive to a contented acquiescence in everlasting bachelorhood. But the veils with spots on them be anathema maranatha; and as for the strip of ribbon with which they are finished off, it is a wicked device for shewing off the dimple of the chin; for do not the veils of the day terminate just below the mouth, and leave the chin to jut out in a manner partaking of sauciness and pertness? And the spots answer a twofold purpose: they conceal defects of complexion, and enhance the brightness of the eyes; whereas a well-disposed young woman would take care to exhibit the former—just as the honest boy in the story-book turned the damaged side of his peach towards the public—unflinchingly, and conceal the latter, to the best of her ability, beneath green or blue spectacles, which may be purchased at a very reasonable rate, and would console the many, now comfortless Joneses for the impracticability of marriage on three hundred a year.

Furthermore, I protest against hats, feathered and featherless, with and without rosettes, turban-shape or otherwise, having or not having 'a fall.' I protest against any kind of covering for the female head in the open air but that good, old-fashioned, ugly bonnet of which the crown fits on to front at an angle of 45 degrees, the crown having a kind of semi-parachute (inverted) attached to it; and the front, in the form of a railway arch, extending four inches beyond the forehead. With respect to those two little curls which some young ladies, in defiance of all laws, human and divine, treacherously arrange just below either temple, I have only to say that their behaviour is extremely unnatural and meaningless, unless the curls be symbolical, and testify that they are of opinion they can twist everything and everybody round their fingers as they please; in which case, as we live in a civilised and Christian country, I shall content myself with a solemn appeal to their mammas, and confidently leave the matter to be dealt with by Materfamilias and the parish clergyman; and when I have been driven, as I shall be, to that deed of desperation hereinbefore alluded to, I only hope that the motherly counsels and the clerical precepts will be enforced by the history of my sad fate. Mother and priest have my full permission to make the most of my misfortune in pointing a useful moral.

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* A regard to consistency makes it necessary for us to protest, in turn, against our contributor's compliments to the prevalent means of expanding the female figure. We ourselves hold them to be essentially antagonistic to grace, and unmistakably an inconvenience to society, not to speak of the wastefulness involved.—Ed.

Another method of doing the hair, from which we Joneses suffer, is, I believe, named *à la Grecque;* but at that I now snap my fingers, for I discovered from a talkative barber that the circlet of plaited hair which I had taken for nature's coronet, and which had filled my soul with anguish, is nine times out of ten bought—yes, sir, bought!—and mysteriously fastened on behind the ears; and now, whenever I see one, I laugh within me. Ha, ha! I say, it isn't yours; you bought it at the barber's; it very likely isn't woman's hair at all; a child's, perhaps, or even a man's—for men have sometimes, the barber said, as silky hair as women.

Another imposition is gold hair-pins. The first time I saw them, I was very much overcome, and my sleep went from me; but at length, one day, I saw a barmaid wearing them, whereupon I set myself to a close observation of shops, and, out of revenge, I shall disclose what I discovered. I found you could get a pair for sixpence—only that was near St Giles's; but anywhere they may be had for half-a-crown. These are not real gold, I daresay, though it is astonishing how cheaply you *can* buy real gold, unless advertisements are false, and advertisers—mistaken. Still, they look like it when they are new, and that is all one requires. They give rise to symptoms of emotion on the beholder's part, and that is the object of the wearer: they dazzle the eyes of admiring swains, and that is the aim of the fair possessor, be she lady or be she barmaid. They are typical also: with silent voices they speak of fastening, joining, uniting; and besides all this, they have points which may wound like the love-shafts flying about.

As yet, I have said but little about gloves; but it must not, therefore, be supposed that I don't protest against them. I do solemnly; particularly those called gauntlets. It was only in riding that they were formerly worn, but lately they were to be met with anywhere. It is another symptom of the organised system—a general throwing down of the gauntlet to all bachelors of all ages and all ranks, and a special challenge to Joneses with three hundred a year to take their choice between marrying and being miserable, or not marrying and being equally miserable. Nor is it only amongst the higher and the middle classes that this organised conspiracy against the peace of single men crops out: one finds it amongst domestic servants, perhaps more than amongst their superiors, if they have any, and it is well known that not long since there was an inquiry into the extraordinary appearance presented by the female paupers in a certain workhouse; they exhibited a fulness of skirt which could be accounted for by neither the diet nor the habiliments supplied by the Board. The medical gentleman was accordingly called upon to investigate this strange phenomenon, and he reported to the Board, that as they neglected to supply the female paupers with their daily crinoline, they had sought to make up for the deficiency by using hoops off beer-casks, and even by twisting branches of trees into approximately circular shapes. So universally spread is this organised system, that even our male paupers are not safe from its operations. The favourite form which it assumes in the case of domestic servants is—exclusive, of course, of crinoline, which may now be deemed a necessary—caps: at least, I mean those fluttering pieces of millinery, enticingly shaped, which hang—how, I do not know—upon the backs of the heads of housemaids, nursemaids, chamber-maids, and sometimes cooks. They are elegant to look upon, but are not in favour with elderly housewives. The butcher's boy and the baker's boy dote upon them; the grocer's young man can't keep his eyes off them; and they have a mollifying effect upon the policeman. They are seen to the greatest advantage during carpet-shaking, when they tremble in the breeze in a heart-rending manner, whilst the two strings, as they are called—though why I don't know, for they are really ornamental ribbons which are never tied—go bobbing, and streaming, and flashing about in a very airy and graceful fashion. So powerful is the effect of this charm upon susceptible shopmen, that maids have been known to refuse a good place rather than give it up; and frightful have been the quarrels between 'maids' and 'missuses' with reference to this single point. An elderly lady of my acquaintance declares that she has been obliged to succumb; so long as I could remember, she had always insisted upon her housemaid wearing a sort of night-cap tied by a broad piece of tape under her chin, giving her the appearance of having the mumps; but one day when I called, great was my astonishment to find that the organised system had penetrated even to Mrs Cross's. I ventured to remark, that she had a very smart-looking housemaid. Mrs Cross replied with a sigh, that 'there was no getting a servant now-a-days who would wear a proper cap; she had tried dozens, and she found it came simply to this, that she must do the work of the house herself, or put up with those fantastic French rags—she *wouldn't* call them caps—which were of no use whatever, and were worn solely with a view to entrap young men.' I immediately gave her my views upon the organised system, which she admitted so far as it embraced barmaids, domestic servants, and others of that description. She thought, also, that there was a great deal of it in the higher ranks; but she expressly excepted the middle class; but that is exactly the class which the Joneses fear; and I can only explain Mrs Cross's exception on the ground that she has three daughters. At anyrate, I protest.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF RUSSIA.

Extremes meet. It is a singular fact that Russia, the land of serfdom, the stronghold of despotism, the very incarnation of autocracy, possesses the most open aristocracy in Europe; an aristocracy so liberally organised, that there is scarcely a man in the empire who may not aspire to enrol himself in the ranks of its nobility. Since 1722, all persons serving the state, occupying a certain rank in the hierarchy, or bearing commissions in the army or navy, acquire hereditary nobility by virtue of such service, and enjoy equal privileges with the nobles of earlier creation; let the latter look down with great contempt as they please on their parvenu compeers, as provincials and foreigners, and pride themselves upon the purity and nationality of their own lineage.

In justice to the ancient nobility, it must be allowed that to them Russia is indebted for what it can boast of in the shape of a national literature. Not content with encouraging native authorship with their patronage and purses, they have entered the arena themselves; neither persecution, imprisonment, nor exile deterred the Flohols and Ctchaidieffs from nobly doing their part towards luring Freedom to the banks of the Neva. Unlike the *vieille noblesse* of France, the old nobility of Russia has ever opposed itself to the court, and its blood has flowed freely in attempting to curb the tyranny of the czars. As a natural consequence, the Slavonic aristocracy has been studiously excluded from public honours and public employments; the majority of the commanders, diplomatists, and administrators of the northern empire belong either to foreign or provincial families, and it is only in rare instances that a pure Russian has the chance of obtaining distinction in the service of his country—a country he cannot leave without permission from the sovereign, and incurring the risk of confiscation of his property, should he fail to return at the expiration of his furlough.

The princely houses of which the Slavonic aristocracy is composed are all of regal descent, the more ancient families springing from the direct male line of Rurik the Norman, the first Russian sovereign, who reigned from 862 to 879; the younger houses claim kin with Guedimine, grand duke of Lithuania, who in the fourteenth century founded the dynasty known in history as the Jaguellon dynasty, from his grandson Jaguello, who wedded Queen Hedwige, and thereby united the crowns of Poland and Lithuania. The great-grandson of Rurik, Waldimir the Great, or, as he was called after his conversion to Christianity, Waldimir the Saint, dying in 1015, committed the great fault of dismembering his dominions, in order to provide eleven sons and a nephew with independent principalities. His example was followed by his descendants for the two succeeding centuries—two centuries of internecine feuds, leading eventually to the irruption of the Mongols in 1237, an invasion which, while it deprived Russia of its independence, assuredly prevented its otherwise inevitable absorption in Poland. The grand dukes of Rurik's house were quickly brought under the Tartar yoke, and with more policy than patriotism, transformed themselves into Tartars, with as much facility as in these later days Gallic liberals have been transmuted into stanch imperialists. They adopted Mongolian customs, acquired Mongolian habits, and followed Mongolian fashions, punishing without mercy any of their old subjects who declined to imitate their example. By such means did the Moscow branch of the line of Rurik obtain favour in the eyes of the conquerors, and increase its power and influence until it was able to cope with them for the sceptre. In 1462, John III., then grand duke of Moscow, and in the seventeenth year of his age, declared Russia independent. Soon afterwards, the great Mongol empire fell to pieces, the four separate states of Casan, Astrakan, Siberia, and the Crimea rising from its ruin. The first named was conquered by John's grandson, who in 1547 assumed the title of 'Czar of all the Russias,' in which 'all' Siberia and Astrakan before long were included.

In proportion as the Moscow branch prospered, the other branches of the Rurik family declined. One after another, the princes were compelled by their more powerful cousins to exchange their appanages for private estates; the only alternative being confiscation without compensation, and life without liberty. Still further to reduce the magnates of his own race, and place them on a level with the Romanoffs, Scheremeteffs, and other great Muscovite families, John III. issued a decree, that the nobles were henceforth to rank according to the positions held by their predecessors in the court or army. This law, by which the dignity of the boyard was made almost hereditary, was abrogated in 1682, when political equality became the aristocratic order of the day. All the minutes of the various disputes respecting precedency were burned on the occasion. The genealogical registers of the existing noble families were then copied into a book, called, from its red velvet binding, the Velvet Book; and some of the great boyards exhausted influence, argument, and cajolery to obtain the insertion of their patronymics in its pages, but without avail. This Golden Book of the Russian aristocracy is still preserved at St Petersburg, in the Heraldic Office of the Senate. In 1722, Peter revolutionised the upper ranks of society by making the law conferring hereditary nobility upon servants of the state, to which we have already alluded.

Although all enjoy the same privileges, the nobility of Russia may be divided into five classes—princes of the empire, counts of the empire, barons of the empire, untitled gentry whose nobilitation dates before the reign of Peter the Great, and untitled gentry ennobled by that prince or his successors. The inferior titles were altogether unknown till the founder of St Petersburg created them in 1707, and that of 'prince' had been confined to those who boasted a royal descent. Of the fifty-nine existing princely houses, four claim descent from Guedimine, while no less than thirty-one are the direct male lineage of Rurik of the ninth century. The premier prince of Russia is the Prince Odoievsky, the descendant of Saint Michael, Prince of Tchernigoff, canonised for suffering death at the hands of the Mongols in 1247, rather than bow down before their idols. But the most notable names in the roll of ancient princes are those of Dolgorouky, Gagarin, and Galitzin, all of which have played conspicuous parts in the annals of their country. In the seventeenth century, a prince of the first-named family defended the monastery of the Trinity of St Serge, near Moscow, for a year and a half against a force of 30,000 Poles and Cossacks. Michael Romanoff, the first czar of the reigning dynasty, married the Princess Mary Dolgorouky, but she only enjoyed her czarinaship some four months. Upon the death of Peter II., Prince John Dolgorouky, acting in concert with the liberal section of the Russian aristocracy, offered the crown to Ann of Courland, on condition that she signed a constitution, which she did without any apparent scruple. No sooner, however, was she fairly installed on the throne, than the non-constitutional party got the upper-hand, reinstated absolutism, and exiled Prince John and his family to Siberia. He remained in exile nine years, when he was brought back to Novgorod, not, as might have been expected, to be set at liberty, but to be beheaded and quartered. The army of Catharine which added the Crimea to her dominions was commanded by a Dolgorouky, whose patronymic was consequently lengthened by the addition of the name of the conquered province. The most interesting celebrity of the Gagarin family was the Prince Mathias, who was governor-general of Siberia under Peter the Great. Taking advantage of the czar being fully employed in settling accounts with Charles of Sweden, the governor-general conceived the idea of converting his vice-royalty into an independent kingdom. Peter's suspicions being awakened, he contrived to decoy his ambitious subject to St Petersburg, where he was kept in durance, and after an inquiry which lasted three years, adjudged guilty. The day before that fixed for his execution, the czar offered him his life and fortune, if he would simply confess the verdict a true one. Gagarin proudly declined the offer, and was hung next morning opposite the senate-house. The Galitzins, the most prolific of princely houses, have served their country with distinction in every field open to Russian nobles, but its greatest men have been uniformly unfortunate. In the sixteenth century, the family was represented by two brothers, Dmetry and Michael, both of whom were taken prisoners by the Poles. Dmetry died after thirty-eight years' incarceration, and Michael was then set at liberty, 'out of regard for his loyalty and stoical firmness.' His grandson was one of the four candidates for the Russian throne when the choice fell upon Ladislas of Poland, and he was commissioned to carry the intelligence of his election to his successful rival. He was rewarded for his magnanimity by being thrown into prison immediately after he reached Cracow, and in prison he died. One of his descendants, distinguished as 'Galitzin the Great,' was at once the chief adviser and lover of Sophia, sister to Peter the

Great. The lover conspired to place his mistress on the throne, *vice* Peter exiled or otherwise disposed of; and paid the penalty of failure by seeing his princess shut up in a convent, and being himself exiled to the shores of the Frozen Sea, where he was soon afterwards poisoned. His brother, Dmetry, joined the constitutionalists in their attempt to limit the autocratic power of the Empress Ann, and was imprisoned unto death. The present representative of this unfortunate family is described by Prince Dolgorouky as 'the last model of that race of great lords which is perishing by degrees, and in a short time will remain only in the traditions of Russia.' Another ancient house is that of Gortshakoff, a corruption of Gortchak, well represented by its trio of princes; one of whom is an ambassador, one Governor-general of Siberia, and the third, Prince Michael, viceroy of Poland, head of the military staff, and better known to fame as the defender of Sebastopol against the armies of England, France, and Sardinia.

Peter the Great's first addition to the princely ranks was originally a pastry-cook's boy at Moscow; he became butler to the czar, and enlisted in the Russian Guards. He rose with extraordinary rapidity to be general-in-chief. Scarcely able to read or write, such was the natural genius of Alexander Menshikoff that he became the first commander, administrator, and statesman in the empire, although his splendid abilities were sadly marred by rapacity and cruelty of disposition. He won his field-marshal's baton on the hard-fought field of Pultova. On the death of Catharine, Menshikoff swayed the sceptre in the name of the young czar, Peter II., whom he betrothed to his own daughter. His ambitious schemes were frustrated by the Dolgoroukies, through whose influence the alliance was broken off, and Menshikoff, almost immediately after he had been declared generalissimo, was sent to the Crimea, from which few Russian celebrities return. He died in Siberia, at the age of sixty. It was his grandson who precipitated the conflict in the East, and who saw from his carriage the legions of France and England climb to victory up the heights of the Alma. A still more famous name is that of Souvaroff, the little, odd, old man, 'who loved blood as an alderman does marrow,' who used to instruct recruits in the bayonet-exercise himself, and preferred to fight in his shirt-sleeves. A terror to the Turks, he exercised an almost supernatural influence over the Russian soldiery. He was the 'Little Corporal' of the northern empire; winning a double countship at Rymnik in 1789, a marshal's staff in Poland in 1794, and his title of Prince of Italy in 1799. The only other names familiar to English ears are those of Lieven and Paskievitch. The lady, so long known in diplomatic society, was originally a Miss de Posse, and governess to the daughters of the Emperor Paul, who created her Countess Lieven; the higher dignity she received from Nicholas in 1826. Paskievitch of Erivan, the conqueror of Poland in a campaign, the direction of which, it is said, he entreated on his knees might be given to some one else, won his title of Count of Erivan in Persia, his F. M. in Turkey, and was created Prince of Warsaw in 1831, when viceroy of Poland. His last appearance as a military commander did not add to his reputation, which paled before Omar Pacha and the defenders of Silistria.

The families of Tatischeff, Yerapkine, Rjevsky, Tolbourine, and Liapounoff are all princely ones descending from Rurik; but when the branches of that royal family were reduced to an equality with the Muscovite boyards, the representatives of the above resigned the title of 'prince,' as incongruous with their unappanaged condition.

We have spoken of the non-exclusive principle on which the Russian aristocracy is organised. This is most strikingly exemplified when we refer to the origin of the several countships. The majority, like those of Schouvaloff, Bourtaline, Vier, Jagousinsky, Potemkin, and Orloff, originated in services of the most questionable nature. The founders of too many of these noble houses were either too complaisant husbands, or handsome men who fed the inconstant passions of an Elizabeth, or a Catharine. Some seem to have brought their honours from a lower depth still; for the princely Burke of the Russian aristocracy says, his self-respect obliges him to decline mentioning the means by which they were gained. Pre-eminent among this dunghill nobility rise the names of Potemkin and Orloff. Gregory Potemkin came of an impoverished but noble Polish family, and had the fortune to find favour in the eyes of Catharine the Great, who was fascinated by his beauty, of which he himself was so vain that it is said he put out one of his eyes in attempting to remove a blemish, although another story says his eye was lost in a struggle with his rivals the Orloffs. He was an extraordinary man, in whose character every contradiction crowded. Lavish to his favourites, he left his servants and creditors unpaid; he allowed no obstacles to baffle him, but once an object was gained, it lost all value to him. He commenced building a splendid palace, on which he spent his treasure without stint, but before it was completed, he was bartering it away. Such was his influence over Catharine, that when she dismissed him as her lover, she retained him as her minister, accepted no new favourite till he had approved her choice, and permitted him alone to wear her portrait on his breast. He served her well; to him she was indebted for the organisation of the armies that won fame and provinces for her; nor was he left unrewarded. He was at once General-in-chief, Great-admiral, Governor of Aroff and the Crimean dependencies, and Great Hetman of all the Cossacks. He died in the prime of life, not without some suspicion of foul play.

When the Strelitzes were being executed in the presence of Peter the Great, it came at last to the turn of the youngest of the condemned, by name John, to lay his head on the block. The head of one of his companions lay in his way. Kicking it contemptuously aside, he exclaimed: 'Get out of the way; I must have room here!' This exhibition of ferocious coolness hit the taste of the czar, who stayed the executioner's arm, pardoned the young ruffian, and placed him as a private in a regiment of the line. Opportunities for displaying his intrepidity were not wanting, and he became an officer and gentleman, and died a general. His grandson, Gregory, was one of the lovers of Catharine II., and had nearly persuaded her to marry him. His brother Alexis, also a lover of the empress, was created a count at the same time as Gregory. He was the chief mover in the murder of Peter III., and left a colossal fortune to his only child Anne, who passes her life in retirement, having bestowed the greater portion of her wealth upon a monastery, in hopes that the prayers of its brethren may save the soul of her father. Popular opinion inclines to believe Peter was not the only czar who met his fate from the same quarter; and the name of Orloff is regarded as that of a sort of hereditary czar-maker.

The Counts Zotoff owe their rank to a drunken fit of the great Peter; upon the death of the first count, who had been 'preceptor and buffoon' to his master, the assumption of the title was forbidden. However, after the lapse of years, love brought back what liquor had bestowed. In 1802, the Princess Kourakine fell in love with and resolved to marry Mr Nicholas Zotoff; and through the influence of her relatives, the authority of Alexander was obtained for the bridegroom to use the style and title of count. The first Count Koutaissoff was a Circassian slave, butler to Paul, and created by him first baron, and then count. When Souvaroff returned from his Italian campaign in 1799, Koutaissoff was chosen to convey the emperor's congratulations. The old warrior was not overpleased, and addressed the royal favourite thus:

'Excuse, my dear count, an old man whose memory is the worse for wear; but I cannot call to mind the origin of your illustrious house—or perhaps you got your title for some great victory?'

'I never was a soldier, prince,' replied the ex-valet.

'Then no doubt you have been an ambassador?'

'No.'

'A minister?'

'Neither.'

'Then what important post did you fill?'

'I had the honour of serving his majesty as butler.'

'A very honourable capacity, my dear count.'

Souvaroff rang the bell; his own butler appeared. 'Look you, Trochsa!' said he: 'I keep telling you again and again that you must give up drinking and stealing, and you won't listen to me. Now look at that gentleman; he has been a butler like yourself, but being neither a drunkard nor a thief, you see him now a Grand Equerry to his Majesty, a knight of all the orders in Russia, and Count of the Empire. Follow his example!'

While the titles of prince and count are eagerly accepted by the highest functionaries in the empire, the title of baron is of no social value whatever. Of the twenty baronies created by Peter, only eight exist as such, and four have been merged in countships. The dignity has fallen into contempt in Russia, from the same reason as knight or baronet is in disrepute here. It has been made too common by being conferred on bankers, money-lenders, and doctors. Among the latter was Dr Demsdale, who, besides his title, received L.12,000 down, and an annuity of L.500 for vaccinating Catharine II. and the Grand Duke Paul. Another notable baron was General Arakcheieff, whose name is synonymous with cruelty and wickedness. For daring to joke respecting this man, the secretary of the St Petersburg Academy was exiled. The chairman having proposed the election of Arakcheieff, on the ground that he was the nearest nobleman to Alexander, M. Labzin rose and said, that 'such being considered a competent qualification, he begged to propose Ilin Barkoff, the imperial coachman, not only as being the nearest to the emperor, but having a seat before his majesty.'

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the present nobles of Russia, it would be difficult to find any aristocracy of which such a large proportion of its members have reason to be ashamed of their origin.

LOCKED IN!

It was on a leaden-looking evening in October 1858, that the fast-sailing packet *Conciliation* steamed out of the harbour at Holyhead. Dark clouds were gathering overhead, the short chopping waves slapped the sides of the vessel impatiently, and the thick black smoke shot straight from the funnel to the receding shore, as if anxious to escape from the restless turbulence of the water, and form a sooty canopy over dry land.

There were but few passengers on board, and a drizzling rain sent them below. One gentleman alone stood his ground upon the quarter-deck, and, comfortably encased in a suit of oil-skin, puffed his cigar in defiance of the weather. He was a tall, fair-haired man, with a bright eye, thin, high-bridged nose, and light wavy moustaches, through which was seen a good-humoured but sarcastic mouth. He accommodated himself to the motion of the vessel like an experienced traveller, and, with well-gloved hands deep in his capacious pockets, looked on the steersman, the funnel, the lights upon the distant pier, and the vibration beneath him and about him, with an easy and comfortable nonchalance of manner that seemed peculiar to him.

Upon an obsequious and curly-headed steward—who kept coming on deck, and then diving down into the cabin upon those purposeless errands which would appear to be the continual employment of those functionaries when on duty—passing near the traveller, he said: 'Have you come to tell me that I mustn't smoke?'

'No, sir,' said the steward, with the usual deprecating smile; 'you can smoke if you choose, sir: there's nobody on deck but you.'

'Very few passengers to-night,' remarked the gentleman.

'Yes, sir, very few, sir,' replied the steward; 'you're the only cabin-passenger aboard.'

'Am I?' said the gentleman. 'Then I suppose I shall have my choice of berths?'

'Whichever you please, sir, when you come below. We've only one other passenger, and she's a lady.'

'Ah!' said the gentleman, looking down the sky-light, as if to see if his fellow-traveller were in the cabin. 'I'm afraid we shall have a rough passage.'

'Yes, sir,' answered the acquiescent steward; 'it does look very dirty to wind'ard, sir;' and he dived down again.

The traveller lighted a fresh cigar, tossed away his old one, looked at the white foam in the vessel's wake, and resumed his march. He was naturally a gregarious, companionable sort of fellow, fond of society, argument, the shock of opinions, and collision of ideas. He had hoped to meet some other well-travelled man, with whom he could have smoked and chatted. He felt that he should bore himself alone, and began to think about the lady who was his sole companion in the boat.

'I wish I knew her,' thought he; 'we could converse some hours away. Twenty years ago, I should have considered this quite an adventure. What fools men are in their salad-days! I should have thought that it was fate had thrown us together, because we were destined for each other. Perhaps she is married, or old, or disagreeable. I shall be horribly bored till we reach Kingstown.'

After half an hour's more walking, he looked down the sky-light once again, and saw a lady seated in the cabin taking tea.

'She doesn't suffer, at all events,' he thought to himself; 'I may as well have a look at her;' and he finished his cigar, and descended the brass-bound steps leading to the 'cuddy.'

The lady about whom he felt so interested, was over thirty years of age, and despite a pallid complexion, languid, mournful eyes, possessed great beauty. Her manners were elegant and refined; and a tinge of exhaustion in her face and voice heightened the sense of subdued sentiment that hung around her. Overwrought sensibility and sensitive nervous organisation were written in the constant play of her short thin upper lip; and the perfect taste of her dress, completed the charm of a very fascinating invalid.

When the gentleman entered the cabin, she was seated at the table, waited on by a bustling and active stewardess. He took off his cap—as it were—*at* her, and disembarrassed himself of his oil-skin covering. He coughed in token of his presence, but she took no notice, but continued playing with her tea-spoon, all unconscious of his entrance.

With a glance at the mirror, that betrayed a knowledge of the possession of a good appearance, and a smoothing of a well-tied cravat, the gentleman advanced towards the table, and coughed again. The vessel gave a slight lurch, and the tea-service clattered at the same time. The lady looked up, saw the new-comer, and bowed slightly.

'I fear we are going to have a rough passage,' began the male traveller, when the lady shrieked, and would have fallen, had not the stewardess run forward to support her. The gentleman turned pale and red, and pale again, and trembled in every limb.

'Bring some water,' he said, after a moment's pause. 'Don't be alarmed; it's the—the surprise—the sudden —— Let me'—— He wetted his handkerchief, and laid it on her forehead, while the stewardess ran for her smelling-bottle. By the aid of their united exertions, in about five minutes the lady recovered, and looked about her as if just aroused from an unpleasant dream.

'Better leave us!' said the gentleman.

'Do—do you know the lady, sir?' asked the stewardess, hardly knowing what to do.

'Know her? Yes.'

'You've only got to call, mum; I shall be close to,' said the stewardess. 'Can I do anything more, mum?'

'No—no, thank you,' said the lady; 'I'm quite well now. You—you need not trouble yourself further.'

The stewardess quitted the cabin, leaving the two passengers staring at each other in mute wonder.

'Good God, Maria, is it you?' said the gentleman.

'It seems almost impossible it can be you,' answered the lady in low faltering tones.

'Are you—better now?' inquired the gentleman. 'Can I get anything for you?'

'Nothing, thank you—if it be really you.'

'It seems like a dream,' continued the gentleman—'to think that, after ten years, we should meet on board this boat! It is the most unexpected accident.'

'Accident?' repeated the lady, with an inquiring look.

'Accident? Yes; really accident!'

'Are you sure you did not know that I was coming on board this'——

'How could I?' interrupted the gentleman. 'I only landed at Southampton last week. Not a soul I knew was in London; so I took a run over to Dublin to visit Vincey Maguire. It's the most impossible adventure, to think of man and wife, ten years apart, meeting in the cabin of—— Are you going, Maria?'

The lady had risen from her seat. 'I see no reason for my remaining,' she said quietly.

'If you cannot bear to breathe the same atmosphere with me, *I* will retire,' said the husband. 'I will not turn you out of the cabin; I'll go on deck!'

The lady looked up to the sky-light above her, on which the rain was pattering furiously.

'Impossible to stay on deck in a night like this,' said she, with a faint return of the interest of a wife.

'Thank you for that, Maria.'

'I did not mean that,' she explained hastily; 'I'——

'You are unkind not to let me think you did,' said the husband. 'At all events, since we have met in this strange way, do not let us meet as enemies.'

'Enemies? No!' smiled the lady.

'Yield to a suggestion of mine for once,' continued the husband. 'You were taking tea—don't let me deprive you of that; it will refresh you; or'—his face lighted up as with a bright idea—'suppose we take tea together?'

'Together!' echoed the lady.

'Oh! don't be alarmed,' said the gentleman; 'you shall pay for your own, and I for mine, and we'll have it on different trays, in the most platonic manner possible.'

Despite the rapid beating of her heart, the lady could not repress a smile, of which her husband took immediate advantage by ordering tea for himself. The tea was brought, and he placed himself at the table opposite his wife.

Mr and Mrs Thirlby had been married in the year 1846. Miss Harbrowe was a noted beauty, and Francis Thirlby a somewhat erratic bachelor. After a honeymoon, and three or four moons more of unmixed sweetness, spent abroad amidst grand old ruins, crumbling columns, and colossal statues, like ghosts of greatness passed away, under dreamy skies and over pent volcanoes, they returned to cool and cloudy England—its tempestuous summers, mild though murky winters, and carefully concealed domestic hurricanes.

A year passed, and among old friends, old haunts, and old associations, easy-going Mr Thirlby became the usual careless husband, engaged chiefly with his Greenwich dinner and his clubs than home, unless he gave a party, when he would shine with his customary brilliance. When alone with his wife, he appeared absorbed in meditation. She resented his want of assiduity, and he resented her resentment. She had been an only child; so had he. Neither would be first to yield! Each was largely endowed with the fatal gift of sarcasm, and used it mercilessly. They stabbed their mutual happiness with epigrams, and battered down their home with the artillery of bitter words. Months passed in fierce storms and lowering threatening calms. The last provocation was given. Mrs Thirlby was jealous. She left the house, and shortly after a separation was mutually agreed on.

Mr Thirlby, finding his fireside cold, and his home merely furnished apartments, resolved on adopting a career. He had interest at the India House, and obtained an appointment in the Civil Service. Years had passed. He had returned; and as he looked at the wife he had once so loved, and had so strangely met, he felt that he could have begun his courtship once again: the last fourteen years were annihilated; she was before him; the old charm floated around her, and he felt his heart liquefy as he traced the well-remembered features and their play beneath the swinging light in the close, trembling, rocking cabin.

Mrs Thirlby sat with her eyes fixed on the tumbling sea—externally calm, violet-eyed, impassive, and grand. Her husband, leaning his elbow on the table, and his head upon his hand, said: 'Upon my word, Maria, you are looking handsomer than ever!'

A flush of pleasure surged up to Mrs Thirlby's face; she beat it back again bravely, but could not resist a slight smile, for she felt, with the self-consciousness of a handsome woman, that her husband had spoken truly, and as he thought.

'This is a remarkable meeting, is it not?' continued he, hardly knowing what to say, yet disliking silence more than hazarding something commonplace. 'By the way, you have a servant with you, haven't you?'

'No,' replied the lady.

'No! How is that?'

'Harriet had never seen the sea in her life, and refused to embark. She said we were sure to be drowned; so I came away without her.'

'How odd!' said the husband: 'there's not a single passenger—I mean in this cabin—but ourselves.'

'We *are* single!' said the wife, relaxing to a smile.

'Of course we are—at present!' said the husband.

'And mean to keep so,' continued Mrs Thirlby, observing that her husband's eyes were fixed on hers with an expression of deep interest. Finding that his earnest gaze was noticed, that gentleman swallowed nearly a whole cup of tea at a draught.

'I haven't enjoyed my tea so much for years,' said he, putting down the empty cup—'I may say ten years.'

It was always Mr Francis Thirlby's practice to jest when he was in earnest, until he felt his way, and his antagonist's power of resistance.

'Shall I be indiscreet in asking what motive you have in visiting Ireland?' he asked, finding that no reply, verbal or facial, was made to his last observation.

Mrs Thirlby poured herself out a second cup of tea, and said: 'I am going to pass a few months with—— Oh!'

She shrieked with pain. Thirlby rose with an anxious and perturbed countenance.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'I have scalded my hand,' replied his ex-wife, applying her lips to the part affected.

'Allow me,' said he, about to take hold of the injured member.

'Thank you, no,' said the lady, hastily withdrawing it. 'I permit no interference with what is entirely my own property.'

The face of the husband turned red, and the wife felt the cruel pleasure of victory.

'Better put a little dry soap on it; best thing in the world for a scald,' said he: 'I have some in my bag.'

'You are very kind,' answered the wife, touched with the attention.

'Not at all, Maria,' said Thirlby, following up his success with the Christian name. 'I am something of a traveller now, and am always provided with these little comforts—I should say necessaries.'

He opened a black leather bag, scraped some soap on to a clean white handkerchief, and applied it to his wife's hand tenderly and carefully. He saw the wedding-ring shine over the white skin, and gave ever so small a sigh as he tied a knot just above it.

'Poor little hand!' said he caressingly, as he bent his head down towards it.

'Thank you; that will do very well!' remarked his wife, putting it under the table.

'Nothing like soft soap!' said he smiling.

'No,' answered the lady with placid dignity.

'How the boat pitches! As you are wounded, shall I do the honours?' said he.

'You are very gallant,' she replied.

'Wasn't I always?' he asked, as he reseated himself.

'Always,' replied the wife; 'but not to me.'

'My dear Maria'——

'Pardon me; you are forgetting yourself!'

'Not at all,' returned the husband stoutly. 'I repeat it. Why were you and I so unhappy together?'

The vessel strained and pitched as he spoke, and orders were given upon deck, and the wind howled, and the rain beat down on the sky-light above them.

'There's a storm coming on,' he remarked rather unnecessarily.

'I am afraid there is,' replied the wife.

'But answer my question.'

'What question?'

'Oh, you know,' said he irritably. 'I asked you why we were always so unhappy together?'

'I might as well ask you why you were always so unkind?' said Mrs Thirlby.

'I recognise you there,' said the husband; 'you answer one question by asking another. I remember you always did. It used to irritate me'——

'Everything *I* did used to irritate you,' interrupted the wife, calm and provoking.

'When it was irrit*ating*,' amended Mr Thirlby.

'*You* found it so,' said the lady with feminine emphasis.

'Of course it was me,' returned the husband; 'I was the villain—husbands always are!'

'No; *I* was the termagant—wives always are!' repeated the lady.

'My love, you were always good, and right, and pious, and virtuous,' said Thirlby, his love of sarcasm overcoming his better sense. 'You were always provokingly proper—all broken-hearted submission, meekness, mildness, and downcast eyes, as if advertising to the world: Look here! my monster is breaking my heart; not that I complain; oh, dear no: I am too good for that. He is killing me, and I am rather glad he is, I am so angelic and resigned!'

Mrs Thirlby knit her brows; for a moment, she hesitated between quitting the cabin and replying. Temper triumphed, and she spoke.

'If so, you pursued the opposite tactics,' said she. 'You were all smiles, frankness, jollity, and good-humour—to the world; a sort of proclamation of: See what a fine, generous, open-hearted fellow I am, and yet my wife—my wicked wife—is miserable with me! —Oh, thank Heaven, I am not your wife now!'

The ship lurched again, and Mrs Thirlby's tea-cup fell to the floor, but without breaking.

'You needn't get into a passion,' said her husband, 'nor upset the tea-things; you're not at home now, you know.'

'I did not upset it!' said the lady angrily.

'Yes, you did!'

'No, I didn't!'

'Yes, you did!'

'I did NOT, sir!' repeated the lady, tapping the table authoritatively with her undamaged hand, and so knocking off the other cup, which broke into a dozen pieces.

'There,' said her husband, picking up the fragments carefully, and arranging them before her, 'perhaps you didn't break that either?'

It would be impossible to describe the extent to which handsome Mrs Thirlby was put out by this accident. Her face darkened, and without losing its beauty, looked a thunder-storm—the ox-eyed Juno wrathful with Jupiter.

Thirlby tried to walk the cabin. 'Time has not subdued that awful temper, then?' said he.

'Nor the recollection of your ill-usage,' she replied. 'Neither ten years nor ten hundred can do that!'

'Ten hundred!' he remarked; 'you'll be a fine old lady by then.'

'And so will you,' retorted the wife: 'you're more than forty now!'

'Well, if I am,' answered the husband angrily, 'you're five-and-thirty—no chicken either!'

One of the chief reasons that matrimonial differences are so bitter is, that each party is so well informed of the enemy's weak side.

'Why, positively you're bald!' said Mrs Thirlby, who had not before perceived the shining scalp in the centre of her husband's cranium; 'yes, quite bald at the top!'

Mr Thirlby turned white with passion—he was a very vain man—and walked up to her as if about to make some overwhelming reply. Unfortunately, he saw that her hair was as black, as lustrous, and as rich as ever.

His wife guessed his intention, and said aggravatingly: 'Poor old man, was he bald, then?'

'You know you were always a beauty,' sneered the husband.

Mrs Thirlby rose from her seat and bowed, as if she said: 'I know it;' which irritated her husband more than ever.

'As lovely as afflicted,' continued he.

'At all events,' replied the lady, 'that Mrs'——

'Silence, madam!' thundered the husband. 'You have too often repeated that lady's name, and I forbid'——

'You forbid, indeed!' cried his wife. 'And pray, who are you that command me? Why should I not mention that woman's—I beg pardon—lady's name? Who is to prevent me? Not her lover, sir,' she continued, lashing herself into a rage, 'when he has ceased to be my husband.'

'By Jove!' said Thirlby, 'this is as it used to be; but, as you say, we are separated;' and he bent his head over the table, and droned: 'For this and other mercies, Heaven make us truly thankful!'

Mrs Thirlby tore the handkerchief from the scalded hand, and threw it across the table—the fragments of soap fell into the sugar-basin.

'What a noble vengeance!' continued he in a pompous tone. 'What greatness! what magnanimity of soul! and what a brilliant repartee! 'Pon my word, this is refreshing! What a meeting after ten years' absence! The breeze without, the row within. Any one could swear to us for man and wife!'

'Not your wife now, sir!'

'No, not my wife now. As I said a minute ago: for this and other mercies'——

The lady rose to her feet. 'Do not insult me, sir,' she said. 'I have been at peace for ten years. Do not raise feelings that—that—that'——

'That what?' asked the husband.

Poor Mrs Thirlby began to feel the effect of the motion of the vessel. 'I—I—I don't feel well,' she gasped.

'Ah! excitement,' said the husband unconcernedly.

'No, sir, the sea—I mean the tea. I shall go to my berth. When we get to Kingstown, you can see Franky and'——

'Franky! Who's Franky?' asked the husband.

Mrs Thirlby looked him full in the face as she answered: 'Your son, sir!'

Another lurch of the vessel threw Mr Thirlby into a seat as he repeated, 'My son!' He hardly understood the meaning of the words.

'Your son and mine,' said the lady; 'my dear, dear boy Frank!'

Something rose to the husband's throat and eyes as he looked first up and then down at his long-lost wife, as the position of the cabin-floor hoisted or lowered her.

'He was born three months after your departure,' continued Mrs Thirlby.

'Why did I not know of it?'

'I kept it out of the papers purposely,' said the wife.

'And you called him Francis,' said the now thoroughly humbled husband.

'Yes—after his father.'

'Thank you, Maria; that was kind.'

'My duty—nothing more,' said the lady.

'How old is he?'

'Ten in August—on the fifth.'

'God bless him!' said the father. 'Is he handsome?'

'Oh! very—very handsome,' said the mother.

'A—at all like me?' inquired the father.

'Like what you were—very.'

'And in his manner?'

'He is passionate in the extreme; like what you were—very. Here is a letter I had from him last Thursday. He is on a visit to my cousin, who was married to Colonel O'Grady three years ago.'

The father took the letter, and held it under the shaking lamp. The gale had blown itself into a perfect storm, and he could hardly keep upon his feet as he read the large school-boy hand:

'MY DEAR, DEAR MAMMA—I am so glad that you are so soon coming. I have no news. I am quite well. Freddy's pony hurt one of his knees yesterday. We go to Sandy Mount every day. Aunt sends her love—so does Freddy. God bless you.—Your affectionate FRANKIE.'

'*Merryon Square, Dublin, Ireland.*'

The letter was read and re-read till the lines became blurred and indistinct, and a deep sob heaved up from the father's heart as he stretched forth his hand to his wife, and said: 'Maria, forgive me!'

But Mrs Thirlby remained silent and impassive.

'For the sake of our boy,' he urged, 'the child of whose existence I was unaware—till—till—forgive me!'

'Do you wish to keep the letter?' inquired the wife.

'With your permission. Do you ever speak to him of me?'

'Often!'

'O Maria, let us be friends!'

Mrs Thirlby answered slowly and deliberately, with a pause between every third or fourth word: 'After an absence—of more than ten years—meeting so unexpectedly—you could not control—your violent and sarcastic nature—I will NOT be—its victim. I pardon what is past—but—when I leave this boat—we never meet again!'

'Maria'—he tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it—'*can't* you forgive me?'

'The past—yes: the future I will not trust in your hands. As I said, when we leave this boat'——

The stewardess entered the cabin suddenly by the stairs leading to the deck. The door was heard to lock behind her, and there was a noise overhead as of shutting and fastening. She staggered forward, and said in a low, calm, resigned, but trembling voice: 'If you would wish to pray, do so at once; we are expected to go down every minute!'

Thirlby looked at her for an instant, then taking his wife up in his arms, rushed to the cabin-door.

'We are fastened down!' said the stewardess with terrible calmness. 'The crew is in the rigging. I shall go to my cabin, and meet it there. Oh, pray for your soul's sake, for we have not long to live!' She went to her own little cabin at the side, and shut the door.

Husband and wife were locked in each other's arms. How poor and paltry seemed their enmities and jealousies, their poisoned arrows of speech and verbal victories! Eternity was near them, and about them, lashing at the shaking vessel's sides, howling for them in the wind, roaring for them in the sea! The ship palpitated like a timid hare, as though eager to offer human victims to appease the hungry elements, and save itself. Neither spoke; but a long, endearing kiss proclaimed mutual forgiveness—then heart beating against heart, hand in hand, their fingers intertwined within each other, they knelt and prayed. In his height of health and pride of sarcasm, Thirlby sometimes scoffed at religion, and ridiculed his wife's strict observances with considerable humour—*now*, he felt sure that she was right, and cheek to cheek and lip to lip uttered fervent prayers for heavenly pardon and her safety.

Only once during the night the world came back to him, when he sobbed out: 'I shall never see my boy!'

And minute after minute, each longer than the last, passed away; every succeeding shock and lurch of the frail boat, they expected to feel the floor sink under them, and the water pour down into their cushioned sea-tomb.

A violent crash shook the ship from stem to stern; the cabin-lamp fell shivered into atoms, and all was darkness. They clutched tightly hold of each other, and thought their time had come.

The night passed. A ribbon of gray light in the horizon separated sea from sky; the gray grew whiter and more bright—it was morning. Husband and wife looked into each other's haggard faces; they had thought they should never see them more.

The daylight was an inexpressible relief; they should not perish in the dark. Light was the breath of Heaven. They were not forgotten!

'Think you there is any hope?' whispered the wife, almost afraid to trust the sound of her own voice.

As she spoke, there was a noise upon the deck, and the sounds of sea and wind, and straining boards and creaking cordage grew more audible. The cabin-door flew open, and the steward, wet as from a bath, and his face bleeding, looked in. 'All right!' he gasped; 'we're saved!—saved! Where's my missus? Jane, dear, open the door—we're saved, I tell you!'

The stewardess opened the door, and both couples repaired to the deck.

'We shall weather it, praised be God!' said the white-haired captain. 'Who would have thought this six hours ago?'

'Maria!'

'Hush! we have received a severe and proper punishment for our presumption and our crime.'

A steam-tug came out to their rescue, and carried them safely into Kingstown harbour. There was a smiling lady, a moustached gentleman, and a handsome yellow-haired boy awaiting them.

'Mamma!—my dear, dear mamma!' cried the young gentleman with undisguised ecstasy.

'Franky, my own. Here's papa!'

'Papa!' said the boy, rounding his eyes. 'Papa from India?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Mr Thirlby!' said Mrs O'Grady.

'Had you forgotten me, Elinor?' said that gentleman.

'Mamma, why hasn't papa been with you before, when'——

'Hush, dear!' said the mother.

Mr Thirlby did not return to India; and both his and his wife's name are always set down for a handsome sum in all subscriptions for Life-boats, or Preservations from Shipwreck.

CANNIBALS AND GORILLAS.

A VERITABLE traveller has come at last from Equatorial Africa to tell us of the Anthropophagi, who has lived among them, made friendships with them, been offered matrimonial alliances by them, and, in short, done everything but dine with them. '*That*,' says Mr Paul Du Chaillu* (whom they playfully called Chally), 'I could not do.' The enterprising explorer had got over his distaste for monkey by the time he arrived among the cannibal Fans, but he had not yet acquired the taste for man. He was excessively particular about his kettle. 'You cook for yourself, and I 'll cook for myself, and at my own kitchen-range,' was his firm reply to all the hospitable invitations of the king. The *head* was a *royalty*, they assured him, and always to be found at their monarch's table, but he was never prevailed upon to stop and dine. 'Be glad, O white man, O spirit,' cried they, on his first arrival, 'and eat of the things we give thee!' Whereupon, to his confusion, a slave was handed over to him bound, and they added: 'Kill him for your evening meal, since he is tender and fat!'

Nothing, indeed, could exceed the kindness with which the Fans treated Mr Du Chaillu. He was at first somewhat afraid of going to sleep, but that soon wore off, as he grew more accustomed to their little ways. They would never have killed him for the sake of supplying the larder; though, if he had fallen sick and died among them, it would have been different. Contrary to our European custom, the Fans rather prefer, for culinary purposes, what has died a natural death. They do not eat their own dead, but buy of the neighbouring villages. Whenever a gentleman departs this life, off run his friends to the next settlement, and break the sad intelligence in this manner. 'Poor old Rembidji (or whoever it may be) is gone at last,' say they; '*and now, what will you give a pound?*' The question, 'How did he cut up?' has a different and more literal meaning with them than it has in the city. For a whole body, they will give an elephant's tusk. Mr Du Chaillu saw women who had been 'marketing' carry pieces of human flesh on the street, exactly as chops and steaks are carried in London, only without the piece of newspaper that wraps them up. To speak of such matters thus lightly, is less terrible than to discuss them seriously; but the facts as above stated are perfectly true. However, even the Fans do not eat everybody: the persons of their kings are sacred, and their burial-places not locomotive. The compliment, therefore, which was paid to Mr Du Chaillu, when they offered to make *him* a king, is to be the more highly estimated. Nevertheless, there are some disagreeables connected with the assumption of sovereignty in Equatorial Africa, which may have had their weight in inducing our author to decline this honour. He had once been witness to the ceremonies preceding the elevation of his friend Njogoni to the throne of the Mpongwe. 'The choice fell on him in part because he came of a good family, but chiefly because he was a favourite of the people, and could get the most votes. I do not know that Njogoni had the slightest suspicion of his elevation; at anyrate, if he had, he shammed ignorance very well. As he was walking on the shore, on the morning of the seventh day, he was suddenly set upon by the entire populace, who proceeded to a ceremony which is preliminary to the crowning, and which must deter any but the most ambitious men from aspiring to the crown. They surrounded him in a dense crowd, and then began to heap upon him every manner of abuse that the worst of mobs could imagine. Some spat in his face; some beat him with their fists; some kicked him; others threw disgusting objects at him; while those unlucky ones who stood on the outside, and could reach the poor fellow only with their voices, assiduously cursed him, his father, his mother, his sisters and brothers, and all his ancestors to the remotest generation. A stranger would not have given a cent for the life of him who was presently to be crowned. Amid all the noise and struggle, I caught the words which explained all this to me; for every few minutes some fellow, administering an especially severe blow or kick, would shout out: "You are not our king yet; for a little while we will do what we please with you. By and by, we shall have to do your will!"'

Although Mr Du Chaillu withstood the temptation of a crown, he appreciated the many evidences of good-will paid to him by his would-be brethren of regal rank; and he would have been ungrateful indeed had it been otherwise. The king of Ngola, 'a man of a kind heart, and given to bursts of liberality,' placed all the ladies of his capital at the disposal of the embarrassed traveller, from whom to pick and choose his wives. This happened scores of times. Our author protests with earnestness that he never took advantage of these arrangements, except upon one occasion when among the Apingi. He had 'a little adventure,' he admits, with one of those ladies. 'The king, on my arrival, signified to me, with the usual liberality of African kings, that any of his wives, or any of anybody else's wives that pleased my eyes, I was requested to consider my own. I, of course, replied that in our country we did not marry in this off-hand way, which he could not at all understand. As, however, the women are the housekeepers, when I was settled a little, I chose one of the oldest and ugliest that I saw, and installed her as my housekeeper, cook, and maid-of-all-work. For two or three days, all went well. But one morning I was waited upon by a deputation of men and women, who hailed me with much joy as their relative, thanked me for the honour I had done them in taking their relative to wife, and gravely asked me for presents, to make their hearts glad on such a joyful occasion. I confess that for once I lost my temper. I took a stick, and drove my new relatives out of the village, packed off my slandering housekeeper after them, and heaped all the abuse upon them I was master of in Apingi. They fled with the utmost consternation.'

Even among these miserable savages, Society asserts her rights, and makes her class-distinctions. The natives and their slaves have even different deities, to which each respectively pay the greatest honours. King Damagondai could by no means be persuaded to sell his idol, though Mr Du Chaillu bade very high (almost up to his revolver) for her; but his majesty insinuated that, for a proper price, he might have the goddess of the slaves. These poor fellows were absent on the plantations, so after council with his chief men, the king determined to give out that he had seen her walk off into the woods. So our author packed her up, and brought her away with him. Each tribe among whom he was so good as to take up his quarters, appropriated him as 'their white man,' and were very jealous for his dignity and comfort. His clock, his musical-box, and his revolver they deemed to be so many powerful 'fetiches,' which added to his glory; while his straight hair was the universal admiration. In that, indeed, lay his danger as well as his strength. His friend, King Rempano, ingenuously admitted that his people would like to get possession of Mr Du Chaillu's hair for a fetich of their own. They had very many fetiches already, and were anxious to make their collection complete. The scene, therefore, on the occasion when Mr Du Chaillu put himself under the hands of the perruquier, may be easily imagined. 'The weather had been very hot lately, and, as my hair was too long for comfort, I told Makondai one day to cut it for me, giving him a pair of scissors I had in my kit. He did not do it very artistically, but in the interior of Africa one comes to care little for looks or fashions. When he had done, he gathered up the cut hair, and threw it out into the street. I was not attending to what was going on, and was surprised presently at a noise of scuffling and fighting in front of my house. I looked out, and beheld a most laughable scene. The men were busily picking up the scattered hairs, and those who could not get at them were disputing possession with their luckier neighbours. Even the old king, Olenda, was in the midst, eager for a share. As each got what he could, he would tie them up carefully in the corner of his *ndengui*, and walk off very contentedly. I called Olenda, and asked what was the use of this hair. He replied: "O spirit! these hairs are very precious; we shall make mondas (fetiches) of them, and they will bring other white men to us, and bring us great good-luck and riches. Since you have come to us, O spirit! we have wished to have some of your hair, but did not dare to ask for it, not knowing that it could be cut." I was happy that it had not occurred to them to appropriate violently my whole head, hair and all.' This desire for a lock of one's hair is, after all, not unknown among Europeans, and may certainly be considered as a compliment. One African monarch was so complaisant and courteous, as to adopt our author's notions in respect to refinement and behaviour. Quengueza, king of Goumbi, even endeavoured to make proselytes to these new ideas—to teach his neighbours to become as polished as himself. 'In common with many of his subjects, the old fellow was much troubled with fleas; and when, as he stood talking with me, a flea became too troublesome, he used to adroitly catch him, and gravely *crack* him on his thumb-nail. This disgusted me so, that I remonstrated, and at last succeeded in reforming this one of his abuses. But no sooner had he given up the disgusting practice himself, than he at once forbade it to all his own subjects, and became a most zealous advocate to decency among our Bakalai friends. "Why do you crack your fleas before my white man, eh? Dirty fellow! Go away! You make my white man sick!" he used to cry out. And to-day, when we had our interview with the up-river chief, Quengueza was equally zealous—though more polite—with him. But the old man replied: "Thus have I done all my life—it is now too late;" and gravely continued his massacre.'

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* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* By Paul B. Du Chaillu. Murray.

Nothing can exceed the humour and interest of our author's experience among these savages—hospitable, and yet thievish; good-tempered, and yet of a devilish cruelty; crafty, and yet slaves to the meanest and most transparent superstitions—but still this is the least striking portion of our author's narrative. He has good news to give us of the certain decrease of the slave-trade—mainly in consequence of the discouragement now displayed towards it by the Brazilian government, who are alarmed at the increase of their black population. He has curious anecdotes illustrative of the shrewdness of the negroes of the west coast as traders. We are used to hear them called stupid, whereas the truth is, that any merchant who is unaccustomed to them is quite sure to be taken in and overreached. 'Say that to-day the good ship *Jenny* has arrived in the river; immediately every black fellow is full of trade. The ship is boarded by a crowd of fellows, each jabbering away, apparently at random, but all telling the same story. Never was there such dearth of ivory, or whatever the captain may want! Never were the interior tribes so obstinate in demanding a high price! Never was the whole coast so bare! Never were difficulties so great! There have been fights, captain! And fever, captain! And floods, captain! And no trade at all, captain! Not a tooth! This point settled, they produce their "good books," which are certificates of character, in which some captain or other white trader who is known on the coast vouches for the honesty—the great honesty and entire trustworthiness—of the bearer. It is not worth while for a fellow to present himself without a certificate, and the papers are all *good*, because when "the bearer" has cheated, he does not apply for a "character." Now these certificates help him to cheat. When he finds the need of a new set of papers, he conducts himself with scrupulous honesty towards two or three captains; these, of course, "certify" him, and then he goes into the wildest and most reckless speculations, upheld by the "good books," which he shows to every captain that comes.'

But it was not Man whom Mr Du Chaillu went out into the woods and swamps of Central Africa to study, but insect, and bird, and beast. It is as a scientific though adventurous explorer, as a great naturalist, who is also a mighty hunter, that our author has established his reputation. He tells us of the bashikouay ant, so terrible to man and beast, before whom every creature flees. 'It is their habit to march through the woods in a long regular line of about two inches broad, but often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day, or during a storm. When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla flee before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time, the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains. They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all, suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house, they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant; rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute, its bones are stripped.'

Our author finds a serpent eighteen feet in length under his own bed; and while crawling painfully along from root to root above a deadly mangrove swamp, he is pursued by another. He finds birds that no man has seen before; he finds apes that build for themselves nests in trees; and above all, he finds, what is the main object of his perilous expedition—the Gorilla, whose native home is a comparatively narrow belt extending on either side of the equator. There he lords it, the undisputed master of the forest, before whose terrible roar the very leopard flees. In the Periplus, or Voyage of Hanno the Carthaginian, in the sixth century before Christ, mention is made of a creature something similar, but which was probably the Chimpanzee. A gorilla it could not have been, for it left its females to their fate, and fled from the hunter. The genuine male gorilla has no fear. The natives relate weird and hideous stories concerning him: that he carries off their women; that he lies in wait on the lower branches of trees watching for men, and when one passes by, clutches him with his powerful feet, and draws him up and chokes him. Mr Du Chaillu is the first white man who has systematically hunted this creature or penetrated his haunts; and we can well believe that the most exciting moment of his life was that wherein he first stood face to face with this tremendous ape. 'Suddenly, Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of shewing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary; and presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously. The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men shewed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on. Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party, he erected himself, and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shewn as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us; and here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.'

The gorilla's roar can be heard at a distance of three miles, and the very beating of his breast for at least a mile. He sometimes even sits down to roar, so tremendous an exertion does it cost him, while his yells as he approaches are like the inarticulate ravings of a maniac. The height of one shot by our author was five feet nine inches. Its arms had a spread of nine feet. Its hairy chest was sixty-two inches in circumference. The hands, those terrible weapons, with one blow of which it tears open the bowels of a man, or breaks his arms, were of immense muscular power, and bent like veritable claws. Its big toe was no less than six inches in circumference. As he draws nigh his enemy, Man, to whom he bears so awful a resemblance, the deep-set eyes sparkle with gloomy malignity; the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles; and the slight sharply-cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit. Then, indeed, it behoves the hunter to look with care to his priming, and to keep his fire to the very last. No unarmed man—not the most powerful prize-fighter on earth—would have a chance of life against the gorilla.' He has never need to strike but a single stroke, as Mr Du Chaillu had unhappily reason to know. 'Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various directions. Gambo and I kept together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla; the other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated, when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot, where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening alarm. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realised. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought, at first, quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the gorilla's teeth. We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink, he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breast, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him. To run away was impossible; he would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps. He stood his ground, and as quickly as he could, reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.'

We have no more space to give to the consideration of Mr Du Chaillu's admirable volume, the whole of which is, however, deeply interesting. His own brief summary of the results of his four years' travel must conclude our notice.

'I travelled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about eight thousand miles. I shot, stuffed, and brought home over two thousand birds, of which more than sixty are new species; and I killed upwards of one thousand quadrupeds, of which two hundred were stuffed and brought home, with more than eighty skeletons. Not less than twenty of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science. I suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking, to cure myself, more than fourteen *ounces* of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, it is not worth while to speak.'

LIGHT-HOUSES AND BEACONS.

Beneath the waters that wash the coasts of the islands which form the heart of the vast empire of Queen Victoria, lie cruel rocks and treacherous sandbanks, threatening destruction to the ships bearing the world's merchandise into its ports, and death to the mariners who navigate them. Of all the duties imposed upon a great maritime and commercial country, none is more obvious and paramount than that of employing every means science can suggest, towards lessening the risks incurred by those whose daring constitutes its glory, as their labour is the foundation of its wealth and prosperity. Let us see what Great Britain has accomplished towards fulfilling her duty in this matter.

The means employed for the protection of our navigation are four — light-houses, floating-lights, buoys, and beacons.

Of these, light-houses rank first in importance. How far the ancients made use of them, is a matter of speculation. In all probability, the Colossus of Rhodes, erected 300 B. C., answered the purpose of our more modest structures; but the Pharos of Alexandria, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus about the same period, was undoubtedly a light-house. Strabo makes mention of a stone light-house at Capio or Apio; and the ruins of Cæsar's Altar at Dover, the Tour d'Ordre at Boulogne, and similar remains at Flamborough Head, have been conjectured to have served a like end. Gough speaks of a light-house being built in 1272 on the Norfolk coast; but the noble Tour de Corduan, at the mouth of the Garonne, is the earliest example of light-house architecture extant, and this was not completed before the year 1610.

The English system of light-houses dates from the erection of that on the Eddystone rock in 1698—a wooden structure swept away with the engineer and his men in 1703, and succeeded by Smeaton's successful work six years later. This was justly thought a great engineering triumph; but it has been since surpassed by the light-houses at Bell-rock, Skerryvore, and Bishop-rock. The first named, erected at the Inch-cape, where the abbots of Aberbrothwick placed a floating-bell to warn seamen of the neighbourhood of the fatal Bell-rock, stands 117 feet high, and cost L.61,331. The Bishop-rock light-house is 145 feet in height, but the expense fell far below that of the Bell-rock, being only L.36,559. The most magnificent work of the three, that at Skerryvore, involved the creation of a quarry and harbour, and cost upwards of L.83,000. The ordinary English light-houses rarely exceed L.7500, and often fall below L.5000; in Scotland, the average expense is L.8000, and in Ireland, L.10,000, but the last estimate includes the illuminating apparatus. A similar disproportion is found in the cost of maintenance in the three kingdoms, the Irish authorities expending L.485, and the Scotch L.385, where the Trinity House spend L.340; but here at least the extra expenditure on the part of Scotland is more than justified, the difference arising from the amount of oil consumed, which is in exact proportion to the superior efficiency of the lights. The total number of light-houses in the United Kingdom is 357, divided as follows—England, 171; Scotland, 113; Ireland, 73.

Ocean-lights are constructed upon one of two principles—the catoptric, and the dioptric. In the former system, the means employed consist of silvered parabolic reflectors; the latter, invented by M. Fresnel above forty years ago, depends upon the use of lenses of peculiar construction. The dioptric system prevails in France, Spain, and America; but in this country both plans are in vogue, England giving the preference to the older principle of reflection, and Scotland favouring the newer mode of refraction. The dioptric system is generally allowed to be the best, although the English catoptric lights compare favourably with the few constructed upon the opposite plan; but then, owing to the want of proper adjustment, in not taking properly into account the dip of the sea below the geometrical horizon, the neglect of nicety in fitting the various parts of the apparatus, and a false economy of oil, the dioptric lights have scarcely had a fair chance in this country. In both descriptions, a large proportion of the light produced is wasted on the sky or the shore.

The coal-light of St Bees, the last of its kind, was extinguished in 1822, although oil was introduced as a source of light nearly a century before. Sperm oil is still used by the Admiralty, although abandoned by the general authorities years ago; at Liverpool, olive oil is employed, but as a rule, colza oil is preferred. In the catoptric lights, the lamp used is constructed on Argand's principle, the burners varying in number from one to thirty. In the dioptric system, a large central mechanical lamp of three or four concentric wicks is the agent. Gas is burned in some harbour lights, and with such satisfactory results, that it is a matter of wonder it has not been more widely adopted. Mr Holmes has been experimenting at the South Foreland with an electric light with some success, and Mr Way proposes another produced by galvanic action in a stream of mercury. The lime-light is also a candidate for ocean-honours; and probably before long, oil may be superseded by one or other of its more brilliant rivals.

It is a matter of great importance, that seamen should be enabled to distinguish one light from another in its vicinity. To attain this object, various means are resorted to. Some are made to revolve; in others, the aid of colour is called in. Thus, we have 211 white lights, 59 red, 5 green, 2 blue, 51 red and white, 3 red and green, and 3 red, white, and green. With the exception of 3 red, and 14 red and white, all the above are fixed lights. Unfortunately, the employment of colour necessitates an increased consumption of oil, in consequence of the absorption of a large portion of the rays from the lamp; and green and blue lights have the great disadvantage of their light being readily absorbed by the atmosphere in misty weather. Other methods of distinction are also adopted. Some lights, called 'fixed and flashing,' give a constant light besides the waxing and waning light, with intervals of darkness; while others alternate between brilliancy and total darkness, and these again differ in the intervals between the maximums of brilliancy, such intervals varying in duration from five seconds to four minutes.

In erecting light-houses, the desirability of making the structure as visible as possible in the daytime, has too often been overlooked, so that in many cases, especially on the Scotch coasts, the stone towers are hardly to be distinguished at a distance. To obviate this difficulty, the general adoption of the American plan of painting the light-houses in stripes or bands is strongly recommended by her Majesty's commissioners. Another excellent suggestion, is that of notifying the approach of storms, by means of Admiral Fitzroy's signals, from such light-houses as are adapted by their prominence for that purpose. Another *desideratum*, is the employment of some efficient means of indicating the locality of a light-house when the fog prevents its light from being seen.

Although the number of light-houses has steadily increased as pressure has been brought to bear upon the authorities, there is yet room for more; for vessels may be within a very short distance of the coast in clear weather, and yet beyond the range of any light. Our neighbours, wiser in this matter, have so arranged their ocean-lights that they cross each other's fire. The shortcomings of our system are especially apparent on the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and the Channel Islands, where the rapid tides afford additional argument for more efficient protection. But whatever the deficiencies in the lighting up of our coasts, and however susceptible of improvement the system may be, it is satisfactory to find, on the testimony of those who should, by their vocation, be the best judges, that England is not behind other countries in a matter in which her reputation and interest are so nearly concerned. Only 33 mariners out of 311 prefer foreign to British lights, while not one foreigner declares in favour of the lighting of other countries. In making direct comparisons between British and foreign lights, as to the distance at which they are discernible, 112 witnesses decide for the superiority of the former against 72 partisans of the latter.

The light-vessels of the United Kingdom number forty-seven (besides a reserve force of eight), of which no less than forty-one belong to England. Oil is invariably used for these floating-lights, and the catoptric system adopted in all but three. They may be divided into fixed and revolving, white and coloured, and again into one, two, or three light vessels. That they may be distinguishable in the daylight, they carry balls at the mast-head; those of the Trinity House are painted red; the Irish vessels are black with a white streak. To be of real service, it is necessary that a floating-light should never be absent from its station; and in this respect there seems to be no ground for complaint. Not a single instance is on record of a voluntary desertion of a post; and where a vessel has been driven from its moorings—an event of rare occurrence—it has been quickly replaced; and not one has ever been wrecked. As far as safety is concerned, the most exposed stations are apparently the least dangerous, the long sea and the length of chain required to moor the vessels in deep water, render it easier riding than where the sea is shorter, the water shallower, and the current stronger.

These light-vessels are costly affairs—the English ones averaging L.3622 each; and the Irish, which are of a superior kind, and of greater size, L.6224. The expense of maintenance is much heavier than in the case of light-houses, amounting to L.1103 per annum in the lowest instance, which is some L.250 less than that incurred by the American government.

From the neglect of many local authorities, the information respecting the buoys of Great Britain is very defective. The returns give 1109 in position, and 573 in reserve—a number much below the mark, for in this respect our coasts are better guarded than those of any other country. It is to be regretted, however, that some uniform system of buoying has not been put into practice. The northern commissioners, it is true, have lately adopted the plan of placing red buoys on the starboard, and black buoys on the port-hand in entering harbours; the English and Irish authorities have also in some measure systemised their buoyage, but as if on purpose to render the confusion worse confounded, the last-named reverse the Scotch formula; and the Trinity Board place red or black buoys to starboard, and checkered ones to port; the local authorities following this laudable example, do their worst to complicate matters by using an independent system of their own; while the Admiralty itself dispenses with any attempt at uniformity within its own jurisdiction. The original cost of a buoy varies according to its size and construction. Some of the old-fashioned Nun and Can buoys do not cost more than sixteen guineas; but there are buoys afloat which have cost as much as L.197. The only regular expense attending them, when they are once fixed in position, is that of painting, which is done by the crews of the floating-lights in England, but in Scotland costs 7s. 6d. per annum for each buoy, while the Dublin Board actually pay from L.2, 10s. to L.5, 5s. for the same operation—a charge requiring some explanation.

The want of system observable in our light-houses prevails in an equal degree in our beaconage, in diversities of form, colour, and construction, so that a certain amount of local knowledge is absolutely necessary before the mariner can avail himself of the warning given by the beacons. The materials of which they are constructed are of various kinds—wooden beams, iron, and solid masonry. On the Goodwin Sands, hollow-pile beacons have been erected, with encouraging results. The beacon near Stornoway reflects light which it derives from a light-house on shore, but, in general, lights are omitted as unnecessary. The navigation of the Clyde is rendered easy by a number of solid structures at short distances, distinguished by colour and other means, marking the course of the channel in a way worthy of imitation elsewhere. Where such a variety of materials is employed, of course the expenditure fluctuates exceedingly. A white pole, surmounted by a basket, answers the purpose at Lymington-creek; the Pabba beacon, in the Sound of Skye, made of malleable iron, cost more than L.500; and the beacon on the Wolf Rock, Land's End, entailed the enormous expenditure of L.11,298. The cost of maintenance of these useful structures is often nothing at all, except in situations which render them liable to damage from the action and force of the waves.

In France, the ocean-lights are under the direction of the Commission de Phares—a body of naval officers, marine-engineers, hydrographers, and scientific men, possessing special means for testing all the apparatus employed. America and Spain have placed their coasts under similar control. Austria, Sweden, and Turkey intrust this charge to their respective Admiralties. In Holland, Norway, and Denmark, the Ministry of Marine is the responsible department. In Belgium, the Minister of Public Works sees to the construction of light-houses, which are then surrendered to the care of the general direction of the navy. In Russia, the duty is performed by the Hydrographical Department. In our own country, the carrying out of any systematic arrangement of the light-house system is impeded by the distinct and often opposing action of three separate governing bodies, to say nothing of some hundred and seventy local authorities, wielding jurisdiction in their several spheres. In England, the general authority is in the hands of the Trinity House—a self-elected corporation of nautical men, without any special aptitude for the light-house service; the Ballast Board of Dublin, paramount in Ireland, is not even composed of those familiar with the sea; and the Scotch commissioners are two legal crown officials, the sheriffs of certain maritime counties, and the provosts of certain royal burghs—gentlemen by no means necessarily conversant with light-house science and management.

To obviate the evils consequent upon this divided and misplaced authority, the royal commission, presided over by Admiral Hamilton, propose the creation of a central authority, to be called the Trinity Commissioners of Lights: this body to be composed of four members elected by the Trinity House, one Scotch representative, to reside at Edinburgh, and one Irish, to dwell at Dublin, who shall devote all their energies to the light-house service alone. To these they would add a scientific member, appointed by the government, the astronomer-royal, the hydrographer of the Admiralty, the comptroller-general of the coast-guard, and a professional member of the Board of Trade. They also consider it advisable that the new department should be subject to an annual visitation from the Royal Society, to whom it shall submit a report of its proceedings during the year, to be afterwards laid before parliament. They would make the coast-guard officers inspectors of the lights in their districts, and render the whole service chargeable upon the public revenue.

To these recommendations, little objection can be made; and if parliament will but carry them out, the royal commissioners will have done good service to seafaring men, and through them, to the country at large.

THE UNDERCLIFF.

Among the various resorts in search of health, few within a moderate distance are so agreeable and every way satisfactory as what is known as the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight. We do not say this on the authority of books—though to these we might refer—but from personal experience on different occasions; and a grateful recollection of this beautiful and accessible spot, impels us to take pen in hand on the subject.

Change of air and scene is now, we believe, acknowledged to be highly conducive to health, and accordingly, at certain seasons, all who can afford it are seen fleeing off to the sea-side, the Highlands, or the continent. Middle-aged people, somewhat done up with overtasking of brain, are said to experience wonderful re-invigoration, and also not a little amusement—a great thing that, by the way—at such 'water-cures' as Ilkley and Ben Rydding; while those who are enfeebled by chest and bronchial complaints more usually seek a milder and more southern climate, and more delicate treatment. For this latter class of persons, there is, of course, nothing to excel Madeira or Malaga, but of these and other distant resorts not one in a hundred invalids can afford to take advantage; and from one cause or other, the bulk of people must rest satisfied with quarters much nearer home. Possibly, Penzance in Cornwall, and Torquay in Devonshire, are in some way peculiarly adapted for certain complaints; but we entertain a pretty strong conviction, that for mildness, united with general dryness and equability of temperature, nothing within the compass of England can surpass Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. If better be wanted, we incline to think it must be sought for abroad.

What an immense number of charming places are rendered disagreeable for residence by rain, fogs, and humidity! Damp, damp—a heavy, soft, relaxing sort of atmosphere—is the everlasting nuisance along the whole western coasts. And it is easily accounted for. To our country, the Atlantic is the grand fountain of mists, which floating eastwards, are condensed, and fall as showers of rain, on coming in contact with the mountain-tops of Cornwall, Wales, and the Highlands. The Isle of Wight, lying snugly under the lee of the Cornish and other mountains on the west, and projected as far southward as the latitude of Boulogne (Ventnor is 50° 35'), escapes these fatal Atlantic mists, and those which come from the eastward are arrested by the intervening hills of Surrey and Sussex. But really the mists from either quarter have little to condense them in the island; for its low hills or downs are composed chiefly of chalk and sandstone, so dry and so rounded on their summits as to present no powers of attraction. So much may be said regarding the climate of the Isle of Wight, generally; but of the part of the island to which we have specially to refer, a much higher character can be assigned. As is well known, the pleasantness and salubrity of a place depend greatly on two things—exposure and shelter. The side of a valley facing the south will have the hue of summer even in the depth of winter, while the northern side lies bound in frost and snow. The sun—ah, what a glorious thing it is! In some countries, they have too much of it, but we cannot quite say that in England. Let us by all means have plenty of sun. There is medicine in its blessed rays, and let them shine on us all the day long. It will not do, however, to live under a glare of hot sunshine, while you are exposed to cold winds from an opposite direction. They quite understand this in Northern Italy, where, with sunshine and warmth, there are often cold winds from the mountains. On one occasion when at Nice, in the month of May, we found an intensely hot sun with a freezing wind from the north, forming an odd mixture of summer and winter. Visitors could venture out of doors only by keeping under the shelter of a row of buildings. That cured us of any very exalted notion of Nice as a resort for health-seekers. With a remembrance of such facts, it is not easy to overrate the Undercliff.

To have a correct idea of this curious bit of country, it would be necessary to go into a variety of geological details; but these we shall not inflict on the reader. It may be enough to say, that what with the chalky composition of the island, and also certain strata of underlying soft mouldering clay, the surface at all exposed parts has a tendency to slip down to a lower level. Along the southern shores, the white cliffs are in the course of being gradually undermined and washed away. When masses fall, they bring down huge lumps of sandstone, which get covered with sea-weed, or are broken up, and rolled about, and cast ashore as boulders. Ever since the Romans held the island—Vectis, as they called it—the land has been thus washing away, a matter which it seems nobody's business to look after. Here and there, the fall has been on so grand a scale as to materially alter the configuration of a district. Such is the case at Undercliff. The waves of the sea, or it may be land-springs, operating on the lower friable strata, have brought down a stretch of some ten miles, and produced a strange state of things. A hill or down of from 400 to 500 feet high, and stretching from east to west, may be said to have been split in two longitudinally. The side towards the south has sunk down, leaving a bared precipice, or range of sandstone cliffs. The breadth of the tumbled down mass varies from a few hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, and its surface is irregularly diversified with miniature hills and valleys, cliffy terraces, and sloping cultured banks. That this queer jumble will be permanent, is tolerably certain. In two or three places, the outer side has suffered fresh slips, but in the main, the Undercliff, as this long stretch is designated, has seemingly settled for all time. There are found on it two or three churches, with other buildings of considerable antiquity, and an infinite variety of fanciful villas. Commencing at Bonchurch, and extending to Blackgang, we have a region of almost unexampled beauty. Overhead, the hill and its severed cliffs facing the south, besides forming a natural shelter from the north, reflect the sun's heat down on a tangled maze of sylvan profusion—trees, shrubby knolls, grass of the richest and greenest, hedgerows, flowers, gardens, and banks of blossoming furze 'unprofitably gay.' Underneath a lofty part of the down, and where the broken ground is at the broadest, stands Ventnor, a town of modern date, comprising every variety of dwelling for the accommodation of visitors. Viewed from the sea, Ventnor reminds one of a scene in a theatre. On terrace above terrace, on knoll above knoll, as well as on the slopes between, the buildings, mostly decorated with green-painted verandas, are placed in odd picturesque masses; nor would it be any great stretch of imagination to expect to see them some day following the geological fashion of the district, and disappearing in the waters of the Channel. Ventnor, however, has not the same chance of destruction as some other parts of the Undercliff. The ground undulates down to a smooth level beach, on which the tides harmlessly exhaust themselves.

We know of no sea-shore that can be at all compared, in purity and beauty, to the beach at Ventnor. It is not of sand, nor is it of gravel, but something between, that bears no bad resemblance to pease of a rich reddish-yellow colour. Setting aside riding and walking, the only visible recreation for idlers is that of searching in this shingle for those tiny gems, 'Isle of Wight diamonds.' As the polishing and setting of these sparkling crystals is one of the businesses of the town, visitors, at a reasonably small cost, may come home with a wonderfully replenished jewel-case.

In saying that Ventnor is too difficult to get at, no more is meant than that the place is as yet unprovided with a railway, and to all appearance, although an act has been got to construct a line, it will not have one soon. Landing at Ryde from Portsmouth, the tourist finds himself, after a voyage of five-and-twenty minutes, completely cut off from railway locomotion. He has before him a drive of two hours through Brading, Sandown, and Shanklin. The journey, about twelve miles, might be done a little quicker, but the ground is far from level, and what is the need for all this abominable hurry that mankind are getting into? Let us have time to look about us; and, perhaps, being somewhat sentimental, we will alight at Brading to visit the grave of 'little Jane,' 'the Dairyman's Daughter,' for which there is no lack of cicerones. As for the general scenery on the route, there is nothing very striking, but much that is pleasing in the unsophisticated English rural style. What though the agriculture might stand some improvement, and also that the flail keeps its ground against steam, these things are the farmers' business, not ours. It is more to the purpose to say, that the eye is charmed with the sight of thatched cottages nestling among roses and honeysuckles, and ivy-clothed waysides plentifully dotted with blue-bells and primroses. Nor is the ear unsolaced; for besides a chorus of birds, here still—and long may it be so—the

> Drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

When the carriage rounds the shoulder of St Boniface Down, and begins to descend the southern zigzaggy slopes, amidst the prettily situated villas of Bonchurch, the climate sensibly improves, reminding the traveller of the change experienced in descending from the eminences of Switzerland into an Italian valley. Now, we are in the Undercliff, within half a mile of Ventnor, where such are the numbers of houses and 'apartments' to let, that we have only to pick and choose. High grounds, terraces at mid-height, or the Esplanade down on the sea-shore, all ready to be selected, according to taste and other circumstances; while it must be owned that, even in the best situations, the charges for accommodation are remarkably moderate. It would be a pity, after coming such a long way, to find yourself incommoded with the sights, sounds, and smells not unusual among a fishing and seafaring population. Anticipate none of these disagreeables. The place seems to be singularly exempted from anything offensive. Drunkenness, crime, rags, and wretchedness are, however, little known anywhere in the Isle of Wight—a phenomenon of which we are unable to offer any explanation, further, perhaps, than that its separation from the mainland frees it in some measure from the intrusion of the various orders of tramps and scamps that haunt more dense communities.

Selecting the Esplanade at Ventnor, on account of its proximity to that ever-charming marine view and beach, and living there from March till the end of May, we may be allowed to speak of what recommends the place not alone to the invalid, but all who, like ourselves, long for the exhilaration of fresh mild air and sunshine. It is matter of local note, that Ventnor has two seasons, with two distinct classes of visitors. From about November till March or April is the great winter season, when it becomes the resort of persons afflicted or threatened with pulmonary, rheumatic, and some other affections. On being deserted by these classes of health-seekers, Ventnor experiences a lull or interregnum, and is frequented only by casual visitors until the autumnal months, at which time it is a resort for sea-bathers and tourists. What are its peculiar qualifications, may be guessed from what we have said as to the dryness of the air and equability of its usually mild temperature. Snow seldom falls, and still more rarely lies in winter.* Spring-frosts, the torment of gardeners, are scarcely known. When fruit-blossoms in northern and midland districts are blighted, here the most delicate vegetation is secure. Of course, there are cold days, and also rainy days sometimes, but, on the whole, rain is more common at night than during the day; and what is equally important to invalids, the most rainy season is in autumn, when they have quitted the island. To one accustomed to the vicissitudes of a comparatively northern clime, the general equability of temperature appeared something remarkable—the shelter of the Down, and the influences of the sea in winter and spring modifying the cold, and the sea-breeze in summer modifying the heat. Night and morning for weeks in the colder season, the exposed thermometer out of doors ranged from about 42 degrees to 48 degrees, and at the warmer season from 56 degrees to 62 degrees. What a fine thing to find, as you rise at half-past seven o'clock every morning in May, that the thermometer outside your window indicates a mean temperature of 58 degrees or thereabouts! We believe it was Sir James Clark who, among other valued services, first called attention to the fine climate of the Undercliff, and in his book, as also in the local work of Dr Martin, various kinds of special information must be sought. Leaving every one to exercise his own judgment, our object has consisted in merely drawing a more general attention to this happily situated spot. Perhaps we should repeat more emphatically that Ventnor is dull—very dull—at least in the absence of society it appeared so to us; but with the solace of carriages and books, with the post bringing letters and newspapers twice a day, and with walks on downs and cliffs to any imaginable extent, we are bound to say that there are much less lively places of resort than this English variety of Sleepy Hollow. W. C.

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* According to a late meteorological report, the lowest temperature last winter at Ventnor was 24 degrees.

On Saturday, 6th July, will be published in this Journal,

A TALE, ENTITLED

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

To be continued every week until completed.

To Contributors.—It is requested that all Contributions to *Chambers's Journal* may be, for the future, directed to the Editor, at 47 Paternoster Row, London, E. C.

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ON THE ROCK WITH GARIBALDI.

FILLIBUSTERING—I speak of the better sort, whose object is fame or freedom—is very pleasant and exciting while it lasts, but is subject, like other grand delights, to very painful seasons of reaction. Your fillibuster who has done his wild work, no matter at what loss of ease, and time, and blood, and handed over to legitimate authority the prize for which he has been contending, is a lost, forgotten thing. A cracked bottle, a blunted razor, an empty sack, an exploded firework, are emblems of substantiality, brilliancy, and power, compared with him. It is not that the disbanded creature is not brave, honest, a good comrade, not content, nay, joyful, to have served Liberty for twopence a day, irregularly disbursed, or even to have waived altogether this last claim; it is simply that the man has 'no position,' or, if he have, it is that of an amateur thief-catcher, whose services, hailed with enthusiasm in the moment of need, become embarrassing so soon as the work is over. The regular police-force repudiate him with something like scorn; the public, individually, disown his disreputable acquaintance. He is a wild, rough creature, of violent habits and belligerent tastes. Thank him, somebody—and pitch him over!

Seeing how unpopular a garment the red shirt has suddenly become, a feeble-minded fillibuster might easily be betrayed into asking himself, whether there were not, in reality, something shameful and unworthy in making people free, and end by feeling rather grateful, upon the whole, that the liberated parties —more generous than the convicts in *Don Quixote*— permitted their chain-breakers to escape without an actual pelting.

It was in some such mood as this that, wandering one February morning through the crowded ways of Genoa, it came into my mind to visit the island-home of my dear old general; and the purpose, once formed, becoming irresistible, I at once accomplished it.

There is a fortnightly communication between Genoa and La Madalena (one of the little communes of islands which includes Caprera) by means of the *Dante*, a small steamer of about two hundred tons, whose accommodations, though arranged principally with reference to the exportation of pigs, were good enough for a disbanded fillibuster. I was a little startled at the terms proposed for so short a voyage —forty-eight francs—but, sending a messenger later in the day, and finding that the price had sunk to thirty-seven, I came to the conclusion that the difference, eleven francs, was a fine in the nature of the ancient Jews' tribute, here levied upon red shirts, and, in high spirits at having evaded it, prepared eagerly for my trip.

I was fortunate in my companions. The cabin of the little *Dante* was occupied by a party consisting of Minotti Garibaldi, the hero's eldest son (the gallant youth, now about two-and-twenty, was severely wounded in the wrist and hand at Calatafimi); Basso, the general's secretary; Genesi, of the commissariat; a captain of Türr's Guides; and another gentleman of distinction named 'Fuoco' ('fire,' in the battle sense), whose four legs had been seen, in many a skirmish, trotting busily about in the very hottest of the element from which he derived his name. There were, besides, a few ex-volunteers for Madalena, and likewise a lady of Italian eye but German tongue, whose reasons for visiting Caprera were an object of some speculation. Her manners, certainly, had not that repose which distinguished the noble house of Vere de Vere, it being even necessary to call in authority to quell a wordy contest in which the fair pilgrim had rashly engaged with an intoxicated mariner.

Scarcely had we been three hours at sea, when certain little stops—let us call them commas—began to indicate some lurking disarrangement in our engine-room; presently occurred what might be termed a semicolon, of at least three-quarters of an hour; and, finally, a period or full stop, after which we put about, and returned to Genoa.

Repairs completed, in a few hours we sailed again. The next day was fair and bright, and we ran down the coast of Corsica with a fine breeze, so fine, that the discreet skipper popped into Porto Vecchio for the night, being now but thirty miles from our destination.

'Inglese! Inglese!' said the voice of Minotti Garibaldi next morning (I felt an admonitory tug at my leg), 'Caprera!'

I was on deck in an instant. We were running into the harbour of the adjacent island, La Madalena, all whose maritime population seemed to be on the watch for us.

Madalena, whose four thousand inhabitants furnish many a stout sailor to that treacherous sea, boasts of a race entirely distinct from the Sards proper, their neighbours, and having, as it appeared to me, few characteristics in common with them. The aspect of the island, varied as it is by a line of broken picturesque heights, is not unattractive. An old fortress overlooks the harbour. In the latter, we found lying Alexandre Dumas's schooner-yacht, the *Emma*, and a small steamer, the *Schneusa*, placed at Garibaldi's orders, as a dispatch-boat. There were, besides, some ten or twelve stout fishing-vessels, of twenty or twenty-five tons each.

There being no port at Caprera large and deep enough to admit such a colossal craft as the *Dante*, we, who were destined for that island, disembarked here; and our cabin-party, entering a little yawl belonging to Minotti, manned by a native fisherman and a sailor from the *Emma*, swept up the narrow strait that separates San Stefano from La Madalena, passing, as we did so, the residence of Captain Roberts. This gentleman, a veteran of Trafalgar, has been long resident on the island—so long, indeed, as to be able to relate some interesting personal anecdotes of Byron and Shelley.

The breeze being fair, in about three-quarters of an hour we were nearing the little cove at Caprera which does duty for a port, and from which an ascent of a few hundred yards leads to the humble dwelling of the Great Soldier of Italy. Two or three figures, attended by a number of dogs, began, as we approached, to descend the mountain-path, as if to meet us; a cart of remarkable construction following, to bring up Minotti's luggage.

'Ah, see! There is my—my'—— began Minotti eagerly; but his English gave way.

'Fader!' suggested Basso.

'No—papa—papa!' exclaimed Minotti laughing.

The party on shore were laughing too, and that very heartily; and, moreover, it shortly became impossible to doubt that they were laughing at *us*. The general, for he it unquestionably was, appeared to be as much amused as anybody. What could it be? We looked at each other inquiringly, when the truth suddenly broke upon Basso.

'Capella longa! capella longa!' (tall hat), he exclaimed, pointing to Minotti's, which was of the English mode, the first time such a covering had adorned a head in Caprera.

The boat touched the shore, and Garibaldi, accompanied by Stagnetti, his aide-de-camp, Colonel Specchi, a friend who resides with him, and Colonel Dideri, came forward and gave us a cordial greeting. He was in his usual working-dress, and suffering from earache, had a handkerchief round his head. He wore a shooting-jacket, and a pair of gray trousers, which, in spite of a blue patch in the knee, I recognised as having seen before. Let me not be thought disrespectful in describing thus minutely the imperfections of my dear chief's attire. May this hand never grasp either pen or rifle more, if those old gray trousers, with the patched knee, did not inspire me with more true reverence than could the combined lustre of every kingly robe, from Solomon's downward! What signifies how the royal soul be clad? It is Garibaldi!

It was now ten o'clock, and, as the household dined at the primitive hour of noon, a cup of coffee was all the refreshment needed, after which the general introduced me to his fair young daughter, the Signora Teresina, a damsel of seventeen, who inherits her father's fascinating smile. Work, however, being the order of the hour, but little time was given to conversation, when the general retired to his study, the signora to her music, and others, myself included, to the operation of constructing a stone-fence round the garden, a spot in which the chief, hoe in hand (there are no spades in the island), passes much of his time, but, having little book-horticulture, with a noble disregard of seasons.

The island, as by this time most people are aware, is divided among three proprietors, the larger portion belonging to an English lady, Mrs Collins. This lady's residence is about two miles distant from that of her illustrious neighbour, with whom she is on terms of cordial intercourse. Only once had this amity been endangered, during her husband's life, and at a period when the pressure of political circumstances rendered the general's residence in the island little short of compulsory. It happened that Garibaldi had a flock of sheep, whose pleasure it was to make periodical forays into the Collins territory, and that sometimes in such alarming force, that Mr Collins, at the suggestion of his intendant, forwarded to the general a very spirited protest in reference to this violation of frontier laws. In spite of some terrible examples made by the chief among his insubordinate muttons, the inroads continued until they aroused—it would appear—the sensibilities of a band of patriotic pigs, who in their turn executed a raid of much severity upon Garibaldi's then unprotected garden and shrubbery. The general remonstrated. The pigs repeated their foray. The general shot the pigs—shot, and also ate them! The enraged owner ordered his boat, and skimmed over the glassy strait, to consult his compatriot, Captain Roberts.

'What am I to do with such a man as this?' asked poor Mr Collins. 'My pigs certainly were in the wrong, and if he had only *shot* them. . . . . But to *eat* one's pigs!'

Captain Roberts suggested that the general might really have imagined that the razzia was directed by some mountain-pig, who was at all times fair game; and gave, altogether, such soothing counsel, that the little dispute ended in a renewal of that friendship which was not again disturbed.

At noon we re-assembled for dinner, the general, his son and daughter, Colonel and Madame Dideri, Basso, Stagnetti, Specchi, and 'Agostino' (that is, Austin, myself). We had excellent soup and fish, no meat, but plenty of most delicately flavoured Neapolitan sweetmeats. None of the party drank anything but water, though there was at hand a cask of British beer, a present to the chief, who pressed me, but in vain, to partake of it. Garibaldi talked little at table, a habit that seems to be respected by those around him; but when he did speak, the hero laughed and jested as merrily as when, at Milazzo, I saw him steal half the morsel of cheese from Stagnetti's plate, as the latter's attention was for a moment diverted.

Dinner over, we went into the sitting-room, when the signora played some charming pieces, and then laughingly invited me to take her place. Who likes to refuse? An Irishman and a fillibuster, *I* didn't. Only as I sat down did I recollect that I knew but three tunes in the world, and while debating whether the *Power of Love*, or the *Prima Donna Waltz*, or the *Girl I left behind me*, offered fewest difficulties, my embarrassment was not decreased by some one demanding a genuine Irish melody. A sort of reproachful chorus arose: 'Signor Agostino an Irishman! Un soldato del Papa!'

The general came to my rescue. 'No, no! *All* Irishmen are not soldiers of the pope! A brave Irish general [he withheld the name] offered me a battalion of Irish, if I needed them.'

Shortly after, Garibaldi again withdrew to his study, and I saw him but once more that day—when he walked round the garden, and congratulated his wall-makers on their progress. At dusk, I took boat, and returned to Madalena to sleep—the general's house affording no accommodation for chance-comers. The general and Dideri occupy one sleeping-apartment; the rest of the staff, five in number, another; and the ladies, the third. Two faithful domestic servants, long resident with Garibaldi, complete the establishment of the man who, with but a thousand soldiers and his own great name, added Sicily and all the sister-kingdom, save a few square miles, to the sceptre of Italy. As for money, so scarce is it in the chief's household, that when, one day, a wounded soldier happened to come, and Garibaldi wished to bestow an alms, an appeal had to be made to Madame Dideri, the capitalist of the circle, who with some little difficulty produced the fifteen francs required.

Round Garibaldi's soldier-couch hang the portraits of many an old companion in arms—fallen in the long fight of freedom: among others, the patriot-martyrs, Ugo Bassi and Cicero Acchio; the brave Tukery, slain at Palermo; and the young and chivalrous Baron Cozzo, mortally hurt before Capua, on the 19th of September, while bringing in a wounded Sicilian volunteer. I had been well acquainted with Cozzo, having sat almost daily by his bedside during the three weeks of suffering he was called on to endure, and can still recall his gentle, 'Ch' e cosa, Agostino?' (What's the matter, Austin?) when I sometimes failed to disguise the pain with which his hopeless condition inspired me. A rifle-bullet struck him in the thigh, frightfully shattering the bone. The limb was swollen almost to the size of the body, and twisted round. In spite, however, of the anguish he must have suffered, and aware that the injury must prove fatal, the noble young soldier preserved his fortitude and tranquillity to the last.

Some buildings are in progress which will render the chief's castle somewhat more commodious, the walls being already completed. Garibaldi pays his masons and labourers exactly as he was accustomed to pay his generals, two francs a day, considering, no doubt, that a good day's work of any description confers a right to equal wage!

Though compelled to sleep at Madalena, I passed almost every morning of my three weeks' visit at Caprera—sometimes working, sometimes shooting with the rest. As for work, we built a wind-mill and a wall, besides lesser strokes of labour. As for shooting, we killed a considerable number of very nice little birds, which differed only in name from the British thrush, but not much other game. Minotti, I observed, passed a good deal of his time in the study of Sir Walter Scott, being at that moment in the heart of *Waverley*, and, in consequence, almost non-effective for 'works of labour or of skill.' As for our chief himself, he was invisible for by far the greater part of the day, and well he might be. Frightful was the mountain of correspondence that found its way to that apparently undisturbed retirement! In spite of this, however, I enjoyed, during my stay, many a pleasant snatch of conversation with my dear general—many a reminiscence of Sicily and Naples—some prevision of possibly not dissimilar days to come; but on very, very little of such intercourse have I, his private guest, a right to dwell. I may, however, mention that Garibaldi spoke frequently, and in the highest terms, of the assistance he had received at English hands—instancing especially Dunne and Dowling—the former of whom, landing in Sicily a perfect stranger to the country and language, by his own personal exertions raised and organised that gallant battalion whose subsequent services abler pens than mine have depicted.

Touching the British legion, Garibaldi, from his attachment to their intrepid colonel, spoke with caution. There could be no question that his opinion was, that had that really fine body of men been despatched a few weeks earlier, fairly officered, and placed under judicious and experienced command, they would have rendered services hard to overrate.

Nor did the general fail to acknowledge other gallant strangers—French and Americans—who flocked, not unneeded, to the relief and encouragement of his young Sicilian levies, and rude Calabrese, whose fitful courage was not always equal to the strain. Who that was in Naples, will forget how the faces that crowded the railway-carriages formed a sufficient criterion whether or not any serious work was forthcoming; or how, when the said work was declared, a thin line of English, French, and Americans—rifle or rammer in hand—made itself everywhere visible along the threatened front? Language was of no great moment. I passed two hours one morning with a Calabrese battalion, whose gallant colonel—an American—talked himself absolutely hoarse, and yet uttered but one word, 'Avanti!' (Forward).

'I am not fond of war,' said Garibaldi, leaning on his hoe, at the close of one of those conversations I have mentioned (the chief had been planting water-melons—a month and a half too early); 'I have witnessed too many of war's miseries for *that*. Endeavours are being made for a peaceable solution. They may possibly succeed, and none will more sincerely rejoice at such a result than I and my friends.'

Besides innumerable letters, heaps of newspapers, in every language, find their way to Garibaldi—the *Times* having been (hitherto) forwarded under the seal of office of an ex-recorder. Another paper, the *Farmer's Journal*, arrived one day, addressed to 'General Joseph Garibaldi, care of Victor Emmanuel, Naples.'

A day or two after my arrival, the singular-looking woman who had been our fellow-passenger in the *Dante* made her appearance, and requested an audience of the general, who, happening to be at leisure, instantly acquiesced, and conducted her into his study, a ground-floor room, the window of which opened into the garden where we were at work. Garibaldi had not appeared to recognise his visitor. Nevertheless, the conference lasted so long, that, a little uneasy on account of the woman's strange appearance, and awake to the possibility of some fanatical attempt upon the general's life, we arranged that one or other of the party should pass the window at frequent intervals, and see that all was right. They were standing in the middle of the room, apparently in deep discourse. At last the woman came out, exhibiting, with seeming triumph, an autograph of the chief's, and walked away. The object of her visit, if it had any other than curiosity, never transpired.

A little later, I took an opportunity of telling the general of our anxiety, and asking him if he thought it prudent to admit strangers so freely to his presence. He laughed, and answered that he always became conscious in time of the approach of danger.

If—as is happily little likely—any attempt hostile to the hero's safety should necessitate escape, it is satisfactory to know that the heights above his residence afford numerous places of refuge unknown or inaccessible to all but the mountaineers.

'With a few hundred rifles,' said Stagnetti one day, as we were shooting, 'I could hold these heights against the whole Austrian army.'

Profound was the regret with which I at length bade farewell to the rocky isle. I wore attached to my watch-chain a locket with the general's photograph; and wishing to add to it a lock of his hair, preferred my petition accordingly.

He laughed.

'No, no, captain,' said he. 'If I cut off a lock of hair for each of my soldiers, I should soon be as bald as the rocks on which I live. Besides, at *my* time of life, hair becomes of greater value to the owner.' Saying which, the alarmed general beat a hasty retreat.

But under his tuition I had learned to be more persevering in attack. Unable to follow the chief into his fastness, I had recourse to two generous allies. Minotti and the Signora Teresina embraced my cause, and boldly entered the enemy's work. I am ashamed to add (and may the Signora Teresina never be aware of my unworthy mistrust!) that I watched through the half-open door to be certain that the hair was grown on the proper head.

There was a momentary argument, a faint struggle, a brief consultation. The victor of Milazzo—and how many other fields?—had capitulated, and a lock, a trifle darker than the rest, was cut from a spot where it would scarcely be missed, behind the right ear.

The party accompanied me to the boat, and followed me with cheers and waving hands, the last distinguishable words coming across the water, in the accents, I think, of Stagnetti, bringing down his fowling-piece, as he spoke, to the position of 'charge:' 'A rivederci, Agostino! VENEZIA!'

MR BUCKLE ON SPAIN AND SCOTLAND.*

IN his second volume, Mr Buckle treats of Spain and Scotland, according to that peculiar philosophy which the public has learned to associate with his name. The Peninsula is a good case for him, because it is already pretty well admitted that the country has suffered from its religious system. The sixteenth century, which saw the Catholic Church almost everywhere checked, gave it fresh power and entire predominance in Spain; and as, according to Mr Buckle, 'the prosperity of nations depends on principles to which the clergy, as a body, are invariably opposed,' the decline of the country commenced from that date. The faithful, having got the Reformation wholly put down, and the Moors, to the number of a million, hunted with incredible cruelty out of Spain, remained triumphant in the desert which they had made. It was expected that, all dissent being extinguished, the country would now become one of the most prosperous and happy on the face of the earth. But the result was exactly the contrary. The arts were neglected, agriculture receded, industry was succeeded by smuggling and robbery. 'Every other country was making some addition to knowledge, creating some art, or enlarging some science. Spain, entranced by the superstition which preyed on her strength, presented to Europe a solitary instance of constant decay. Before the close of the seventeenth century, the only question was, by whose hands the blow should be struck which should dismember that once mighty empire.' And such a question might well be asked where a state was without revenue, and the great bulk of the population starving.

The introduction of the Bourbon dynasty at the beginning of the eighteenth century was, according to Mr Buckle, a benefit to Spain, but one which did not take a prominent form for several reigns. In the middle of that century, the Newtonian philosophy was still excluded from the universities, and a proposal for cleaning Madrid was discommended by the medical profession. For some of the simplest arts, it was then necessary to introduce workmen from other countries. At length, in 1759, began the reign of Charles III., during which the government was conducted by foreigners, impregnated with the ideas of the French Encyclopédists—that is, men animated by secular, as distinguished from theological ideas. The Jesuits were then expelled; the Inquisition so checked that it only burned four heretics in thirty years; and the clergy generally put under great discouragement. Spain began to exhibit industry and comparative wealth. Improvements of all kinds were introduced. There was even some progress made in freedom of trade. The exports of the country were in a few years multiplied fivefold. Public works were undertaken, such as roads, canals, and harbours. Many good laws were made. The general result was that, at the end of Charles's reign, in 1788, Spain had regained its place as a first-rate power, and was in a condition of internal prosperity and comfort which had been unknown for ages.

Mr Buckle acknowledges that there was an unsoundness in these benefits, in as far as they were created, not by forces within the community, but by forces without. Under the subsequent reign of Charles IV., 'a king of the true Spanish breed, devout, orthodox, and ignorant,' everything retrograded, because the people had never been enlightened as to what was good for them. 'Once more was Spain covered with darkness.' Impoverished by its own government, it fell a ready prey to the French invader, and incurred a desolation from which it has scarcely yet recovered. Superstition, according to our author, has done it all. 'It is to a knowledge of the laws and relations of things that European civilisation is owing; but it is precisely this in which Spain has always been deficient. And until that deficiency is remedied, until science, with her bold and inquisitive spirit, has established her right to investigate all subjects, after her own fashion, and according to her own method, we may be assured that in Spain neither literature, nor universities, nor legislators, nor reformers of any kind, will ever be able to rescue the people from that helpless and benighted condition into which the course of affairs has plunged them.' 'There she lies at the further extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the middle ages; and, what is worst of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost. She is proud of everything of which she should be ashamed. She is proud of the antiquity of her opinions; proud of her orthodoxy; proud of her immeasurable and childish credulity; proud of her unwillingness to amend either her creed or her customs; proud of her hatred of heretics; and proud of the undying vigilance with which she has baffled their efforts to obtain a full and legal establishment on her soil.'

While the case as to Spain seems thus complete, we cannot say the same for that of Scotland. Mr Buckle goes with great minuteness and care into an exposition of the religious history of the northern kingdom, and yet has, in our opinion, missed some of the most essential points, and failed to make out the case he aims at establishing. He quotes with approbation an opinion of Spurzheim, that Scotland is 'the most priest-ridden country in Europe,' even Spain not excepted; and speaks of the religious prejudices of the people as making them 'the laughing-stock of Europe,' and turning the very name of the Scotch Kirk into 'a by-word and a reproach among educated men;' facts, if they were true, which must land us in a great paradox, seeing that the appropriate results of a decayed state and wretched people are not to be seen in Scotland. If Mr Buckle had ever lived in Scotland, he would have become aware that the people have a representation and a voice in all their ecclesiastical affairs; and, so far from being priest-ridden, are the active and indispensable patrons of the clergy. In the established church itself, the congregation has a veto on the appointment of their pastor; in the two great bodies of Presbyterian dissenters, the congregation chooses the pastor. Everywhere the minister finds himself under the strongest obligation and necessity to cultivate the approbation of the people—perhaps even too much so. Why, there is not an old woman in Scotland who does not assume a right to criticise her minister, his consistory, and even the General Assembly itself; and we have only to observe the daily walk of the clergy, in order to become aware how hemmed in they are in all their domestic as well as professional doings by the watchful eyes of the flock. It is true, at the same time, that an unusual proportion of the middle classes in Scotland, and in the country an unusual proportion of the labouring and servile classes, are earnestly religious people. But, if they are voluntarily so, and not the slaves of some overbearing ecclesiastical influence standing apart from them, with pretensions above challenge, as is the case with the Romish Church, it is not easy to see that they are liable to the description fixed on them by Dr Spurzheim. It may also be said that, if enthralled, as they visibly are, by affectionate traditions regarding the early troubles of their ecclesiastical system, their case is very different from one of pure bigotry. In full conformity with this view, is the actual condition of Scotland—a country full of active, intelligent, industrious people. It becomes perfectly clear, we think, that there must be something essentially different in the religious systems of Spain and Scotland, and that the latter must contain much less of the power of chilling or repressing the secular energies of the people than the other.

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* *History of Civilisation in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. ii. London, 1861.

The truth is, the Presbyterian system of Scotland, notwithstanding its more or less fully avowed pretension of an entire independence of the state—which is its papistical element—has always been a popular system: it has always, in its features of parity and humbleness, as well as in its element of lay-eldership, taken the people along with it, and in all its difficulties appealed to and rested on the people. It is fair to dislike its forms and lack of liturgy; but its greatest enemies must admit that it could never have fought through the Stuart reigns, and finally planted itself as we now see it in the land, without this popular basis in its constitution.

Mr Buckle is, we think, equally amiss in regard to details. In the matter of the struggle between the Melvillian church and James VI., he might fairly allow some reason for the attempt to introduce the prelatic element, in the necessity that might well be assumed for checking that pretension to entire independence of state control which even now we see producing serious trouble in one of the Scottish communions. The frightful inquisitorial and persecuting spirit involved in the Covenanting movements, the witch-burnings, and the constant trampling down of natural joyfulness and innocent amusement, we concede to Mr Buckle as sad truths; but when he says that the clergy of those days 'ruled' the people, and 'abused their power,' he is certainly wrong, for the people were just as rigid in their theological ideas, and in their intolerance of all contradiction, as the clergy. So we think he is in a great measure, when he tells us that the clergy, tyrannical as they were, trained the people to political liberty. The clergy never had such an idea in their minds, and, if their struggles against prelacy led to the result, it was involuntary, and a matter of no merit on their part. As to the present religious aspects of Scotland, they can be traced to readily intelligible causes. Given in the first place a basis of traditionary feeling regarding the former trials of Presbyterianism, we have added to it a constant straining of rivalry between a plurality of nearly similar communions, formerly two in number, and now three, all struggling for self-preservation, all eager for credit and renown, each fearful of falling in the least behind the others in apparent enthusiasm. It makes a great deal of sound—intrudes disagreeably now and then in secular affairs; yet it after all does not prevent a good deal of latitude being left to individual convictions. On all of these points our author would have received much valuable light from a personal knowledge of the country; and perhaps nothing else could give it. He makes another mistake, though one of but little consequence, when he assures us that the Highland commonalty had no interest in the Stuarts, and only went out under compulsion of their landlords. Some cases of compulsion in Athole, as revealed in the Marquis of Tullibardine's correspondence, have been assumed as an indication of the universal case; whereas it was partial; and the present writer could shew, *per contra*, that clansmen led out by their chiefs for the government deserted and refused to fight when told that they were not to join Prince Charles Edward.

The most serious of our author's mistakes lies, as we humbly think, in the long chapter in which he endeavours to shew that the liberal views of the Scotch philosophers of the eighteenth century failed to enlighten the people, because they pursued the deductive instead of the inductive method. Assuredly the books of the Humes, the Kameses, and the Smiths failed to affect the people, for no other than the obvious reason, that such books are not for popular reading. There was, however, all through the eighteenth century, a reaction against the rigours of the seventeenth, involving both people and clergy, insomuch that a change in the standards was actually contemplated, and the movement was only checked by the paroxysm of conservatism brought on by the French Revolution. On this subject, we have hardly a word from Mr Buckle. It is strange how minutely he has studied some parts of Scottish history, especially the domestic history, and how slightly he has gone into others.

With all its defects, Mr Buckle's book is one of a kind rarely produced, and entitled to most respectful attention. The industry shewn in the consultation of authorities is wonderful; and in the battle he leads in favour of inductive science, as opposed to superstition and ignorance, all enlightened persons must sympathise with him. We are sorry to hear that, though still a young man, he has injured himself by overwork. There is something affecting in all great efforts of this kind; they infer so much self-denial and self-sacrifice. He tells us, with manly feeling, of the sad experiences which wait on the student who devotes himself to such great tasks as his. 'Not for him are those rewards which, in other pursuits, the same energy would have earned. . . . . His recompense lies within himself, and he must learn to care little for the sympathy of his fellow-creatures, or for such honours as they are able to bestow. . . . . While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him, while his motives are misrepresented, and his integrity impeached, he must be capable of pursuing the even tenor of his way without swerving, without pausing. . . . . To solve the great problem of affairs; to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations; and to find, in the events of the past, a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. . . . . Such a work requires not only several minds, but also the successive experience of several generations. Once, I own, I thought otherwise. Once, when I first caught sight of the whole field of knowledge, and seemed, however dimly, to discern its various parts, and the relation they bore to each other, I was so entranced with its surpassing beauty, that the judgment was beguiled, and I deemed myself able not only to cover the surface, but also to master the details. . . . . Of all I had hoped to do, I now find but too surely how small a part I shall accomplish. . . . . Those early aspirations . . . . even now that they are defeated and brought to nought, I cannot repent having indulged in them . . . . . for such hopes belong to that joyous and sanguine period of life when alone we are really happy; when the emotions are more active than the judgment; when experience has not yet hardened our nature; when the affections are not yet blighted and nipped to the core. . . . . Something I hope to achieve, which will interest the thinkers of this age; it will, however, be only a fragment of my original design.'

THE BRITISH CARNIVAL.

LIKE most other national festivals, the British Carnival has some connection, although not a very direct one, with matters ecclesiastical. It takes place on the Wednesday that immediately follows Trinity Sunday, and is therefore dependent upon that mysterious numeral, the Golden Number—a very 'dark horse,' indeed, to the devotees of the carnival, the majority of whom, it is likely, never even heard of it. Because they are ignorant, however, they are by no means less zealous. No shrine in Christendom, at the most superstitious period, ever obtained *per annum* the number of pilgrims that repair within twenty-four hours to Epsom Downs. The British Carnival does but last a day; but while it does last, what devotion is exhibited! what abnegation of all other pursuits! what harping upon a single string—the Derby 'string' of horses—from dusty morn to even dustier eve!

All the English world, and his wife and family, arise early on that sacred morning, either to pay their vows in person, or to see others set forth to pay them. For seventeen miles, all roads from the metropolis of the Universe to a certain insignificant village in Surrey are choked by outgoers from eight o'clock to two; there is an interval of one hour or so, during which the ceremony is actually solemnised, and then, until the heavens are set with stars, the roads are choked again.

If any philosophic foreigner, cast by the waves of revolution upon some peaceful Surrey hillside, should, ignorant of St Derby's Day, adventure to drive to London before three o'clock on that afternoon, he would conceive himself to be the object of hatred to the entire nation. He would imagine that they had come out to meet him with their chariots, their horsemen, their footmen, and even their maid-servants, in order to bar his way. That misguided alien could no more accomplish his futile design of reaching London, than could a salmon leap up Niagara. No human eye ever yet saw a vehicle 'going the other way' upon a Derby Day. Practically, indeed, there is no 'other way.' Nay, more; police—not rural police, but men who will stop the leaders of a four-in-hand, and cry 'Stand!' to a peer's landau with the same coolness with which they would 'back' a costermonger's donkey—line all the roads, and marshal the mighty throng; here, permitting the feeders to join the main stream, which, but for them, the main stream would never do; there, forcing the triple line to become but two, and when the way grows narrow, even one, and, generally, educing Order out of Chaos—and chay-horses.

To him who stands upon 'the hill' at Epsom on that wonderful forenoon, there is presented a literally 'endless chain' of carriages, debouching from all sides upon the heath, but of necessity proceeding almost always at the pace of a funeral procession. There is by no means the sound of lamentation, but, otherwise, at that distance, the spectacle might well be taken for 'the mourning of a mighty nation' coming to bury their greatest hero on Epsom Downs; and the similarity is increased by the fact, that every man who does not wish to become a mere animated dust-bin, wears, twined around his hat, a veil, like a funeral-scarf, only of livelier colours. Sahara, compared to the Surrey roads upon that day, is a convenient highway pleasantly irrigated by water-carts.

In the early morning of the carnival, the streets of London present a spectacle deeply interesting to the antiquary—we had almost said the geologist—in the resuscitation of an extinct race called 'Boys'—old wrinkled creatures, bowed down by years and with the weight of saddle and harness, which they are bearing to the various livery-stables. What trades they ordinarily follow we cannot tell, but for this one day they are postilions—post-boys. Their appearance reminds one of the return to the world of Rip Van Winkle. Who are these so withered and so wild in their attire, that look not like the inhabitants of the earth, and yet are on't? They are men who, centuries ago, filled the king's highway with the crack of whips, but who are now no more, except that on this one day they are again permitted to revisit the scenes of dust and turmoil to which they were once accustomed, and to rise up and down in a saddle like human pistons, warranted never to wear away. Sneer not, reader, at yon aged form—though his tight breeches *are* patched in such a peculiar manner behind—for he has seen suns that never shone upon your comparatively youthful head, and was, perhaps, the very postilion that conveyed your grandfather and your grandmother to Gretna Green.

The omnibuses to the city upon the Derby morning are very few, for they are most of them chartered to go to the great festival, and those that are left are filled with but women and children. Lives there a man with soul so dead, who, being a Briton, can yet 'transact business' upon a day like this? Look closely to such a one, if there be. Weigh well his wares; hold up his bank-notes to the sun, that you may make sure of the water-line; and ring with carefulness his proffered sovereigns.

You may go to the Derby anyhow, for the saint is far from particular. You may go with four horses and a private drag, or upon a skeleton frame, with a barrel of small-beer upon it, to sell by retail on the course, and drawn by a skeleton donkey. Or you may go in a furniture-van, if the 'Glass with care,' which is so prominently painted upon it, affords you greater assurance of safety. Or you may go in an advertisement-van, of which there are hundreds, whose inmates perhaps carry the combination of business and pleasure to the highest attainable degree. Or you may go in a pleasure-van, pure and simple, with evergreens and babies and a brass-band. Or you may go in a Hansom cab, bearing your luncheon-hamper on the top of it as a maiden bears her pitcher, with the less desirable liquor in it, from the well. Nay, you may even go in a life-boat, for we saw one wending its inland way upon wheels to the saint's abode, as though it had been the shrine of Neptune; nor were the nautical inmates so much out of their element as might have been expected, for we noticed that most of them were already half-seas-over. For what we know to the contrary, a good many people may go in balloons—but we set down here nothing but things certain, and which have occurred under our own eye.

About a quarter of a million of the more zealous devotees, who do not mind the risk of being squeezed to death, and the certainty of having their pockets picked, patronise the Rail; but we confine ourselves to describing the Road—which, after all, is the Derby. If, as in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, folks could be taken to Epsom on enchanted carpets, and set down there in a twinkling, not the best and brightest piece of Brussels that was ever made should transport me thither. The race itself only lasts two minutes and a half, and is but as the flash of a rainbow. To go and return is what, I know, most makes men happy, and most keeps them so; and I think I may say the same of the women and children. At every wayside dwelling, whether consequential villa, 'standing in its own grounds,' and looking quite aware of the fact; or farmhouse, whose pastoral air increases the Pandemoniacal character of the passing scene by contrast, there are mothers at the windows holding up their babes, girls with their younger sisters, and beautiful servant-maidens demonstratively happy in the attics. The luckier portion of the fair sex, who actually form part of the procession, are also in the highest spirits, but it must be confessed that the majority of them are not young. What is the correct explanation of this misfortune, we do not know; but the popular belief, as expressed without hesitation or reserve, is that these are the ladies who will not let their husbands stir anywhere without them. '*Couldn't* she trust you, old gentleman?' was an interrogation put to more than one respectable Paterfamilias in our hearing, whose voluminous better-half had banished him to the edge of the driving-seat of his pony carriage; and those cruel satirists, and the occasional grazing of the wheel, no doubt did somewhat dull the glories of the day for him. The lady, on the other hand, always seemed to take the remark in excellent part, as a pleasing tribute to her matrimonial supremacy; and, at all events, it never spoiled her appetite. The extent to which these middle-aged females ate and drank was the subject of our incessant wonder and apprehension. After consuming the rations they had brought with them in their vehicles, it was they who, under pretence of 'giving the horse something,' retarded the mighty pilgrimage at every place of refreshment, and divided the delay with the accidents. Dotted alongside the route at frequent intervals, there lay dismounted Omnibuses, shaftless Hansoms, and Flies—too venturous flies, which had endeavoured to struggle *across* the carriage cobweb—torn almost limb from limb. Like the fainting stragglers of the Grand Army in the retreat from Moscow, or the dying camels in the caravans of the Desert, they lay, hopeless, helpless, never to rise again—at least in time for the Derby. These unhappy persons glared upon us as we swept by, with peashooter and trumpet, with banner and with branch—for it was 'Oakapple-day,' and we were like Birnam Wood in the matter of foliage. We had a great stock of almost everything except pity. 'Broke a trace, sir? Sorry for that! Sorry I left my needle and thread at home. Join 'em together, and spit upon 'em. Bless me, what delicate tracery!' This was the sort of comfort which was dispensed to these unhappy persons. Never a word they spoke, but sat on their shattered vehicles, eating the luncheons which they had intended to have devoured on the Downs.

And what a sight they missed through not arriving there! Looking from 'the hill,' the dense multitude seemed to cover the heath as ants an ant-hill. One broad green sweep alone was visible when the course was cleared. Directly you descended from your post of vantage, you were engulfed, and became a mere unit among half a million. The real sublimity of the spectacle was lost, and the sad consideration was forced upon you, that nine out of ten of all the fellow-creatures you met were unmitigated and irreclaimable scoundrels. So many bad faces are never anywhere collected as upon Epsom Downs. But then *they* come by train. *Our* friends remain, for the most part, in their drags, their barouches, their omnibuses, their vans, their market-carts, their skeleton-frames, with the barrel of small-beer, which is being disposed of at a penny per glass. Small-beer is, at all events, refreshing; but why offer Tortoises for sale upon Epsom Downs? 'Buy a tortoise, buy a live tortoise!' is the cry, and certainly the man has half-a-dozen of them, covered with dust, and looking inexpressibly mournful. 'Strawberries and cherries, flowers and heaths, ladies and gentlemen!' Good! We can understand that such things find customers; but why expose for sale the model of an ecclesiastical edifice, which would require a van to itself if you carried it home? Is the enthusiastic vendor a missionary of the Church Extension Society, or a lunatic architect, or a man who has undertaken this strange transaction for a bet? And again, why dolls for sale? Every other man has a newly-purchased doll in his hat, and every third man has a doll to sell, stuck round about *his* hat, like patron saints round the cap of Louis XI.—dolls, too, which have very little to enhance their charms in the way of dress. 'Aunt Sally' is of course on every hand, surrounded by her admiring relatives; but why goldfish in a glass jar?

Pondering much upon these things, we are suddenly made conscious of an awful pause and silence. The mighty pulse of all this throbbing life has stopped its beating. Every voice is hushed. The change from deafening clamour to perfect stillness has something terrible in it. It is as though a nation of men had come together to hear some one word spoken to them, and that the moment of speech had arrived. If the glass-bowl yonder, with the goldfish in it, was to be broken now, you would hear the crash from one end of the heath to the other. It is no wonder that some are hushed, for in two minutes more some thousands will be made rich men (for a little), or will be irretrievably ruined; but not only these, but all are silent. The peer in the stand is breathless as he clutches his race-glass with a shaking hand; the thief under your carriage is quiet as death, as he draws down your railway-rug from the seat behind you. They are starting the horses for the Derby. Those beautiful creatures that we have just seen cantering up the course are now about to engage in the most tremendous struggle that horses know. Yonder they are, a gleam of scarlet, and white, and yellow, under the hill. Then a mighty shout breaks forth: 'They are off, they are off!' and all the race-stands change from dark to light in a second like some mighty Venetian blind, as the great area of faces upon them turns with a flash towards Tottenham Corner. Look well at that brilliant horse-meteor for the moment you are permitted to do so, and at the vast dark mass of men that closes in behind, exactly as water behind the hand, the instant it has flown by; and listen to that roar of hoofs as the race sweeps by—for it is a sight and a sound that are to be met with nowhere else. The Derby is won, with its L.6500 worth of mere *stake*. And the man is not to be envied, if such exists, who can see it run without his heart throbbing the faster.

The great event concluded, the pigeons, which, notwithstanding the establishment of the telegraph to town, are still much used as messengers, begin to circle overhead; the universal clamour breaks forth with redoubled vigour; and above all cries is the cry for lunch. Then the fusilade of champagne corks and the clash of steel continues uninterruptedly for a couple of hours, during which races are run with nobody to look at them; but all the tortoises are bought up, and even the impracticable Church falls to the lot of an enthusiastic and grateful green-grocer, who has taken twelve to one in 'ponies' against the winner. As for ourselves, we buy twelve dolls for sixpence, and give them away to importunate beggars, to whom dolls have apparently become articles of necessity. We are convinced that in so doing we have been performing acts of charity, and feel a greater benevolence towards the whole human family than ever. Or, for what other reason can it be that we take glasses of Moselle with everybody within nodding distance? O beneficent influences of St Derby and his time-honoured race!

But now it is high time that our horses should be 'put to' again, an operation which is by no means to be accomplished by talking about it. The inmates of some forty thousand vehicles also 'within the ropes'—for which privilege they pay two guineas a-piece—are quite as anxious to get away as we are. Our postilions, however—and observe the modesty with which we *insinuate* the fact that we had four horses—perform prodigies of valour, and we at length escape from the vortex of wheel and pole, with a broken panel indeed, but with whole bones. Then begin again the glories of the Road, and this time with a redoubled splendour, for the world on wheels is now four times as numerous (since it all starts at about the same hour from the course); and those who are not elevated by success have accomplished that object by means of spirituous liquors. Still, there is no absolute drunkenness, and there prevails a universal good-humour.

Once only, a party of moody aristocrats—a class which the wars and volunteering have happily rendered almost extinct—heavily moustached, grimly staring, imperturbable, proud, fall foul of an independent young costermonger. Their charioteer takes the corner off the course a little too narrowly, and catching up one of the skeleton-frames aforesaid, shatters it to fragments. His noble lordship would fain drive on, as though nothing particular had happened, but the disthroned costermonger seizes the heads of his leaders, and turns them into a ditch. A joyful movement towards the scene of action is at once perceptible upon all sides, and the inmates of carts stand by *their* order, and the inmates of carriages by theirs. An elegant brougham, with two elegant young gentlemen inside it, drives rapidly up. These sons of Fashion would be fit models for a pre-Raphaelite painter, or objects to be placed under the microscope. Their attire is perfectly spotless; they have lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a lily of the valley at their button-holes. They are even more fashionable than the fashionables upon the drag; but they are also more enthusiastic. His noble lordship and his friends content themselves with casting what missiles lie ready to their hands—such as dolls and oranges—and with besprinkling the surging cloud with flowers of rhetoric; but the new arrivals leap out from their chariot, turn back their coat-cuffs, so that the snowy linen coupled with golden studs is made conspicuous, and cast themselves into the tumult. The affair becomes truly Homeric, and not likely to be concluded without the intervention of the gods—the police. But his noble lordship is wiser than his personal appearance would lead you to imagine. Taking advantage of the charge of his chivalrous allies, he rushes his four horses at the crowd, which parts to right and left, and the vast machine sweeps by at the full gallop, swaying, indeed, in a most ship-like manner, but still with its right side uppermost.

Never was more base and unknightly deed performed since the days when women and children were placed in the front of an enemy's battle. O shame upon that dozen of morose and moody men to thus desert their two defenders! These will surely now fall victims to the democratic ardour, and their dripping heads be suspended in front of a pleasure-van! Not so. A cheer breaks forth for the two plucky 'swells.' They are delivered, as if by magic, out of the turmoil. They are put back into their highly polished vehicle with something approaching to reverence, albeit their eyes are darkened, and their noses bleeding, and the lemon-coloured gloves are soiled, and the lilies are broken at their button-holes. Nor are they on their part insensible of the universal courtesy. They beckon the disconsolate costermonger—the involuntary Helen of the war—and enter into conversation with him. It is his own still gory hand which has done that violence to at least one of their noses, but all is now forgotten and forgiven. 'Will he get inside with *them*, since his own vehicle has met with so untoward an accident?'

'He would travel outside,' returns he, 'and thank their honours, but then,' he adds pathetically, 'there is the moke'—by which he means his donkey, which is rolling in the dust by the wayside, delighted to have got rid of his burden by any means. They will be delighted, they reply, to take 'the moke' up also, if that can be effected. The costermonger gives a rapid comparative glance at the dimensions of the animal and of the front seat, and shakes his head. That will not do, he fears; but 'would their honours take the beer-barrel, and send it on to Whitechapel in the course of the next day? He must have it again for retail business for the Oaks on Friday.' Their honours accede with pleasure to this proposal. The beer-barrel is hoisted on to the roof amid vivats, and the half mile of carriages behind, which has hitherto been at a stand-still in consequence of this little episode, is permitted to move on.

We have observed that the procession *to* the Derby is, in respect to pace and hat-bands, not unlike a funeral; the resemblance, as we come back again, is still stronger—that is to a return-funeral, when everything unpleasant has been got rid of, and the mock mourners and hired mutes have resumed their habitual jollity, and are singing choruses among the plumes. As we approach the suburbs of the metropolis, we scarcely advance at all. We should have thought that everybody in town had possessed a vehicle, and gone to the Derby in it, but we now perceive that some people have still been left in London. The streets are lined by thousands who have been unable to attend the shrine in person, and who seek to catch a reflected sanctity from the devotees who have.

Not until almost midnight does the last of that great procession roll into London, nor, we fear, until a very much later hour does the British Carnival conclude.

OLD ENGLISH PRIVATEERS.

Until very lately, for more than two centuries, the Admiralty of every maritime nation has granted 'letters of marque,' or commissions to private individuals for arming and equipping vessels to assist in carrying on a war by distressing the enemy's commerce. All prizes so taken, according to the usual regulation, became the property of the privateer-owners, to be divided between them and the ship's company. Unless protected by such commissions, the crews of foreign letters of marque, in the event of capture, were liable to be treated as pirates, instead of experiencing, as is the rule, the ordinary fate of prisoners of war. Our own countrymen were subject to the same rule by our own cruisers, when not furnished with the requisite papers from the English Admiralty. Privateers likewise gave security that they would not attempt anything against the law of nations; as, for example, to assault an enemy lying in any port or haven under the protection of a prince or republic, whether friend, ally, or neutral, for the peace of such places must be inviolable. If England was at war with confederate powers, a separate commission was required for each; otherwise, if a captain carrying one only against the Danes, should in his course meet with and capture a Frenchman, his prize would not be good, and would be taken from him by the first man-of-war of his own nation that met with him. Formerly, the proceeds of privateering were divided into five parts: four going to the merchant fitting out the rover, and a fifth to the crown; hence the origin of a phrase now little understood, namely, 'The King's Fifths.' Where a vessel had struck, and was secured, the hatches were immediately spiked up, and the lading and furniture guarded from embezzlement. Great care was taken to secure all her papers, especially her commission, if she also proved to be a privateer, with a number of captures in possession. If no legal commission was discovered aboard, all the prisoners were to be landed in England, and examined before a magistrate, in order to their condemnation as corsairs. When merchant-vessels, captured by an enemy's privateers, were retaken by those of their own nation, the owners paid one-sixth of the value to the officers and men of the rescuing vessel. When an English privateer captured one of the enemy, the Admiralty paid five pound to every man on board previous to the commencement of the action. So a slaver in the present day being adjudged a pirate, a similar sum per head is paid to the crew of her Majesty's ship taking her; but the slaver herself, having all her sails hoisted, is sometimes allowed to drift and dash ashore upon the cliffs of the harbour where she has been adjudged a prize.

Men of Liverpool, and Bristol citizens, how must your octogenarian merchant-princes gloat over the memory of these fleshpots of Egypt, privateering and slave-dealing, once your staple occupation! The latter, by the by, they distinguished as 'a roaring African trade,' and rather plumed themselves upon it, although Burke had anathematised them, declaring 'that the very bricks of their houses were cemented with human blood!' Nor was this passionate outbreak a merely splendid rhetorical exaggeration. As far back as 1732, more than eighty years before the abolition, Liverpool in one year procured 22,720 slaves, the net profit on whom amounted to L.214,617.

But to return to our sea-rovers. We are bound in fairness to admit that privateering is but a legalised piracy; yet, offering splendid visions of wealth and luxury, to be won by the sword and good right arm of the bold and enterprising, it can scarcely, in the event of a general war, remain in abeyance; other nations would revive the practice, and we must follow in self-defence. The people of Liverpool, during the late war, did a large amount of business in this way also. Their commerce was imperilled by a swarm of French letters of marque constantly cruising outside the port. Her merchants signed a 'round robin,' addressed to the editor of the 'leading journal,' calling on him to discontinue the publication of a list of vessels loading for foreign neutral ports. Rates of insurance on vessels bound to Jamaica rose to twelve per cent.; from Jamaica to Cowes, twenty guineas; from Liverpool to Gibraltar, twenty guineas; from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean, twenty-five guineas per cent. These charges were almost, if not altogether ruinous to commerce, so the merchants took to privateering. They armed and equipped nearly 200 vessels, the burden of which amounted to 12,800 tons, carrying 1300 guns, and 10,000 seamen. This formidable armament not only swept the seas of our foes, but by the capture of rich prizes east and west, enabled Liverpool to uphold its credit and extend its trade.

The *Anson* privateer, of 150 tons and 100 men, was the first that left Liverpool; the *Brave Blakeney* followed. These two gave a very satisfactory account of their French foes at the very beginning of their first cruise, the *Anson* returning in a fortnight with two West-Indiamen worth L.15,000. They afterwards brought in a large French East-Indiaman, named the *Carnatic*, on board of which was discovered a box of diamonds.

The chance of acquiring such immense wealth animated the sailors with a valour and daring, the mere reputation of which sometimes made their foes an unresisting prize. In the beginning of 1779, the *Dragon*, Liverpool privateer, brought to action *La Modeste*, a vessel of the same profession. The latter, after one broadside, hauled down her colours. As she struck, the sea ran so high that boarding was impossible. As soon as the weather abated, they made an attempt to man their prize, in which all the boats belonging to either ship were stove. The impatience of the English being now uncontrollable, regardless of danger, five men stripped, leaped into the raging waves, swam to the French ship, and took possession. Five naked men on guard over an armed crew of more than two hundred! 'Parbleu!' shouted the French skipper; 'none but Englishmen would have conceived, much less carried into execution, such a mad-brained feat.'

Besides Liverpool, the great commercial seaport of Bristol had its full share of gainful privateering. Two famous private-armed ships, the *Duke* and *Duchess*, commanded by the renowned Captain Woodes Rogers, sailed thence to the Pacific, and after causing immense destruction to the Spanish trade and settlements, returned to Bristol with many prizes, his own ships having on board ingots of gold and silver, plate, coin, jewels, silks, and other rich spoils of that tropical land. The owners of the *Duke* and *Duchess*, although 'peace-at-any-price-Quakers,' gave a practical recognition of the then political axiom, 'There's no peace beyond the Line;' for without allowing the crews a chance of 'spending like asses what they had worked for like horses,' they at once despatched them in search of a fresh booty. Amongst this was a Spanish brig, the *Marquess*, in which, stowed away with much valuable cargo, the Englishmen found 500 bales of popish indulgences, 'sixteen reams in a bale,' consigned to the South American priests, who retailed them at prices varying from fifty pieces of eight down to three reals each, according to the purchaser's means and rank. 'We threw most of them overboard, to make room for better goods,' laconically remarks the captain, 'except what we kept to burn the pitch off the ships' bottoms, when wanting to careen them.'

About this time, likewise, the *Duke* and *Prince Frederick*, usually called the 'family privateers,' brought into Kingroad, at the mouth of Bristol river, two prizes, laden with 1093 chests of silver, worth upwards of three-quarters of a million sterling, besides five chests of wrought plate, many tons of cocoa, the model of a church in pure gold, and other costly items. The captors, desirous of conveying this rich spoil to London, but afraid to venture round on account of the many French cruisers in the English Channel, sent the treasure to London in forty-five wagons, guarded by the crew. After its arrival, the owners contrived to get all the seamen kidnapped, and sent off as slaves to the Indian plantations—a not uncommon practice of the time. Few of these poor fellows returned, and the whole prize-money was retained by their villainous employers. After a lapse of some years, a suit in Chancery began on behalf of those few who got home again, which in the memory of persons living was still undecided. At that time, eight or ten individuals, grand-children of the crews of the 'family privateers,' and entitled to a very large sum of money, were living in St Pancras Poor-house, or supported themselves by retailing fruit about London streets.

THE CO-OPS IN LANCASHIRE.

Some sixty years since, a poor half-witted fellow was taken before the magistrates at Leeds for having been found hawking braces, laces, and other sundries of a pedler's basket without a licence for hawking. When told that he would be sent to his parish as a vagrant, he replied that he had no parish, because he came from Coupe-leuch and Newhall Hey, where there was neither church, chapel, poor-house, ale-house, doctor, parson, nor turnpike-road, and that it was in the forest of Rosendale.

The district thus referred to is in one of the most beautiful valleys in Lancashire, and previous to its being disforested (during and shortly after the reign of Henry VII.), was thickly studded with large forest-trees, interspersed with numerous rose-bushes; hence its name of Rosendale. It is recorded that 'the forest-trees grew so near to each other, that a squirrel might easily leap from one tree to another without alighting on the ground, from Newhall Hey to Sharney Ford, a distance of four miles.'

The river Irwell waters this lovely valley, on its banks being erected some of the finest cotton-mills in the county. The character of the surrounding scenery is pleasantly undulating, the hillsides affording many views of country of great extent and of picturesque beauty. One of the most remarkable of these hillsides is crowned with 'Grants' Tower,' erected in memory of two of the most extraordinary men of the district—William and Daniel Grant, immortalised by Dickens as the Cheeryble Brothers. It has been said that when they reached the spot marked by the tower, when looking for a suitable site for future operations as calico-printers, they were in doubt as to what course was best. The hill on which they stood, overlooking the surrounding country, gave them opportunity for making a judicious choice. The valley lay below them, with the Irwell making its circuitous way through it. Their well-practised eyes saw the advantages which the spot offered in the way of extensive grass bleaching-grounds, and a never-failing supply of water; yet other localities had their recommendations. What must be done? A stick was put upright, and where that fell, in that direction would they betake themselves for a home. In commemoration of this event, and as a public thank-offering for their great and well-deserved prosperity, they desired the tower to be erected on its present beautiful site, and, in accordance with their wish, there it stands, not only perpetuating their memory, but ever teaching the lesson to all working-men, that what man has done man may do, by adopting the same plan practised by the Grants—self-denial, temperance, industry, and untiring energy, combined with prudence. Notwithstanding the fact that the Grants, from being operatives, realised a fortune of over a million sterling, yet their benevolence was unbounded, their hearts and purses being ever open to every case of distress or suffering that was reported to them; and yet the more they gave, the more they seemed to have; for in blessing others, they themselves were still more richly blessed. One anecdote, related by Dr Beard of William Grant, and we pass on. Being in company with a gentleman who had written and lectured on the advantages of early religious, moral, and intellectual training, Mr Grant asked: 'Well, how do you go on in establishing schools for infants?' The reply was, 'Very encouragingly indeed. Wherever I have gone, I have succeeded either in inducing good people to establish them, or in procuring better support to those that are already established. But I must cease my labours; for, what with printing bills, coach-fare, and other expenses, every lecture I give in any neighbouring town costs me a sovereign, and I cannot afford to ride my hobby at such a rate.' He said: 'You must not cease your labours. God has blessed them with success. He has blessed you with talents, and me with wealth. If you give your time, I ought to give my money. You must oblige me by taking this twenty-pound note, and spending it in promoting the education of the poor.' The note was taken, and so spent, and probably thousands of children are now enjoying the benefit of the noble impulse thus given. Commending this anecdote to the wealthy readers of this Journal, we pass—on our way up the valley—at Rawtonstall the mills and works of three other remarkable brothers, the Whiteheads, whose three houses, standing together on a hillside looking towards the works, may be looked upon as indicative of the way these excellent men have stood together through a lifetime of activity and usefulness. Their example as good employers, religious and temperance men, has had a marked influence on the village, which is mainly composed of their workers. A more sober or intelligent body of workers can rarely be found. Diverging now a little to the right, after leaving the railway station, we find ourselves going along the road to Coupe-leuch, and in a throng of persons all wending their way in the same direction. All are dressed in holiday garb, and from the pleased expressions on all the countenances, it is clear some great treat is anticipated. While numbers of the men are carrying baskets filled with spoons, cups, saucers, and plates, the women and children are bearing large trays, or teapots of various curious shapes and different material, from the aristocratic silver to the plebeian earthenware. Their bearers, however, seem to be all of one stamp—all workers, and all respectable, and apparently very happy and pleased with each other.

It is time, however, to say what was the special object of this holiday-making. It was to inaugurate a gigantic cotton-mill concern, got up on that co-operative principle which has been lately exemplified in various parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and which has in various ways been pretty well described in connection with Rochdale and some other places. In plain terms, we were going to see what could be done by a body of working-men, who instead of squandering at least part of their earnings foolishly, had let odds and ends of savings accumulate so far that they could unitedly venture on laying out upwards of L.50,000 on a cotton-mill, in which they themselves should be the workers. Well, here we were about to witness the joyousness of this party of Co-ops—for that is the name they go by, on the principle, we suppose, that Co-operators is much too long a word for popular use. It was really to be a great festivity, this soiree of Co-ops, for tea was to be provided for three thousand persons; and to save expenditure, all the friends of co-operation for miles around had kindly lent their private stock of tea-apparatus for the occasion.

Onward amidst the crowds we push on this fine May-day to Coupe-leuch, and at length approach the new factory, a noble monument of industry united with frugality and prudence. Yes, we repeat, a noble monument truly it is of what may be done by the masses for their own social improvement, and so far affords a remarkable contrast with the conduct of the factory-workers of Colne, who, in the strike of fifty weeks just terminated, have sacrificed quite as much money as would have built and fitted up a cotton-mill equal to anything of the kind in Lancashire—and who have not only incurred so great a loss, but left eight hundred weavers out of work. But we have no time to moralise on this sad affair. Let us say a word of the Victoria Mills at Coupe-leuch, the property of the Co-ops.

The main factory-building measures 216 feet long by 72 feet wide, and is five stories high, with a weaving shed adjoining capable of holding 700. All the buildings are of stone, and of the most substantial character. When filled with machinery, the outlay will have been fully L.50,000. In addition, the company has another smaller mill at Newchurch, a mile distant, where a capital of L.10,000 has been so well managed, that it was increased to L.100,000 for the purpose of more extensive operations. In reply to some inquiries, the secretary of the concern, whom we overtook on the journey, gave us a brief account worth quoting. He said: 'In the year 1859, a few of the working-men of our neighbourhood, on the suggestion of our founder, Mr Sanderson, met to consider the propriety of establishing a joint-stock company in or near Newchurch. The mill we are running at Waterfoot being at a stand still, it was thought if it could be got at a reasonable rent, a good opening would be made for commencing operations at once. Arrangements were soon made with the owner of the mill, and, in October, shares were issued for a capital of L.10,000. The shares were taken up very cautiously at first, but gradually confidence increased, and the whole sum was raised. On taking the mill, the owner agreed that no rental should be charged before the first of January. The directors, therefore, set about matters earnestly to get in new machinery, and to have the mill in full work before rental should commence; and so successful were they, that a piece of cotton cloth woven at the mill was in Manchester market before the end of December. So satisfactory was the progress of the company, that a great number of applications for shares was made; so the directors resolved to give every one a chance, and increased the nominal capital to L.100,000, issuing shares for L.40,000, all of which was paid up in weekly instalments some ten months since. The new mill being now completed, the present soiree is being held as a joyful celebration of a great step being gained in progress.'

While receiving the above account, a huge procession of men and women—shareholders—headed by the Rifle band, playing *There's a Good Time coming, Boys*, came in sight, having marched from the Waterfoot Mill to attend the soiree, for which arrangements had been made for weeks past. Three thousand tickets were rapidly sold; and such was the demand for them, that a thousand more would have been taken, could the committee have accommodated that number. Some persons, with a keen eye to profit, purchased batches of tickets, and resold them at a large premium. The provision made to supply this immense host was of the most ample character, there being 1200 pounds of plain bread, 1000 currant cakes, 1000 plain cakes, 350 pounds of ham, 380 pounds of beef, 8 pounds of mustard, 344 pounds of plum-loaf, 300 pounds of sugar, 10 pounds of tea, 90 quarts of cream, 220 pounds of butter, and sundries. To distribute these good things to the happy people, seated at tables running the lengthway of a room in the mill, 160 male and female waiters were kept hard at work for above two hours, and then the audience adjourned to an upper room, which had been tastefully decorated, the walls being covered with crimson cloth lent by brother co-operatives, the large platform being carpeted with like material.

As soon as the audience was comfortably seated, the chairman, in a brief but eloquent address, declared the mill fairly opened, and gave some excellent advice to his hearers, and told them some good home-truths. A mighty hunter, the Nimrod of the district, spoke next, in a most happy and humorous style. After referring to the origin of co-operation in Rosendale, and its great successes, he said that it had done more than make money: it had given a practical interest to thousands of operatives in the question of becoming capitalists and realising profits; and to do so, they had learned habits of sobriety, frugality, and prudence. Their meeting often together in their reading-rooms and elsewhere for conference had developed business habits and ingenuity in improvements of machinery to a very large extent. The moral as well as the social improvement of the people had been, and would be, developed by these societies. Next came an eminent machinist, who, in telling of the triumphs of the Co-ops, said that his firm were engaged to fill with steam-power and machinery fifteen cotton-mills, at a cost of about a quarter of a million sterling, and those fifteen mills were all on the joint-stock principle.

The last chief speaker referred with pleasure to the good state of feeling which prevailed between employers and workers in districts where co-operation exists, and pointed to the remarkable fact, that no single instance of a strike had occurred in such districts for a long time past. To let the workers have an interest as shareholders in the business, was the surest way to prevent strikes; and he was glad to find all parties were now beginning to feel the truth of that principle, and many were acting upon it.

Votes of thanks to the ladies, the speakers, and others concluded the oratorical portion of the proceedings, the speeches being sandwiched by music from the band, and singing by certain vocal celebrities. Dancing finished the evening's festivities; and all went merry as a marriage-bell until ten o'clock, when *God Save the Queen*, sung with heart and voice by that vast host, gave the final signal for ending our festivities with the Co-ops.

CAN'T AND CAN, OR DARE AND DO.

ONLY MEANT FOR LADIES.

'DECLINE *can't*.' Verb defective, of the chameleon order, first person wanting! So thought we, as we two turned from a fair landscape of Highland scenery; and said: 'We two must go there also.'

'You can't!' exclaimed wise mothers; 'two girls can't go alone. What sense, or experience, or calculation have you?'

'One thing is certain,' exclaimed our prudent brothers, 'you can't walk so far as you say you intend to do; and if you are mad enough to go, you can't go without a good round stock of cash: it's perfect nonsense to fancy that you can do it cheaply, or even moderately; you can't.'

'How will you ever be at the train by six o'clock?' exclaimed our maids-of-all-work: 'have breakfast, and everything ready, and up at the train by that time? You can't.'

So thought they; so said they. To us, the verb being defective, it didn't apply; and they were obliged to believe that we *could* do something, when they awoke next morning and found us fairly away. Timid mothers were anxious, incredulous brothers looked wise, till they received our first letter. We had a very pleasant compartment of a second-class railway-carriage, containing, beside ourselves, only an English gentleman and his two sisters, wonderfully amiable at an unamiable age, who were going up to *do* the Trosachs in three days. 'It is very expensive,' said one, 'I believe, to travel in the Highlands just now. The hotels are all so dear, and the coaches so connected with them that you can't escape, but must go the ordinary routine, and pay the extraordinary prices. Even though we were to see some exquisitely beautiful spot, I suppose that we couldn't get down and walk about it; nor even get leave to rest for a minute and look at it.' So said they, hampered with 'can'ts.'

Many a place were they asking about, on their route to Stirling, though it is but a tame tract of country the line lies through. I pointed out Bannockburn as well as I could, to shew them what some people *can* do. On to Stirling—on to Callander—then out on a delightful and inquiring stroll. We must go on, and northward lay our route; so we asked if lodgings for a few days could be had in that direction. 'Try Ardhullary, half way up Loch Lubnaig; you may get some place there,' said our advisers. 'And if not, we'll go on to Lochearnhead!' 'Nonsense! that's fifteen miles! and after what you've done already, you can't do it.' But off we set. Ardhullary was too cramped for our flights, and northwards, ever northwards, lay our steps. Remember, it is only as a secret, not to be repeated, that I mention how much we regretted that we had, by our delay in Callander, missed the coach; we regretted it, I say, when we had gone a round dozen of miles, but it was too late, and we did not die on the road after all.

Of course, we did all we wanted—went north, and west, and east, and to places incredible.

One day, some time afterwards, we found ourselves homeward-bound, by Lochearnside, and looking up at Ben Voirlich. The fairy hues of evening gilded it so gloriously, even to our well-accustomed eyes, that we exclaimed: 'We must go to the top.' 'You can't,' exclaimed our companion. 'Can't, to us? and we walking so far. This is quite Lowland to where we've been.' 'At least, you can't go up without ponies.' 'That fatigues far more than climbing ourselves; so we'll let them alone.' 'And you can't go up without a guide; it's perfectly impossible. The hill's steep, and there's a bad bog up in one part of the way.' 'The hill isn't higher than our wills, nor the bogs deeper than our determination,' said I laughingly. 'You don't mean to say you really intend to try the hill? You can't.' 'We don't mean to try—we mean to do it. Whatever has been done, we can do.' 'Then there never were two ladies that went up before without guides.' 'Then we'll begin the fashion.' 'The mist 'll maybe come on, and you'll lose your way, or fall over a precipice. You Lowlanders have no idea of Highland mists. I would not like to be on the top of Ben Voirlich myself when one came on. You mustn't go; you can't.'

With many amiable expressions, we disengaged ourselves from our timid friend, and next broached the subject to a more enterprising one. 'Have you ever been up Ben Voirlich?' 'No—not myself.' 'Is it impossible?' 'No; I should think not. There's a good tough pull, but there's never a hill-view worth seeing without that.' 'Could we go?' 'You could. They generally go on ponies, but ye're good marchers, and might manage without them, for ye would enjoy it far better. But ye would need a guide; ye can't go without one.' 'But we are going to have no guide; we want to enjoy ourselves. We are going to-morrow morning, and you must tell us how. Do you think us mad?' 'It is a little venturesome. But when I think of it, and of what ye've done already, I think ye might maybe manage it. There's been no rain for a while, and the ground's dry. The weather's splendidly clear just now, and I don't think there'll be any mist to-morrow. Don't go, if there's the least chance of that.' 'That's right now—you're something comforting; but we intended to have gone whatever you said. What will we need to take with us?' 'As little as possible to hamper you; but plenty to eat. You go up by the left side of the burn till you come to the herdsman's house, and they'll put you upon the pony-track. It will help you up the valley; and just trust to your eyes and your good sense after that. But I wish you had some one with you; you might take Brownie.' (Said Brownie was a visitor, considered general property by the village.) 'We would rather not.' 'Brownie was up the other day, or said he was, and came back past his knees in mud.' 'That shews he could be no good guide for us,' said Ally: 'we've no intention of taking any path that will sink deeper than our boot-tops.'

And sure enough we went; up by the left side of the burn—past the herdsman's house—up by the pony-track—slipping in bogs and burns—over the shingly crags—over the foggy moss, up to the top. 'The beating of our own hearts was all the sound we heard,' but we saw—— Only climb you, whoever you are, to the top of the like, and you'll know what we saw, for I could never tell you. We could not speak, of course, for a long time, but lay breathlessly drinking in our reward of beauty for our toil. When we did speak, I exclaimed: 'Well, this has waked some poetry in my soul! I think now, even I could write a poem on this subject, and in this air!' 'You can't!' said Ally. 'Can't to me?' muttered I. And I did do it, at least *I* said I did, though Ally said I didn't; and I won't put the production in here, for fear *you* should say I didn't also. She said she was going to sketch the west view—I declared she couldn't; but she did, though, and that right well. Then such a coming down, such bobbing and jumping, such timid steps and slips; such bold races, and falls of pride; such bogs, which we avoided with exclamations such as: 'There's one of Brownie's bogs—that's the very mark of him!' or, 'I'm sure this was Brownie's very path!' How did the fresh breeze and the fair scene lighten us, till we could almost fancy ourselves some of the wild denizens of the spot; and as a distant gun rung on our ears, I gave an unconscious little shriek and flounder, and Ally exclaimed: 'Are you afraid we'll be shot for *termagants*, Carry?' I got my revenge, though, for that very minute she tripped into another of Brownie's bogs, and bore off some of his colours.

I never knew the meaning of wild Highland music till then. Oh! the perfect feeling of bliss and freedom, amid all this solitude, and silence, and beauty. We caught, as it seemed, almost a foretaste of the existence of disembodied spirits.

What a delightful tea we had that night—what a grand gossip by the fire—what day-dreams, and then night-dreams of daring and doing!

On the last day of our freedom, we made up our minds to *do* something else; and on consulting our map, we made Glenfinlas our route. It looked feasible, was romantically connected, and promised good scenery. So we proceeded to inquire about it, fortunately first of our timid friend; for in the case of advice, the last is never least. Ally introduced the subject. 'We want to go down Glenfinlas; can you tell us the way?' 'You can't go!' 'You said we couldn't go up Ben Voirlich.' 'Well, but that was nothing to this. Even with guides, I don't think you could go down Glenfinlas: you daren't go alone; you will be lost.' 'We would be found next morning, though, wouldn't we? You would come and seek us?' said Ally brightly. 'Yes, but you'd be dead.' 'No, no; it takes a deal to kill us—far more than a Highland glen.' 'Well, two young Englishmen, only two or three years ago, tried it, and a mist came on, and they were lost, and found dead the next day.' 'Perhaps; but then they had never been up Ben Voirlich, to apprentice them to the profession of travellers.' 'I'm not thinking either of you could stand a night on the hills—no Lowlander can. How would you like to wander about upon the hills, or fall into peat-bogs, or get swamped, or'—— 'Get to Callander in time for the four-o'clock train, as we intend to do.' 'You can't do it; and not even with a guide could you do it in that time. Even I, accustomed as I am to such places, was lost there once. There isn't a semblance of a footpath. Please, don't go. I should feel almost responsible for your lives, if I didn't dissuade you from it. It's about twenty-five miles long, and Highland miles remember! It's one difficulty to get into the glen, and another difficulty to get through it. Even supposing you went right, night would come on before you got to Callander. Perfect madness; you can't go!'

To our other adviser we went. 'It isn't impossible?' 'Not to those who have set their minds upon it. Of course, I would not advise you to go; but as you're determined already, go, and God speed. The Glenfinlas itself, I think, is about ten miles long; but before that, you have five miles to Balquhidder, and two or three miles up Glen Buckie; then over the hills I do not know how far.' I shook my head. 'I'm afraid it won't do, Ally, and we must give it up!' 'Nonsense!' said she. 'It's our last day, and we must do something worth remembering.' 'Ay, to be sure; and we will be at home to-morrow, and won't need to care to be fit for anything else.' So we wound up our affairs, and retired early, to be fresh for the next day and its adventures.

With full directions as far as the farmhouse at the end of Glen Buckie, where we were to stop and ask the next part of our way—with a pocket-map, a watch, a tolerable stock of provisions, and stout hearts, we set out about eight o'clock from the village of Lochearnhead. The first five, nay, six, seven, eight miles were very easy, on a regular road, and at the end of the eight miles we arrived at the farmhouse specified. It seemed probable we had been the first visitors for some time, from the alarm and admiration we caused; yet it was with some difficulty that we found the 'mistress,' and gave her the message our friend had sent to her, coupled with instructions to direct us the easiest way over into Glenfinlas. 'Ye'll be the leddies I saw in Balquhidder church last Sunday?' 'Very probably. At least we were there.' 'Yes, I saw ye; and some folk were saying'—— 'But which way will we ever get into the glen?' 'Well, I've never been myself, but I know it'll be a pretty walk for the like o' you. You had better come in and rest a while, and take a drink of milk.' We declined the 'rest,' on the plea of time; but she made us drink some milk, or rather the richest of Highland cream. 'Do you see yon little cairn up yonder? You must make straight for that.' 'Right over the hill?' asked I, with a blank expression, looking forward at an elevation which seemed little less than the 'Bens' round about us. 'Is there not a way in that direction?' said I, pointing to a sloping track I saw. 'Yes; there is another, and it is a little lower and easier; but there is no path except for half a mile, and even the most experienced find it difficult to know the right opening: *you* would be sure to get into the wrong glen!' 'Well, if it must be, it must be,' said Ally. 'And after we get to the cairn, where do we go next?' 'Right forward in the same direction—a kind of south-west, till you come to the glen, and then you can scarcely lose yourselves.' 'And tell me,' said I tremulously, 'when we get the length of that said "cairn," is there much more to climb?' 'I can hardly tell you, as I've never been; but I believe there's some ups and downs. At least, I know you don't see the Glenfinlas for a good while.' 'And is there no path?' 'They say there's one, but I would not advise you to trust to it: you don't know enough, and might be led astray by a sheep-track.' So she put us on the way to the cairn; and bidding us good-bye, returned to her cozy and solitary dwelling. It was now after eleven o'clock, and the day, though far from being sultry, did not promise mist. Yet we could not suppress a doubt, as Loch Lubnaig came in view, whether we would not be wise even yet to return by the path we had come, and go to Callander by the high-road. 'No!' exclaimed we; 'it is our last chance—nothing dare, nothing do.' So on we went.

Oh! but the cairn was far and high, and sure and it was boggy, O! and we got to it with one sigh, only to heave another as we looked forward, and saw as much height before us as depth behind us; yet on we went. Surely there were 'ups and downs' enough—Highland ups and downs, if you know what they mean. Just as we lost all sight of hollows or valleys, either behind or before, we became entangled in a perfect mesh of peat-bogs. Precipices and yawning gulfs of the black soft traitor formed a scene which must have been after Brownie's own heart. But not even a trace of him was there to cheer us with a token of any human life—nothing but the wild-bird's startled cry, and a sheep-mark here and there, shewed us that any breath had ever been drawn there before ours. But steadfastly struggling onwards towards the south-west, since it was too late to turn, no murmur crossed our lips but cheerful laughs, as one foot or another disappeared in the yielding carpet, or as one leap after another landed our figures inelegantly in unpleasant positions. It had lasted a good while; and Ally expressed a hidden fear that we had lost our way, when, more effectual than any comfort I could give, was the appearance of the glen itself, as we conquered our last 'up,' and prepared for the 'down.' Our feelings at that moment could not be unlike those of Pizarro and his companions when they sat them down in their first view of the Pacific Ocean. Then, with a last fond lingering look at the serried 'Braes o' Balquhidder,' we 'dived into the deep defile.' It was not what we had dreamed of; not the picturesque tree-crowned craggy ravine we had pictured, but a smooth basin of green unbroken lines stretching down to the Finlas burn, where a few trees sheltered the water affectionately. Methinks they need not have been so exclusive, for the amount of untended water sadly retarded our steps. Down, down through the variations of peaty bog, sedgy slush, and simple uncompounded mud. What a treasure was a good-sized stone to us then! When we came across one, we actually would stand on it, and stamp up and down in the mere pleasure at the touch of terra firma. With what joy we sat down amid some large white slabs and rocks, that formed the water-course of one more daring, but better principled streamlet. What a pleasant feeling of security! What a delightful lunch, and cool, clear, refreshing draught from the slender cascades! What a dreamy sad gaze around on the scenes that filled up our last day in the Highlands! But the common life hastened us hurriedly away—to catch the train. We saw that the burn wandered, in most provoking links, to hurried and weary wayfarers, so we tried to keep away from it, but were obliged at last, perforce, to yield to its tantrums, and wander 'here awa, there awa,' as it did. It became more leafy as we went; birches, and alders, and rowans growing thickly by the burn, and sometimes stretching up the slopes of the valley. I could not help pitying the poor messenger if he bore the fiery-cross along here, if he were tall, for the trees were not; and if he could run, he must have been clever, for a sort of cow-path, within a foot of a broken-down wall, and another sort of cow-path, without the wall, though decidedly the best for travelling, caused, even in that dry weather, a most extraordinary staccato movement.

One by one, our vestiges of civilisation were being obliterated, when we were cheered by an evident opening out of the glen. False hope! It was just the union of another into this one, which seemed still stretching forward in no very decisive direction. Ally's heart said: 'We have lost our way, and are in the wrong glen.' Mine answered: 'We're all right; but I begin to believe in the twenty-five miles now.' Hills that we hoped would hide the 'Brig o' Turk' were passed, and others still arose; the solitude pressed on us like a burden, when on a sudden I espied—O town-bred reader, you cannot know with what delight!—a rough cart-track some few dozen steps beneath us. Making straight for it, however, rather rashly, I was coolly caught in a trap by bobbing into some hollow above two feet deep—quite hidden by the grass—at the foot of which I felt, without seeing, that there was a cold spring. Next sight, O joy of joys! were the first human beings we had seen through all these weary miles, working in a field—a real, square, flat field. Then rose a village to our eyes, a real village, but, alas! not the 'Brig o' Turk;' and quite unlike any we had heard or thought of. I, too, began to fear about our way; for well-sized and pretty village as it was, we might have been at the world's end for aught we knew about it. We were afraid to ask the labourers the name, for they stared so at us, and we felt too much ashamed at present of our bravery to care to let them know about us. But at the end of the village, Ally insisted on asking an old woman how far it was to the Brig o' Turk, and the nearest road to it. I only stipulated that on no account should she say where we came from, in case she should think us mad; and that even if she asked, she should never insinuate that we had walked any further than from Glen Buckie, for that was quite enough for ordinary mortals. But, wonder of wonders, she did not ask us, and simply told us the direct road, which ever after this was dry, and beautiful, and romantic. But 'when the Brig o' Turk was won,' full past the zenith hung the sun. My watch said three, but I felt it had gone fast in the general excitement. On inquiring the hour, we were told half-past two. 'Is there not a coach going soon, for we must be in Callander by half-past four?' 'There's not a coach for an hour yet! But to walk to Callander in that time—you can't.' We did not tell her where we came from, though she looked the question, but set off in the nervous strength of despair, beginning to feel a possibility of forming a new 'person' to the above-named 'verb.'

Exactly at twenty minutes past four by the town-clock did we enter Callander. Hurrah! for our leisurely walk to the station, for our comfortable rest in our railway-seats, with the delightful satisfaction of having done all we could, and all we wished; and that 'Heaven helps those that help themselves.'

'Such frights! we can't speak to them,' we overheard; and we for once acknowledged the force of the observation, as we reviewed ourselves, and cast a sidelong glance at the whisperers, who were our old acquaintances the C——s. A little animated conversation, then a drowsy hour. I started up and said: 'Ally, I'll let girls know what they can do. I'll write a sketch of some of our walks, to open their eyes.' 'Hush! you can't!' said she sleepily, falling into another doze.

Slap, dash, rattle, through sunset, and gloaming, and dark; and amid flashing lights, and busy voices, and jostling crowds, we came out at the Edinburgh station.

Another whirl over the stony causeway, and we were amid the old ways, old life, and old faces, that looked with incredulous expression, as, amidst the pauses of an inspiriting tea, we gave them snatches of what we had done.

'I am glad we did not know that before—it would have made us miserable! such madness!' exclaimed the wise ones. 'And you've walked all day with wet feet, and sat four hours in a train with them. You can't but be ill to-morrow.'

'Not in the least. I am not tired now; but I'll retire; for I'll need to be up early to-morrow, I've so much to do, putting things right again.'

'To-morrow? early? You can't!'

But we were up, and as brisk as bees; and though Ally said a second time, to my proposal of a sketch of our time in the Highlands, 'You can't,' I have done it. Now, don't say I haven't, even if it isn't a masterpiece; or exclaim 'I can't get through it,' for I think you could, if you made up your minds, as we did.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the excitement and distraction offered by races, picture-galleries, exhibitions, and excursions, many a quiet worker has done something towards advancement of science within the past five weeks, so that our learned and scientific societies are bringing their sessions to a close, and thinking about holidays. The Geographicals—who, by the way, are not quiet workers—have given one of their gold medals to Captain Speke, and the other to Mr Stuart, both well known as enterprising explorers, the one of Africa, the other of Australia. The excitement occasioned by the gorilla has grown into a controversy, which will have to be settled by anatomists working patiently and thoughtfully in their study. The brain is the special point at issue. Mr Lockhart Clarke is examining it, with a view to elucidate metaphysical theory, and has lately succeeded in preparing a section for microscopic observation and comparison of the spinal cord of the human fœtus at the age of three months.

On the question of iron *versus* wooden ships, a word of warning has been published by a Fellow of the Royal Society, with especial heed to the peculiarity that iron may, after all, prove to be the weakest material that could be used for ship-building. Instances of very rapid deterioration are well known to those who have paid attention to the subject, the most remarkable being that of an iron ship, which, after a year of service, returned to port with her sides so soft, through the action of sea-water, that the carpenter could stick his knife into the iron in sundry places, as into cheese! The conclusion drawn from this and other similar facts, is one which commends itself to the common sense of the millions who have to pay for the ships; to wit, that we 'have a right to call for every imaginable precaution that science can afford, in order that the vast outlay may not result in a gigantic failure.'

The Manchester Architectural Association have discussed a paper on *Chemistry in Relation to Building:* a question to which architects and builders generally pay too little or no attention. It is desirable to know in what way different kinds of mortar and cement are affected by the atmosphere; what reactions take place therein; whether they require protection; and if so, whether an outside coat of paint is or is not the best protection; and further, more regard should be paid than at present to the quality and arrangement of building-materials, and the way in which they are placed in a building, since it is known that damp scarcely penetrates stone when placed quarry-wise; that is, as it stood in the parent rock, but penetrates easily when the stone is placed in other positions.—As regards the decoration of architecture, photography is now made to contribute thereto, by what a Parisian artist calls photosculpture. Only get a proper model, and by an ingenious contrivance, the sculptor may so reflect it on his block of marble, as to be able to insure a perfect fac-simile of the original.

The first discovery of a planet by our astronomers in India has just been made at the Madras observatory; the discoverers are of course proud of their achievement, and desire to name the new star *Asia*. The number of little planets is, however, now so great (nearly seventy) by reason of rapid discovery, that astronomers question the desirability of discovering also a mythological name for each of the little strangers as it presents itself for recognition; and are agreeing to name them as the islands in the Mississippi are named—No. 65, No. 66, and so on: a convenient arrangement, as it indicates at once their chronological order.—One of our astronomers, after careful comparison of the oldest with the most modern maps of the moon, concludes, from the change in appearance, that volcanic action is still going on in our satellite, and believes he can identify the alterations that have taken place within the past twenty years.—Mr Hoek, of the observatory at Utrecht, has published a thin quarto, containing the first part of his *Astronomical Researches*, in which he leads off with an important subject—namely, The Influence of the Earth's movements on the fundamental phenomena of the optical science employed in astronomy.—Professor Durrand, of Porrentruy (Switzerland), is led to conclude, from a course of observations, that the tail of a comet is an appearance only, similar to that produced by the light of a lamp passing through a glass globe containing water into a darkened room, where the radiance represents the tail. On calculation, he finds that a nucleus with a refractive power ten times superior to that of air, would produce the same appearance as Donati's comet. On the other hand, and taking into consideration the effect of magnetism on light and smoke, the tail may be regarded as an effect of magnetism on a vaporous substance.—A learned professor at Salamanca states, in a letter to a scientific periodical, that the so-called stone-axes are plentiful in the country round about that city, and that they are not formed by art, but by lightning-strokes falling on flints. The flints are shivered into numerous pieces, among which many are found of the shape now familiar to geologists and antiquaries as ancient weapons. The professor states further, that the reason why these weapons are found in old tombs, is because the Goths believed that to bury a number of the 'so-called axe-heads' with a corpse, was the way to protect the tomb from lightning.—Colonel Graham, one of the ablest scientific officers in the United States service, announces, that after a series of nearly ten thousand observations, he discovers that there is a lunar tidal wave on Lake Michigan: another confirmation of the theory of the moon's influence on the waters of the earth.—The Meteorological Society of Paris have published a suggestion to editors of newspapers in France, which editors in other countries might advantageously comply with: it is, that in giving announcements of meteorological phenomena, or extraordinary high tides, instead of using the customary expression 'yesterday,' or 'on Tuesday last,' or 'last week,' and so forth, they should give the precise date on which the phenomenon in question occurred, as, by means of the dates, students of meteorology will be able to correlate or co-ordinate the weather-facts of widely distant places.

A little pleasurable surprise has been excited by the distribution, among learned societies in Europe, of a respectable quarto volume, the first of a new series, from the observatory at Athens. It is an encouraging sign of life from the long-slumbering land of ancient classic fame; and the more so, as the contents of the book are well-written papers on the physical geography of Greece. Any student who wishes to know something of the climate of Athens, and the phenomena of vegetation in Attica, has only to consult the work in question.—The last volume of *Memorie* published by the Institute of Venice, contains a paper on the Natural History of Languages as illustrative of the History of Peoples: a subject highly interesting to ethnologists. It reminds us that ancient stone-weapons, similar to those recently discovered near Abbeville, as mentioned at the time in the Journal, have been met with at Reculver, on the coast of Kent. A considerable collection has now been made of these relics of primeval times, but one of the best attempts which we have yet seen towards discovering a real and suggestive significance in the specimens, is that made by Mr Christy, as shewn at the last soirée of the President of the Royal Society. In this instance, the stone axes and arrow-heads were correlated, or placed side by side, so as to shew how people and tribes the most widely separated have been led to produce the same general form, and that the ancient British and Scandinavian axes are identical in shape with those actually in use among the natives of New Caledonia and the Society Islands. There is another advantage in this juxtaposition, seeing that the modern specimens brought from the last-named countries exhibit the highly ingenious method by which the stone weapon was fastened to its handle.

Good news is offered to old Izaak's disciples in the fact, that an attempt is making to propagate grayling in the Thames at Hampton; and in the promise that a law shall be passed to secure fair-play to the fish which resort to British rivers to breed. This law, which is to be brought forward during the present session of parliament, is one of the results of the recent Commission of inquiry into our river-fisheries. Another result is that, except in the case of the fish which pay periodical visits to certain streams, our rivers—so the commissioners say—are tenanted by as many fish as can find subsistence therein; from which the conclusion is obvious, that comprehensive breeding-schemes, much talked about of late, are likely to fail through deficiency of food.

The authorities in India are taking measures for the cultivation of tea, as well as of cinchona, on the slopes of the Neilgherries, considering that, with proper care, the plantations in that locality are likely to be as successful as those in Assam and on the uplands of the Himalayas. Whatever adds to the industrial resources of our great eastern empire must be deserving of encouragement; and when we consider the large increase in the supply of jute, lac, and oil-seeds from thence since the Exhibition of 1851, we see no reason to doubt that, in due time, we shall get as much of cotton, tea, and other productions as we are likely to want. The reward will not be small to those who undertake the work, for the present year's cotton crop of the 'Confederated States' sold for L.40,000,000. The palm-oil trade, moreover, affords a marked instance of increase, the supply from Western Africa now being worth L.1,500,000 annually, to which amount it has advanced from a very small beginning within about twenty years. By the end of 1862, India will have nearly 3000 miles of railway completed, including the great trunk line from Calcutta to Delhi: one half of this amount will be open before the end of the present year. We are glad to notice a growing disposition to employ natives in the service of the line, because, as Mr Money shews in his interesting book on *Java*, conciliation and encouragement of those born on the soil are essential to prosperity. Of nearly 19,000 functionaries on the Indian railways already open, comprising station-masters, clerks, porters, and so forth, not more than 1137 are Europeans.

A rumour has reached us from Northern Africa, that Dr Vogel, the German traveller, has not only not been murdered, but is living as a sort of grand vizier or councillor in the service of the sultan of Wara, a town in the Wadai territory. Though well treated by the monarch, he is so closely watched as to prevent all chance of escape. We hope there is truth in the rumour: at anyrate, we may expect to hear that Dr Henglin, a fellow-countryman of the long-missing Vogel, who is following on his track, will endeavour to clear up the mystery.

From South Africa we have further confirmation of the remarkable fact: the gradual drying up of a large expanse of country, which has been noticed by recent travellers. Mr Chapman, who started from the Cape to travel direct to the Zambesi, could get no further than Ngami, and had to return chiefly from want of water. His report to Sir George Grey, the governor, is instructive on this particular. 'The want of water,' he says, 'has not been confined to one district, but in the whole country up to the Lake the fountains have failed; and if the desiccation continues a few years longer at the rate it has done during the last four years, I fear we shall only be able to reach Ngami during the rainy season. In going up, we had to dig at Koolie, Ghansi, and Gunigga; and other large springs where, a few years ago, hundreds of elephants, rhinoceri, giraffes, and large herds of smaller game, drank during the whole dry season, have now dried up so much that scarcely a kettle of water can be got for Caffres. At Pietfontein, formerly a large running stream, we had to dig for water for our cattle on our return, even after the first rains had fallen. Tunobis in Damaraland, which was a fine running stream when I first knew it, has been drying up so fast, that now we have to wait in wells twenty feet deep until the water percolates to fill our vatjies.'

Dr Joseph Milligan's paper on Tasmania, read before the Society of Arts, contains interesting information on the climate and mineral and vegetable resources of that distant colony. English farmers, whose anxiety concerning weather is sometimes painful, will be able to appreciate the fact, that in Van Diemen's Land the grain-crops are reaped and stacked always in fine weather, while as regards the hay, all that the Tasmanian farmer has to do, is to watch that it does not become too dry. Formerly, the settler's clip of wool was left to rot on the ground; now the colony exports wool of good quality to the value of nearly L.500,000 a year. The wheat exported in 1859 was worth L.92,861: and the annual return from the colonial whale-fishery is L.60,000. Of the aborigines, there were only about a dozen remaining at the end of 1859.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SIGNING RECOMMENDATIONS.

THE unconscientious recklessness with which men in general give their names in recommendation of pretensions of which they have no knowledge, has been strongly brought out by the noted case of the poet Close. Without any wish to press hard upon this poor man, we must assume it as universally acknowledged that he was entirely destitute of the literary merit which would entitle any one to the receipt of a state pension. His effusions are not literature at all, but the merest doggrel—stuff for which only mendicancy procures a market. Yet it appears that three hundred persons signed the recommendation which induced Lord Palmerston to grant the pension of L.50 a year, which has since been withdrawn. Since it is impossible to suppose that these gentlemen were acquainted with Close's compositions, we must conclude that they granted the use of their names without any effort to ascertain the character of what they were recommending—probably yielding to the solicitations of some one or two persons who had other interests than those of literature in view. It is a great reproach to them to have acted thus, and there would be some justice, if also a little severity, in getting their names and addresses published. It would in a particular degree be just to Lord Palmerston, to shew who they were that led him to misapply the public bounty so abominably. We take leave to urge that this publication should take place, not as a punishment of the signers, but as a means of deterring others from signing in the like case.

STREET RAILWAYS.

This Journal has already given a description of the street railways of the American cities, and warmly recommended them for imitation in this country. They have been exemplified at Birkenhead, and in a somewhat feeble and partial manner in London. If it were possible to convey to one nation the impressions and convictions of another, we should expect to see these conveniences universally and at once adopted. Their usefulness in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, is beyond all doubt in those cities. The rails create no inconvenience worth speaking of to other carriages, but rather form a help in giving them the choice of a smooth way. The rail-carriages perfectly harmonise with others of all kinds in their movements through the streets. In roominess, tidiness, facility of getting in and out, and speed, they place the omnibuses of London at a great distance in the rear. We should like to see them adopted along all the secondary thoroughfares of London, and such of the principal ones as could admit of them, and on the roads to all the chief neighbouring villages which lie on practicable levels. They would give an unspeakable relief to the overcrowded state of the metropolitan streets.

As speculations, they have generally been very successful in America.

COMING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done:

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of paradise
For her children's coming feet!

PHŒBE CARY.

On Saturday, 6th July, will be published in this Journal,
A TALE, ENTITLED
MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.
To be continued every week until completed.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—It is requested that all Contributions to *Chambers's Journal* may be, for the future, directed to the Editor, at 47 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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END OF FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

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